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CHRONICLE

The War.—Apart from the shelling of Reims and the resumption of an unsuccessful offensive in the Champagne region by the Germans, and some local successes by the Belgians along the Yser, which, however, have been neutralized by counter successes by the Germans in the same district, the only thing of importance which has taken place along the western battle line has been the bloody fighting between the Meuse and the Moselle. Both sides admit that many severe engagements have resulted in severe losses in men, but for the rest it is difficult to reconcile the reports from Paris and Berlin. It seems to be undoubted, however, that the advantage has been with the French. They have made repeated attacks on the two sides of the St. Mihiel triangle, in both cases with success. They have taken from the Germans Les Eparges, an important point on the line that runs north from St. Mihiel toward Verdun. This place, which dominates the plains of the Woevre, is one more of the isolated strategic points which the French have been winning of late at great cost, presumably in preparation for the general attack on the German line that has been so often predicted. Starting from Flirey also, about midway between St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson, they have gained considerable territory. Further south, some six miles from St. Mihiel, they have made vigorous attacks on the German lines at Apremont, but apparently have been unable to make any very great impression.

Bulletin, April 6, p. m.-April 13, a. m.

French Success at Les Eparges

The Russians are continuing their slow but steady progress in the Carpathians. In spite of very severe losses they are constantly bringing up heavy reinforcements, and as far as can be judged from conflicting dispatches seem to be driving back the Austrians yard by yard. Last week they reported the capture of Smolnik, and of the Rostok pass, but these advantages have not yet produced any radical change in the situation. Whatever territory they have gained has been on the Galician side of the mountains and to the west of the Uzsok pass, which is still in the hands of the Austrians. The fighting that has taken place in Mezo Laborcz valley, on the Hungarian side of the Carpathians, has resulted, according to reports from Vienna, only in great sacrifices of men for Russia. The very nature of the ground in the mountains, with its seven feet of snow and its deep gorges and high ridges, makes progress by either side extremely difficult. The Russians in particular seem to have decided not to try to force their way down the Hungarian slopes until they have driven the Austrians from the Uzsok pass. This they have failed so far to do, although they report that on one occasion they succeeded in advancing from Smolnik to within four miles of this important pass. The main Russian effort appears at present to be centered on taking the mountain-gates east of the Uzsok pass. Indeed, it has been said, though without official confirmation, that the Austrian line has already been pierced at the Vereckze pass. Both Austria and Russia claim to have captured thousands of the enemy.

Russian Advance in the Carpathians

Germany has sent to the United States another note reiterating her former complaint against the policy of the United States in allowing the sale of arms and munitions to the Allies, while at the same time submitting to the Allies' interference with the trade of the United States with Germany. The occasion of the German note was

Germany's Note of Protest

the publication during the week of the official reply made by the United States to Great Britain's Order-in-Council, in which Mr. Bryan denied the right assumed by Great Britain to blockade neutral ports, and after declaring that our Government would hold the British responsible for every injury inflicted, expressed the hope that the blockade would not be enforced in such a way as to put unnecessary restrictions on neutral trade. Germany is indignant over the tone of our note, and characterizes our treatment of the subject as wanting in the spirit of neutrality. She points out that the American Government insists on its right to ship arms to belligerents among the Allies, but does not equally insist on its right to ship food to civilians in Germany. The Government of the United States has not yet replied to this complaint.

In reply to the United States' demand for damages for the loss sustained by the owners of the William Frye, the German Government has signified its readiness to make compensation according to special agreements existing between Germany and the United States, but has reserved the right to investigate the matter in her own courts and to decide for herself on the justice of the claim and the amount to be paid. The method of fixing the damages is not altogether satisfactory to our Government.

Other Items

The success of Captain Thierichens, who interned the Prinz Eitel Friedrich last week, after failing to take advantage of the snow-storm which gave him his one chance of getting away from Hampton Roads, has been paralleled, if not surpassed, by a still younger German officer. Captain Thierfelder sailed out of New York harbor on August 3, in command of the Kronprinz Wilhelm. He armed his ship with guns taken from the British steamer La Correntina, which he captured; roved unharmed over many seas for eight months; sunk fifteen ships belonging to the Allies; took more than a thousand captives; got into communication with the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, and by diverting the attention of the British warships toward himself, enabled his sister ship to enter the American port; and finally, when forced by disease, lack of coal and water, ran through a whole cordon of the enemies' warships and reached Hampton Roads in safety, where he will probably intern. During all that period he did not take a single human life, nor was his ship struck more than once; and yet he either seized or destroyed property belonging to the Allies to the amount of $7,000,000. His story reads like a tale of the corsairs of old.

Austria-Hungary.—Persistent rumors obtain that Austria is seeking for a separate peace with Russia. Little more can be said than that there has been no confirmation of these latest reports, while successive rumors in the past have proved false. The statement of the *Bourse Gazette* of Petrograd, that Austria has sought peace with her enemies through the Vatican, was officially denied in the *Osservatore Romano*. On April 4 an official denial on the part of Austria of all such rumors was sent to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy at Washington. The dispatch from Vienna reads:

Peace Rumors

> The London *Morning Post* has published a report according to which Austria-Hungary has begun to make overtures to Russia for a separate peace. The entire story in the *Morning Post* is a pure invention. Austria-Hungary has made no overtures for peace.

Count Andrassy has similarly denied the reports of a separate peace with Hungary. Up to this not the slightest evidence has been given of the truth of any of these rumors about Austria's desire for peace. The *Giornale d'Italia* warns its readers against these rumors which it believes have been started "in order to hasten the entry of neutral countries into the war for fear lest they might come too late." The two opposing armies, it argues, are not yet so unequal in strength that either need despair of bringing about an honorable, if not a triumphant, termination of the war. It adds that the bond uniting Germany and Austria is particularly strong.

France.—A recent communication gives the exact number of Jesuits in the service of the French army as 498. Still more were to be called to the colors at the time of the writing. Of 206 priests included in this figure 48 are military chaplains, 90 stretcher bearers or Red Cross men and 68 armed soldiers. Of the 227 scholastics in the army 56 are in the Red Cross service or stretcher bearers and 171 are armed soldiers. The remnant consists of 65 lay brothers, of whom 55 are under arms. From the beginning of the war until toward the early part of March 49 were wounded, of whom 10 died; 23 were made prisoners, of whom 2 died and 4 (army chaplains) were released; 6 are missing. The total number of those killed or dead of their wounds is 28. The distinction of the *Légion d'Honneur* was conferred upon 4, the *médaille militaire* upon 3, while 19 have been *cité à l'ordre du jour*. From a number of instances of heroism we quote the account given of Father de Gironde in the *Journal Officiel:*

Jesuits in the French Army

> A priest in civil life. Joined the regiment as a reservist soldier. Soon became a devoted assistant of his commanders and a friend of his comrades, counselling, sustaining and comforting them. Always volunteered for any delicate or perilous undertaking. By his daring succeeded in bringing accurate accounts of the enemy. Named corporal September 8, 1914; decorated with the *médaille militaire* September 30; promoted sergeant October 16, second lieutenant November 26. He was mortally wounded, December 7, in a trench, while going to pray over the bodies of two soldiers of his company.

Such are the men whose patriotism an atheistic Government could calmly call into question. Meant for the services of mercy and consecrated to the salvation of souls, the Jesuit soldier has not refused the task the country imposed upon him.

Germany.—A stupendous municipal enterprise has been undertaken by the city of Berlin in the midst of the great world conflict. A sum of 130,000,000 marks has been unanimously appropriated by the municipal council for the purpose of purchasing the street car system and assuring cheaper electricity for the citizens. The suburb of Schöneberg is at the same time expending a large sum for the extension of its underground lines. Furthermore the building of a new underground line which is to connect the northern with the southern part of Berlin has just now been taken in hand. Equally significant of the financial strength of the country is the rapid payment of the war loan. By April 9 the total actual payment had reached the amount of 4,640,000,000 marks, more than half the amount subscribed, although only thirty per cent. of this loan falls due by April 14. Despite these heavy payments the banks have increased their loans only 44,000,000 marks, which goes to show that the payments have been made mostly from cash on hand. It is clear, therefore, that Germany's financial and economic soundness is beyond question. According to the *Weekly Report* of the American Association of Commerce and Trade at Berlin, the gold reserve of the Reichsbank on March 15 amounted to 2,315,895,000 marks. This at the time was an increase of 22,281,000 marks as compared with March 6. Judging from the German papers it is difficult to impress upon the people the need of conserving food products and adhering strictly to the military regulations in their household arrangements. The table of food prices now and before the war, as given in the above report, shows that, bacon excepted, meat prices have in no case risen more than one per cent. per pound. The highest price of the various kinds of meat quoted is 25 cents per pound. Milk and butter remain normal. The greatest increase is recorded in the price of potatoes. Measures have, however, been taken to make the next crop a record one, as far as human foresight can accomplish this. Wherever there is a square of land it has been rented out at almost nominal terms, easily payable on instalments, under the conditions that the crop is to be largely of potatoes. The growth of vegetables has been similarly encouraged. The Government confiscation of flour and grain, with the view of properly distributing it through official channels, safeguards the supply until the next harvest, since the weekly amount of bread represents the result of a careful investigation. No fear is therefore entertained, by the Government or the people, of starving Germany into surrender.

Internal Condition of Germany

Ireland.—The following are the Irish martyrs, exclusive of the fourteen prelates mentioned elsewhere, the introduction of whose cause for beatification has received the formal sanction of the Holy See, addressed to Archbishop Walsh of Dublin. The classification follows the order set forth in the Decree:

List of Irish Martyrs

Secular Clergy:

Eugene Cronin, Laurence O'Moore, Richard French, Aeneas Power, John O'Grady, Maurice O'Kenraghty, Andrew Stritch, Bernard Moriarty, John Stephens, Walter Tiernan, George Power, Vicar General; John Walsh, Vicar General; Nicholas Young, Daniel O'Moloney, Donough O'Cronin, cleric; John O'Kelly, Brian Murchertagh, Donough O'Falvey, Bernard O'Carolan, Donatus MacCried, Patrick O'Derry, John Lune; Patrick O'Loughran, Ludovicus O'Laverty, Philip Cleary, Henry White, Theobald Stapleton, Edward Stapleton, Thomas Morrisey, Thomas Bath, Roger Ormilius, Hugh Carrigi, Bernard Fitzpatrick, Daniel Delany, Daniel O'Brien, James Morchu and James O'Hegarty. *Order of Premonstratensians:* John Kieran or Mulcheran. *Order of Cistercians:* Gelasius O'Cullenan, Nicholas Fitzgerald, the Prior and his companion members of Holy Saviour; Patrick O'Connor, Malachy O'Connor, the Abbot and Monks of the Monastery of Magia; Eugene O'Gallagher, Bernard O'Treivir, James Eustace, Malachy Shiel, Edmund Mulligan and Luke Bergin. *Order of Preachers:* P. MacFerge with his companions, thirty-two religious of the Monastery of Londonderry; John O'Luin, Wm. MacGollen, Peter O'Higgins, Cormac MacEgan, Raymond Keogh, Richard Barry, John O'Flaverty, Gerald Fitzgerald, David Fox, Donald O'Neaghten, James O'Reilly, Dominick Dillon, Richard Overton, Stephen Petit, Peter Costello, William Lynch, Myles McGrath, Laurence O'Ferral, Bernard O'Ferral, Ambrose Aeneas O'Cahill, Edmund O'Beirne, James Woulf, Vincent G. Dillon, James Moran, Donatus Niger, William O'Connor, Thomas O'Higgins, John O'Cullen, David Roche, Bernard O'Kelly, Thaddeus Moriarty, Hugh MacGoill, Raymond O'Moore, Felix O'Connor, John Keating, Clement O'Callaghan, Daniel MacDonnel, Felix MacDonnel and Dominick MacEgan. *Order of St. Francis:* Conor Macuarta, Roger Congaill, Fergallus Ward, Edmund Fitzsimon, Donough O'Rourke, John O'Louchran, Cornelius O'Rorke, Thaddeus or Thomas O'Daly, John O'Dowd, Daniel O'Neilan, Philip O'Lea, Maurice O'Scanlon, Daniel Himrecan, Charles MacGoran, Roger O'Donnellan, Peter O'Quillan, Patrick O'Kenna, James Pillauns, Roger O'Hanlon, Phelin O'Hara, Henry Delahoyde, Thaddeus O'Meran, John O'Day, Donatus O'Hurley, John Cornelius, Dermitius O'Mulroney, Brother Thomas and his companion, John O'Molloy, Cornelius O'Dougherty, Galridius O'Farrel, Thaddeus O'Boyle, Patricius O'Brady, Mattheus O'Leyn, Terence Magennis, Lochlonin Mac O'Cadha, Magnus O'Fodhry, Thomas Fitzgerald, John Honan, John Cathan, Francis O'Mahony, Hilary Conroy, Christopher Dunleavey, Richard Butler, James Saul, Bernard O'Horumley, Richard Synott, John Esmond, Paulinus Synott, Raymund Stafford, Peter Stafford, Didacus Cheevers, Joseph Rochford, Eugene O'Leman, Francis Fitzgerald, Anthony Museaus, Walter de Wallis, Nicholas Wogan, Denis O'Neilan, Philip Flasberry, Francis O'Sullivan, Jeremiah de Nerihiny, Thaddeus O'Caraghy, William Hickey, Roger O'Mara, Hugh MacKeon, Daniel Clanchy, Neilan Loughran, Anthony O'Farrel, Antony Broder, Eugene O'Cahan, John Ferall, Bonaventure de Burgo, John Kearney and Bernard Connaeus. *Order of St. Augustine:* Thaddeus O'Connel, Austin Higgins, Peter Taaffe, William Tirrey, Donatus O'Kennedy, Donatus Serenan, Fulgentius Jordan, Raymond, O'Malley, Thomas Tullis and Thomas Deir. *Carmelite Order:* Thomas Aquinas of Jesus, Angelus of St. Joseph and Peter of the Mother of God. *Order of the Blessed Trinity:* Cornelius O'Connor and Eugene O'Daly. *Society of Jesus:* Edmund MacDaniell, Dominick O'Collins, William Boyton, Robert Netterville and John Bath. *Laymen and Noblemen:* William Walsh, Oliver Plunkett, Daniel Sutton, John Sutton, Robert Sherlock, Matthew Lamport, Robert Myler, Christopher Roche, Edward Cheevers, John O'Lahy, Patrick Canavan, Patrick Hayes, Daniel O'Hannan, Maurice Eustace, Robert Fitzgerald, Walter Eustace, Thomas Eustace, Christopher Eustace, William Wogan, Walter Aylmer, Thaddeus Clancy, Peter Meyler, Michael Fitz-

simmons, Patrick Browne, Thomas MacCreith, John de Burgo, Brian O'Neil, Arthur O'Neil, Roderick O'Kane, Alexander MacSorley, Francis Tailler, Hugh MacMahon, Cornelius Maguire, Donatus O'Brien, James O'Brien, Bernard O'Brien, Daniel O'Brien, Dominick Fanning, Daniel O'Higgin, Thomas Stritch, Louis O'Ferral, Galfridius Galway, Patrick Purcell, Theobald de Burgo, Galfridius Baronius, Thaddeus O'Connor Sligo; John O'Connor, Bernard MacBriody, Felix O'Neil and Edward Butler. *Women:* Eleonora Birmingham, Elizabeth Kearney, Marguerite de Cashel, Brigid Darcy, Honoria de Burgo, Honoria Magan.

Mexico.—The chaos which still obtains in Mexico has had the effect of unsealing lips that were hitherto silent. The last to issue a statement is José Castellot, past sovereign grand commander of the "Scottish Rite" Masons. According to him the revolutionists have committed "crimes and excesses almost unparalleled"; revolution itself "has degenerated into the worst form of anarchy, whose end no one can predict, nor tell the excess to which these passions will go, passions madly struggling for supremacy in evil and the privilege of excelling in the destruction of the country." A passage of supreme interest is as follows:

New Witnesses

> I do not hesitate to-day to condemn and to demand punishment for the unspeakable outrages perpetrated against a number of Roman Catholic priests and nuns, the looting of their treasures (sic), the profanation of their temples, the ravishing of their bodies and the desecration of their most sacred objects.

As usual, the past sovereign grand master blames the Church for Mexico's ills. After a puerile description of the Church's supposed power and wealth, built up, it would appear, by a mysterious but noble woman, who was deceived by the confessional, allured by promises of reward hereafter, led by obedience, flattered "with the glory of charity and good works," and so on, he says significantly:

> At that time I was honored by being chosen to the first Magistracy of Mexican Masonry, and invested with the high post of Sovereign Commander of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, an old and accepted order in the Mexican Republic. To this circumstance, and particularly through being in constant touch with President Diaz, himself a member of the same Supreme Council, I owe the fact of being familiar with all the inner history of events which have since transpired. At this point Masonry laid the foundation of its patriotic and disinterested work, in open fight, as was to be expected, against the powerful interests (the Church is mentioned as one) already created.

Proceeding, he states that masonry tried to induce Diaz to *prepare the presidential succession*, and thereby the new political life of the country, a task which might have been accomplished without serious consequences under his skilful guidance, *coupled with the ungrudging support* always given him by our people (the masons). . . . And yet the Church is responsible for Mexico's woes!

The following letter from Mr. John F. Barry to the Editor of America presents an interesting view of prevalent conditions beyond the Rio Grande:

An Important Letter

I have just arrived from Mexico City on the only train which has run out of that city to the United States border in six weeks. It took us ten days to make the trip which in normal times takes but two days. We had to lay over for days at different points: Toluca, Acambaro, Celaya, Irapuato, Aguascalientes, waiting for trains to continue our journey; this gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing for ourselves how things were in the various sections controlled by the various leaders of the robber bands which to-day are wreaking untold havoc on their unfortunate country.

It is difficult to write about the condition of affairs in the unfortunate republic south of the Rio Grande without appearing to the casual reader as an alarmist, a user of intemperate language, an exaggerator of the truth, or worse. Americans living in the sheltered seclusion of the United States, enjoying all the guarantees which an enlightened civilization confers on society, can not realize what the so-called "Revolutionists" are doing in Mexico. It is hard to believe that men, calling themselves civilized, could be capable of the atrocities that are a daily, one might say an hourly, occurrence, and I most earnestly ask you to believe me when I say that the condition of affairs at present prevailing in that country can not be exaggerated, that they are all and worse than has been written of them, that no man's life (be he foreigner or native), no woman's honor, is safe.

It is not the people of Mexico who are committing these unspeakable atrocities, it is not the people who have outraged nuns and other respectable women, who have sacked the churches, who use the houses of God for stabling their horses and the sacred vestments of the priests for their saddle blankets; it is not the people of Mexico who are the "Revolution," it is less than three per cent. of the fifteen and one-half millions. The people of Mexico, the masses whom the Revolution was originally intended to save, to emancipate, have been the greatst sufferers from the past four years of disturbance. It is the poor who are starving, who have no work, who are ground down beneath the flood of "decrees" issued by each succeeding revolutionary chief on the occupation of the various cities. It is the men of the people who are forced into the ranks of the revolutionists at the point of the rifle, leaving their women at the mercy of the next band of bandits who chance that way.

When I left Mexico City it was in a wretched condition. The city was without lights, the people were on the verge of absolute starvation. Butter, milk, wheaten bread, charcoal were not to be found. A small supply of articles of first necessity was arriving daily from Toluca, and this was doled out sparingly to the people. But since then General Villa, for reasons of his own, ordered the complete suspension of all railroad traffic into or out of the capital, and what is the condition of the 10,000 foreigners and half-a-million Mexicans in the capital at the present moment can be better imagined than described. God help them! One thing is certain; that is, that the actual conditions there will not be given to the American people, unless some individual succeeds in getting through the cordon of Zapatistas and Villistas which surround the city in the same manner that I did. What has struck me most since I arrived in the United States is the extraordinary lack of knowledge, or rather apathy, as to the actual conditions in Mexico of the vast majority of Americans. In the course of a few short weeks Mexico is destined to bulk largely in the eyes of the American people; the country is in the most complete anarchy everywhere; law, justice, the Constitution, liberty have been flung aside by Carranzistas, Villistas, Zapatistas, Gutierristas, Obregonistas . . . . and the people are on the brink of absolute famine. Within two months the total food supply available will have become exhausted, and Mexico will throw herself upon the charity of the entire world.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Our National Nerves

WHEN Doctor Eugene Fiske, director of hygiene at the New York Life Institute, stated his belief that the European immigrant is physically the superior of the native American and that, but for him, our vital statistics would present a shoddy appearance indeed, he hardly created a surprise but certainly a stir. We had been closing our mind to what our eye could not but see. Mr. Fiske forced both wide open.

About fifty per cent. of our men, he opined, would have to be rejected in a physical examination for life insurance or military service. Naturally "nerves" are adjudged the cause of this extreme debility. Huge business demands and unremitting social pace have played havoc with our national spinal-cord. As a people, we are tottering with premature age. To relieve this sorry condition, several social physicians make haste again to prescribe the "Simple Life." It will be recollected that this celebrated panacea, first advocated some years ago by Pastor Wagner of Paris and subsequently approved by Theodore Roosevelt, fell into desuetude almost as quickly as it soared into prominence. Like Icarus of the ancient fable, it had flown too high, and the hot sun of public comment melted the wax of its wings. But evidently the crash did not kill. New pinions are now being fashioned. The panacea bids fair to fly again.

For, what with Doctor Fiske's darkly significant observation and the wave of agitation which is now seething over the globe, our countrymen are once more sighing for a soothing lack of complexity in daily affairs and for some means whereby to bring simplicity about. Here in the United States, where the Dove of Peace still finds a precious though precarious tarrying-spot, an appreciation of the need and blessedness of calm is perhaps stronger than elsewhere. Our brethren across the sea wax too busy in mutual strife to bother about the racial harm of too much business. Later on, however, when they shall have had a satiety of calamity, their interest in the subject of national neuremia will likely exceed ours.

Now is the acceptable time for us, so restless and so associated with nations that seem to have gone stark mad, earnestly to search for the real method of untying this knotty problem of "nerves." If we discover it, we can set turbulent mankind a luminous example by adopting it. The Simple Life, however, is a remedy more meretricious than meritorious. For proof of this, the panacea's brief history of popularity and disfavor may be urged. If long life evinces a theory's worth, the Simple Life would appear worthless, its span was but a day. No one cares absolutely to decry a scheme which, like this one, boasts the quality of beauty. Every one, nevertheless, must concede that the adjectives "impracticable" and "incomplete," as applied to Pastor Wagner's hobby, constitute a criticism at once kindly and correct.

The Simple Life is an attractive notion. But, like nearly all other moderately conceived ideas, it may be likened to a golden ray dropped from that ever elusive, intangible, and sparkling millennium by which the mind's eye has been dazzled so long and for which we have of late years been so strenuously—not to say stumblingly—making chase. Doubtless one reason why this world of wishes floats as far above us to-day as ever, is that the very means with which we try to grasp it push it away. Who would be so fatuous as to pursue a toy-balloon with a pitch-fork? But it is with comparatively such that we have been striving to secure our ideals. Our theories of reform bear the coarse brand of materialism; and yet we expect them to gain for us in fullest measure the immaterial prizes of equity, justice, peace, etc. All our modern devices, aiming as they do at merely natural and materially advantageous evolution and perfection, set the worse half of man, which is the body, above the better portion which is the soul. In fact, psychologists have diligently foisted upon the public the grotesque doctrine of "psychology without a soul"; the logical supplement of which teaching was, of course, "ethics without a heart." But current literature gives happy evidence that a considerable reaction in favor of a soul is now at work. It is to be hoped that a throbbing heart will be put back in the cold and lifeless bosom of twentieth-century ethics. For virtue, as a thing of the head alone, has pretty well proved itself incapable of performing its purpose.

The Simple Life makes a sort of appeal to the human breast as well as the brain; and in this it is superior to its sister-theories of to-day. But the main motive which it presents to Americans is sadly far from sublime. Advice to live simply because to live otherwise is dangerous, can hardly exercise an ennobling influence on men. How can we live simply unless we live virtuously? And can durable virtue grow from any seed save nobility?

Again. American advocates of the Simple Life take an unwarranted view of things. They assume that man's troubles come chiefly from without, that, in proportion as he reduces his excessive business activities, he increases his happiness and, consequently, his health. Whereas, undeniably, most all our ills originally come from within; and, if we diminished terrestrial concerns one iota, more than half of us, who are by no means the darlings of King Coin, would secure, not tingling red blood and bounding heart, but starvation. A few homely facts, hurled at such high-flown fancies as the Simple Life, are missiles that kill.

If Americans are a too energetic nation, why? Obviously one portion of our people, situated as they are, must toil incessantly, or they could never eat. For them the Simple Life is so impossible that it sounds ridiculous. Unfortunately the other portion, consisting of well-to-do eligibles for Pastor Wagner's theory, are animated with a greed for gain. But such a spirit can spring only from perverted morals. Our upper-class

Americans are going too fast and far, because evil lust for lucre and pleasure has eaten into their very soul. Simple Life enthusiasts, with truly unique simplicity, say, "This should not be." Of course not; every one agrees. But how can it not be? With renewed simplicity, they reply, "Stop it—if you value your life." Clearly such monition can have small weight with a class who are so largely swayed by such crass maxims as "Eat, drink, and be merry to-day." "A short life but a merry one," etc. To worldly eyes, worldly objects alone appear desirable. So long as the orbs of Uncle Sam have the cold cash gleam, the good old gentleman's family will wantonly spend time and energy in a nerve-racking race for temporalities.

Simple Life could be preached from now till the crack of doom and Yankeeland would be little better; unless, through sheer weariness with being bad, it should decide to be good for a change. As one of our popular novelists pointedly asserts, there is a way of "degenerating into virtue." Indeed, to some extent, we have already deteriorated thereunto. As we look around us, we must admit that virtue, in all too many instances, is adopted merely as a fad. For example, representative American families, having indulged an athletic and frankly scandalous *thé dansant* of an afternoon, divert themselves in the evening with meetings intensely antagonistic to white slavery; or, having pleasantly cast maternal cares on the paid shoulders of nurses, hotly lecture to wondering audiences about sex-hygiene as a preventive of juvenile indiscretion; or, having squandered unconscionable sums on "bridge," limousine into the slums and initiate the poor into the Eleusinian mysteries of economy. Such virtue brings little credit to its devotees; forsooth, by filling them with ill-earned complacency, it actually does them harm. Whimsically assumed, it is whimsically dropped. It neither does nor can effect any permanent good in society.

The Simple Life, itself a beautiful foible, would render virtue the same. Human-made, it could never fully satisfy spiritual wants. If the world is wrong, it is because men's hearts are not right, if the world is to be right, wrong must be absterged from men's hearts. And the only specific which ever could, can, or will be able to cure error-torn bosoms is the tender truths of religion.

Edward F. Murphy, M.A.

"Ireland, Nurse of Heroes"

OUR title is taken from the first words of the Papal Decree, published in Rome on St. Patrick's Eve, concerning the "Beatification or Declaration of Martyrdom" of over three hundred children of Ireland. The Decree recites that the Sacred Congregation of Rites, acting on the investigatory process of the Ecclesiastical Court of Dublin and the wishes of "the whole Catholic nation of Ireland," and having heard the presentments of Mgr. O'Riordan, Relator, Cardinal Vannutelli, Postulator, and Mgr. Verde, Promoter of the Faith, decided that the Commission for the Introduction of the Beatification of 257 Servants of God and certain of their associates should be instituted, and that the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, ratified their judgment, and with his own hand signed the Commission of Introduction. Thus after three hundred years of the world's obloquy or oblivion, have its judgments been reversed by the highest court under heaven, and the representative types of the many it condemned to ignominious and painful deaths have been gloriously vindicated. And not these alone, but with them all the long, unbroken line of Ireland's martyrs. The opening sentence reads:

> In Ireland, nurse of heroes, besides the countless athletes of Christ who fell in the unbridled and furious persecution waged against Catholics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and whose names, unknown to men, are written in the Book of Life, many known by name and fame still live in the memory of men.

Besides the 257 martyrs named, the Decree includes three bands of forty Cistercians, thirty-two Dominicans, and 24 companions of Prior MacFerge, O.P., and several other unnamed associates of martyrs, so that the total number of Irish witnesses of the Faith declared admissible to the Church's altars approaches, if it does not exceed, three hundred and seventy. Ven. John Travers, O.S.A., one of several Irishmen included among the English martyrs, was executed in 1537, but already thousands had preceded him. Henry VIII, in the very year of his revolt, proclaimed his spiritual supremacy in Ireland, and also the penalties of death and confiscation against all who should deny or contravene it, and appointed Brown, an English apostate monk, Archbishop of Dublin to execute his designs. He found but one bishop of Irish birth who accepted his supremacy, and even he was finally reconciled to the Church. Therefore, against the bishops was his first fury directed, and with them, and even more drastically, against the religious Orders, because the monks and friars were faithful and revered, and the monasteries were numerous and rich. But he found the prosecution of such matters more difficult than in England. Brown wrote that, "This Island hath long been held in ignorance by the Romish Orders," and "The common people of this isle are more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs were in truth at the beginning of the Gospel." Not only the people. "The forwardness and obstinacy of the clergy," wrote the King's agents to Chancellor Cromwell, "from the beginning of the Parliament and at this session, both of them, the bishops and abbots, was such that his lordship should be advertised thereof." He was; with the result that the spiritual representatives were excluded from all parliamentary voice, and a packed parliament decreed that all who would not renounce the Pope and acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the King, "Shall suffer the pains of death and other penalties in the case of high treason,"

and that all the monasteries of Ireland, "with their lands, tenements, jewels, goods, chattels," shall be confiscate to the King.

All this was carried out with a literal and exhaustive comprehensiveness and an ingenuity of rigor for which not even the persecutions of Rome or Japan present a parallel. The Commission appointed to execute the King's decree found "The regulars and nuns so addicted to the pestiferous doctrines of the Romish Pontiff" that they had to be removed, and in what fashion we gather from one of their reports in the State papers of the same year:

> At Waterford we kept sessions, where were put to execution four felons, accompanied with another thief, a friar, whom we commanded to be hanged in his habit, and so to remain upon the gallows for a mirror to all his brethren to live truly.

The mirror was exhibited wherever the King's law ran, and gradually by his successors through the length and breadth of the land. In 1539, the forty-two Trinitarians of Adare were executed to a man, because, despite many inducements of high office and preferment, they declared the Vicar of Christ the only Head of the Catholic Church and the King of England, "the Head of the synagogue of Satan"; and in the same year the fifty members of the rich Trinitarian Convent of Dublin, and the forty-six Trinitarians of the Holy Cross in Limerick, were exterminated—some beheaded, some hanged, others cut to pieces with axes, or boiled in oils, or dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and so on through every ingenuity of torture. And yet but two Trinitarians are glorified in the recent decretal. Cardinal Moran's explanation has wider significance:

> The other convents of the Trinitarian Order, Cork, Kilkenny, Ross, Dundalk, Galway and Cashel, showed the same fortitude. All were plundered of whatever they possessed, and there was not one of them but was adorned with the palm of martyrdom. So universal, indeed, was the ruin that fell on this religious Order that all vestige of it has disappeared from the subsequent history of our Church.

So severe has been the discrimination of the Sacred Congregation, owing to the destruction of judicially convincing records, that the name of Bishop Conor O'Neill, of Limerick, Provincial of the Trinitarians and a scion of the princely O'Neills of Tyrone, does not appear in the Decree. Consulted by King Henry on his projected divorce from Queen Catharine, Bishop O'Neill firmly declared against it, and, with all his community, was punished accordingly. In St. John's Cathedral he pronounced the King's commands heretical, and anathematized him and all his supporters. On the same evening he and his community were executed, with various degrees of ingenious ferocity; and this became, forthwith, the order of the day in Ireland—excepting the short reigns of Mary and of James II—with all the religious Orders and the secular clergy and the distinguished or influential, and at every period of stress, with the whole recusant laity; for in fidelity to Rome and invincible endurance of heretical oppression all classes were as one. The martyrs of Drogheda and Wexford and Cashel went into the tens of thousands, but the martyrs between and before and after these events were many times more numerous. The "Four Masters" conclude:

> There was not a monastery from Aran of the Saints to the Iccian Sea that was not broken and scattered. . . . Great as was the persecution of the Roman emperors against the Church, it is not probable that so great a persecution as this ever came upon the world; so that it is impossible to tell or narrate its description unless it should be told by one who saw it.

Such a description may be attained in some degree by the students of our day. The accounts of Father Richard Goold, the Trinitarian Professor at Alcalà, of O'Sullivan Bearr, as stout with the pen as with the sword; of Fathers Rothe, Wadding and Bruodin, O.S.F., include all that was published up to 1669; and practically nothing further appeared until, in 1861, Cardinal Moran commenced his volumes on the martyrs. The first general catalogue of the Irish martyrs had been compiled by Father John Houling, S.J., in 1599; the next was entrusted, after three centuries, to his brother Jesuit of Ireland, Father Denis Murphy, S.J., who, in 1896, a few hours before his death, completed the authentic story of "Our Martyrs." The Irish Episcopate entrusted the continuance of this work to Mgr. O'Riordan, whose imperishable "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland" marked him as the most appropriate defender of the cause of Ireland's martyrs. The result is the comprehensive and most gratifying Declaration just issued by Benedict XV.

Four Archbishops head the list: Dermot O'Hurley, of Cashel; Richard Creagh and Edmund MacGauran, of Armagh; Malachy O'Queely, of Tuam; and ten Bishops: Terence and Murrough O'Brien, of Emly; Redmond O'Gallagher, of Derry; Edmund Dungan, and Conor O'Devany, of Down and Connor; Owen MacEgan and Boetius Egan, of Ross; William Walsh, of Meath; Patrick O'Healy, of Mayo, and Heber MacMahon, of Clogher, who took up the sword that fell from the hand of Owen Roe O'Neill. There follow some forty secular clergy, two Premonstratensians, the Cistercians of two monasteries, and ten others, about eighty in all; eighty Dominicans, seventy-nine Franciscans, ten Augustinians, three Carmelites, two Trinitarians, five Jesuits, fifty-six of the laity, including three ladies, and three religious women, Brigid Darcey, Norah de Burgo and Norah Magan. The cause of twenty-three others is postponed for further proof.

It is a glorious catalogue, representing every clan and class and calling, and every strain of blood of Celt and Norman and Saxon, whose common fight for a common Faith, more than any other influences, made all alike "Kindly Irish of the Irish." As we have seen, the list could be indefinitely enlarged, except perhaps for technical difficulties. Archbishops Gibbon, of Cashel, and Talbot, of Dublin; Bishops Lacy, of Limerick, and Tan-

ner, of Cork, only fell short of martyrdom in that they died of sufferings in prison, and not by the axe; and the records show that every martyr in each class is representative of thousands, and that Ireland's ancient title may now be extended to *Insula Sanctorum, Doctorum et Martyrum.*

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

Present-Day Fiction

SOME one has counted among the really noteworthy benefits that have accrued to us from this war the fact that for the moment, at least, the flood of fiction which has been pouring from the presses for years has dwindled to a comparatively tiny stream. Men are not reading novels, there is so much to read about the war; and for the first time in a good while there is a satisfactory sale for serious books—only they must be on war topics. I saw quite a respectable-sized catalogue, bound in cloth, the other day, issued by an English club, of books about the war. Perhaps during an interval like this we may take advantage of the lull in the flood of story-writing to consider what our fiction has come to signify during more recent years. There are a great many people who seem to think that this rapid flow of story-books from the presses is as much a sign of marvelous progress as trolley cars, fast express trains, and all the other means of getting through life rapidly. Let us see.

The interesting previous period of fiction-writing more completely comparable to our own was that of the Renaissance. The study of the Latin and Greek classics had relaxed the faith of many people. Not that it had disturbed the beliefs of the great minds of the time, but it seriously perturbed a large number of the smaller minds. That always happens in a transition period. It happened with the development of physical science in the nineteenth century. Among the Latin and Greek classics were many stories of immorality. Writers soon found that they could imitate these portions of the older literatures rather easily or, at least, that what they wrote in imitation of them had a zest which attracted attention. As a consequence there was a flood of "novels," *novelle* they are in Italian, though by that word the Italians meant what we call short stories rather than our longer novels. I suggested in my book on "The Century of Columbus," that in the period between 1400 and 1600, probably several hundred thousands of these short stories were written. Those written in the earlier period of the Renaissance had some value as literature. The later productions of that time are almost too trivial to be noted. As the reading public grew, however, the later *novelle* of the period were probably much more widely read than earlier stories of some real literary merit.

As time went on in the Renaissance period two things became noticeable. The reading public for the *novelle* came to be much more feminine than masculine, and after a time a number of women writers of stories came to the front. One might naturally expect that when these two incidents happened there would be an immediate reform in the kind of stories written and that immorality would cease to be their theme. On the contrary, as the women readers and writers grew in number, the licentiousness of the *novelle* increased apace. Personally, I do not know what that means. It is exactly what happened in our time, also. As the number of women readers and writers of novels has grown, our novels have become worse and worse, so far as the exploitation of ugly sex questions in them is concerned, and some of the worst of these novels, as every one knows, are written by women. Just this same thing happened at Rome, for we have complaint, I think it is in one of Petronius' letters, that the entrance of women into the circle of readers and writers of Roman fiction was followed by a degeneration. It would be easy to say that this was due to the viciousness of the feminine mind at Rome during the early days of the Empire. I am not drawing conclusions here, however, because I am free to confess that I do not know what conclusions to draw. I hesitate to think that women are so much more interested in the vicious sex questions than men, but here are the facts of three periods of fiction-writing; and I know very well that if the good women, who would rightly scorn any imputation on their respectability, would to-morrow stop once and for all reading lascivious sex stories, we should have an end of that sort of fiction within a year.

What is more interesting for our consideration of present-day fiction, however, is the other fact that at both previous periods of fiction-writing all of it that was worth while was written at the beginning of the story-writing period, and then degeneration set in and the tales became trivial and commonplace, and followed fashions of various kinds and did not in any sense represent life. They ceased entirely to be literature and they became mere superficial presentations of phases of existence that for some reason the author thought his readers would be interested in at that time. In a word, they were written with the idea of making as much money as possible for the author, but not at all with the purpose of enabling an artist to express a vision of life worth while preserving.

That is just what has happened in our period.

Meredith said in word and practice: "Do not democratize literature." We talk about leveling things up, but what we really do is level them down. The wider the appeal literature, or the theater, or art has, the more surely is it without high merit. You can make soap or catsup or biscuits to please the popular taste without deterioration of the product. It is an extremely difficult matter to make literature after the same fashion, but our American writers have been tempted to do so because of the money to be earned.

Ay! There's the rub. "The money that 's in it" has ruined our fiction to a great extent, as it has ruined nearly everything else. We have commercialized the news-

paper, commercialized the theater, commercialized the family by the family hotel; and are commercializing our literature; only it won't be commercialized; its spirit vanishes under the pressure. So much for the twaddle that most people read. It is not only not worth while, but it is a positive injury to the mind. Most of our fiction is sawdust or seaweed. No one will care to remember, not alone twenty years from now, but even five years from now, that they have ever read it. But, then, we do not read to remember any more. When publishers wish to be particularly fulsome in their praise of an up-to-date book they advertise: "This is the sort of book that makes you forget." Nearly all our pastime is arranged to help people to forget.

There is another and more serious side to our present-day fiction. A great deal of it is calculated to do serious harm. It is surprising how ready people are to forget that reading is suggestive. The boy who reads Indian stories wants to run away and fight Indians. Whenever the thing to be done is simpler than a "Wild West" adventure, readers are almost sure to think more persistently of its possible accomplishment. We have found that the exhibition in the moving pictures of pocket-picking or "second story" work is followed by a series of incidents on the part of young spectators which indicate very clearly that the suggestion to do what they have seen has taken hold of them. A great many young folk are very susceptible to such suggestions. When the suggestions refer to something as alluring as sex matters are sure to be, because of a natural curiosity exaggerated by morbid inquisitiveness in our time, they are very likely to work serious harm.

Many of our popular novels are full of sex suggestions. Many of these are written by university men. Some of them are meretricious to the last degree. A book like Owen Johnson's "Salamander" is sure to work serious harm. We have many such books, though few quite as suggestive as this. The story itself is the veriest twaddle. An excellent English critic said of it:

> The author exhausts us with a surfeit of flimsy and violent sensationalism, he plays with the loud pedal down, and is continually throwing in all kinds of flashy effects. He commences with exaggerated emphasis and after the first seventy pages he can only offer us a repetition of the old shocks.

The excuse offered for some of this pander fiction is that it represents a warning for those who read it. Surely, the men who offer such an excuse have their tongues in their cheeks, while they offer it. It is curiously interesting to realize that just this same excuse was offered before in the Renaissance time. Even dear Margaret of Navarre, when she wrote her ugly sex stories, which do not hold a candle for evil suggestion to many that now pass muster in drawing-rooms, added morals to them and hoped that since people were reading such stories anyhow, hers with the morals would neutralize some of the evil effects. Alas! for good intentions, the good Margaret (I believe that she was a saint) only furnished another paving-stone for the place below, for subsequent generations read her stories and neglected the morals. They much preferred the "immorals" of the tales. With the degeneration of our fiction, as in the Renaissance time, we have come round to the same old excuse for it: how man does progress!

James J. Walsh, M.D.

The Douay Bible

To the Editor of America:

I. Is the Douay version to be considered a complete Bible or not? II. What is the aim of the Commission for the revision of the Latin Bible? What is Cardinal Gasquet's connection with it? III. What bearing will the completion of its labors have upon the Douay Bible? IV. In short, kindly give all there is to know about the Douay Bible.

Haileybury, Ontario. A. V.

I. The Douay Bible contains the whole of the King James Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, and more. It is not, therefore, accused by Protestants of incompleteness. That is our charge against them, while they hold against us that we have included in our Bible certain writings not properly belonging to Holy Scripture at all. The dispute concerns only the Old Testament; for the New, both Bibles are identical in contents, book for book and almost verse for verse, though they vary not a little in their renderings of the text. The Protestant version of the Old Testament contains only the books of the Hebrew Bible; they are thirty-eight in number. The Douay Bible has all these and seven other books besides, namely, Tobias, Judith, First and Second Machabees, Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom and Baruch; also, certain portions of Daniel and Esther which are not found in the Hebrew Bible. The Douay derived these disputed books and portions of books from the Vulgate, the official Latin version authorized by the Catholic Church; and the Vulgate derived them in turn from that Greek Bible which is called the Septuagint. Now, the Septuagint was the Bible of the Apostles and of the early Church; several writers, at least, of the New Testament knew Hebrew, yet they used the Greek Bible in preference to the Hebrew. All the Fathers of the early Church quote the Septuagint habitually, and frequently show themselves acquainted with the disputed books which they received as inspired writings. These books can not be rejected on account of their original language, for five, at least, out of the seven, Tobias, Judith, Machabees, Ecclesiasticus and Baruch, were written originally in Hebrew or in Aramean, the later language of the Jews, which occurs in parts of Daniel as found in the Hebrew Bible. The Catholic Church in pronouncing canonical the books contained in the Vulgate simply clung to the tradition of the Christian Church which goes back to the Apostles. The Protestant canon was an innovation. There never had been a time when it was received in the Christian Church. It constituted a rejection of the Christian Apostolic traditions in favor of the tradition of the rabbis of Palestine.

These disputed books have a very high religious value. They were greatly admired by the Fathers and by the undivided Christendom of the Middle Ages. The books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom, for example, were favorites with such a devout soul as Thomas à Kempis. First Machabees is recognized by Protestant scholars as presenting stronger internal guarantees of historical worth than certain books of the Hebrew Canon. Baruch is a beautiful and touching little book, full of the prophetic spirit; and there is certainly nothing in the remaining books which would, of itself, cause any Christian to reject them. There is no logical and no sound historical reason why any consistent Protestant should refuse to accept these writings.

The same may be said of the portions of Daniel and Esther which Protestants exclude from their Bible. The Catholic book of Esther is far more edifying than the Protestant. And think of the lack of religious sense which rejects the *Benedicite* (Daniel iii), one of the grandest poems and most deeply religious hymns ever penned by man and inspired by God. Whatever prompted the rejection, it was certainly not a more highly developed religious sense.

II. The answer to this may be best given in the words of Cardinal Gasquet himself, as found in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. XIV, p. 515. He says:

> The aim of the Commission for the revision of the Vulgate is not to produce a Latin Bible, to be proposed as an official text for the approbation of the Church, but to take merely a preliminary step toward that official version. The object is clearly set forth in the charge given by the Pope to the Commission. It is to determine as accurately as possible the text of St. Jerome's Latin translation, made in the fourth century. This text is admitted on all hands to be an absolute necessity as a basis of any more extended and critical revision.

This revision was placed by the late Holy Father, Pius X, in the hands of a Commission composed of Benedictines and presided over by the Abbot Gasquet, who has since, *orbi plaudente*, been created cardinal.

III. When the labors of the Commission shall be completed, the authorities of the Church, using the results obtained as a basis, will probably issue a revised text of the Vulgate. They may go still further and with the aid of the Hebrew Bible, of the Septuagint and of other ancient versions, prepare a Latin Bible that will be declared the official Bible of the Catholic Church. As soon as any revised text is published with the approbation of Roman authorities, it will then be in order for us to revise our Douay version in accordance with the new official text. The occasion will be very opportune, also, for a literary revision of our English text. The faults of our English Catholic Bible are principally literary: they do not affect doctrinal points and, regarded in their substance, are not of grave importance.

IV. A satisfactory reply to this request would carry this article far beyond the space limit assigned. It may be well to reread the excellent comparison of the Douay and King James Bibles which appeared in these pages on January 2 and supplement it by the very good account of the Douay version, sufficient for the needs of most men, in the fifth volume of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," which can be found in every library of any pretensions to completeness.

Catholic University of America. JOHN F. FENLON, S.S., D.D.

An Answer

MR. CHESTERTON has hinted, in a preface, at the thrilling tale of an Englishman who went to sea and in a fog discovered—England. Not a few Sodalists nowadays have acted out this parable, and discovered—the true Sodality. For the Sodality, like many another ancient institution, has been sadly misrepresented and misunderstood even by its friends.

This is unfortunate on more than one account, for the Sodality, properly understood, carries in itself the solution of many of the anxious questions which the Catholic laity, in common with the clergy, are asking themselves and each other, notably of late in the correspondence columns of AMERICA.

I must in this article say many things briefly, and so trust to be pardoned for growing a bit axiomatic. To begin with, so as to avoid any misapprehension, let us set down what the Sodality is *not*. It is *not* a society for the promotion of monthly Communion merely, nor even of a weekly meeting. Its activities are endlessly wider and deeper than that. To confine one's Sodality work within such narrow limits, is quite to misapprehend the scope and aim of Sodality activity.

Neither is the Sodality an organization only for women and for children. It began in a boys' college in Rome and its membership was afterwards extended to include men, women and girls. Nowadays, Sodality organization is adapted to the needs of every class and age. All that one needs for membership in a Sodality is a willingness to carry out its spirit and to obey its rules.

Finally the Sodality, in all non-Jesuit parishes and institutions, is entirely subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop, and under the control of its own director. It is not dominated by any religious order, and its affiliation to the head Sodality at Rome is a spiritual one, for the conferring of indulgences and spiritual benefits. The separate Sodalities owe no obedience to the Head Sodality, pay no contributions and receive no instructions. They are left entirely to the control of their own officers.

And now for the positive side. What *is* a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin? Its nature and activities are admirably summarized in the first rule of the edition of 1910. This rule reads as folows:

> The Sodality of Our Lady is a religious body which aims at fostering in its members an ardent devotion, reverence and filial love toward the Blessed Virgin Mary. Through this devotion, and with the protection of so good a Mother, it seeks to make the Faithful gathered together under her name, good Catholics, sincerely bent on sanctifying themselves, each in his state of life, and zealous as far as their condition in life permits to save and sanctify their neighbor, and to defend the Church of Jesus Christ against the attacks of the wicked.

This is the official and authentic declaration of the Sodality's scope and purpose. One sees at a glance that it sets up the Sodality as a training school for the Lay Apostolate and as an epitome of the Christian life. The Sodalists, a devoted brotherhood of ardent sons of Mary, are to be sincerely bent on working for their personal holiness, for the help of their neighbor and the defence of the Church against the wicked. They are to be the lay auxiliary of their pastor, ready to his hand for any help which he may wish in the spiritual and temporal activities of the parish.

Sodality organization is at the same time strong and flexible. It combines a deep and supernatural spirit (which is guaranteed by a true devotion to the Mother of God) with the active and energetic zeal inspired by its threefold purpose of work for self, the neighbor and the Church. There is no worthy enterprise in a parish which can not be mightily helped by a well-organized Sodality.

Strange though these ideas may be to some American readers, they are familiar to the Catholics of Europe, who have seen the most remarkable examples of the efficiency of Sodality organization in their midst. There, as in some of our own American centers, the Sodality works by means of sections or committees each with its own officers and special purpose. Through these sections the Sodality attends to all the needs of the parish, and coordinates and systematizes the entire work of the laity. There are sections for reducing the church debt, for teaching catechism to poor children, for promoting Catholic literature, fostering the spirit of frequent Communion, helping the missions, encouraging every sort of charitable enterprise. Some sections conduct workmen's cooperative banks, industrial schools, even orphanages and protectorates. Others carry on the activities which we associate with the Y. M. C. A. It would require many articles to do rudimentary justice to the activities of the European Sodalities. Suffice it to say that there is hardly any social or charitable activity which is not being syste-

matically fostered and promoted by these Sodality sections or committees.

Even from this hasty sketch one can see what possibilities are in this movement for our American Catholics. Indeed, in not a few parishes, the work is already well under way. We need unity, and the Sodality can insure this unity in a parish by coordinating parish work through its various sections. All other societies in the Church have some especial purpose peculiar to themselves. The activities of the Sodality embrace the whole Christian life.

Again the Sodality can promote unity among the faithful throughout the whole Church in America. By means of a Sodality Union in the cities, the parishes can be linked more closely together, and through a national union of these civic Unions of Sodalities, all our American Sodalists may be brought to a closer understanding.

This may seem a fantastic dream to those who have not carefully studied the possibilities of Sodality organization. But their wonder may grow less when they consider that the Sodality, with half a million members here in America, unites these great desiderata—absolute control by the individual pastors and complete subjection to the Ordinary, with a geographical distribution that makes it almost ubiquitous. Besides, the Sodality brings to our hand the supernatural power which comes with the name of Mary and with the strength of three hundred and fifty years of saintly tradition.

Whether these desirable things will come to pass in our own, or in a future generation, depends of course upon the zeal with which we of this generation study and employ the huge possibilities of Sodality organization, as our brethren in Europe are beginning to study and employ them. The mere largeness of the idea should not deter us. Only by large ideas courageously carried into action can the Catholics of America fulfil their tremendous mission. The times move quickly. Great opportunities open before us with all bewildering swiftness, and if we do not prepare to meet them they will pass just as swiftly. We should be planning well, because our plans of to-day must make the history of to-morrow.

EDWARD F. GARESCHÈ, S.J.,
Editor of the Queen's Work.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

"Ludicrous Anachronism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Ronald's last letter has made this indisputably clear: that our discussion is not upon a common ground. Let me, then, simply restate my position. The question is not "Is there bigotry?" but "Is American public opinion bigoted?" Mr. Ronald, I think, either confounds the two or is under the impression that the former, answered negatively, is my contention. Bluntly, it is not. Even had I held such a position, Mr. Ronald's array of facts (some of which were instances of real bigotry) would not have compelled my unconditional surrender.

Now, I gather from my critic's last letter that even were our issue the same, we should yet be at odds in defining two fundamentals of the status: "Is American public opinion bigoted?" Namely, we should differ on the definition of "public opinion" and of "bigotry."

Public opinion, as I should take it, is the complexus of the opinions (in a determining proportion) of individuals. We all know that there is a certain way of looking at things common to the men of a given generation: that this is nothing more than a certain body of views which you may take for granted in addressing contemporaries; that these opinions become part of their mental atmosphere and yours and in direct communication are no more adverted to than the glass in the window through which you view outside objects, or the light by which you read. To this complexus, this "sphere of ideas" as Cardinal Newman says, all things are referred. In the light of it judgments are formed, policies and institutions upheld or condemned. In the abstract we call it public opinion; but in the concrete it exists not at all, if not in individuals sufficiently numerous to manifest and characterize the thought of the day. How it comes to be in the individual is another question and on its answer, for instance, by discreet investigation, or by blind prejudice, depends the justice or injustice of the public opinion in question.

Now, this definition Mr. Ronald denies, and in what justice, or by what canon of analysis he appeals to mob psychology as to the normal psychology of the American mind, I do not know. I should have thought all peoples under such circumstances were abnormal, and hence unsymptomatic of their opinions and views. Nor are we more at one in defining "bigotry." We are talking, of course, about religious bigotry and the basis of my position here is the definition given in the "Standard Dictionary" as being most likely to reflect what is popularly meant by bigotry. If Mr. Ronald's view be right, then all the unchristianity of the day, all the materialism, all the unmentionable malice of the modern human heart is bigotry. But if mine be the correct one, bigotry is predicable of that class of men alone, against whom as being bigots the inherent fairness of Americans has quite recently taken action.

The exigencies of space deny me the manifest advantages rhetoric would here afford, in the potent marshalling and amplification of facts. But doubtless Mr. Ronald will have noticed the action of those Protestant ministers who bought advertising space to protest against bigotry. (*Catholic Standard and Times*, February 27.) He will have consulted *Our Sunday Visitor* of March 14, for accounts of actions by Protestants equally fair. AMERICA for March 20 will have likewise attested to American fairness when (p. 576) it says: "The legal measures recently taken against an anti-Catholic publication have in general *met the approbation of the public.*" He will have realized, too, the significance of Dr. Berle's action (a Protestant minister) who entered the Massachusetts Legislature to protest against an anti-Catholic bill. Above all he will have seen quoted in the speech of Representative Sullivan given in the House, February 4, 1915, the appeal of another minister, Dr. Gladden, to Protestants, against bigotry, and the weighty opinion of Dr. Condé B. Pallen in which he voices exactly the position for which I contend, when he says: "We believe that *the vast majority* of American citizens are above the sinister influences of a propaganda so vile in its methods, so base in its principles, so contrary to the basic character of our Constitution." The instances have all come under my observation quite recently and casually. How many others an attempt to gather data might have revealed I do not know.

As for the instances again cited by Mr. Ronald, many are not instances of bigotry; none are sufficient to prove such an extension of bigotry in the United States as to justify us in saying "American public opinion is bigoted."

Here, then, is the issue as cleanly chiseled and as concrete as I can make it. At the risk of seeming unduly iterative I must again insist that the question is not "Is bigotry rife?" but "Is public opinion bigoted?"

With this restatement of the position I am content to leave my critic to his own opinion. Perhaps a re-reading of the original article and my subsequent letter will convince Mr. Ronald that, with the issue uncloudedly seen, there is not too optimistic a point of view in "A Ludicrous Anachronism."

Woodstock, Md. GEORGE D. BULL, S.J.

[This controversy will be closed next week.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Temperance vs. Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Judging by your correspondence column of the past few weeks the question of temperance against prohibition must be a live issue. Regarding the two writers who disagree with my views on the subject of prohibition, I must say in general terms that they both ignore the real question and waste valuable space dealing with side issues. The question before us is whether it is not more wise from the standpoint of statesmanship and good citizenship to encourage, by means of all the moral forces left in our country, the cardinal virtue of temperance rather than adopt stringent laws, which nobody will ever dream of seriously enforcing, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in the United States. My contention is: (1) that our present liquor laws are altogether too lax; (2) that, weak as they are, they are not properly enforced, because (3) our law officers in every city in the land are the ephemeral creatures of the lowest grade of politicians. Neither Father Lambing nor Mr. Fitzgerald deal with the problem as thus stated, but treat us to a whole host of irrelevancies. My idea, in brief, is that if we do not now enforce a very inferior and lax set of liquor laws, *a fortiori,* we most certainly will not enforce laws which trespass upon a fundamental human right.

I am sorry Father Lambing does not consider my methods of discussing the prohibition fad as sufficiently reverential, yet he himself informs us that "men do not lose their reason for a gnat," thereby implying that his friends are fit subjects for the State Hospital! But the Scribes and the Pharisees some years ago lost their reason for a gnat. Later on in his letter Father Lambing suggests that the prohibition movement "may be directed by sympathetic reasoning"; but how in the name of common sense are we to direct, by sympathetic reasoning or any other kind of reasoning, people who, according to him, have lost their reason? What he has to say about Pius X and the Third Plenary Council has no bearing on the case; the late venerated Pope and the Council of Baltimore, like all popes and all councils for some nineteen centuries, approved and encouraged the admirable, but voluntary virtue of self-denial; which is just a bit different from compulsory prohibition.

Your second correspondent who objects to my position, Mr. Fitzgerald, appears to think I belong to the great school of closet philosophers, and that consequently I have no practical experience of "the problems of real life." Let me reassure him on this point: I am not in the least degree a hermit. The greater part of this gentleman's communication is as little *ad rem* as his smart, though rash, characterization of one who presumes to differ with him. Here, however, is a rare gem produced by so ardent a prohibitionist: "Alcohol is made to be sold, and is going to be sold, law or no law!" Why, that is just my contention. And to show him how true his confident affirmation is, let me cite a few facts. The number of illicit distilleries found in the United States in the year 1913 was merely 2,374, whereas the registered distilleries totaled 821. Further, 80 per cent. of the former class of alcohol producers were discovered in the prohibition States of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi and the Carolinas. This is a pretty fair indication that alcohol will be made and sold, "law or no law."

The "practical" Mr. Fitzgerald also assures me that anybody who says prohibition "means drug-fiends doesn't know the first thing about the subject from the practical standpoint." Really I am awfully ashamed at my total want of the "practical" sense. Yet I find that the Clinical Director of the Georgia State Sanitorium reports a "steady increase in insanity from the use of drugs in the last five years in Georgia," and in particular an increase "of more than 700 per cent. in the first two months of 1914."

Even as regards that American Utopia, the State of Kansas, there seem to be differences of opinion. For instance, a correspondent of the New York *Sun,* writing from San Bernardino, Cal., under date of February 9, tells of an experience he had in a Kansas town of some 20,000 inhabitants, last New Year's Eve. This traveler, Mr. W. H. Wright, says that in the course of the last evening of the Old Year he looked around for some of the usual features that mark such an occasion; but all was quiet, "just deadly quiet." The following morning he inquired the reason for so peculiar a way of ushering in the New Year and received this explanation: "The people of this State," the hotel proprietor informed him, "are licked, just licked, that is all there is to it. There are so many laws against everything, and so many busybodies prying about trying to convict somebody of something that people have lost all heart and can not even shout. They have become callous to all emotions whatever."

Another claim advanced with confidence by Mr. Fitzgerald is that "the great majority of men would never think of taking a drink if it wasn't under their nose all the time." Let us see. The number of illicit distilleries noted above as existing in the Southern prohibition States in 1913 seems to me to indicate that if people do not find liquor "under their nose" they are willing to take some pains to get in a position so alluring, unlawfully. Moreover, I am informed by a pamphlet of former United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. Royal E. Cabell, that in one year the Southern Express Co. alone shipped over six million gallons of whiskey *directly to consumers* in dry territory. Do these figures sustain Mr. Fitzgerald's contention? Of course he tells me to throw all such statistics, got out by wicked men, into the waste basket; a very convenient way, and the usual way of the prohibitionist, of disposing of an argument.

Finally, let Mr. Fitzgerald get this into his mind once and for all; that people who take my point of view are far and away from being friends of the American saloon. On the contrary we despise and detest it in its existing form, as a corrupting institution. But we oppose prohibition because we believe there is ample reason to fear that it will make bad immeasurably worse. I find nothing in the correspondence with which I have been dealing to induce me to modify this opinion.

Harrisburg, Pa. HENRY MAURICE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you permit me, a priest, to make some remarks on this question of Temperance *vs.* Prohibition, which has been opened up in the pages of AMERICA? Human rights, howsoever humble, are sacred, especially when they are chartered in the Bible. We can not afford to let any real right of man be minimized or be taken from him. The Prohibitionists are assailing one right of man, and the Eugenists are sharpening their weapons to take away one or two others. When I hear men denouncing drink as if it were in itself an evil and speaking of total abstinence as if it were a matter of obligation, there rises before my mind the example of Our Divine Lord at the wedding in Cana, and the example too, I may say, of His Blessed Mother, who requested the wine for the guests which He so plentifully gave them. (John ii: 1-11.)

There comes also before my mind Our Lord's words to the Jewish people: "John came neither eating nor drinking; and they say: He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a wine drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners. And wisdom is justified by her children." (Matt. ii: 18, 19.) Certainly Our Lord knew the evils that would flow from intemperance. Yet He did not command us to abstain from wine. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" (Col. ii: 21) is a favorite quotation of certain persons who look with disfavor on the use of wine; but if they examine that verse in the light of its context, they may not quote it any more. Our Lord knew also the benefits to be derived by millions from the proper use of this gift of God to

men, and He would not deprive them of it; and His example, higher than which we can not have, would seem to have been set up against all who would rob man of this liberty.

Total abstinence is very good, and for some necessary, as every confessor knows. He who marries does well. (At least we hope so.) He who marries not does better; provided his motives are proper. So too is it with the man who likes his glass of wine, and with the total abstainer who prefers his glass of water. But the Bible is not a cold water tract. The Bible condemns intemperance, but it does not command total abstinence. It holds the golden mean. "Wine drunken with excess raiseth quarrels, and wraths, and many ruins." (Ecclus. xxxi: 38.) "Grape-juice" certainly wouldn't do that. "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities." (I Tim. v: 23.) "Wine may cheer the heart of man." (Ps. ciii: 15.) "Give wine to them that are grieved in mind." (Prov. xxxi: 6.) "Wine was created from the beginning to make men joyful, and not to make them drunk. Wine drunken with moderation is the joy of the soul and the heart." (Ecclus. xxxi: 35, 36.) "Grape-juice" wouldn't do any of those things either. Not in the Bible will certain of the Prohibitionists find what they are looking for. They will find it, however, in the Koran.

Father Lambing says in his article in America of March 20 (p. 565), that "superintendents of penal and charitable institutions state that drink, directly or indirectly, brings nine-tenths of the inmates to these institutions." I do not now question the correctness of the superintendents' estimate; but it is obvious that those nine-tenths in penal and charitable institutions are not nine-tenths of humanity. Shall the rest of humanity therefore be deprived of their use of a thing because some abuse it? Father Lambing also says, "Bishops attribute to the same source nine-tenths of the trouble they have in the administration of their office!" But nine-tenths of their trouble, surely, are not nine-tenths of their priests and their people! What of the Bishop of bishops? What was the cause of nine-tenths of the troubles of Pius X? Was Modernism, for example, and the carrying out of the decree *Quam singulari* only one-tenth of his troubles? Was it drink or was it heresy that vexed the pontificates of Paul III and Pius IV? And so on, back through the ages of the Church, has it been drink or has it been pride that has done the greater harm to souls?

Intemperance is bad. And some other things are bad; some other things are worse. Gluttony is only one of the capital sins. Anger, avarice, envy, lust, pride, sloth, are others. It isn't the love of drink, but the love of money, that St. Paul styles "the root of all evils." (I Tim. vi: 10.) Judas fell by avarice, not by drink. "By the envy of the devil, death came into the world." (Wisdom ii: 24.) It was not the fury of drink, but the fury of envy, that delivered Our Lord to be crucified: "For he knew that for envy they had delivered him." (Matt. xxvii: 18.)

And then there is sloth! Ordinary laziness! You know the proverbs: "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." And: "Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations come to the idle." "The continuation of the Mass does not depend on this movement being overcome or controlled," says Father Lambing. What of Arizona? What of the Mass in the whole country if prohibition of the Arizona kind should become nation-wide? "Who will be to blame?" inquires Father Lambing; and he implies that Catholics will. But Prohibitionists also, Father Lambing. Two wrongs, as you well know, do not make a right. Imagine the fanaticism that would make Holy Mass impossible, by forbidding wine even for sacramental purposes!

No doubt our lamented Holy Father, Pius X, regarded the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America as worthy of all praise. So do many priests, though they do not all choose to become members of the organization. The Church stands for sobriety, yes. She stands also for truth and for liberty, and she would expect every one of her priests to be ready to give up his life, if necessary, in defence of them. The right to take a drink of wine may seem a small thing; but it is a right, nevertheless, when one can use it without sin. Put that right under the guillotine and other rights will soon have to mount the stairs and suffer a like fate. Finally, it is no small thing, but a monstrous thing, to stand between a priest and his right and duty of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as Prohibitionists have done in Arizona, and as they have planned to do in other places.

San Francisco, Cal. A Subscriber.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of America:

The dispute about the Y. M. C. A. should, I think, be confined to this question: Is the association a religious corporation? The answer to this will solve many of the minor problems under discussion. Presumably the officials of the Y. M. C. A. know their mind in the matter. They unhesitatingly pronounce the association religious in character. On page eight of their book, "With Men and Boys," they say:

> The Young Men's Christian Association seeks to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Holy Scripture, desire to be His disciples in their doctrines and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His kingdom among young men.

Further, among the items of interest in one of their official publications is found the following:

> The root of this (political) liberty, which makes men simple, single-minded and sincere, is religion; not the superficial religion of verbal profession, ritualistic form or sacerdotal magic, but the religion that walks humbly with God and cultivates the spirit of service and good-will, etc., etc.

From this it appears that the Y. M. C. A. is: a militant, non-Catholic, religious corporation; shrewd enough not to allow its "rubbers" and "track managers" to "broach religion," but careful nevertheless, to ridicule the "ritualistic form" and "sacerdotal magic" of Catholicism. Would the defenders of the Y. M. C. A. allow athletic young Catholics of twenty-five to join the Baptist Church for the sake of a swimming pool?

Baltimore. E. L. A.

Gothic Vestments

To the Editor of America:

The return of Gothic vestments is urged for their splendor and because they are appropriated by other sects that mimic the true religion. Those who are so stridently demanding the return, give the impression that the priests, of their own accord, chose to abandon the Gothic vestments for those now in use. Is this really the case? If not, then the change was made by the higher powers to whom a respectful appeal must be made, if a return to Gothic vestments is desired.

Haileybury, Ontario. A. Vidal.

Few American Missionaries

To the Editor of America:

Some time ago you said in an article in America, "The world knows too little of Damien's successors." I thought you would be interested in a notice that appeared in our local papers recently, and runs as follows: "On the Spanish mailboat Alicante arrived eleven Paulist Fathers (S. Vicent a Paulo) and eight Sisters of Charity, all from Spain." Do you know how many have come from the United States during the fifteen years of occupation? Hardly eleven priests and certainly not eight nuns. Preachers, however, of other denominations and teachers, both male and female, are not lacking.

Philippine Islands. Ed. Y. Y. C.

AMERICA

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The Holy Father's Congratulations

AS AMERICA was begun on April 17, 1909, this present issue marks our sixth anniversary. Nothing could be more seasonable therefore than the letter of congratulation that recently came to the editor from Pope Benedict XV, and the publication of this letter is the fittest way of observing AMERICA's birthday:

To REV. FATHER RICHARD H. TIERNEY, S.J.
Editor-in-chief of AMERICA, New York:

Your letter with its expressions of loyalty has been a source of satisfaction and joy to the Holy Father, for in it He has found clear tokens both of your ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, and your undoubted and devoted attachment to the Apostolic See. He has ample proof both of one and the other in the review, AMERICA, which, under your direction, seconded by the labors of your brothers in religion, is now entering on the seventh year of strenuous effort in behalf of Catholic truth, its exposition, its explanation and its defence.

To you, therefore, and to your associates, the Holy Father extends His sincere congratulations for all you have done, and He is prompted by His special love for His noble children in the United States of America to convey to you His earnest, urgent desire that you continue with high courage the work you have begun. It gives great joy to the August Pontiff to look forward with hopeful anticipation to the profit and honor which will accrue both to religion and to the State from the accomplishment of the task which, with the approval of the episcopate, you have taken upon yourselves, viz., to guard inviolate the rights of the Church, to unmask error, to increase piety among the faithful, and to maintain union of all hearts with this infallible chair of truth.

That God may smile upon your efforts, that there may be richer and more abundant fruit to your labors, and that you may have proof of His Holiness's affection, He bestows with all love in the Lord, on you and on the other writers of AMERICA, the Apostolic Benediction. With much esteem I am happy to be

Yours devotedly in the Lord,
P. CARD. GASPARRI,
Secretary of State to His Holiness.

From the Vatican,
March 13, 1915.

The Patriots Again

THE Mexican patriots have played their tune once again. It is the same old tune, a wheezy grind-organ affair rolled off the barrel by the swarthy artist in charge of the Villista agency in Washington. The refrain is very simple: Villa is an angel sweet and gentle; Villa is a saint holy and powerful; Villa, Villa, angel, saint; Villa saint; Villa angel. Here the mocking-bird artist drops into an ecstasy. But ecstasy or no ecstasy, the Church is the cause of Mexico's ills. That is clear. Everybody admits it. She has brought many calamities to the land beyond the Rio Grande. Among the greatest of these was the redemption of Villa's and Carranza's ancestors from the worship of the rain-god. Had the Church not committed this crime the precious blood of Pancho and Victoriano would have gone steaming up or down to the hideous god in sacrifice, and Mexico would have been spared the awful carnage now disgracing civilization.

But a part of the Mexican refrain was omitted. Here it is: Priests and Sisters were law-breakers; their presence in Mexico was illegal. Granted; but only for the sake of the argument. Behold the result. Priests and Sisters are here in defiance of law; to right that hideous wrong, to restore the equation of justice, we, the righteous Mexican revolutionists, shall blaspheme God, deny His existence; arise in our sacred might and desecrate churches, defile altars and vestments, perpetrate unspeakable sacrileges against the Blessed Sacrament; we shall teach priests and Sisters a lesson; we shall dress abandoned women in vestments, pull down a statue from the altar and replace it by a naked priestess of sin; we shall torture priests, under the direction of Fierro; carry off young girls—ah, the priests will catch it—we shall murder inoffensive Brothers, and Sisters will be our victims. How dare priests and Sisters defile our holy, beloved land by their presence! And greatest vindication of all, we shall fool *Los Yankos;* we shall use the loot from churches to keep an agent in Washington who will talk to the stupid *Gringos,* as if they, like ourselves, were just emerging from the stone age. Holy is our warfare; justice is saved.

Indecency vs. Good Taste

NOT long since an irresponsible critic took it on himself to reprove a Catholic mayor for inveighing against a play that outrages, to phrase it mildly, the sense of Christian modesty. The critic drew a rather

sharp distinction between decency on the one side and intelligence and good taste on the other, and he implied that not the former but the latter should be used in judging the drama. Obviously he was wrong. A correct feeling for the proprieties is essential to sound criticism of any work of art. Mere intelligence is by no means a safe guide to a right judgment of literary excellence. Aristophanes undoubtedly had rare intelligence, but he blundered nevertheless from an artistic point of view, and spoiled his otherwise excellent work by a fondness for scurrility. "Good" taste, too, by the very fact that it dispenses with the canons of decency, brands itself as unquestionably bad. Whatever shocks, offends good taste; indecency always shocks; therefore it is never artistic. Even pagans, past and present, acknowledge this. Great art, of its own inherent nature, refuses to pander to base inclinations. It feels itself degraded, it rebels. How then is it possible to justify indecent plays on the score of good taste? Indecency and good taste are mortal enemies, and this even from the purely natural standpoint.

A College President's Reading

THE papers have lately been giving considerable space to a letter Dr. Andrew D. White, sometime President of Cornell University, wrote to the *Cornell Era*. The doctor gives a list of the books which have furnished him with "the most real profit and abiding pleasure." Except for his eulogium of Rutherford B. Hayes, whom he thinks "one of the best equipped and noblest Presidents in the whole line," and save for the prominence given to Lecky's "History of Rationalism," Froude's history and Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," the list is worthy of little notice. It merely betrays Dr. White's limitations. His unbounded admiration for Anatole France's books, for example, comes with a bad grace from an optimistic American educator. The shallowness of that French cynic's wit has been thoroughly revealed by the present war.

The list is more remarkable, however, for its omissions —Dr. White's own masterpiece, for instance, "The Warfare of Theology with Science," which must be a prime favorite of his, is not even mentioned, though it is still to be found in most of our public libraries and is accepted as an authority by many imperfectly educated people. "The Warfare of Theology with Science" was written a quarter of a century ago to advertise and defend a new system of teaching at Cornell; one absolutely free from all religious influences. The president of the institution, irritated by opposition to this then very unusual university procedure, deliberately set out to make it clear that theology and religion had always hampered the progress of science and that therefore great things might be expected from Cornell.

Dr. White declared, for instance, that in the Middle Ages papal documents had been issued which forbade the practice of dissection and the study of chemistry, and suggested that the real reason for these decrees against anatomy and chemistry lay in the Church's desire that people should seek cures not in medicine and surgery but only in pilgrimages, relics, prayers and Masses.

The modern phase of the history of medicine had only just begun when President White wrote that book. Had he been a really wide-awake scholar he would have detected this movement. As it was he missed it and consequently his work shamefully betrayed his lack of scholarship, and the book's general acceptance by American readers has simply served to show how little even supposedly educated men, such as university professors and editors of scientific monthlies, knew of the immense advance that was then taking place in the history of science and above all in that of medicine and surgery. It has now been proved that dissection was general in Italy at the very time when, according to Dr. White, a few men were secretly dissecting in fear and trembling, owing to the opposition of the Church. This is clear from the sketches that have been discovered, and from the surgeons' text-books that have come down to us.

So it would seem that Dr. White, instead of compiling lists of books, owes the American people a candid acknowledgement of the fact that, because of his dependence on secondary authorities, he was deceived as to the real status of science and particularly of medicine and surgery during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period. If he is taken away from us before some such acknowledgement is made he will be remembered in the history of American scholarship as a man who, just at a moment when a great change was coming over our knowledge of history, followed the old, neglecting the new, and wrote a book that became quite absurd in the course of the next ten years. On the other hand a frank withdrawal of a number of incorrect statements in "The Warfare of Theology with Science" would deservedly attract attention. For such a retraction would prove the author a man to whom truth meant everything. Here is a fine opportunity for our great American truth-seeker. Will Dr. White take it?

"Ye of Little Faith"

YE of little faith, less dignity and still less patriotism, ye are filling human ears these days with hollow words that mock the dignity of man and make sport of God's law. Ye have joined hands with anarchists; ye have seduced two powerful journals to your wicked cause, and ye of little faith will now wage war in favor of a horrid sin: "The Control of Births." God's positive law will be violated, and God will not be mocked for ever, ye of little faith. The natural law will be broken, and the crime will carry with it its own punishment. For that law objectively viewed is part of your very self; it is interwoven with the very fiber of your soul. A sin against it is a crime against self, a degradation of self,

a lowering of self from manhood's plane to the animal's estate. Control births, ye of little faith, and ye shall no longer walk upright with man; your spirit will grow coarse; your instincts, brutal, your nature, crass beyond telling. The sign of the beast will be upon your brow; the stigma of infamy on your nation, ye of little faith.

Was It "Fit to Print"?

A WIDELY read metropolitan journal that has chosen for its motto, "All the news that's fit to print" considered Easter Sunday an appropriate day for publishing in its "magazine section" a particularly offensive attack on Christianity. A Boston physician, leaving his legitimate domain of medicine, has been dogmatizing about the "complete subjectivity" of all religion, the "eroto-genetic" basis of every form of worship and the "psycho-physiological urge" of which religious ceremonials are the expression. He flouts the "belief in miracles, in transubstantiation, in virgin births," maintains that "costly churches" and a "large and prosperous clergy" have no right to exist, and practically asserts that the Church's Eucharistic devotion has an origin like that of certain pagan cults.

Had these "advanced" views been left in the magazine of "religious psychology" in which they first appeared, few, no doubt, would have been harmed by them. But since the New York *Times*, which numbers among its readers thousands of Catholics, considered the doctor's insulting paper "fit to print" and that too on Easter Sunday, it is high time a vigorous protest were made. For publishing such wicked nonsense as the article entitled "Is Sex the Basis of Religion?" the *Times* owes its Christian readers an apology.

Does It Pay?

NOT many years ago a historian, or rather a man who wrote a history, taking a comprehensive view of Christianity, expressed his surprise at the fact that the Catholic Church was continually beginning new religious orders. The old orders grow rich, lose their spirit and efficiency, and then comes another return to poverty and austerity. This process is a weakness according to the professor who wrote a history. It is indeed a confession of the weakness of human nature, but it is an exhibition of strength in the Church. To meet the same disease with the same effective remedy, shows wisdom on the part of the physician. To cure human ills with the remedy prescribed by Christ, manifests divine wisdom in Christianity. When the whole world is run on a financial basis, when "Does it pay?" is the eternal question of the human race, it is courageous and bracing and immensely uplifting to have a few take literally the invitation: "Go; sell all thou hast and give to the poor."

The dollar is a precious thing. At an auction you would rate the value of an article very high, if you saw a thousand bidding for it. How many hands are now reached out, yearning for the dollar around which your enamored fingers cling? Wife and child and school and church and taxes and comrades and a host of others are bidding fast and furious for that precious coin. In what direction can it roll? A sphere represents the most unstable equilibrium. A sphere rests on one point and waits but a touch to speed in any one of a countless number of ways. Down all those ways your precious dollar may roll. Yet despite its unstable equilibrium the dollar resists the touch. The earth, the sun, the moon and the other great spheres with all their possible ways of travel keep faithfully to their allotted paths under the sway of gravity. Your dollar holds back, too, and gravity must modestly retire to an inferior position when compared with the mighty force which clings to a dollar and which may be summed up in the fateful words, "Does it pay?"

"Does it pay?" is the highwayman on life's broad roads. Every one must stand and deliver at his imperious commands. Not the rich only but the poor, too; not the strong simply but widows and orphans. Some brigands had a sort of chivalry like that of the burglar not so long since, who entered a house to rob it but, finding in it only a poor, sick woman, gave her a contribution and departed. Let this question of Mammon echo persistently in the soul behind every word and act and thought and desire, and that soul becomes as merciless as it is mercenary. Friendship and the love of kin and the worship of God and high honor and conscience, all must cash in to the monster Mammon and his one, unvarying question. "A blaze in the east, a blaze overhead, a blaze in the west," so appeared the tropical sun to the poet. The blaze which makes its dazzling track across the sky of the soul-miser, the blaze which blinds his eyes to all else, is that orb of gold whose dawn is red, whose noonday is deadly and whose setting is bloody. The mighty dollar is the center of the soul system where "Does it pay?" is master. "Does it pay?" is the single standard of gold which rules and ruins the noblest.

There is one consolation. The world hates a miser. Treating and the giving of useless presents are indeed abuses, but they have their good points. They are often the tribute miserliness pays to human respect. It takes nearly the unanimous scorn of the human race to pry open the purse of "Does it pay?" We recommend this tyranny to the consideration of the socialistic state and ask it, when it is finally established, to make Santa Claus a cabinet officer in charge of the Department of Treating and Gifts. Nay rather, as you have made your soul a den of thievery with that foul robber, "Does it pay?" at the gateway, pray and get your friends to pray for the cleansing lash of the poor man of Nazareth. Then we shall need no socialistic state. "Does it pay" will lose its power; greed will disappear; charity will reign supreme and men will become your brothers. This is more than silver and gold.

LITERATURE

Ernest Dowson

BELONGING rather to gossip than to literary history, the following anecdote is nevertheless significant when considered merely as an illustrative legend. A certain London publisher, it is said, recently had in his possession a notebook that had been found, after his death, among the effects of Lionel Johnson. The poet had scribbled in it memoranda of all sorts: notes for essays, stray epigrams, rough drafts of poems. He had also copied into it, from books and magazines, bits of prose and verse that gave him pleasure. Well, one day this friend said to Johnson's loyal friend, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney—and, by the way, Miss Guiney is not my authority for this story—"Do you know, I have found in this notebook an unpublished poem by Lionel Johnson! It is very beautiful, far better than any of Johnson's published poems. I'll read it to you." Thereupon he opened the notebook and began to declaim:

> Last night, ah, yesternight, between her lips and mine
> There fell thy shadow, Cynara!

Of course Lionel Johnson, like every other lover of good poetry, had felt the charm of Ernest Dowson's now famous poem which is headed by the phrase, "Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ Sub Regno Cynaræ," and had hastily copied it in his notebook, perhaps from Dowson's manuscript at some meeting of the Rhymers' Club. The point of this story is that the publisher, knowing Johnson chiefly as a celebrant of the Catholic faith, attributed to him not one of Dowson's poems about nuns, or Extreme Unction, or the Blessed Sacrament, but a lyric which at least in tradition and phrasing is obviously pagan.

Out of the mouths of babes and publishers! That wise and sympathetic critic, Miss Katherine Brégy, has justly praised the lovely poetry which resulted from Ernest Dowson's return to the faith of his ancestors. She has demonstrated, for all time, the genuineness of his Catholicism, and made Mr. Victor Plarr's recent sneer at his dead friend's conversion seem the most futile thing in his entertaining but ineffective book. It would be absurd for me to attempt to add to Miss Brégy's interpretative appreciations of the "sculptural beauty" of Dowson's religious poems. But, like the simple-minded publisher previously mentioned, I find indications, if not of piety, at least of normality, sanity, wholesomeness, virtue, in nearly every poem which this so-called "decadent" wrote.

There are, and there have always been since sin first came into the world, genuine "decadents." That is, there have been writers who have devoted all their energies and talents to the cause of evil, who have consistently and sincerely opposed Christian morality, and zealously endeavored to make the worse appear the better cause. But every poet who lays a lyric wreath at a heathen shrine, who sings the delights of immorality, or hashish, or suicide, or mayhem, is not a decadent: often he is merely weak-minded. The true decadent, to paraphrase a famous saying, wears his vices lightly, like a flower. He really succeeds in making vice seem picturesque and amusing and even attractive.

Now, this is exactly what Ernest Dowson never could do. He was a member, it will be remembered, of that little band of "esthetic" poets which was called the Rhymers' Club. With them he spent certain evenings at the Cheshire Cheese and there he drank absinthe. This is a significant and symbolic fact. Not in some ominous Parisian cellar, but beneath the beamed ceiling of a most British inn, still stained with smoke from the pipe of Dr. Samuel Johnson, among thick mutton chops and tankards of musty ale, in a cloud of sweet-scented steam that rose from the parted crust of the magnificent pigeon-pie, Ernest Dowson drank absinthe.

Of course it is true—more's the pity!—that in the melancholy years just before his death he drank absinthe in places where it is terribly fitting to drink absinthe. But this does not destroy the splendid symbolism of his act of drinking absinthe in the Cheshire Cheese. In his poems, he is always drinking absinthe in the Cheshire Cheese. The wickedness in his poems and in his prose-sketches are always as affected and incongruous as is that pallid medicine in any honest tavern.

He tried hard to be pagan. In the manner of Mr. Swinburne, he exclaimed: "Goddess the laughter-loving, Aphrodite, befriend! Let me have peace of thee, truce of thee, golden one, send!" And not even Mr. Swinburne ever wrote lines so absolutely unconvincing. He said, "I go where the wind blows, Chloe, and am not sorry at all." And from this lyric no one can fail to get the impression that the poet was very sorry indeed. He imitated, even less successfully than Oscar Wilde, the unpleasant prose poems of Baudelaire, and he made the very worst of all English versions of Paul Verlaine's "Colloque Sentimental."

When Dowson took hashish during his student days, Mr. Arthur Symons tells us, it was before a large and festive company of friends. I do not think that he convinced them that he was that supposedly romantic character, an habitual user of the drug. The hashish, so to speak, in his poems is similarly incongruous and unconvincing. He was an accomplished artist in words, a delicate, sensitive and graceful genius, but he was no more fitted to be a pagan than to be a policeman. And so, in his best-known poem, he uses all the pagan properties, all the splendors of sin's pageantry, but his theme, his over-mastering thought—very different from the over-mastering thought of, say, Mr. Arthur Symons in similar circumstances—is a soul-shaking lament for his stained faithfulness, for his treason to the Catholic ideal of chastity.

He could not write poems that really were pagan. He was not a true decadent. And for this undoubtedly he now is thanking God. He had his foolish hours: he sometimes misused his gift of song. But—and this is the important thing about it—he did not know how to misuse it successfully. The real Ernest Dowson was not the picturesque vagabond about whom Mr. Arthur Symons and Mr. Victor Plarr have written, but the man who with all his heart praised "meekness and vigilance and chastity," who "was faithful" in his pathetic, ineffective fashion, but who knew at least the fidelity of his eternal Mother, who, in Miss Brégy's beautiful words, "laid his broken body in consecrated ground and followed this bruised soul with her pitiful, asperging prayers."

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

History of Education. By PATRICK J. MCCORMICK, S.T.L., Ph.D. Washington: The Catholic Educational Press.

The history of education has been written in English before, but rarely, if ever, without either belittling or ignoring the educational influence of the Catholic Church. Dr. McCormick's book is, of course, very different. He treats of ancient education, Christian education, Renaissance and Reformation and modern education. The treatment of each of these divisions is unusually adequate for a text-book; the language is a model of clearness, and the references to pedagogical literature are comprehensive and abundant, and there is a gratifying absence of polemics when treating of false educational systems.

To those who still cling to the hallucination that everything good in educational theory and practice is something ultra-modern, a diligent perusal of this book is recommended. Therein they will learn that the Fathers of the Church and early ecclesiastical writers were extremely practical pedagogues, besides being holy men and great theologians; that many of them, notably Origen, cultivated and recommended the study of the natural sciences; that free popular education flourished in the early monastic schools and all through the Middle Ages; that industrial and vocational training was widely developed in these schools all over Europe, and that women and girls were admitted into the schools and universities. Furthermore, they will learn that classical studies flourished centuries before the Renaissance, that the scholastics were devoted students of the natural sciences, and that "It seems safe to assume that, at the end of the Middle Ages, the entire population of the towns, with the exception of the lowest classes, was able to read and write." What, then, becomes of the pre-Reformation illiteracy bogey of a great many modern writers on educational history? For writing this excellent book Dr. McCormick deserves the hearty gratitude of Catholic educators in English-speaking countries. Catholic teachers should be familiar with it. No Catholic college student should fail to read it during his college course, and Catholic students and teachers in non-Catholic and State normal schools and colleges should see that this "History of Education" finds a place among the reference books. A. J. M.

Shakespere on the Stage. (Second Series.) By WILLIAM WINTER. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3.00.

A new volume from the still unimpaired pen of William Winter is always a decided and thrice welcome acquisition to the library of students of the drama and dramatic criticism. But the sane views, refined taste and scholarly language of the venerable dean of American dramatic critics will prove especially refreshing at the present moment, coming as they do, on the heels of much ponderous nonsense from Mr. Frank Harris, who has recently been comparing the artistic faculties in Shakespere and Christ, respectively. That is the sort of Stratfordianism that drives men into the ranks of the Baconians.

Mr. Winter's book, containing his notes on "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Julius Cæsar," is intended to embody in permanent form the miscellaneous commentary which the author has elaborated during his half-century and more of devoted study of stage affairs in America. In his early days, the young critic found that the old chronicles were deficient in one respect: they lacked specific information as to the methods of the great performers, the expedients of their stage "business," and other valuable details regarding acting, interpretation, setting and costume. Being persuaded that sound judgment as to acting in the present should be informed and aided by precise knowledge of acting in the past, he early set himself to discover the traditions of the past, and to preserve in his current writings the usages of the present. And now, in the evening of a well-filled life, for Mr. Winter must be close to eighty, he is re-editing former studies and presenting in compendious form this stage history of the Shakesperean dramas.

The result is admirable. The author's knowledge of his beloved art is unimpeachable; his judgment is that of the trained *connoisseur*, gentle and kind when possible, but unerring in detecting fraud and mediocrity. His English is classical, and will exalt into the realms of true literature what might easily have degenerated into a mere historical and biographical dictionary. For example, his closing paragraphs on "Romeo and Juliet" have all the sadness, tenderness and sweetness that oftentimes creep over the "world-worn dreamer," and which, granted power of expression, furnish the groundwork for a literary masterpiece. But it might be noted before leaving this particular gem, that Mr. Winter was in much better company when alone with his voices from the past than when, at the end of the chapter, he invokes that sad prophet of paganism, Swinburne.

As in the previous volumes, there are numerous excellent illustrations, and reproductions of old prints and photographs. The three remaining volumes of this series, Mr. Winter promises to have ready for us, if life is spared to him. With Furness as textual editor and Winter as historical interpreter, American scholarship should no longer be tempted to look to England or Germany for authentic and discerning Shakesperean commentary. E. A. W.

In the Oregon Country. By GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

This is a healthy story of outdoor life in the Northwest. The writer sketches this great playground of America with an enthusiasm born of love of the land and admiration for the spirit of the West. Greeley's dictum never sounded truer than to-day, but the present writer would revise it: "Come West, young man, and help the country grow." The central topic of these sketches of the open is the Oregon country, with trips, delightfully narrated almost in guide-book detail, into the Inland Empire and Puget Sound country of Washington, with peeps into the matchless Sierras and the incomparable Yosemite. We follow the writer in his trip along the Columbia to the Dalles, follow the canoe trip on the Deschutes, and Shasta, Hood, Adams, Olympus and Rainier are all introduced. The author is partial to his snow-quilted neighbors, and his chapter on the Olympus should be read by Americans who forget their own Alps of the Pacific.

The book throughout is rich in word-pictures of the land the Westerner loves to call "God's country." There is an interesting chapter on the railroad war, four years ago, between the rival Harriman and Hill interests in their fight for the favored route to open up Central Oregon. Mr. Putnam is, or rather was, an Easterner who almost literally "hiked" from Portland, Maine, to her big namesake on the Willamette, and in six years has become as confirmed a "booster" as the most enthusiastic Oregonian. Primarily the sketches deal with outdoor life; here and there, however, interesting problems for the West are touched on. The book can be recommended to all lovers of healthy outdoor life at its best, to all who desire to get acquainted with the Great West, as well as to the many who will make the Golden Gate their objective during the coming six months. The volume is finely illustrated. W. J. B.

The Early Christian Church, from Ignatius to Augustine. By GEORGE HODGES. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

On a complex background, in which are depicted political and religious Rome, together with Græco-Oriental syncretism, the heroism of the early martyrs, and the primitive heresies, Mr. Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, traces the constitutional, liturgical, mystical and doctrinal evolution of the Christian Church. The process is from the simple and economic organization of Apostolic times, from a faith grounded on the expectancy of the speedy return of Christ, from simple forms of worship, to the organization of the *Ecclesia*, the doctrines of Augustine, and the ornate liturgies. In a word, Mr. Hodges seems to hold that Christianity evolved from Protestantism to Catholicism. Here he is in error. The Catholic Church is found in the Gospels and the writings of Clement of Rome, which he neglects, and the testimony of Ignatius, which he misinterprets. The words

of Ignatius are plain enough: "Obedience to the bishop is obedience to God. . . . He who does anything apart from the bishop serves the devil," and yet Mr. Hodges understands them in a practical rather than in an ecclesiastical sense. Clement of Rome writes that the Apostles, sent by Jesus Christ, constituted bishops and deacons, and that these transmitted their office to their successors. Christ himself testified: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church." In the light of these statements it is evident that Mr. Hodges exalts the abnormal and temporary aspects of Christianity, such as the existence of the charismata, to the detriment of its normal and permanent aspects, such as the constitution of a Christian society and its divinely appointed rulers. Even Harnack finds essentials of Catholicism in the Apostolic Age, and Lake, as regards the nature of the Sacraments, proclaims Catholicism to be nearer to Primitive Christianity than Protestantism. Like Nelson at Copenhagen, Mr. Hodges has put the telescope to a blind eye. J. T. L.

Poems. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $0.75.

"It is the test and triumph of Mgr. Benson's achievements," writes Wilfrid Meynell in an introductory note to this dainty little volume, "that his origin was swiftly forgotten in his own originality, and that he became far too eminent in himself to be thought or spoken of any more as his eminent father's son." These two-dozen sets of verses, largely autobiographical in character, are as thoroughly Bensonian as the author's prose and are sure to be treasured by his friends. In poems like the "Lines" written before his conversion, "Visions of the Night," "The Invitation," "A Halt," "Christian Evidences," and "The Priest's Lament," Mgr. Benson lays bare his soul. In the last-named verses, he had complained: "Lord, see what wounds on me Thy burden makes!" and hears the answer:

Son, turn a moment, see
Is that blood thine?
Who is it shares thy yoke with thee,
Treads foot by foot with thee the road?
Whose shoulder bears the heavier load.
Is it not Mine?

"Savonarola Moriturus," who "Dreamed that the King of the Sky should be King of the Earth that He trod" is another striking poem and "The Teresian Contemplative" is vividly described as

She moves in tumult; round her lies
The silence of the world of grace;
The twilight of our mysteries
Shines like high noonday on her face;
Our piteous guesses, dim with fears,
She touches, handles, sees and rears.

There are also several good translations in the book, a beautiful "Christmas Carol" and a fine portrait of the author. In an appendix Canon Sharrock describes Mgr. Benson's last days. A memoir has been written by Mr. Arthur Benson, the convert's brother, and a "Benson Memorial Fund" has been started for the completion of the little church at Buntingford, England, the novelist had begun. Americans who wish to contribute should send checks to Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 33 Belgrave Road, London, S. W. W. D.

The Confessions of Frederick the Great, with Treitschke's Life of Frederick the Great. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The confessions of Frederick the Great differ widely from those of St. Augustine. The latter bewails his evil deeds and glorifies the mercy of God in his regard. Frederick acknowledges none of his misdeeds, probably did not believe in God, boasts of his principles (or lack of them) and in everything seeks his own aggrandizement. "The true religion of a prince," he says, "is his interest and his glory." Here Frederick is first, God, as known and worshiped in religion, must be subservient. Self is the keynote of his life, for this he drilled his boorish subjects and made of them a manly race, conscious of their nationality and their worth; for this he warred and stole provinces; for this he fought against the great house of Austria and made Prussia a power in Europe. Treitschke in the rhapsody called "The Life of Frederick the Great" closes his eyes to the evil and sees only the good in Frederick, just as many an English writer will grow enthusiastic over the exploits of Marlborough or Nelson, forgetting these men's shortcomings. "The Confessions" and the "Life" are, of course, published just now as an anti-German war-book, and are by no means calculated to foster in American hearts the spirit of neutrality. P. J. D.

Making the Most of One's Mind. By John Adams, Professor of Education, University of London. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00.

The writer of this book is an educator of experience who has put into a few hundred pages some very practical suggestions that will prove helpful to teacher and student. The chapters on reading, note making, translation, essay writing and examinations are especially good. The sub-title, "A Guide for All Students," really indicates the value of Professor Adams's book, for the hints that are given in a style at once easy and convincing are really excellent. Self-development, self-realization, the need of personal effort is insisted upon. "The teacher's aim should be to make himself dispensable. No doubt, as teacher he may still be of the greatest possible service, but as educator he has succeeded only when his occupation is gone." The Catholic educator, however, can scarcely read a plan of campaign for "making the best of one's mind" that leaves God out of the counting and really think the title justifiable. So the book is by no means "an introduction to a liberal education in the arts and literature and above all in the great art of life," as the volume's jacket claims. The reader will close the book with the satisfaction of having garnered a great deal of useful knowledge bearing upon many phases of self-development, but without entering the borderland of "the great art of life." G. C. T.

Visions and Revisions. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $2.00.

"Visions and Revisions" open with Rabelais and close with Walt Whitman. Startled, perhaps, to find themselves elbowing each other in the mazes of this literary evocation, Shakespere and Dostoievsky, Nietzsche, El Greco, Hardy and a dozen others pass before the seer. Mr. Powys yields himself plastically and unreservedly to the spell of these "planetary creators." He does not pretend to measure them by any very definite esthetic or moral standard. He divests himself of opinions and in pure, passionate humility thrills responsive to the music of these masters. He applies but one standard and that an elusive one, the "grand style." Judged even by that measure, some of his figures might, on the verdict of the vast majority, be barred from a place of honor in his gallery of worthies. In the turbid stream, for instance, of Whitman's so-called verse, and embedded in thickest layer of ooze and silt, there are undoubtedly a few grains of virgin gold. But what claim has the author of "Leaves of Grass" to be considered a representative of the "grand style"?

Mr. Powys writes with enthusiasm, with vigor, at times with originality, but sounds a too persistent and piercing note of clamorous emphasis. The principle, moreover, with which he starts is unsound. He contents himself with being a kind of æolian harp, its chords vibrating at will, under the touch of Nietzsche and Rabelais, Dickens and Poe! The genuine critic

must do more. He must summon his impressions before a higher court, allow all his faculties to serve on the jury and to give their verdict. He must judge his emotions by the laws of reason, virtue, truth. Mr. Powys divides the critic into compartments. He is an impressionist. But our impressions are too often unsafe guides. They have to be checked and controlled. In this lies the central mistake of a book which in many respects is stimulating and interesting. In some of these "Visions and Revisions" this mistake is aggravated by a veiled but none the less painfully apparent grossness of moral standards and ideals.

There are not a few errata in the book: "Barrés" for *Barrès* (p. 75), "Orguz" for *Orgaz* (p. 76), "Graugousier" for *Grandgousier* (p. 31), "le grand Penetre" for *le grand Peut-être* (p. 33), "Dostoivsky" for *Dostoievsky* (p. 78), "Quintlian" for *Quintilian* (p. 96), "flamantia mania" for *flammantia mœnia* (p. 156), "libre vers" for the real French, *vers libre* (p. 283), and we positively shudder at *"Santa Maria, . . . in hora mortis nostra!"*

J. C. R.

Millard Fillmore. By WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D. Ithaca, N. Y.: Andrew & Church.

After reading this well-written biography the reviewer was more convinced than ever that the burning questions of compromise and settlement, and more especially the men who for twenty years and longer before the Civil War grappled with them, are well worth our patient study to-day. The need, too, of remodeling our notions of Millard Fillmore's character, which is commonly thought to be that of a rather weak opportunist, becomes imperative. Instead of a machine politician, the author depicts him as a staunch, consistent, progressive statesman, whose foresight opened the rich marts of Japan to the commerce of the world; whose energy promptly and effectively baffled the Cuba filibustering expedition; whose courage did not shrink from sacrificing his personal chances for reelection, first by signing, and later by carrying into effect, the "Fugitive Slave Law." To bring into prominence the life and actions of such a man, and to set them in their true light, has been the effort of Mr. Griffis, and he has done it well. Without belittling others he has exalted his hero to a well-merited eminence, following in his method the spirit, as he himself says, of the great Jesuit, Leonard Perin's "Rules of Good Behavior."

M. J. S.

The Falconer of God and Other Poems. By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00.

The author of this book thanks fifteen different magazines for the reprint of his verses, and they all would plead guilty to catering to the multitude except perhaps *Poet-Lore, Poetry* and the *Poetry Review.* In "People" Mr. Benét humorously and popularly caricatures toadying to the mob. Another evidence of the popular tendency may be discerned in the bewildering variety of meters and rhymes. From the jog-trot of Pope all the way to the craw-fish amble of Whitman, with little, however, of the two extremes, this falconer pounces on all the styles. He is as opulent in rhymes as Swinburne and but faintly disguises their music by imbedding them in long lines. Mr. Benét is a diligent student of all the poets, many of whom are found in the "Schoolroom of the Poets," where Goldsmith seems more lovable than Chatterton, as he is vastly more popular. "The Intrepid Mariner" introduces Shelley speaking in a Browning dramatic monologue, and it is an excellent talk with a tragic end. Whether descriptions that overwhelm by romantic wealth, as in "May Celebrants," are preferred, or those that suggest with Homeric clear-cut simplicity as where the "Street Lamp" "sheds on the pave its careful boundary," readers will be satisfied with the falconer's prey. They will find Kipling popularity of detail and dialect in "On the Waterfront" and elsewhere, and Kipling matter with Swinburne meter in the "Foreign Sailor." "The Cats of Cobblestone Street" will recall the witches of "Macbeth" without the dramatic propriety of its prototype.

Mr. Benét never comes down to the Tupper level, but "His Worst Enemy" and "The Good Counsel" represent the tendency. More frequently the good and evil wing his falcon flight with eloquence, not so happily in one or two sordid subjects as "The Laughing Woman," where it is hard to see glimpses of good through the black evil, but very happily in "The Man," a noble, religious poem, and quite happily in "Reprisals," which should be read by all women and by all but a few men. We are heirs of all the ages and Mr. Benét, who writes things worth while, has not been disinherited.

F. P. D.

A Pilgrim's Scrip. By R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON. New York: John Lane. $3.50.

As excavator of Nineveh in the company of Mr. King, and of Carchemish, and other sites, Mr. Thompson has contributed scientific articles and monographs to such publications as the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archeology." These publications are necessarily very limited in their circle of readers nor do they admit of popular writing. And so Mr. Thompson has set down, with facile pen, in highly imaginative language, the interesting experiences he had in Mesopotamia, Sinai, the Sudan and elsewhere. He has given us a pleasant and instructive book. Few have toiled as much as he in the ruins of Semitic, Hittite and other civilizations and, of these few, exceedingly few details of natural scenery—such as mountains against the horizon, the tone-color of clouds, "the hush of the star-shine"; and still fewer pick up those odd bits of accurate folk-lore that are so characteristic of the present work. One who has left the beaten path followed by tourists in the Orient knows how far from exaggeration are some of the medical prescriptions Mr. Thompson describes. For a sure cure for rheumatism, for instance, is an ointment of worms steeped in olive oil. The heads of young mice, if soaked in oil, make a good liniment for kinks in the joints, and young puppies are the proper diet for consumptives. The only jarring feature in Mr. Thompson's book is its occasional jargon. He revels in words that are rare, archaic, poetic and, now and then, of his own coinage. On one page we find "poluphloisboisterous," "pompholygopaphlasmatic," "trailbaston patriarch," and another instance of obscure expression of a simple thought is "theologomachy at Sabbatothysia."

W. F D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

We lately received the "Annuario Pontificio per L'Anno 1915" (Typografia Poliglotta Vaticana, Roma, $1.40), the official directory of the Universal Church. This useful volume contains a complete list of the popes, giving the nationality, date of accession and length of reign of each one. There are now fifty-nine cardinals: Cardinal Netto, created in 1884, is the dean of the Sacred College, twenty-nine are Italians, and nine cardinals died last year. There are 14 patriarchal sees, 208 archbishoprics, 900 bishoprics, 546 titular sees, 22 *sedes nullius,* 80 sees or vicariates following the Oriental Rite, 13 apostolic delegations, 164 vicariates apostolic, 65 prefectures apostolic, nearly 2,500 domestic prelates and 89 religious Orders or Congregations of men. To writers, editors and publicists the "Annuario Pontificio" is indispensable.

The current number of *Studies,* that admirable Irish quarterly, opens with a timely paper by Professor J. M. O'Sullivan on "German and Slav in the Middle Ages." It is a corrective for C. R. L. Fletcher's recent volume on "The Making of Western

Europe." In "Ideals at Stake," A. J. Rahilly shows that the present social and international chaos of Europe is the outcome of naturalism. Father Corcoran concludes that "State Monopoly in French Education" would mean "State monopoly of free thought." Sir Bertram C. A. Windle shows what a menace to morality "The Latest Gospel of Science" is. W. F. Butler continues to the end of Elizabeth's reign the history of confiscation in Ireland. François Veuillot shows how much the Church in France owes to the late Count de Mun and Father A. M. MacSweeney, O.P., contributes an interesting "Study of Poverty in Cork City." This scholarly "review of letters, philosophy and science" should be found in our parish libraries and in public reading rooms.

President Wilson's lay-sermon, "When a Man Comes to Himself" (Harper's, $0.50), reads like an address to a graduating class and seems reminiscent of the author's Princeton days. Like every piece of literature that comes from Mr. Wilson's pen, this essay is excellently written, and while it contains sentences over which the newspaper paragraphers have, of course, made merry, "When a Man Comes to Himself" abounds in shrewd bits of wisdom and happily turned phrases. He writes, for instance:

> Mr. Bagehot used to say that a bachelor was "an amateur in life," and wit and wisdom are married in the jest. A man who lives for himself has not begun to live—has yet to learn his use, and his real pleasure, too, in the world. It is not necessary he should marry to find himself out, but it is necessary he should love. Men have come to themselves serving their mothers with an unselfish devotion, or their sisters, or a cause for whose sake they forsook ease and left off thinking of themselves.

The essay ends with a fine tribute to the power of Christianity in the world of to-day.

Walter A. Dyer's "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium" (Doubleday, $1.00) and Josephine Scribner Gates's "The Land of Delight; Child Life on a Pony Farm" (Houghton, $1.00), are well-told animal stories that the children will enjoy. The first book follows the career of little Lisa's canine friend from the time of his joyous puppyhood, through the perilous days of the German invasion, when he served his country by drawing about a machine gun, till the night he returned home covered with honorable wounds. The other books tell of the splendid time a flock of little boys and girls had during a visit to "Old Aunt Mary's," where every child had a Shetland pony to ride. Both volumes are well illustrated.

It is surprising that a publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin's standing should bring out such a manifestly fraudulent and mendacious book as "The Secret of an Empress." It is supposed to be the autobiography of Countess Zenardi Landi, who calls herself the fourth child of Emperor Franz Joseph and his wife Elizabeth. That the author might grow up free from the soul-repressing atmosphere of the court, her mother, we are asked to believe, gave her to a bourgeois Lutheran family to rear. A Jesuit, however, whose normal hue was yellow, but who turned green when enraged, taught the child catechism. The Empress Elizabeth, according to the testimony of this precious "daughter," was an "anti-clerical," a pantheist, and perhaps a vulgar intriguer. This attack on the memory of a pure and noble woman no French or Italian firm would publish. The author protests that she is a Catholic, but no religious scruples seem to have kept her from securing a divorce in this country from her lawful husband in order to marry Count Landi.

From Tequi, Paris, comes a small French "Catechism of the Religious Life" (1 franc). The late Mgr. Delong, Bishop of Nevers, is the author. Vocation, the vows and virtues of the religious state are dealt with briefly and clearly.——"What Faith Really Means" (Herder $0.15) is a simple explanation which Father Graham of Motherwell has composed in order to dispel the darkness of Protestant minds with regard to what Catholic faith means. The author is a convert and has selected for explanation those topics with which Protestants find most difficulty. The pamphlet will be useful in the class for converts.——Under the title, "Memoirs of Zi Pre" (Herder, $0.50), Bishop Dunne of Peoria has written a companion volume for his "Polemic Chat." This book contains a series of elementary Catholic instructions. All the subjects treated are woven story-like into the "Memoirs" and are simply and clearly discussed.——The latest number of "The Angelus Series" is "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough" (Benziger, $0.50), which Scannell O'Neill has judiciously gathered from that excellent author's writings.——"Saints and Saintly Dominicans" (John Murphy, Baltimore) is a book of short meditations, one for each day of the year, based, as a rule, on the lives of the numerous men and women who reached lofty holiness by following the rule of the Order of Preachers. Father Thomas à Kempis Reilly, O.P., has edited the volume.

Every one, whose copy of Whiston's translation of "The Antiquities of the Jews" and of "The Wars" became properly dog-eared in the days of his youth, will recall two ways in which he was impressed. At first he was carried away by the lurid scenes with which the work abounded; wonderful battles and scenes of blood, most satisfying to the youthful mind. Later, though just as surely as the book became dog-eared, there arose a feeling of antagonism for the narrator, for was not this man Josephus dangerously akin to a traitor to his country and his people? And as the eye grew more discerning, other unlovely traits in his character, such as his vanity and obsequiousness, became conspicuous. Yet, if we discard Josephus, whom else have we to lift the veil from many of those long-gone days? In his "Josephus" (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia), Mr. Norman Bentwich makes a critical examination of the man and the book which will confirm the foregoing opinion.

In "The Mirror" (Herder, $0.60) Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, the author of numerous popular juveniles, tells the interesting adventures of Carlo, a little Italian boy, who was kidnaped in Chicago. But Miss Alice takes care that all turns out right.——Those who have seen the fine moving picture entertainment, "In the Land of the Head-Hunters," the photographs for which Mr. Edward S. Curtis took during a long sojourn among the British Columbia Indians, will be interested to learn that he now has out a book about that tribe. Thirty half-tone pictures from the scenario are reproduced to illustrate the text. (The World Book Co., Yonkers, N Y., $1.20.)——While ordering a febrifuge or a cough-mixture for their patients, doctors might, with due caution, add a few words of advice, culled from the "Prescriptions" of R. C. Cabot, M.D. (Houghton Mifflin, $0.50.) These maxims and aphorisms, gathered from their author's larger work: "What Men Live By," "will make Work easier, Play more rational, Love more beautiful, Religion more real." So the editor, Edith Motter Lamb, assures us. Judged by his pithy reflections, Dr. Cabot is a genial, serious, high-principled gentleman. His counsels will not cure the grosser evils of our nature. But they can prepare the way though a slight precipitate of pantheism lingers elusively in the good doctor's prescriptions.——"Emmanuel" (McVey, Philadelphia, $1.00) is a devotional work by Archbishop John Joseph Keane. The author imagines Our Saviour holding successive councils at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Rome and Mt. Olivet and applying the Gospel principles to the present state of the world.

EDUCATION

Inflated Verbal Currency

WE know what inflated currency means. It is the stagnation which an oversupply of irredeemable paper can inflict on the nation. We know, too, how difficult it is to apply a remedy for this evil. Inflate your money and you depreciate the mechanism of exchange, and the greater the inflation, the more hopeless the depreciation. With its mechanism valueless, exchange of products, and thus industry and earnings, come to a standstill.

Before all exchange of products, however, comes the first and most necessary of all exchanges, viz., the exchange of ideas. You can not have industry without the one; but you can not have society, hardly thought or life itself, without the other. For the transfer of ideas, you need a currency even more than for the exchange of products. We know and handle the products themselves, apart from the money that we exchange them with; but ideas are delivered to us and sent from us veiled in words. Words are the currency, the mechanism of exchange for ideas. If the depreciation of money has at times been so disastrous, what will be the result of a depreciation of the intellectual currency of words?

A FLOOD OF "BROMIDES"

Few will deny that there is such a depreciation at the present time. The existence of "bromides" is a symptom. Nor do we need to go far to discover the inflation of language which is the cause of it. If nobody were allowed to issue a phrase without a United States certificate that an exactly corresponding idea had been duly deposited in his mental treasury, how many of our preachers and writers and talkers could continue their business? The market is flooded with these verbal greenbacks. Unfortunately the issue is not restricted to Congress or the President or any other responsible party, but is free for all. They can be picked up on every hand. You need only read some current essayists, or subscribe to a philanthropic magazine, to learn that "the spiritual and individual appeal of feminism is to the waxing social consciousness throughout the world," or that "the restatement of faith in terms of equal rights and the recasting of work in the mold of democracy are shown to be essentially involved in the gospel of the awakening Church."

Note that we do not stigmatize these utterances as valueless. There is comfort in knowing, for instance, as a "grip-you-hard" advertisement puts it, that "health is too vital, too strenuous, too energetic and expansive for bottle or box to hold it." The inflated greenbacks were not valueless. You could buy a cake of soap for a hundred dollars worth of them. In like manner these words have some value. But they mean very little in comparison with what a word *ought* to mean. They are inflated. Their value depends on the credit of those who use them. There are even artificial means for creating this credit. But take away this credit; meet a miserly critic, and their exchange value drops.

THOUGHT LOST IN WORDS

Such a devaluation of language is certainly regrettable, especially as it appears most in those fields of discussion which require clear expression as well as clear thought. Questions of ethics, of society and religion are often obscure enough in themselves, without being further darkened by cloudy phraseology. We could come to an understanding much more readily if we had only to adjust ourselves to our opponent's thought, without the added problem of unravelling his skein of language. The result is that public discussion becomes frequently a mere matching of phrase against phrase. "Personal liberty," for instance, is pitted against "social responsibility"; and without definitely understanding the meaning of either term, the public looks on to see which bantam will win out. Such a habit increases the very evil from which it springs, *viz.*, the inability to distinguish between thought and language.

Lack of training, rather than lack of intelligence has produced this inability. Many people who use words without any definite relation to thought are at bottom as intelligent as any one else, but their deficiency comes from an educational defect. By education we learn to think; by it we learn to speak and write; but there should also be a factor in the process of education which will establish precisely the habit of abstracting ideas from conventional modes of expression, and so getting a clear notion of language in its relation to thought. The more widely you vary different expressions of the same idea, the better is your hold on that idea; and the more just your estimate of the value of language as an expression of ideas. Synonyms, definitions and paraphrases accomplish this end to a certain degree, as well as the contrast of learned and popular expressions. If you understand, for instance, that "Christian chivalry" may be expressed by "honoring woman as the weaker vessel," to use St. Peter's phrase; or that it is immaterial, so far as ideas go, whether you say "the exercise of parental devotion" or "looking after the children," you will acquire first, a somewhat clearer idea of chivalry, or parental devotion, as the case may be, and secondly, a better estimate of language as an instrument; as the haidmaid, not the mistress, of thought.

THE VALUE OF TRANSLATING

The most thorough-going treatment, however, is the study of a foreign language, and particularly of a form of expression entirely at variance with our own. A modern language can hardly offer this. No matter how different the verbal or grammatical form may be, there is a community of idiom, despite the numerous variations, among all modern languages. In all of them the distinctly modern turn of speech remains, with the modern trait of preferring abstractions, where the ancients used concrete terms. The Russian or the Frenchman, the German or the Spaniard, will all use, for instance, and understand such an expression as "national profit" or "social betterment." We have to go back to Roman times to meet with people who could not possibly avail themselves of such a phrase. If you wish to convey the same ideas to them, you would be obliged to express them as "those things which benefit the commonwealth," *quæ prosunt reipublicæ;* "that by which the citizens can better live," or some such round-about phrase.

Hence, and here is the point, there is a discipline in the ancient languages which no modern tongue can offer, precisely because by them you are *forced* to detach your thought from its conventional modern wrappings and examine its very essence. Then, after you have clothed it in a new form of expression, wholly unlike that which you are used to, you have formally registered, so to speak, your new understanding of an old thought. The old conventional phrase appears to you in a new light, not as a vague utterance, but as definitely related to a definite idea.

THE WORTH OF LATIN COMPOSITION

How much attention, then, do our secular colleges pay to that branch, Latin composition, which is undoubtedly the specific for the evil which we are discussing? Not that the study of Latin composition is absent from the secular institution. We know the attention and care which many of their most eminent professors have devoted to it: the warm enthusiasm of such scholars as Professor Parker, Professor Collar and many others. But it remains a side issue, an elective which very few, relatively to the total of arts students, care to choose. There is, moreover, the inevitable difficulty of teaching it in a stimulating and thoroughly educative manner, owing to that lack of correlation with other studies which is a marked defect of our secular college system. From its very nature it can not be an isolated branch. Yet ask the graduate of any of our secular colleges, who may

have studied Latin composition there, to note what close connection was observed with even the Latin authors taken up in other classes, not to speak of the English courses, which only in the Catholic system of studies can possibly be brought into close relationship with the Latin hour. He will reply that it was treated pretty much as an isolated study; and will witness to the prevailing modern sentiment that Latin composition is a rather dead and unprofitable task for the average boy, a matter for specialists in Latin, irrelevant to the study of English or the formation of a practical speaker or writer.

The Catholic College's Superiority

By yielding, however, to this opinion, the secular colleges have lost a clue to mental training to which Catholic educators have been far more faithful. Why apologize for the insistence on this study in our principal Catholic high schools and colleges? One of the chief reasons, apart from their training in logic and oratory, why the debaters from our Catholic colleges usually excel those from other institutions is the habit that the Latin classroom has given them of seeking the thought below the words.

Therefore do not let your boy talk you out of sending him to a Catholic college by the complaint that "they insist there so much on Latin composition and other obsolete stuff. What we need to-day is sociology, science of government, etc." Remind him gently, but firmly, that many a volume of sociology could be written on a sheet of note-paper if the author were faced by the study of Latin composition, under a teacher true to the thorough Catholic educational tradition, to redeem his verbal greenbacks for the gold of exact expression.

John La Farge, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Sectarian Legislation in Massachusetts

ADOPTED in 1780, the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts sets forth in its preamble the purpose and aim of government as the procurement of safety, prosperity and happiness for the people. The government is to be one of "laws not men."

In the Declaration of Rights, Article III of Part First, as amended by Article XI, of the Articles of Amendment, it is provided, among other matters, that "all religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably and as good citizens of the commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law."

It is in connection with the above provisions, and for purpose of further amendment of such in reference to appropriations, that three petitions, known respectively as the Fitzgerald, Cross and Batcheller bills, were introduced this year into the Massachusetts Legislature. The first two provided for different degrees of limitation governing appropriations made for educational, charitable or religious bodies. The third, known as the Batcheller Bill, demanded that no appropriation of funds raised by taxation be expended for "the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination or religious society, or any institution, school, society or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

All three bills were referred to the Legislative Committee on Constitutional Amendments. "Leave to withdraw" was reported by the committee on the Fitzgerald and Cross petitions. In each case five members of the committee of eleven dissented, four of the dissenters being democrats and one a republican. The committee reported the Batcheller Bill, with the same men dissenting who opposed the committee's action in the Fitzgerald and Cross petitions. Action was taken on the floor of the House on Wednesday, where a lively debate followed.

A Revival of Bigotry

All three bills were made the subject of discussion. In the course of the argument it was shown that from a total appropriation for charitable purposes, made from 1860 to 1914 and amounting to $6,350,000, but $49,000 was granted to Catholic charitable institutions. Of an aggregate of $8,614,000 appropriated within a similar period for educational purposes (State normal schools excepted) not one cent had been granted for the support of Catholic educational institutions.

The substitution of the Cross Bill, which restricted appropriations to institutions controlled by State, city or town, was urged as a final settlement of all controversy occasioned by religious prejudice. The broader standpoint of opposition was enunciated by Representative Sherburne, of Brookline, who declared that the passage of any one of the measures before the House was in substance a criticism of the wisdom of the Legislature and its ability to deal in a rational and public-spirited manner with problems of a charitable, educational or any other nature which might present themselves in the future for legislative action. It was argued that the measures before the House occasioned a rekindling of the long-smoldering religious prejudice and bitterness and that this feeling should find no place in a government of laws for the public weal.

It was also pointed out that many of the higher educational institutions throughout the Commonwealth are substantially denominational in character, and that to the support of these institutions the Catholics had uncomplainingly contributed for many years and in large sums. The Batcheller Bill, as Representative Sherburne of Brookline declared in his opposition to the measure, was founded in the imagination of a religious bigot, one who is seeking for personal advantage and exploitation and perhaps for a position as a reward for his prejudiced efforts.

A Question of Appropriations

At present there is no constitutional prohibition against appropriations for higher educational institutions, societies or undertakings under sectarian or ecclesiastical control. (Merrick *v.* Amherst, 12 Allen, 500. Jenkins *v.* Andover, 103 Mass., 94.)

In regard to the question of appropriation of public money for aiding any church, religious denomination or religious society, there is less legal certainty upon this very important matter. Because of a bequest made by the Legislature under date of April 24, 1913, the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in a divided opinion held to the belief that such appropriation is prohibited by the Constitution and its amendments, but this belief is in the nature of things not a decision of law and therefore not final. In the matter of statutory requirements and in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution the Legislature is supreme in enacting provisions under which appropriations shall be granted.

Defeat of the Proposed Legislation

The effect of the lively and at times heated arguments upon the Fitzgerald, Cross and Batcheller bills upon the floor of the House on Wednesday afternoon resulted in defeat for all three measures: the Batcheller measure was rejected by a vote of 115 to 107, the Cross Bill thrown out by a voice vote and the Fitzgerald petition defeated by a vote of 116 to 111.

It would seem logical to assume that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, rich in growth and development and equally rich in notable accomplishments, would not witness this child-like attempt to stir up religious strife and bitterness. On the other hand, we can not but remember that Roger Williams was forced to locate at Providence, Rhode Island, because of the

hard-hearted prejudice shown by the early settlers in Massachusetts who sought the shores of this country to worship God as they believed, yet who, on the other hand, could not tolerate a stranger coming among them, seeking only that to which every man is entitled—justice.

Of what advantage has been all this growth and development in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts if it has not brought to the citizens of the community a spirit of justice that is compatible with the standard of real Christianity? Let us hope the swan song of organized A. P. A.-ism in Massachusetts has been sung and that the descendants of the far-famed Puritan fathers may see the light as they never have seen it before.

LESTER B. DONAHUE, PH.D.

NOTE AND COMMENT

All sorts of school problems, those concerning morals excepted, have had the serious attention of pedagogues these many years past. The following item taken from the New York *Sun* may now direct thought and rhetoric to one phase of our boys' morals:

> On learning that the principal and assistant principal of a large public school found it necessary to call the police and invoke the processes of the criminal law to protect them from the annoyances devised and practised by their fourteen-year-old pupils, a large number of hitherto unconvinced New Yorkers made up their minds that there is urgent need of reform in the education system.

What will come of the riot? Platitudes probably and cries of warning from preachers that moral instruction can not be given for fear of union of Church and State.

Austral Light gives a splendid account of the reception tendered, in Sydney, on February 13, to His Excellency, Mgr. Ceretti, first Apostolic Delegate to Australasia. After the Lord Mayor had delivered an address of welcome, there was a great procession, in which many prominent people, priests and prelates, as well as laymen, took part. In the line were the Bishops of Armidale, Goulburn, Wilcannia and Maitland, the Coadjutor-Archbishops of Brisbane and Adelaide, the Archbishop of Melbourne and the Archbishop of Sydney and staff. In his really notable speech, His Excellency, the Delegate, paid this graceful tribute to the spirit of good will existing in Australia:

> I am not surprised to hear that the Catholics under your care are devoted to the Crown and Constitution. Catholics in every country have ever been loyal to lawfully constituted authority and, when they enjoy so large a measure of liberty and prosperity as in this country, as mentioned by you, the State can not but expect from them their cordial cooperation.

The new Delegate's lot is cast in a beautiful country, among generous people, whom he will serve to the full extent of his great talents.

The death of Reverend Joseph Marra, S.J., for nine years Superior of the Colorado and New Mexico Mission of the Society of Jesus and later Provincial of the Neapolitan Province, took place in Naples, Italy, March 30. He was born in the same city in 1844 and entered the Jesuit order there. At the dispersion of the Society in his native land, in 1860, he was sent to Ireland for his novitiate and the completion of his classical course. He studied philosophy at Tortosa, Spain, and theology at Woodstock, Maryland. After ordination he became one of the pioneer laborers in the New Mexico and Colorado Mission and later was made Prefect of Studies and Rector of the newly founded college at Las Vegas. For twenty years he was connected with the *Revista Catolica,* the Spanish weekly review published in that city, remaining its editor even during the years of his superiorship over the entire Mission. In 1896 he was called to Naples and there made Provincial of the Neapolitan Province, a position which he occupied until 1903. Returning to Las Vegas, he was again installed Superior of the Mission and editor of the publication for which he had formerly labored so long and fruitfully. Finally, in January of the present year, he left for Rome as a delegate to the General Congregation which was to elect the new Jesuit General. At the close of this Congregation the news of his sudden death was flashed back to the Sacred Heart College, Denver, whose second president he had been. He was a man particularly fitted for the high positions of trust and authority which he filled, combining singular sweetness with great strength of character.

Recently a writer in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* published part of a letter from an officer aboard the U. S. S. North Carolina, which has been at anchor off the wretched Syrian port of Beirut since September 23. Among other items of interest in the communication are found the following:

> I have found these agents (missioners) of American and English religious organizations engaged in speculation by methods quite inimical to local tradesmen. Dreadful tales of woe, intended to pry "backsheesh" from sympathetic Americans, are forwarded to the United States. It will sound incredible, but these people "frank" their letters through the consulates and aboard United States naval vessels as "sailors' mail," thereby giving color to their allegations that rigorous censorship exists over the mails. Nothing of the sort exists outside Constantinople, even since Turkey entered the war!
>
> Six hundred and forty officers and men of the North Carolina will agree to raise and present $1,000 to any missionary who can prove that they (the missionaries at Beirut) are in the slightest personal danger! Some of them ARE in fear of being found out, as I know. That wireless call for an American warship at this place—as YOU know, it isn't a port, only an open roadstead, with two miles of rocks and bars between where we lie and the shore—was a deliberate scheme to enrich the Beirut provision purveyors and bumboat women to the amount of $50,000 per month. In this scheme, to my personal knowledge, certain highly moral (?) foreigners share! It is a clever way of putting Uncle Sam's gold in circulation. And it has worked here since September last.

Evidently these missioners have one eye and a half on earth and a half an eye on heaven.

In the recent death of Father J. D. W. Sewell, S.J., at Madras, India has lost its most distinguished Catholic educational leader. He was the son of Sir William Sewell and like his father entered upon a military career, working his way to the rank of a major. Born in 1836, he became a Catholic only in 1872. He soon yielded his sword to the soldier saint of Pampaluna and in 1880 was ordained priest in the Society of Jesus. For the last thirty-two years he was at the head of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, raising that institution to the eminence it now holds. In his position of principal of St. Joseph's he likewise amply shared in the government of the Madras University, and the impress of his personality is visible in every page of its legislation during the past three decades. No educational commission of any importance was instituted by the university in which he did not take a prominent part. Particularly noteworthy was the set of regulations, mainly due to him, which has helped to overcome the difficulties arising from the great diversities of castes and creeds among undergraduates. This part of his educational activity received universal recognition and was acknowledged as an important factor in promoting the social development of the country. In recognition of his educational services the British Government decorated him with the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal. Father Sewell was for years a member and chairman of the municipality of Trichinopoly and set on foot many excellent municipal reforms. His influence among the Hindoos and Mohammedans was so deep and practical that he conciliated good will and respect toward the whole Catholic community.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—On the western front nothing of vital importance has taken place. Neither side has announced any considerable victory, although the Allies claim to have pushed forward their lines at many points, seldom, however, more than a few yards at a time. North of Arras the French have carried one of the German positions. In the Champagne district they have also gained some slight advantage, which, however, has been counterbalanced by German successes near Perthes. German dispatches have laid insistence for the most part on the fact that the attacks of the enemy have been resisted and repulsed, and that the French offensive, especially at Les Eparges, Combres, north of Flirey, and at other points in the St. Mihiel wedge, has everywhere failed.

Bulletin, April 13, p. m.-April 20, a. m.

The principal success of the week seems to have been gained by the French over the strongly fortified German positions to the west of Colmar, in Alsace. Starting a new drive some miles to the north of the recent advance, which resulted in the capture of Hartsmannweiler Kopf, the French have pushed forward almost to Metzeral, on the river Fecht, and have captured the summit of Schnepfenreith Kopf, which dominates the slopes that lead down to the Rhine.

The situation in the Carpathians has apparently developed into a deadlock. Russian dispatches claim only minor successes, and dwell on the fact that the bad condition of the roads, brought on by the beginning of the thaw, has prevented military operations. Austrian and German reports state that the lull in the Russian offensive is due to the fact that the Russians are exhausted. Russian losses in the Carpathians are estimated by Berlin and Vienna at not less than 500,000. These figures include not only killed, wounded and prisoners, but also sick and missing. It seems to be clear, however, that the Russian positions in the Carpathians are at present stronger than they have been at any time in the campaign. They still hold the Dukla and Lupkow passes and the territory to the south of these passes; they claim to have advanced within three miles of the Uzsok pass; and all along the mountains they are facing the Austrians and Germans on a front of 115 miles that stretches from Bartfield, which is situated just over the Hungarian border, to Stry, in Galicia. On the other hand, the fierce fighting which characterized their former attacks has given place to desultory engagements of an unimportant kind.

Deadlock in the Carpathians

Experts have been predicting that if the attempted Russian invasion of Hungary did not succeed before the thaw set in, it would have to be deferred for several months. It may be that these predictions have already been verified, and that the Russians, seeing the necessity for delay, are content to wait and merely to hold their present hard-won positions. Their greatest danger for some weeks will be the maintenance of their communications, for the roads leading up to the mountains are rapidly becoming impassable. Meanwhile the Austrians and Germans are taking no chances, but are strengthening their lines to such an extent that of the Germans alone 350,000 men are said to be supporting the Austrians. Altogether the forces now facing each other in the Carpathians number, according to reports, 3,500,000. Some have described the recent fighting as the greatest battle in history; and it is certain that when active operations are resumed they will be conducted on an heroic scale. For the present, however, comparative quiet prevails, and the Russian invasion has been checked.

The British Government has offered to the Chilean Government "a full and complete apology" for the sinking of the Dresden in Chilean waters. The Chilean Government stated that the Dresden having overstayed her time limit had been declared interned. Sir Edward Grey hopes to explain the action of the British commanders on the grounds that the Dresden had not accepted internment, that the Chilean Government was unable to enforce its order, and that the Dresden might have made her escape unless the British warships had dealt with her summarily.

Other Items

For three days in succession German aircrafts made raids on many towns in France and England, on one occasion by day, and on another approaching to within thirty miles of London. The Allies retaliated by raiding Freiburg, Strassburg, Metz, Rottweil and Baden. Practically no damage was inflicted. Little or no progress has been made by the Allies in the Dardanelles. Bad weather is assigned as the reason for the delay in active operations. The Turks are massing troops in the Gallipoli peninsula, and are bringing up from Constantinople many heavy guns, to further strengthen the forts in the narrows, and especially Fort Kilid Bahr.

Holland is indignant over the sinking by a submarine of the Dutch steamer Katwijk. The Dutch vessel was at anchor off the Dutch coast, was flying Dutch flags, so brilliantly illuminated as to be unmistakable, and yet without warning was torpedoed and sunk within twenty minutes. The captain of the sinking vessel called for assistance to the submarine, whose periscope was clearly seen, but his appeal was unheeded. The crew were finally rescued by a Dutch lightship. Both Holland and Germany are taking steps to identify the nationality of the submarine, but their findings in the case have not yet been made public.

The account of the battle of Neuve Chapelle, recently published by Sir John French, points very clearly to the immense difficulties that must be faced and the casualities that must be expected before any marked change in the western battle line can take place. The British won the battle in the end, but only after long preparation, at very heavy cost, with a final gain of only half a mile on a front of several miles. The French offensive in the Champagne district and the capture of Les Eparges tell the same story.

Austria.—Stories of unspeakable barbarities perpetrated by the Russians in the provinces overrun by them have lately been reported by American correspondents. Herbert Corey, the American war correspondent of the Associated Newspapers, writes:

The Russian Persecution

The Russian made war in 1915 precisely as he made war in 1515. He ruined forever the lives of the unfortunate women who fell into his hands. He burned every house he came to. He acted up to the highest standards of old-time looters. He was followed by a cloud of thieving peasants from Russia, who completed his work of destruction. He sent long, hopeless lines of women and children as prisoners to Russia. He broke every law of war between nations and every rule of human honor, and every consideration of decency.

"Americans," writes a correspondent, "seem to have no idea of the desolation, ruin and misery in Galicia caused by the Russian invasion. Things have taken place there which have no parallel in Belgium." The *Tijd* of Holland reports that two Jesuit priests were shot in a church at Lemberg, and tells of another member of the Order beaten to death. Still others were dragged away to Strakau. Two hundred and fifty inhabitants of a Galician village are said, in the same paper, to have been placed against a wall and given their choice between apostasy or death. They chose the latter. It is not possible to obtain further confirmation of these reports, but the campaign of making apostates of the Galician Catholics has been sufficiently established. Russia has shamelessly carried on a religious persecution against the Catholic Church. She has not spared churches, priests or even the head of all the Ruthenian Catholics, who has been subjected by her to the most unworthy treatment. Her past history has been one of intolerance and persecution and her present methods of dealing with conquered populations have been in full accord with her historical traditions. Not only Catholics, but orthodox Jews have likewise fallen victims to her fanaticism or systematic campaign of religious proselytism. It has been remarked in a missionary journal that Russian missionary work is always carried on by the Russian Government for purely political purposes in order to prepare the way for political power. It is in this way that the campaign in Galicia has evidently been planned.

France.—The French Chamber recently voted in favor of a law proposed by the Minister of War, M. Millerand, to incorporate into the army the recruits of the class of 1917. As the Minister of Finance and the President of the Council had done on former occasions, M. Millerand in his speech on this occasion seized the opportunity of expressing his conviction of the country's determination to carry the war to a successful conclusion. He cautioned his hearers, however, not "to cradle themselves in a foolish optimism." The following was his explanation of the projected law:

The Class of 1917

Its object is to take preparatory steps in order that we may draw upon a portion of our resources in men. It is a law of prevision. It signifies our purpose to use the most effective means, and when the time comes for incorporating the class of 1917—should it so seem advisable—to have recourse to this measure only after we have already drawn upon all other available forces.

He then promised to aid in providing for even better sanitary conditions for the young soldiers than had been proposed by him when, on March 12, the Chamber voted for the incorporation of the class of 1916. In order to

interfere as little as possible with the teaching in the schools to which recruits of the class of 1917 might belong, he believed it prudent that volunteering on their part should not be closed until July 15, the end of the school term. The actual incorporation of these very young recruits is to take place when the Parliament decides, in case all other resources have been exhausted. The measure shows what tremendous sacrifices France has already been called upon to make. Yet the enthusiasm of the nation has not abated as the applause given to the speaker made plain. France is prepared for still greater sacrifices.

Germany.—"Protestants," says a recent wireless message from Berlin, "can not surpass Catholics in their spirit of sacrifice. Party spirit and religious bitterness have been banished from Germany by the great war." The occasion of this statement was the visit paid by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Trier to army headquarters, to present the Emperor with the sum of 575,000 marks as a birthday gift. The money is to be devoted to the fund for war invalids. One of the liberal organs of Germany recently commented favorably upon the intimation given by the Secretary of State that the law against Jesuits must be abolished after the war. So, too, the Berlin papers, and in particular the *Lokal-Anzeiger,* which is in close touch with the Government, are enthusiastic in their praise of Pope Benedict XV. They admire his spirit of perfectly impartial neutrality toward all the belligerent Powers. In reference to the recently published interview with the Holy Father, they point out the extreme care taken by him not to offend against this spirit even by a single syllable. They extol no less his ardent love for peace and his deep charity toward his fellow men. It is natural that they should draw their own conclusions from his alleged appeal to Americans, but they make it clear that the sentiments are theirs, not the Pope's. The moral power of the papacy has been acknowledged by the German Government upon all occasions throughout the present war. The influence of the Holy Father has been well described by the *Kölnische-Volkszeitung:* "His activities to soften the harshness of war and restore peace," it writes, "not only show his great wisdom and gentleness, his great diplomatic skill and true neutrality, but likewise his influence upon mankind, the internal power and consecration of the papacy, the supernatural value of the Catholic Church and her undying merit in the religious renewal and moral rebirth of the nations." The continued American shipment of arms to the Allies is still causing comment. The sentiment of every German upon this important issue has been characteristically expressed by the German Field Marshal von Hindenburg: "Have the clever American business men," he asked, "ever vividly pictured for themselves a German soldier dying with an American bullet in his heart?"

Germany and the Pope

Great Britain.—There has been a stir in certain English circles over the interpretation given by prominent parsons to Our Lord's injunction, "Love your enemies." The *Times* considers the matter important enough for editorial comment, which is in part as follows:

Novel Doctrine

. . . the words of the Sermon on the Mount are quite plain and can not be explained away: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefuly use you and persecute you." There they are, and you can obey or disobey them; you can think them right or wrong; but you can not doubt what they mean. At present they seem to command impossibilities, but they are not to be condemned or disregarded for that reason. The Christian doctrine is that we should always attempt impossibilities. In that the Christian is like the artist, who is an artist only because he attempts more than he can possibly do. The Sermon on the Mount sets before us a state of mind that we should aim at, not one which we are likely to attain in this life; and therefore it gives us extreme examples of that state of mind; examples not tempered to our infirmities, lest we should think our infirmities are virtues. When it tells us to love our enemies, it means, first of all, that we are never to think our hatred of our enemies righteous; it is against virtuous indignation, except when we are virtuously indignant with ourselves. The feeling of hatred, it tells us, is bad for us, no matter whom we hate; and we are not to answer hatred with hatred, or to feel a flush of virtue when we do so.

This surely is novel doctrine. Most Christians will conclude that, despite the Thunderer's protestation to the contrary, the Sermon on the Mount has been actually explained away.

Of late British criticism has been concerned with America's Note, in answer to Sir Edward Grey's defence of the "blockade" of German ports. The remarks in the different papers are, on the whole, temperate. There is general recognition of American frankness, but there is no disposition to yield any point of the dispute. The *Times* states that the British will show neutral commerce all the consideration compatible with the object they have in view, to wit, the defeat of Germany. This paper then proceeds to say:

The American Note

That object, we may again remind the United States, is as vital to us as the destruction of commerce with the Confederate States was to the Union during the Civil War. We did not then stand upon technicalities with them, and we feel that we may fairly ask them not to show greater jealousy of their extreme legal rights now that we are fighting for our existence than we displayed in 1861. There are some passages in this (American) Note which might be interpreted, did they stand alone, as indicating an inclination to treat particular points in a somewhat narrow temper. It is suggested, for example, that the blockade is not at present effective so far as Baltic ports are concerned. Was the American blockade of the Southern ports effective for months after it was declared? Americans know that it was not, but nevertheless we raised no controversy with them upon that score. The Note argues that whatever form of blockade may be adopted, it should be possible to conform "at least to the spirit and principles of the essence of the rules of war." To advance such a proposition to us is really forcing

an open door. We have done our best, and we shall continue to do our best, to apply that spirit and those principles in any adaptations of former usage to new facts and circumstances which may be forced upon us. The Note practically admits that it may be imperative for us to extend the blockading cordon across the approaches to neutral ports or countries, but it suggests that free admission and exit through that cordon might be given to all lawful traffic with neutral ports. There may possibly be room for differences of opinion as to what is, or is not, included in the term "lawful traffic," but it would seem that the substance of this suggestion is met by the Order in Council itself. That instrument provides for the grant of passes enabling ships to proceed to a neutral port, and we can not doubt that these passes are being issued in suitable cases. The Note invokes the Declaration of Paris. It should hardly be necessary to remind Americans that they are estopped from appealing to that document by the steady refusal of their Government to become a party to it.

After this there is a declaration that international law is conditional, and can hardly be obeyed literally unless both sides are prepared to obey it. Germany has flagrantly and persistently broken the condition, and England can not be regarded as rigidly bound, while her opponents arrogate to themselves a boundless freedom. Such is British sentiment; part of it will sound strange in the ears of Americans who know the history of our Civil War.

Ireland.—On Easter Sunday there was a parade and review in Dublin of some 25,000 National Volunteers, the largest military mobilization that the city ever witnessed. All were in uniform and about a third carried rifles. Colonel Moore and Mr. Redmond expressed their satisfaction with the order and discipline displayed, especially as the calling out of the reserves took away military instructors. The British papers that gave pages to the Carsonite parades took slight notice of this much more striking display, except to wonder that such good material had not gone to the front. Most of the Irish counties were well represented, except Dublin, where the Irish Volunteers, the original organization, preponderate. At the Gaelic Athletic Convention, held on the same day, motions to admit to membership associates of the army or police and volunteers to the present war were withdrawn. The National Volunteers' Convention added to the governing committee one representative for each city and county and four appointees by the Inspector General. Mr. Redmond, who presided, again complained that his offer, to substitute for the twenty thousand soldiers now garrisoning Ireland the Ulster and National Volunteers, had been declined, and asked, "What fatal infatuation had prevented the War Office from accepting that offer?" He insisted that the Volunteers should arm and drill, "to hold fast to what they had won and make sure that force would not rob them of the fruits of victory." They would ultimately become "a permanent military body at the disposal of the Irish Parliament to defend Ireland at home and abroad, and remain a guarantee for the order, good government and liberty of the reborn Irish nation." Mr. Dillon added that when the questions interrupted by the war were resumed, 100,000 Volunteers would be summoned, and "then it would become manifest to every politician, English or Irish, that Ireland free and indivisible must be conceded, or they would want to know the reason why." The absolute sobriety of the Volunteers and of the many thousands that witnessed the review was favorably commented on by the press and the Father Mathew Association.

The National Volunteers

Colonel Lynch, the Clare M. P., who had been condemned to death for fighting for the Boers, was reprimanded by the *Freeman's Journal,* the Irish Party organ, because he had asked in Parliament, what was the Government's intention regarding the Amending Bill. In a lengthy defence, he charged "the Front Bench of time-serving politicians" with having tricked to its face the Irish Party, who permitted them to use the war to cover up every lapse, and he promises to carry the question to his constituents. He is supported by Mr. O'Brien and those who, on various grounds, are opposed to Mr. Redmond's present policy. There have been many arrests anl imprisonments and trials by court-martial in various districts for interference with recruiting and expressions hostile to the Government. The censorship of papers and private letters has grown more stringent, so that it has become increasingly difficult to estimate the direction of public opinion.

Hostile Symptoms

Mexico.—The Past Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons in Mexico has more to say than appeared in AMERICA last week. In giving the reasons why Masonry made war on the Mexican Church, he says among other interesting things:

More Revelations

There then took place events beyond the comprehension of those who could not investigate and determine the real nature of the phenomena, nor understand the degradation to which lifeless souls can reach. Former Liberals, well known for the strength of their principles, built private chapels and oratories in their homes to satisfy their families with Masses and other sacraments.

Continuing he remarks:

. . . About this time there started the socialistic preachings of Madero, which spread like a flash through every corner of the republic. With the faith of the inspired, with the fortitude of the apostle, Madero scattered everywhere his gospel of freedom, of love and of community of goods, and his words fell on the hearts of the people like the blessed dew bringing health, and life and promise of happiness, . . . and the people, believing the promises to be true, dreamed of the distribution of lands and money, and of sharing in each and every one of the honors enjoyed on the pinnacles of power, to which only a selected few ever arrive. . . . It (Masonry) helped Madero honestly and loyally, because he embodied its principles and preached its ideals. . . .

Comment is quite superfluous.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and Public Accounting*

TO the young man contemplating a career, public accounting offers a unique appeal. It is the only profession which is not over-crowded, and in which, to use a commercial expression, "the demand is greater than the supply." In some of the old world countries, notably England and Scotland, public accounting is a profession of long and high standing. In the United States its development has been more recent; it is, in fact, even now only in its infancy. Nevertheless, the great commercial advancement of the country, and the rapid expansion of our credit system has created a fertile field in which the profession of accountancy has grown and thriven to a remarkable extent. It is estimated, however, that this field still remains ninety per cent. undeveloped.

In order properly to meet the demands made on it, the profession has undergone a great change. From the mere technical checking of accounts, in order to ascertain their correctness, it has become "the profession of business advice." Many business concerns now retain public accountants not only to make regular annual audits, but as advisers in business and financial affairs, in the same manner as attorneys are retained for the purpose of consulting them on legal matters. This is but the natural result of the conditions surrounding modern business. The keen competition of the present day, with the smaller margin of profit resulting therefrom, has made it imperative for the business man to have his accounts, the history of his business, in such shape that they not only tell him the truth, but tell it in such a way that he can understand it fully. False financial statements have led many supposedly prosperous men into bankruptcy. Furthermore, modern banking houses no longer extend credit on personality alone. They have found this a costly procedure. They now want to know what their loans are for and what is back of them. They want to see the financial statements. The business man has discovered that if he is fair to his banker in this respect, his banker will be fair to him, and that there is no better way to give his banker a strong feeling of confidence in him, than by periodically submitting certified statements prepared by impartial public accountants. An inquiry conducted a few years ago by the American Association of Public Accountants revealed the fact that a large majority of bankers offer better terms and rates, or at least look more favorably on loans to those borrowers who submit audit statements. The Association of Reserve City Bankers passed a formal resolution approving the submission of such statements, and even the Federal Reserve Board, in defining such commercial paper as will be accepted for rediscount by the Federal Reserve Banks considered the question of certified accountants' statements, but postponed adopting any formal action until a later date. Finally, investors are realizing that one of their best safeguards is the impartial audit. They, too, are demanding audited statements. In fact, the whole tendency of the work of public accountants is to produce better, more honest and more efficient business.

These facts are mentioned merely to show the great inducements which this profession holds out to young men, provided, however, they are properly qualified. While there is a dearth of good public accountants, the field is full of those who have rushed into the profession without the slightest fitness for the work. They are a burden which the profession is obliged to carry. In order to protect the public from their incompetent work, thirty-three States have enacted Certified Public Accountant laws. The examinations for C.P.A. in most of these States are as strict as those for law and medicine. In spite of such laws, however, this profession, like all others, has its quacks. Nor must it be supposed that the work is easy. On the contrary it is the hardest kind of work, tedious and confining. Years of experience in the most monotonous details are required, before it is possible to take up properly the larger phases of the work. Many have neither the patience nor the inclination for such detail, and hence can never attain great success in the profession.

In general, it may be said that the qualifications and requirements essential to success as a public accountant are as strict as those of any other profession. Without entering into a discussion of all the requisites, the following can be regarded as fundamental:

In the first place, there is required not only a broad and sound general education, but a particular training in all the branches of practical and theoretical accounting and in business usage. In most States having C. P. A. laws a high school or equivalent education is required of those taking the examinations. Secondly, the successful public accountant must possess that peculiar inborn talent, that quick, clear, analytical and imaginative mind which enables him to visualize dry statistics, to see the real living things which are represented by cold figures. Finally, the successful public accountant must be a man of the greatest integrity and moral stamina. His position is a confidential one; his decisions are frequently accepted without question in important matters. As a consequence, he is laid open to influence of all kinds to color his opinions for the benefit of those seeking an advantage. The accountant who allows himself to be influenced wrongfully may secure a temporary gain but can never hope for permanent success.

With regard to the first requisite mentioned, it was not many years ago that the accountant's training had to be acquired entirely by practical experience, but of late years the many excellent colleges of accounts, finance and commerce, which have been inaugurated by various

*The thirty-first of a series of vocational articles.

institutions afford a means of acquiring a part of this training. Experience is, of course, essential, but the schools have been a wonderful help. Several of the Catholic colleges have inaugurated very thorough courses in higher accounting, notably, St. Louis University, Marquette University of Milwaukee, and St. Xavier College of Cincinnati.

The second requisite mentioned, the natural inborn talent, is something which can not be acquired. For real accountants, like real poets, are born and not made.

With regard to the moral standard of the profession, it can be truthfully said that it has been high. Nevertheless there have been instances where public accountants have betrayed their trust. A young man who contemplates entering the profession need only inquire about the fate of those who did betray the confidence placed in them to realize how important it is to preserve the greatest integrity under any and all circumstances. To the Catholic young man, the profession should have for this reason, a particular appeal; it is a profession in which the most scrupulous honesty is not only appreciated but is essential.

As to the pecuniary rewards, the profession of public accountancy offers as good, if not better, prospects than most of the walks of life. This is particularly true with regard to young men who, if they are qualified, are apt to secure a larger pecuniary return in this profession during the earlier part of their life than in the majority of other pursuits. When it comes to large incomes there are no statistics available. It is probable, however, that there is as large a percentage of public accountants with incomes from their practice of $5,000, $6,000 and even $10,000 a year, as there are lawyers, doctors or engineers.

It must not be assumed, however, that the profession is over-paid, or that it offers a short and easy road to wealth. The work is hard, and it requires special training and special talents. In fact, it can be safely said that in consideration of the services given, there should be a general tendency among public accountants to increase rather than to lower their charges. The idea to be conveyed, however, is that the profession affords an opportunity to young men who have the necessary talents, and the application and industry to develop such talents, to put them to honorable and profitable use.

The young man who contemplates entering the profession and who has assured himself that he has the necessary talent, general education and knowledge of the principles of bookkeeping should endeavor to secure a position with a reliable firm of public accountants. At first his services could only be used in the mere detail of office work. He would be paid approximately $60.00 per month for such services. In this way he would start his practical training. In the meantime, it would be of the greatest assistance to him to take a course in accounting, auditing and commercial law at a recognized college of accounts, finance and commerce.

As he progresses in his work, he will probably be sent out as an assistant or "junior" accountant, to do detail work under a "senior." Juniors are usually paid from $1,200 to $2,400 per year, depending on their experience and ability. During this period he should endeavor to pass the C. P. A. examinations and secure his certificate, providing, of course, there is a C. P. A. law in his State. As a "junior" accountant, he will progress faster if he secures the good will of the seniors under whom he works, by being faithful and loyal. The "seniors" can be of the greatest assistance to him. In due course of time he will be permitted to handle smaller cases and will gradually become a "senior" with a salary ranging from $2,000 to $5,000 per year, depending on his abilities. As a rule, larger incomes than this can only be secured by "principals," that is, by those having an interest in or controlling a firm. Principals must usually have, in addition to their other qualifications, executive and "business-getting" ability.

And during all this course of progress the one predominating motto should be: Absolute honesty and integrity under all circumstances.

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Mexico

THERE is no revolution in Mexico to-day. There is a condition of anarchy. Revolution is described in Webster's dictionary as, "The overthrow or renunciation of one government, and the substitution of another, by the governed." The Government of Mexico was not overthrown by the governed, it was overthrown by about two per cent. of the population with assistance from outside. No attempt at government has been instituted to replace that overthrow. Anarchy is described in Webster as, "Absence of government; the state of society where there is no law or no supreme power; hence a state of lawlessness or political disorder; the social state that is advocated by modern anarchists." "A polity without a head . . . would not be a polity, but anarchy." How much more is this the case in a polity which has half-a-dozen heads each fighting the other. Anarchy implies the total absence or suspension of government; chaos, the utter negation of order. Therefore I repeat, there is no revolution in Mexico to-day—but there is a condition of anarchy and chaos. It would be impossible to exaggerate the condition of affairs which obtains in the sunny, rich land south of the Rio Grande. It is all that has been written of it . . . and worse.

When General Victoriano Huerta left Mexico, a voluntary exile, the only semblance of a "Government"—properly so-called—which Mexico had after its three years of continuous disturbance disappeared; there has been

no attempt made by any of the Mexican leaders to replace it by any other semblance of Government. The bonds which united the various leaders during the time they were in arms against the government of Huerta fell asunder the moment their desideratum was attained. The "revolution" forthwith split itself up into a half-dozen bands of armed men, each fighting the others, to the utter ruin of the nation. The line of cleavage was not patriotism, nor a desire to advance the well-being of the nation, it was purely petty jealousy and ambition, the vehement desire of each chief to be *Primer Jefe,* mingled with which was a leaven of doubt as to the honesty of the intentions of all the others.

There is no fundamental difference between the aims of the various leaders, neither is there any difference between their mode of attaining that end. Each leader is out for himself. Each states, in interviews intended for the ears of the American people, that his is the cause of right, of justice, of liberty, that he is the real Constitutionalist—and that all the others are *sin verguenzas* who are devoid of patriotism, reactionaries, or worse.

Their methods are the same, suppression of the press, lest the real opinion of the people should be heard; denial of political and religious liberty; the dragooning of the people lest they realize their strength and fall on the insignificant percentage which has arms; robbery of public and private property; suppression of courts of justice; forced loans. Villa, Carranza, Zapata, Guitierrez, Obregon, they are all the same. Zapata carries on his banner the magic words: *Libertad, Constitucion, Justicia, Ley*—"Liberty, Constitution, Justice, the Law," the while he blows to the heavens passenger trains filled with hundreds of non-combatants, fires volleys into them, the while the wounded and living struggle to escape, and then sets fire to the wreckage. Villa murders foreigners and Mexicans with his own hands, carries off helpless women to satisfy his lust, issues decrees which amount to the appropriation of Mexican and foreign properties, such as mines, etc., holds wealthy Mexicans for ransom as in the old degenerate days when he was a bandit purely and simply—and not the "regenerator of the Mexican race." Carranza stays always in the safe places—there are few in Mexico to-day—far from the strife and war, he likes not to hear the bullets rattle in the battle, the while his generals, like Obregon and Coss, endeavor to out-Villa Villa in the unfortunate cities which fall into their hands. There they hound down priests and Catholic women, when they protest against the imprisonment of the clergy; take the food from the mouths of the people already on the verge of starvation; impose forced loans amounting to nearly a hundred million, and when the merchants refuse to obey this monstrous decree, endeavor—in the most open manner—to incite the lower classes to loot the homes of the rich.

The Carranzistas under Obregon evacuated Mexico City when they had robbed all that they could, and the "Liberating Army of the South" took possession. They found the capital but an empty husk. There was not a stick of furniture in any of the Government offices, not even a typewriter or a bottle of ink. General Obregon may not be much of a hand at fighting, he is not making a very impressive showing against Villa the moment of writing (although his troops outnumber the Villistas), but when it comes to the wholesale looting of an evacuated city—like Mexico City and Guadalajara—there is no other "General" who can come near him. The Zapatistas found not a *centavo* in the treasury, there was not even a printing press left with which to print new bills. So the chiefs sent the soldiers out on the streets to beg.

In twos and threes they wandered about, looking cold and miserable in their dirty white cotton pajamas, and empty cartridge-belts, begging *un peso, Señor, para comprar pan* (a peso to buy bread). Some were satisfied with ten cents, and I have heard of no instance of their being refused—one hates to refuse a beggar especially when he has a rifle in his hand with the muzzle carelessly pointed in your direction. They were such a relief from the men of Obregon that the people were almost enthusiastic. It was so strange to be "asked" for your money. That was in the beginning—as the days passed, the popular enthusiasm began to wane.

Plagiar means to hold for a ransom. It is an old trick in Mexico, beloved of the bandits; it is as old as their national "Independence." The Zapatistas began to revive it in all their glory. They began to arrest—on suspicion of being Carranzistas—men and women of families reputed to be wealthy. The method was simplicity itself. A band of armed men rode up to any of the large houses, one dismounted while the remainder covered the entrance with their rifles. When the *criado* (servant) opened the door they asked who lived there; on being told, they said they came to arrest him as a suspected Carranzista spy. Probably the head of the house was a refugee in the United States—having fled before the Carranzistas—but that made no difference, they then demanded to see the Señora, and if she made her appearance, they covered her with their rifles and made her march between them to their barracks, where she would be held until her family paid the $1,000 or $10,000 demanded for her release. The effect of such an experience on a delicate, refined lady may be imagined—more especially as nearly all the best families in Mexico to-day are in mourning for some relative whose life has been snuffed out by the "revolution."

In Mexico City to-day there is not one family who has not the principle male members in hiding or exile. The Sisters expelled from the various convents have been taken into the homes of the better classes, they dare not appear on the streets, nor can they look out from the windows for fear of being seen by any of the spies with which the city swarms. Think of the continual anxiety, the frightful strain that all this is, waiting from hour to hour for a blow to fall, awakened night after night by the crack of rifles, absolutely helpless, defenceless.

When I left Mexico City on March 25 there was no light on the streets except that of the moon. What happened when the moon waned we do not yet know. There was little bread, beans, corn, charcoal, etc., except at prices far beyond the reach of the tens of thousands who have neither work nor money. The people were on the verge of starvation, and every day there were "bread lines" and "milk lines" and "charcoal lines"— and many went hungry because the stocks coming in from Toluca were small and not sufficient to meet the demand of the half-million hungry people. The train on which I left Mexico City was the last which ran even to Toluca—as Villa gave strict orders that no trains were to run into or out of the capital.

The Zapatistas when they took possession allowed the churches to reopen, and they permitted the celebration of Mass which had been suspended for the preceding fortnight by General Obregon. The people flocked to the churches in thousands, none of the sacred edifices were large enough to accommodate them and the lines stretched far out on the sidewalk. Having learned the lesson taught by Obregon that any number of people, however brave, can be dominated by a handful of armed men unless they are organized, the men of the capital immediately set about the formation of a *Defensa Social* which was to defend property and lives in case of future trouble. Thousands of the best young men in the city enrolled themselves, they got the sanction of the Zapatista governor to arm and drill, and the popular enthusiasm grew. Bank-clerks, merchants' clerks, students, professional men, workmen, all eagerly enrolled themselves under the banner of order, and a great demonstration was held on Sunday, March 22, in which nearly 20,000 men and women marched through the principal streets. There was perfect order. The following Tuesday a Decree was published ordering all the inhabitants of Mexico City to deliver up to the Zapatista commander all the arms and ammunition in their possession—*on pain of death*. It was a bolt from the blue—the people were terrified. In all they had about 3,000 rifles, and very little ammunition; if they delivered these up they would be at the mercy of the Zapatistas, or the lower classes, if they should rise up. They decided not to obey the decree. That was a few days before I left . . . what has happened since?

John F. Barry.

The Art of Augustus V. Tack

THE world of religious art has surely witnessed nothing more revolutionary than the recent exhibition of paintings at the Worch Galleries in New York by Augustus Vincent Tack, a Catholic artist of this city. The work of Mr. Tack is the fusion of two principles that, hitherto, have commonly been reputed to be more or less in antagonism, Catholicism and the school of impressionism, and the fact that the artist has breathed the spirit of Catholic art into the methods of the modern school of painting is an important event in the present-day annals of religious painting.

It is important because here we have at one extreme a Catholic artist, who has imprinted the influence of his religion upon an aspect of art which has, rightly or wrongly, been associated with its purely humanistic side, and, in its degree, has come to denote the spirit of revolt against authority and tradition. At the other extreme is the rigidly conventional art of the school of the Benedictines of Beuron; a school that goes back to the earliest principles of Christian art, idealizing its subjects with the spirit of the cloister, conceiving them as with the divine unconcern of souls released from the burden of the flesh and its limitations, for whom there is no time, but only an eternal and ever-abiding present. The spirit of the Beuron art is the spirit of the clear vision. The spirit of the art of Augustus Vincent Tack is that of the vision seen through a glass darkly, afar off: not the attainment of the ideal, but the pulsating eternal struggle of humanity, groping onward toward that vision which shall only be attained when the flesh has cast off the shackles that weigh it down to the earth.

The five large canvases recently completed by Mr. Tack may very well be called a symphony in five movements, which has humanity for its theme. Each painting is complete in itself, yet each is but a part of the great message which the artist desires to teach in entirety. In each there is the sense of space which asks the question: Whence is Man, and whither goes he? And in the vast, limitless domain there is worked out the drama of the Fall and the Redemption. The paintings are on a large scale, and the method is that of pointillism; that is, the colors are not laid on with the brush, but are squeezed direct from the tube on to the canvas.

The first picture is entitled "The Remorse of Eve." It shows the figure of a woman, walking with bowed head and faltering steps from the eternal brightness, which she has forfeited, into the somber shadow of the life which is to be her portion henceforth. There is neither grace nor comeliness about her. Her hands are gropingly extended upward, her hair thrown forward across her face, and she stumbles, as though dazed with the terrible sentence of expulsion still ringing in her ears. Slowly she takes her way from the Paradise she has forfeited; a gaunt, gnarled tree darkens her pathway, and the roots and briars entangle her feet. Stricken as she is in her remorse, there is yet a note of hope, for the body is bent as with the tenseness of a listener, and back, in the vanishing brilliance, there is a promise, a hope of redemption. So, with her clasped hands, Eve would shut out the terrible words "Depart hence!" while one ear might catch the promise that in her motherhood there should come eventually a Saviour: thus is she portrayed strong and virile, for she was to become the mother of nations.

The second picture of the group, "Simon of Cyrene," is in strong contrast to the first. Against a vast back-

ground as of a near-by brilliant dawning, there is seen the powerful figure of a man, bowed down by the heavy weight of a cross, which he is carrying up the side of a hill. The figure is unclad, save for a scarlet loin-cloth, and the burden of the cross almost pulls him to the earth. In this, as in the other pictures, save the third, the artist has made the unclad figure the central point of his symbolism—a condition necessary for the complete enunciation of his message. The undraped figures symbolize the eternal and terrible scrutiny of God, in Whose sight all the wretched rags of self-respect, hypocrisy and complacency fall away, and man is seen to be as he really is: they depict the ineffaceable truth that nothing can hide Man from his Maker. So, in "Simon of Cyrene," Man is seen bearing his burden, which threatens to fell him to earth, and only the golden dawn which is so near lightens the picture of despair.

"The Madonna of the Everlasting Hills," which is the central picture of the group, is the breaking of the golden dawn, which was symbolized by the brilliant backgrounds of the former pictures. The Blessed Mary sits enthroned on the topmost peak of the whole world, and on her knee rests the Holy Child. The rising hills, which typify the patriarchs and prophets who pointed the way to this coming dawn, lie at her feet, and stretch away through the dim centuries to that unhappy day in Eden. Serenely throned above the world, the blue skies have come down and woven themselves into Our Lady's mantle. In her eyes is the unfathomable peace which was hidden from the remorseful Eve. Mr. Tack has made a very strong point in the picture of the Blessed Virgin, who is, together with her Son, the only one represented full face, as though she alone of all the creatures has seen the clear vision; that she and God were the only two who had looked on each other unveiled. The strong arms of Mary uphold her Divine Child, and He, all quivering with life and eagerness to leap down into that world which He came to save, stretches out one little hand to mankind to call it to himself; while with the other hand he points upward to His Mother, the Mother of all men. And above and beyond Mary radiates the light that was to shine upon a darkened world; the light that came through her sinless Motherhood.

> Thou the root art, thou the portal,
> Whence hath shone the light immortal.

A critic comments thus on the picture: "This canvas expresses the Universal. It contains elements of the Byzantine, the Italian primitive, the Gothic and the Modern, and encompasses, as does no other painting of the Madonna, four periods of Christian art."

In the "Pardon of Dismas" the artist has struck the note of eternal continuance. There is, as it were, a deathly silence. Beyond the figure on the cross is infinite space and timelessness. About the background roll the troubled clouds of uncertainty, and down the mountain the twilight gathers. The central background is broken by a gleam of golden light, and in its shining stands out, in all its harrowing reality, the broken body of the thief on the cross. His ghastly form is all twisted in agony, and the glazed grin of death is fixed upon his countenance. The writhe of the death agony has scarce passed from his tortured frame, and from his lifeless hands and from the ropes that bind him to the cross there seem to drip slowly, drop by drop, all the agonies that man has suffered since suffering came into the world. His head is thrown back on his shoulders, his face turned upward, and his dead eyes rest upon that Figure which is on the cross above him. With exquisite imagination the artist has pictured only the lower limbs of the Crucified Christ, their pale delicacy standing out in strong contrast to the gross misshapen body of the thief: the contrast between the stainlessness of the Sinless One and the grossness into which the sinner has fallen. Where the Divine Figure disappears there is calmness and serenity; below Him is the unrest of the ages. Between the dead eyes of the penitent thief and the hidden face of Christ is the promise: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The last picture of the group, "Resurgam," is perhaps the most symbolical of all. It represents a young man on a lonely mountain top, alone, for each man must work out his salvation by himself: in the whole spiritual universe there are, ultimately, but two persons, oneself and God, and this is the note upon which Mr. Tack insists throughout his religious art. The young man is seated upon a rock, his feet are held and fixed in the earth, his hands clasped behind his back and about him is the infinite void of illimitable space, voiceless and dark with the impenetration of unquenchable night, save in the far distance, where, down the mountain side, there glimmers the light of a coming day. Here are three things: The earth which has enslaved man and led him captive in its bonds; humanity, naked and bare in the knowledge of its own insignificance, but with its back to the darkness which is passing and half-turned toward the coming day. And, as the dawn grows brighter and comes nearer, so will the man rise from the earth that binds him, and at last, with a mighty leap, run forward to greet the sunshine of the full day. No longer, as in "The Remorse of Eve," is Man walking with bowed head and faltering steps away from the light. The darkness is now behind him, and he waits, in all the joy and virility of life, to bound from his shackles and cry throughout the limitless space, "Resurgam."

The only fitting home for these five pictures is high on the walls of some great cathedral, where they may cry their message to all who pass by. Henry C. Watts.

The Church of the Revolution

WE hear much in our day of the religion of socialism. It consists in the ardent longings of its votaries for the day of the social revolution and their eager and incessant strivings to hasten its coming. The dedication of the whole man, with all his powers, to this single cause

is compared with the true Christian's devotion to his Faith. To this vague, class-conscious worship of the revolutionary ideal Bouck White has now sought to give a local habitation and a name in his newly founded "Church of the Social Revolution." Its mission is to herald abroad "a new and stupendous gospel, the religion of industrial democracy."

The Church and its ritual are not to be taken too seriously, and certainly they would deserve no special notice here for their own sake. They are of significance, however, as a crystallization of what in rationalistic socialist literature is often proclaimed to be the deep religiousness and even the profound Christianity of the modern revolutionary movement. The fact that the movement was set on foot by renegade Jews and ribald atheists does not matter. "The socialist, though an atheist and a scoffer, infallibly has God in the self-same way" as "Jesus had God," wrote the Reverend Herman Kutter, and the *Christian Socialist* enthusiastically endorsed his words. (Jan. 15, 1908.) Doubtless the Church of the Social Revolution is no less broad in its views.

Its order of service opens with two songs fittingly selected to attune the minds of the comrades to a proper devotional or revolutionary mood, for the two words are here synonymous. The object of the new religion is then announced by the "leader":

> To sing the folk upheaval and to grow a socialism of the heart, we are assembled. Unto us has been entrusted the high, glad gospel of democracy. Therefore with joy, with beauty, with strong devotion, let all the doings of this hour proceed. That so the revolution may be wrought in sweetness and in majesty. Till the Lord-of-the-uprising-of-labor shall have been enthroned o'er all the earth, and the people be established.

A third song now follows to promote still further "with joy, with beauty" and "with strong devotion," the religion of the revolution. The congregation then rises and in unison recites its covenant:

> I enlist under the Lord of the blood-red banner, to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned Leisure on the back of Labor, an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social climber, but will stay with the workers in class solidarity till class shall have been done away in fellowship's glad dawn. I will seek recruits for the Church of the Revolution, unto the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into comradeship.

The lawful correction of the just grievances of labor, wherever they exist, is nowhere more strongly sanctioned than in the Catholic Church. But it is not by the socialist revolution that this is to be brought about. No abolition of classes was ever taught by Christ, but the solidarity of all classes and of all mankind is the doctrine of the Scriptures and of the Church. The sanctification of the individual life, the arousing of the public conscience and the consequent enactment and strict observance of the necessary social laws is the Catholic remedy. Not more, but fewer laws and better, duly enforced, are the need of the day, laws based upon the teachings of Christ, just alike to all men and all classes.

A collection is next taken up. "The holiest cause that has come to earth in eighteen hundred years asks you for a money offering," is the invitation to give with generosity. This important duty performed, there follows "the consecration of the children to the cause of Human Freedom." The commandment of Christ regarding the Sacrament of Holy Baptism is announced to be an outworn superstition: "The morbid fear of the universe upon which the ancient rite of baptism was based is forever passed away." The new rite of dedicating the child to the revolution is to be of present value chiefly to the parents. In view of this twaddle it is quite natural for these socialists to reject Christ's doctrine on sin. For them sin has an economic aspect only. The great sin of the world is poverty. Not a spiritual, but an economic cleansing, they say, is needed. The ministration of socialism is spoken of as spiritual in its nature, because in its last results it is to bring about the spiritual renovation of the earth. Socialism would renew the individual by renewing the economics of the world, while Christianity would purify the social and economic life by sanctifying the individual without, however, forgetting the great public interests of the day.

The marriage rite of this Church of the Revolution may finally deserve a word of comment. Again, it is strictly in conformity with the doctrine which unfortunately finds favor in wider circles than those of mere socialism. "Where love is not," the church leader advises the couple before him, "marriage is not. No clergyman has the right to join a man and woman 'while life shall last,' but only while love shall last." There is no giving or taking of man or woman, but only the will to abide together, for better or worse, in a love which they resolve to make lasting. With this resolution expressed, their hands are joined and the ceremony is ended. The leader has only to "pronounce" them man and wife and tenderly commend them to the embrace of "the Everlasting Arms."

There is, apparently, no need of any belief in a personal God. The opinion of the leader of the Church of the Revolution himself is sufficiently vague. From his book "The Carpenter and the Rich Man" we may gather, however, that "the labor movement is the incarnation of God," and "the folk upheaval, God Incognito to-day." The new divinity, invoked as the "Lord-of-the-uprising-of-labor," may, therefore, be defined, it would seem, as the personification of the revolutionary impulses which arise from the hearts of the revolutionary workers. He exists "not in the realm of nature, but in the realm of the ethical." Souls dedicated to liberty, that is to revolution, are "a contribution to the being of God." Here, therefore, is a new religion and a new god. Together they answer perfectly to the aspirations of Marxian socialism.

Joseph Husslein, S.J.

The Daily Paper

THE discussion on a Catholic daily newspaper, which has been going on in America, has shown among other things how little Catholics have thought of such a project and how embryonic most men's ideas are on it. Every one must admit that from the premises laid down by most of the writers only one conclusion can be reached, namely, that a Catholic daily newspaper is impracticable and unfeasible. The premises, however, are wrong. It would not cost as much to run a daily Catholic newspaper as most of the writers seem to think. Approximately it would cost about $400,000 a year to maintain a daily newspaper of ten pages with a circulation of 100,000. A New York publishing house equipped to produce a daily newspaper has given an estimate on the cost of producing and circulating such a paper of ten pages, 100,000 copies a day, as $1,000 a day. This would include everything from inception to delivery. That the estimate is approximately correct can be shown from internal evidence of newspapers successfully published.

On a one-cent paper the publishers get one-half cent a copy. A paper with 100,000 a day circulation would, therefore, get a return of $500 a day from the sale of the paper. The cost of advertisements in newspapers ranges from ten to forty cents an agate line according to quantity and quality of circulation. Newspapers average approximately 2,000 agate lines to the page. The advertising value of a page of newspaper therefore ranges from $200 to $800 a page. Successful newspapers carry from thirty to sixty per cent. advertising matter. A ten-page newspaper would therefore have to carry about three and a half pages of advertising matter.

A newspaper with three pages of advertising matter at the minimum rate, namely, ten cents a line, would have an income of $600 a day from advertisements. Such a paper could easily command fifteen cents a line, at which rate three pages of advertising matter would give it $900 return on its advertisements. Even at ten cents a line, however, $500 from circulation plus $600 from advertisements would give $1,100 a day income. Deduct $1,000 a day for the production and circulation of the newspaper, and there is left $100 a day for interest on investment and for replacements and renewals. Interest on $2,000,000 at six per cent. is $120,000 a year, or approximately $33 a day, thus leaving a margin of $67 a day for replacements, repairs and for fluctuations in income.

An analysis of successful newspapers in Philadelphia and New York will support the approximate correctness of the estimate here given and the deductions drawn from the data just related. Many of those papers have less circulation than 100,000 copies a day and some of them have even less than 50,000. The amount of advertising they carry averages from twenty to sixty per cent. of the printed matter. It goes without saying that these papers do not pay a lower rate of interest on the investment than six per cent., as they would not remain in existence long if they did. Many of the existing newspapers which are capitalized at from one to three million dollars carry real estate in those parts of cities where real estate has a very high value, and obsolete machinery and equipment for which money has been paid but which no longer has much value as part of their capital. Their capital does not always represent the actual amount of cash put into them. They pay interest on the full capitalization and some of them a very much higher interest than six per cent. New conditions have arisen since most of them were established and new facilities for gathering and transmitting news have come into existence. In consequence a plant and equipment for the production of a daily newspaper could be gotten up now for less money than is invested in older papers. It is probable that a plant and equipment for the production of a daily newspaper could now be established at an outlay of $1,000,000 which could compete successfully with newspapers capitalized at $3,000,000.

A factory for a newspaper would no longer have to be located in the most central part of a large city, where land has an extremely high value and where everything which enters into the production of the paper has to be hauled backward and forward at a heavy expense. The factory could now be located on a railroad siding where land is relatively cheap and where everything which enters into the production of the paper could be gotten from the cars without a second handling. An office could be maintained in the newspaper section of the city for business purposes, and this could be so intimately connected with the factory by telephones, and perhaps even by conduits operated by compressed air, that the space between them would be inconsequential. With a completely modern equipment for the production of a daily newspaper the cost of its production could be materially reduced.

A newspaper of ten pages with a circulation of 100,000 copies a day would be a good business enterprise, perhaps even a better business enterprise than one of a larger number of pages and a much larger circulation. In the newspaper business there is a limit upward as well as downward at which a paper is a first-class business. When the circulation becomes too low the paper can not get advertisements, and when it goes too high the return in advertisements becomes disproportionate to the increased cost of paper.

The heaviest item of expense in a newspaper, and the one which does not change much in its ratio with increase or decrease of circulation, is the paper. Paper costs about one-twentieth of a cent per page. For a ten-page paper of 100,000 circulation the approximate cost of paper is $500; for a twenty-page paper of 100,000 circulation it is $1,000; for a twenty-page paper of 200,000 circulation it is $2,000. As the price which can be gotten for advertisements does not always increase proportionately with the circulation, and as the size of the paper has to be materially increased with the increase of advertisements, a point may be reached in both the number of pages and in the circulation at which a paper no longer is as good a business proposition as it was when it had fewer pages and less circulation. A newspaper which too far exceeds its competitors in circulation may suffer as much financially as a paper which is too far below its competitors.

Much of the matter which appears in the daily newspapers of this country could be improved by a condensation and orderly presentation. People want to know the news and to get it in a way in which they can understand it. An expenditure of a little more money on newspaper talent undoubtedly would reduce the cost of the newspaper itself. Since paper is the most expensive item it would be profitable to exercise economy in this item. European papers have much less bulk than American papers because they concentrate and put in order what they present to the public. Excision of the scandalous details given in our American papers would undoubtedly improve the papers and save money in their production.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis it would be relatively easy to establish a daily Catholic newspaper with a circulation of 100,000, and to secure from thirty to forty per cent. advertisements at from ten to twenty cents an agate line for it. The population of all these cities is over thirty-three per cent. Catholic. This Catholic population reads the daily newspaper the same as the non-Catholic

population and contributes its share to everything which goes into the newspaper business.

A careful study of the population of Philadelphia shows that approximately forty per cent. is Catholic. For thirty years over thirty-three per cent. of the marriages entered into in Philadelphia have been Catholic; for ten years about forty per cent. of the interments have been Catholic and, in 1913, forty-three per cent. of the births were Catholic. As the population of Philadelphia is over 1,600,000, it is fair to assume that there are nearly 700,000 Catholics in the city of Philadelphia. Approximately eighty per cent. of the parochial school children of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia are in the city of Philadelphia, leaving about twenty per cent. outside of the city limits. Upon this basis the Catholic population of the Archdiocese is nearly 900,000. There is, therefore, in the Archdiocese alone a large enough Catholic population to give a circulation of 200,000 out of the Catholic population for a Catholic daily newspaper. Besides, it is not unreasonable to expect that many non-Catholics would take a daily newspaper of the kind which a Catholic daily newspaper ought to be.

Could a Catholic daily newspaper get advertisements? The rank and file of the Catholic people are producers and therefore enter largely into the advertising problem. Surely fifty per cent. of the want ads. are from Catholics who are looking for employment or from people who need Catholic employees. While big business is not ordinarily in the hands of Catholics, it could not go on without them. Big business must have the patronage of Catholics and would have to advertise in a Catholic daily newspaper to get it. A Catholic daily newspaper with a circulation of 100,000 would constitute a good advertising medium because it would have a unity of thought back of it. Big business could not disregard either the sentiment or the needs of forty per cent. of the population of any large city.

Is a Catholic daily newspaper feasible? Many of those who have participated in the discussion have presented views of a Catholic daily newspaper which would make it unfeasible, but they have wrong ideas about what such a paper ought to be. Modeled on a Catholic weekly paper a Catholic daily paper would not be feasible. This is not derogatory to our Catholic weekly papers. Catholic weekly papers have a function far different from the function of a Catholic daily paper. One must put the Catholic weekly paper out of one's mind in trying to form a conception of what a Catholic daily paper ought to be.

A daily newspaper which would keep the public informed upon every subject without transgressing the commandments of God by scandal-mongering, backbiting and disedifying, would be a Catholic daily newspaper and would be welcome in every Catholic home. It would be in the newspaper world what a good, practical Catholic is in the business and social world, nothing more and nothing less. It would present to its readers what is going on in the world, through Catholic minds in harmony with Catholic principles and morals.

Men for the production of a Catholic daily newspaper exist and are now employed on non-Catholic papers. They often have to work against conscience and principles because there is no field in which they can work in harmony with them. What they are doing now under difficulties they could do better were a field open in which they could engage themselves without making such a sacrifice.

The chief difficulty in the way of establishing a Catholic daily newspaper is want of understanding and comprehension on the part of the rank and file of our Catholic people of what such a paper would mean to Catholics, what resources they have for it and why apparently they can not come together on it. Most Catholics think that a Catholic daily newspaper would be a good thing and that there ought to be such a paper. Many think that it could not be established because it would not be supported by Catholics. Individually these will tell you that they themselves would support such a paper, but they do not believe that anybody else would. As a matter of fact, every Catholic would support such a paper without being solicited to do so and without even knowing why he did it. Psychologically all of us take the daily newspaper which comes nearest to looking at the important matters of life in the same way in which we look at them ourselves. None of us takes a paper long which quarrels with our religious principles and our ideas upon ethics unless there is no other paper less offensive to us to be had. A daily newspaper which would look at the important subjects of life from a Catholic viewpoint would soon find its way into every Catholic home.

Catholics may not read books and magazines as much as some of us would like to have them do, but they do read the daily newspapers. If we wish to reach and influence their minds we must get at them through what they read and not through what we would like them to read. It is preposterous to assume that they would not read Catholic daily newspapers. According to every principle which governs human conduct and every psychological law which actuates human beings, we have a right to assume that they would read them and we discredit ourselves in everything which we hold sacred when we assume that they would not read them.

Catholics build churches, schools and eleemosynary institutions without a moment's hesitation because they understand what these mean to them. When they have grasped the idea of what daily newspapers would mean to them they will establish them also. In establishing churches, schools and eleemosynary institutions they are led by men in whom they have confidence and for the rest they trust in God. It is their faith which operates. They are tied together in this faith into a force which can not be stopped by any obstacle, and the man who leads them applies the force for the end which he seeks to accomplish.

The establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper in a large city would really be easier than the organization and building up of a new parish with all that goes with it, did our people but realize their strength and have leaders for such a work in whom they would have confidence. It is, however, the work of laymen and as yet Catholic laymen do not quite fully realize their duties and responsibilities as laymen and do not sufficiently understand and sympathize one with another to enable them to accomplish such a task easily. When they have grasped the idea more fully and have gotten a better comprehension of their strength and resources, Catholics will establish Catholic daily newspapers as easily as they build churches and schools.

A Catholic daily newspaper ought to be established out of the resources of the rank and file of the people rather than out of those of the wealthy classes. The capital should be subscribed by the many rather than by the few. The faith necessary for such an enterprise is oftener found in Catholics of moderate means than in those of great wealth. Faith is often corroded by material prosperity and unfitted for such a superstructure. Besides there is a stability and a permanency in numbers which in a work of this kind would mean a great deal for its success. A Catholic daily newspaper in a large city owned by the rank and file of the Catholic people would not only find in the number of its stockholders a guarantee of its success, but also a protection against the temptation of sacrificing the ethical interests of the paper to its pecuniary interests.

The establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper is feasible, but only through efforts which have as part of their object an education of the rank and file of the Catholic people in what such a paper means, what resources Catholics have for the establishment of it and how they can apply the resources to the accomplishment of their undertaking. It may take some years to do it, but the beginning of the movement should not be postponed any longer. Pessimism and lack of confidence, one in

another, should be left out of the undertaking. Pessimism is a good brake-shoe on enthusiasm, but it should never be permitted to be more than a brake-shoe. There are enough self-sacrificing men and women of strong faith among us to do the work. What we must do first, however, is to crystallize ourselves into one force.

LAWRENCE F. FLICK, SR.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

"A Ludicrous Anachronism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It would appear to me that the last critic of Father Bull's "A Ludicrous Anachronism," while far too severe, has altogether mistaken the purpose of the article. Father Bull shows in "A Ludicrous Anachronism" wide reading, keen observation and deep thinking. He never contended that the Church is not hated and persecuted in many ways by its enemies. I am sure he has read "The Present Position of Catholics in England," knows something of their position in America, and is well acquainted with all the facts told by his latest critic.

His theme, as I took it, was to prove that methods pursued by the enemies of the Catholic faith two hundred years ago are ludicrous at the present day. The Titus Oates plot would certainly be an anachronism even in England to-day. The methods that succeeded in burning the Ursuline convent in Boston could scarcely hope of success at the present moment. Nor do we expect the *Menace* methods to succeed here in Philadelphia in a second burning of St. Augustine's Church.

Calumny, lying, forgery may succeed when the victim is unknown. We Catholics were unknown when such methods succeeded. We are not known now in some parts of the country east and west, but how much better known are we to-day than in the days of the Know-nothings? We are some sixteen millions. To vilify one-eighth of our population is a most absurd method and altogether out of time in view of modern methods of intelligence. With our present forces for correcting the falsehood it is a laughable anachronism, in a certain sense, because of its futility. It may succeed in "Tom" Watson's country, or in the backwood towns of Pennsylvania or Vermont, but in general the method can not succeed. Every Catholic has some Protestant friends, say three, who know that the vile sheets attacking us are plainly lying. Most of the intelligent Protestants deprecate and regret such methods, even those who forward and encourage other methods mentioned by Father Bull's latest critic.

Holiness is a visible mark of Christ's Church as well in America as elsewhere. Our Catholic forbears builded well in this country, and their children of to-day, whatever defections have taken place, however much more the faithful could do, are not as a body unworthy of our ancestors. In the face of this example of Catholic virtue, piety, sacrifice, how vain are lies and calumny, wherever we are at all numerous. A certain brand of bigotry thrives on the ignorance of those who do not know us. This was possibly successful years ago. To-day it is impossible of success. The Church will always suffer opposition; as in the past so to-day and to-morrow. The kind of opposition will vary with conditions. Father Bull is right in saying that opposition that succeeded when we were only a handful is an anachronism when we are one-eighth of the population of a country for which we have bled and died. We want to be known just as we are. We are kept before the public mind by this brand of bigotry. The American public, noted for its fairness, in the endeavor to verify before condemning, will see us as we are. What will be the consequences? The campaign of lying and forgery will fail. No Catholics will become Protestants. Many who are to-day Protestants will become Catholics. Consequently this particular phase of bigotry may well be termed an "anachronism" and is well described as "ludicrous."

Philadelphia. J. O'H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Is Father Bull in earnest or is he playing a game of intellectual hop-skip-and-jump? I interpreted his first article as a statement that bigotry was a bygone fad. I further contended that bigotry was as rife in our land to-day as ever in the history of the past. He answers and admits implicitly my interpretation. (AMERICA, March 20, p. 563.) He then goes on to tell me that I have made an assertion, the largeness of which it is impossible to prove. I give facts (*Id.*, April 3, 1915, p. 617) which must have caused him a doubt, for forthwith in another letter I am informed that my "last letter has made this indisputably clear: that our discussion is not upon common ground." Why not have said this in the first reply to my objection?

Here is the latest distinction: "The question is not, 'Is there bigotry?' but, 'Is American public opinion bigoted'?" This is hair-splitting of the finest kind. What Father Bull has said about public opinion may be all true in the abstract, but it is not to the point. What we want is public opinion in the concrete, the public opinion expressed in the everyday life of America. Would Father Bull kindly inform us by what process of logic we can reason: "We have proved bigotry to be widespread in America, but American public opinion is not bigoted." If Americans are rational beings, their actions ought logically to follow their opinions. I think we may argue that, unless Americans are perfect hypocrites, their actions manifest their opinions. If their actions are anti-Catholic, then where is the fallacy in concluding that their opinions are anti-Catholic, or bigoted?

Let us not be dubbed pessimistic and unAmerican if, looking at the state of our country, we are forced to question the assertion that men who are striving to raise the religious issue are misfits with the spirit of the twentieth century. American mentality may be broadened to skepticism, but it is a skepticism which attacks first and foremost the Catholic Church. Its forerunners are telling the people of our land: "Eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die." For decent, honest, God-fearing non-Catholics, who according to the light of their conscience are striving to gain Heaven, they represent the Catholic Church as a Mother whose children have long since learned the secret ways of lust. For those who care naught for law and order they unfurl the banner: "Kill! Murder! Annihilate!" And their deadliest weapons are aimed at the heart of the Church and at her children.

New York. L. RONALD.

[This controversy is closed.—*Editor,* AMERICA.]

The Time of Death

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Coppens, in his very courteous reply to my letter in your issue of April 10, writes in the last sentence of his communication: "When there is no solid reason for an opinion, we can not call it probable." I suppose the contradictory proposition is as theologically incontrovertible, *viz.*, when there is a solid reason for an opinion we can call it probable. The point at issue is whether Father Coppens in his criticism of Mr. Watkin's book stated too much when he wrote the following in your issue of March 6: "It is certainly not revealed that no one who is lost

would not have been saved by God's grace if he had lived longer, nor is there any argument from reason to make such a statement probable. Rather the contrary is the case." Therefore, according to the learned Jesuit, there is no argument from reason to make the statement probable, *"that no one who is lost would not have been saved by God's grace if he had lived longer."* On the contrary it would seem that there is a solid reason for thinking, *that some are lost who would not have been saved by God's grace if they had lived longer.* Now, there is nothing revealed by God, defined by the Church, or theologically certain as to what would be the fate of any particular individual of the human race who has died in mortal sin if that individual had lived longer. So there is room here for a little speculation, and there is nothing doctrinally objectionable if a person holds that when God cuts off a sinner in his sins He has been leaning toward the side of infinite mercy, by not waiting to cut the thread of the sinner's life when his sufferings in hell would be all the greater for greater guilt. Of course, nobody, even Mr. Watkin, would be so absurd as to say that it was a better thing for a sinner to die in his sins than to die in the state of grace. But assuming that the individual is lost, then we can surely say, and reasonably, too, that perhaps it was better for that individual to be cut off then and there, than to have lived longer and to be cut off when he would be more guilty. For there can be such a thing as the best of bad places even in the eternal abode of the wicked.

If a person who is actually damned had lived a little longer, one of two alternatives should have been true: He would have been saved or he would not. God by His infallible foreknowledge (*scientia media*) knows which of these alternatives is the true one, since He knows infallibly whether the sinner would freely cooperate with His grace or not. We know that God is infinitely merciful. If God then cuts off a sinner—and this will hold for *every individual sinner, past present or future*—it is a far more benign opinion to hold that He has cut him off because He saw that if he had lived longer his punishment would have been all the greater, rather than to hold, He cut him off in his sins while He knew infallibly that if He had allowed him to live longer he would have saved his soul by cooperating with the grace of God, which is always sufficient as long as the sinner lives in this life.

We can not, of course, conclude from this that if God does cut off sinners who would be saved if they lived longer He would be doing an injustice. Not at all. God is free to do so if He wills. All we claim is, that since we know nothing for certain about what He actually does, or why He does it in the case in question, we are free to hold what seems to be the more benign and less harsh and rigorous opinion, *viz.*, that God in cutting off a sinner acts in accordance with His mercy rather than any other of His attributes.

Again in Father Coppens' communication, in your issue of April 10, is the following:

> The question is not what God in His mercy might do if He wished, but what He has let us know He actually does in the present order of Providence. Now He has told us clearly, in equivalent terms, that Judas was eternally lost after a number of mortal sins, while his life might have been taken from him after fewer sins or before he committed any mortal sins at all. The statement, then, or opinion, that God always cuts short the career of a sinner who, as He foresees, would only increase his sins and his eternal punishment is not even probable, for Christ has told us it is not true.

Christ has told us nothing of the kind. He has told us that Judas died in his sins. We do not need any revelation to know that a person who dies in his sins is worse off than if he died in the state of grace or when he had committed fewer sins. But what we want to know is, What would have been the fate of Judas if he had lived a little longer? Christ did not tell us anything about that. Father Coppens asks also, "If his critic would consider it probable that all the Jews who exclaimed, during Christ's sacred passion, 'Crucify Him!' are better off for all eternity than if they had died some years sooner?" They may or they may not be better off if they had died before the crucifixion. God in all probability in answer to the Saviour's prayer, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," converted some of them and they may be in Heaven now, though had they died before the prayer of Christ they might have been lost for other sins. If some of them are lost they may be better off than they would be had they died before the crucifixion, because it is possible that they had committed greater sins earlier in their life for which they did penance before Christ's death, and so they are not as deep in the pit now as they would have been. But the point under discussion is not touched by the question at all, *viz.*, What would have been the lot of some of those who cried out, "Crucify Him," if they had lived a little longer than they did? Would they do penance or would they not? We can only speculate about that point. Father Coppens asks: "There are a vast number of obdurate sinners in all ages: is it probable that all of them die when it is best for them?" I think this question is answered fairly completely above. Anyhow, the proposition I am arguing against is not this one, but the proposition which Father Coppens enunciated in the number of March 6, *viz.*, That there is no argument from reason to make the statement probable "that *no one* who is lost would not have been saved by God's grace if *he* had lived longer." If I have shown that it is probable "that *some one* who is lost *would not* have been saved if he had lived longer" my case is proved. The population of the world as estimated by Ravenstein, 1890, exclusive of polar regions is approximately 1,487,600,000. The population of the belligerent nations, including all their possessions, is about 800,000,000. A very small fraction of these are at the front. A very small fraction of those at the front fall in battle, and a very small fraction of those falling in battle, let us hope, die in their sins. So only a very small fraction of the obdurate sinners of this age are really falling in a blood-drenched field of battle. Anyhow, since I am not defending Mr. Watkin's position at all, but simply showing that one can take exception to the proposition of Father Coppens as enunciated above, this question as to whether all the obdurate sinners of all ages die when it is best for them is beside the point, and to it we say *transeat,* let it pass.

St. Paul. J. C. HARRINGTON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Faber says that every one dies at the very best time, place and manner for his eternal happiness; even though he be lost. I think Father Faber is taken as good authority. I think, too (at least philosophically), that existence in hell is better than no existence, because existence is a *bonum.* However, Our Lord's words about Judas would seem to deny this. "It were better for that man if he had not been born." But this problem carries us back into the eternal decrees of God. We know, however, that God's predestination and our freedom would explain all the difficulties of the permission of evil, death-bed graces and other problems, could we see them as they are. God had either to withhold freedom of will or permit evil. The freedom was a greater *bonum* than all possible evil was a *malum.* But why? Because freedom is necessary to love. And God must have angelic and human love, created love, which is the union of one intelligent, *free* being with another. It is unfortunate, however, that the expression, "permission of evil," is, I think, misunderstood by many people. It does not mean that God approved or sanctioned evil, but that He foresaw it, and rather than forego the love of His creatures left them free. I think the question of dying at the best moment could be simplified by stripping it of all details, and showing how in the councils of the Divine Mind prior to all creation it lay in God's mercy as an orderly whole: And He said, "It is very good."

St. James, Minn. J. J. DURWARD.

A Chain of Catholic Dailies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A great deal has been said and written on the question of the Catholic daily paper. I would like to add my quota for what it is worth. Of course there is no doubt about the desirability of a Catholic daily paper. Its advent, or at least its permanent stay, would, however, cause a loss to the merriment of nations, for there would no longer be the statement in black and white that "at the incipient fire at the church, the Reverend Blank threw the sacristy out of the window," or, "that evening he performed a six o'clock Mass with a terra cotta on his head." It is a cause of wonderment that the reporter's copy, going through the hands of copy reader, city or managing editor, and even the proof reader, does not fall under the eye of at least one individual familiar with Catholic ceremonies and Catholic terms. This defect is not peculiar to the East. I have seen blunders of this nature in papers of the South, the Middle West and the Far West. With the Catholic daily as a model in the use of proper terms the secular dailies would correct their blunders, to the diminution of amusement or annoyance according to the temperament of the Catholic reader. This phase of inaccurate reporting is quite unimportant in comparison to establishing a Catholic daily. I consider a Catholic daily an absurdity, doomed to failure. I consider the establishing of two, or three, or four, an almost equally ridiculous proposition. The only way to establish a Catholic daily press is to have at least twelve Catholic dailies in our twelve largest cities. Then the Catholic press would be a power in the country. Should one Catholic daily be established, say in New York city, its circulation and its influence would be merely local. With a chain of papers this much-desired influence could be made national.

Another angle of this proposition is very important. These papers would necessarily require their own cable service. It would be extremely doubtful if any one of them would be able to secure the Associated Press service, and if this were accomplished it would scarcely be satisfactory. If ten or twelve, or twenty, Catholic dailies were to band together it can easily be seen that ocean cable tolls would be reduced to a minimum for each. The same can be said for domestic news, and even for foreign correspondence. All this would necessitate the forming of a sort of Catholic Associated Press company, and this would require an immense sum of money in order to receive adequate service with which to compete successfully with the A. P. and the U. P. associations.

Every one will admit that the Catholic daily will have to be, salaciousness excepted, equal in every respect and in every department to the really wonderful daily papers of our age. This means a large and efficient editorial and reportorial staff, and this means a very large outlay. This is only one phase of the expense of production.

Not necessarily, then, in a spirit of pessimism, but in view of the fact that a Catholic press, to be effective, calls for a chain of Catholic papers, and that one, or two, or three would be as mere drops in a bucket in influencing a nation toward a fairer understanding of the Catholic position; in view of the enormous capital that would be required for such an undertaking to be successful, and remembering that fanciful theories will accomplish nothing; and, finally, in view of the fact that there is the smallest possibility of obtaining the many necessary millions, is it not fair to presume that the whole matter, at least for the present, is regrettably chimerical? As a business proposition is it at present practical?

Milwaukee. J. E. COPUS, S.J.

Dean of the Marquette School of Journalism.

Prohibition vs. Temperance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The pen that wrote, "No priest who celebrates Mass can be a total abstainer," was a reckless one; and why did it not add "or who eats mince pie"? There has been no trying "to marshal the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore into the ranks of the prohibitionists," but only to have their admonitions and instructions with regard to intoxicating liquors followed, and those persons take part in the organized Catholic total abstinence work, who the late Pope Pius X hoped would do so. If you can not make a horse drink, you can at least lead him to the water; but some persons can not be got out of an atmosphere tainted with the odor of alcohol. There are writers and speakers justly indignant in their denunciation of anti-Catholic literature, who at the same time so write and speak on the subject of drink as to raise in not well-informed Protestant minds a suspicion that there must be some sort of necessary connection between rum and Catholicism. They seem never to consider that any responsiblity attaches to such inconsiderate utterances; or that the good name of the Church and the salvation of souls for whom Christ died are at stake. Even if Federal statistics and court records showed "that, on the average and in proportion to population, there is more drunkenness, vice, crime, misdemeanor, poverty, divorce and insanity in dry territory than in wet territory," it would prove nothing against prohibition as advocated by the party. Prohibitory law, with other than a prohibition administration to enforce it, is not prohibition; and that is all there has been had in any State until within a few years, and even now there is nothing else except in a couple of States at most. Before prohibition can be judged honestly, it must have an impartial trial for a reasonable time. It is safe to predict that then in a very short time there will be marked lessening in the number of commitments to penal, reformatory and charitable institutions in the States covered by the law. Heretofore the prohibition movement has generally been supported by candidates, not for itself, but for votes; when they got them, they lost all interest in the matter. It failed because there was no will to enforce it. Country-wide prohibition, which is all that is worth the name, would not increase vice and crime, but lessen it. However, the improvement might not perhaps justify the change; but if the evils arising from drink are to be removed, country-wide prohibition is the only thing that will remove them. "Maine has had sixty years of prohibition 'blessings';" and the Catholic population of the State rose from 70,000 in 1890 to 123,638 in 1910, while the population of the State rose from 661,986 in 1890 to 742,371 in 1910. By all means let us have prohibition "blessings" in all the States.

Let those writers who are so concerned, lest personal liberty and Catholic freedom of choice be infringed and sin occasioned if the campaign against drink be allowed to go on unchecked, turn to the pages of Holy Writ a moment. Their assertion that wine is one of God's good creatures, can be passed over for the present; however, He provided the Garden of Paradise, not with a wine-press, but with a stream of water. To encourage the children of Israel to desire the Promised Land, He did not represent it to them as a land flowing with wine and honey, though it had most excellent grapes, but with milk and honey. Then, too, when He commanded Moses to strike the rock to provide drink for the famished people in the desert, it was not wine but water that burst forth and followed them. So when He commanded the ravens to feed the Prophet at Carith, they brought him bread and flesh twice a day, but not wine, for God had ordered him to drink of the torrent. Again, when the thirsty Prophet met the widow of Sarephta, he did not ask her to get him wine to drink, but to bring him a little water in a vessel. And when he waked from sleep under the juniper tree, it was not a hearth cake and wine which he saw and which the angel

told him to eat, but a hearth cake and water; when, too, he rose from sleep after partaking of it, he did not fall to cursing as Noah did when he waked from the drunken stupor after drinking the wine which he himself had made; but in the strength of that water and hearth cake the prophet walked forty days and forty nights to the Mountain of God. That is one difference between the beverage provided by our Heavenly Father and that made by fallen man. So when Christ was thirsty, He did not ask the Samaritan woman for wine, but for water, just as the Psalmist had said of Him, "He shall drink of the torrent, therefore shall lift up the head." So water is the drink God provides, whether naturally or miraculously; and the total abstainer is satisfied with it. Fallen man made wine and at once got drunk on it, and God has been warning us against it ever since. To say that God is the author or maker of wine is no more true than to say He is the author or maker of the assassin's dagger or the anarchist's bomb, though, of course, it sounds harsher; but why should it? They have not destroyed a hundredth part as many as drink has. And the friends of drink must remember when they appeal to the Bible in justification of its use, that the alcoholic beverage of the Bible which God allowed is wine, not beer or whiskey; and the fermented pure juice of the grape, not a concoction of alcohol, logwood, syrups and flavoring extracts, and that the drink God made was and is water. The first time wine is mentioned in Holy Writ it is clearly the product of man's ingenuity and labor; and the first and second times its use is mentioned it is as the occasion of most shameful sins. Even if God had made wine, that is no reason why its use might not be prohibited; He certainly made swine, and yet Moses prohibited their use even to the touching of the carcass; and so effectively that more than one thousand years afterward, Eleazar suffered a frightfully cruel death rather than taste swine's flesh.

Scottdale, Pa. M. A. LAMBING.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Prohibition does not prohibit. This slogan of the anti-prohibitionists is pretty wide-spread. Perhaps it is true, but the following incident gives reason for doubt:

Some years ago I asked a Catholic priest, in whose town prohibition had existed for two years, what was the effect from his experience of prohibition. He answered: "They say prohibition does not prohibit, but in this parish there is an inebriate asylum and a large conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The effect of prohibition has been that we have half the number of inebriates in the asylum and half as many applications for assistance from the St. Vincent de Paul Society. If facts like these could be multiplied they might weaken our faith in the dictum that "prohibition does not prohibit."

New York. GEORGE CARVER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Most Catholics regard a temperance movement as a prohibition movement. This is not so. Prohibition is neither feasible nor fair in a large city like New York. It means confiscation without compensation. The writer has the opinion that the clergy of this diocese are not doing their duty in organizing to reduce intemperance. It is rarely remarks are made from the altar against intemperance. Why? Many consider that the "drink" element has silenced the pulpit and has terrorized the Irish in the Church and in politics. The statistics in the public institutions of this city relating to tuberculosis, insanity, poor house inmates, arrests for intoxication, etc., show such a movement is needed in New York. The writer believes an aggressive, intelligent movement would reduce the number of Irish names on these lists. Professional Catholic politicians would shun such a movement like the smallpox, but it could be successful. Why doesn't a courageous body like the Jesuits start such a movement? They are not afraid of the contributions of the "drink interests." The "drink interests" would not be offended or oppose a sensible movement against intemperance which would not mean prohibition and the confiscation of property, etc. In New England many cities have buildings owned by the Father Mathew Societies. Commercially the Irish occupy an inferior position in New York. Our best salaried positions are political sinecures. Look at the directorate of business institutions, banks, etc.: about the only Irish names found there are those of Irish Protestants. While there are exceptions to my statements, yet in the main they are true, and the causes are not English tyranny, but "drink."

New York. THOMAS P. BURKE.

The Y. M. C. A. and Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I hesitate to appear as a devil's advocate. Yet the very poor arguments that have been printed against the letter of Mr. Farrell force me so to do. It is indeed upon the consciences of all to persuade Catholic young men to shake the waters of the "Y" swimming pools from off their limbs; yet I think we could preach at them all day in the tones of Mr. Hume, or Mr. Ryan, or Mr. Jones, or Dr. Sears and the young men would continue enjoying their bath and only laugh at us.

To put it briefly, I think they are all hurting what we regard a very good cause by a very poor argument. Mr. Jones of New York, for instance, began to administer to us a course in formal logic, and treated us finally to a little spicy rhetoric and some very thin soup. Does he not know that it has been a standing laugh with the Irish to tell of their faithful and witty brethren who took the English soup and kept their faith besides? Dr. Sears, too, is content to substitute vehemence for argument; he lightens his guilt by his apology. Mr. Ryan comes nearer to the true position; he too, however, clouds the issue slightly, as Mr. Hume has done from the beginning. The question is not, indeed, would a Catholic do a better thing by segregating himself from the "Y," but whether he has done something positively harmful or forbidden by the Church in taking advantage of the athletic or educational equipment of this organization? As yet I do not think that any persuasive or convincing argument has been advanced for this position. Every one of these contributors admits that such action has not been condemned formally by the Church; Mr. Hume, to evade this difficulty, says that the natural law itself and the positive divine law are against it. And yet another master in this new Israel, Mr. Jones, says that confessors have given their penitents permission to fly in the face of such terrible prohibitions. Mr. Hume finally tries to bolster up his first philippic by proclaiming that the Catholics who attend the athletic or night school gatherings of this organization are submitting themselves thereby to a proximate danger to their faith. How in the world can he ever prove this? I am of the opinion that every true Catholic should sacrifice himself to the extent at least of a bath, rather than increase the funds or the roll of the Y. M. C. A., but I do not think that we should hurt this good cause by proposing an argument of this kind. Confessors throughout the land are allowing young people to attend these night-schools. Would they do so if they considered it a proximate danger to the faith of their penitents? It may indeed be a remote danger; it certainly can not be shown to be a proximate one. To study shorthand or French or German under the training of a Catholic, for instance, which I am assured is possible and has happened in the "Y," does not seem to be a proximate danger to a man's faith. I believe that the Church is going to forbid the entrance of her people into this organization, because the general good of the Church would seem to demand this course of action; but until she does so I do not think that we can do any good by tirades against the Catholics who are not yet ready for sacrifices of which they see no need.

Is it of interest to know that a great number of Catholics who had been attending the night schools of the Y. M. C. A. left that organization when the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston established and conducted so successfully, their rival night classes?

Boston. K. More.

To the Editor of America:

As a reader of your excellent review I have been extremely interested of late in the discussion of the merits of the Y. M. C. A. I feel that I must take exception, however, to the question propounded by Mr. McCloskey: "Has any Catholic member of the Y. M. C. A. ever heard his religion belittled in their halls?"

Four years ago while a student at Brown University a gentleman whose name I believe was Hurry lectured under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The lecture given in the Brown Union, a building which was donated to the university by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was on the subject of opportunities for young Americans in South America. The lecturer was a social worker who had just returned from the field. Speaking of conditions in that continent he said that when he entered the office of the editor of a leading newspaper in a South American city, the editor blurted out, "Young man you must fight the Jesuits." The speaker cast a few slighting remarks about the immorality of the country due ostensibly to the State religion. Now, although this happened four years ago, I remember the incident quite distinctly, because it was the first of many slights which I heard against my religion while a student of that college. And I remember this incident even more distinctly because it was the means of keeping me from joining that "educational institution." I could go on and mention other lectures given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. while I was in Brown, but time and space will not permit me, except to ask you what you think of one under the salacious caption of "Notre Dame: Worshiping in Shades"?

What is the remedy? What are Catholic young men to do who care not for the halls of the Knights of Columbus? Well, it lies not with the clergy, but with the laity. Let the laity organize such an association as the Y. M. C. A. and I assure you that it will be well patronized by our Catholic youth.

Newport, R. I. John H. Greene, Jr.

To the Editor of America:

Here in New England we have no doubts about the nature of the Y. M. C. A. Our papers are literally dotted with notices of this kind: (1) "Evangelistic week in charge of Y. M. C. A. begins to-morrow night in Baptist and People's Church. Two churches will unite for the services, which will be conducted by a band of evangelistic workers from the Fisher's Club of the Y. M. C. A." (2) "Union evangelistic service conducted by the Y. M. C. A. at 7." (3) "The institute for Religious Education has been held under the cooperative auspices of five organizations, the Interchurch Federation, the Worcester District Sunday School Association, the Worcester Ministerial Association, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A." Clearly, then, the "Y" is a militant, Protestant organization, saving souls now through preaching, now through bathing.

Worcester. A. Waters.

To the Editor of America:

One Leo Paul McCloskey has given in America for March 13, a vigorous defence of the Y. M. C. A., coupled by a venomous attack on Catholic societies. Whatsoever may be his own opinion as to the present stability of his faith, it is evident from his letter that he is thoroughly imbued with Y. M. C. A.-ism, which implicitly, if not explicitly, frowns upon the Knights of Columbus and the Irish Ancient Order of Hibernians. We wonder if Mr. Leo Paul McCloskey would sacrifice the gymnastics of the Y. M. C. A. to walk in the plebeian Holy Name Society parade. This gentleman may gain a little notoriety by a snarl at Catholic societies which insist upon the Easter duty of cleansing the soul, even if they have not a big bathtub to wash the body in. One sentence of his, *viz.*, "Now, take the K. of C. More benefits living and dead; weekly inundations of tickets for amateur theatricals, which are the despair and shame of the educated." That is about as exquisite a piece of arrogance as has yet come from the pen of a Catholic. It could emanate from none but a product of the Y. M. C. A. Perhaps Mr. McCloskey will follow his contribution with another one in defence of "eugenics" which is practised by some "educated" people who look with pity and contempt on the large families of the poor and "ignorant."

Mr. McCloskey may stay in the Y. M. C. A. as long as he pleases. But it is to be hoped that his venomous attack on Catholic societies, the result of Y. M. C. A. "culture," will not have the effect of poisoning the minds of our Catholic young men.

In contributing his article on the Y. M. C. A. he has furnished a splendid and concrete argument in his own person against Catholics joining the Y. M. C. A.

Cantley, Que. Geo. W. O'Toole, P.P.

To the Editor of America:

In his last pitiable communication to America, Leo Paul McCloskey asserts that the "Church looks with sorrow on those self-complacent societies affiliated with the Church who pay no attention to the physical education of our young men." Now, Mr. McCloskey is either talking arrant nonsense or else he is wilfully shutting his eyes to the splendid work that the various parishes are doing for the welfare of their young men precisely along the lines of physical training.

Again this same gentleman upbraids our Catholic laymen for establishing only "second-class" clubrooms, and argues that "our youth must seek physical training in gymnasiums supposedly tainted with Protestantism." I can not speak for Philadelphia, but as far as my knowledge of clubrooms goes here in New York, I deny flatly the sweeping statement of Mr. McCloskey when he affirms that these clubrooms are only second-rate ones. I should strongly urge the gentleman to leave his home city and get in touch with Catholic activities elsewhere before speaking in such a derogatory manner. Moreover, does not the gentleman realize by this time that the Y. M. C. A. is not only "tainted with Protestantism," but is Protestant through and through?

Why, the very first question put by that Protestant Association, namely: "What is your religion?" leads one to suspect it at once as a proselyter. Moreover, I should like to inform the gentleman from Philadelphia, as a matter of fact, Catholics have heard their religion belittled in the halls of the Y. M. C. A.; and as a matter of fact, also, Catholics have been approached argumentatively by Y. M. C. A. officials. If not in Philadelphia, certainly here in New York. Besides, Mr. McCloskey, it is not so certain that any good Catholic can safeguard himself against the wiles of Protestantism. Others have fallen victims to their wiles; why not you? Toward the close of his letter, Mr. McCloskey speaks of forcing the organization of the Y. M. C. A. to give us (that is, Catholics), a just share in its government. Will the gentleman kindly inform us through the pages of America just what force he is exerting on that distinguished body? He evidently feels that an injustice is being done to him, and yet he is an ardent supporter of an unjust cause. What folly! Mr. McCloskey, you owe an apology to every Catholic society and organization, not only in Philadelphia, but throughout these United States, for your open defence of an association that is against the spirit of the Catholic Church, of which you claim you are a member. You question the baneful influence of that association, do you? Well, then, I think you are more to be pitied than censured.

New York. A. Clery.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Pope's Letter on Mexico

To Our Beloved Son,
James Gibbons,
Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church,
Of the Title of St. Mary beyond the Tiber,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

Our Beloved Son,

Health and Apostolic Benediction:

We are in constant receipt of information about the efforts that Catholics, and especially the Catholics of the United States of America, are making under the guidance of the venerable bishops, to carry out Our wishes and to alleviate the sorrow and distress which for so long have been the heavy portion of many of Our brethren in Catholic Mexico, a country sorely harassed by revolution. And in particular We are not unaware of the widespread, active charity, which has manifested itself in so many ways: through assistance given by the press and by public meetings, by subscriptions and collections, and the inauguration of good works of all kinds. Different men have helped on the cause in various ways, some by lending to it the prestige of their high position as citizens, others by giving it financial assistance, and still others—and to these We call especial attention—by devoting to it their best qualities of head and heart; but in every case the motive power of their action has been charity. This has made it possible to shelter and afford assistance to the exiled bishops, priests, and religious of both sexes, and has given Us the great consolation of seeing the young Mexican aspirants to the priesthood, notwithstanding their poverty, continuing their education in the seminaries. The result is that here in Europe all are beginning to recognize that the love, care and protection thus shown the exiles, are among the most beautiful characteristics of Christian and civil life in America.

Many have had a share in this good work, but over and beyond yourself, Our Beloved Son and the two other Cardinals who have been conspicuous for their generous participation in the matter, it gives Us pleasure to mention by name Our Venerable Brothers, the Archbishops of Chicago, and New Orleans, the Bishops of Springfield, Matanzas, Toledo, St. Christopher in Havana, and of San Antonio who has already been praised by Us; also Our Beloved Sons, Fathers Francis C. Kelley, President of the Church Extension Society and Richard H. Tierney, S.J., Editor of the review "America."

On all these and the others we bestow praise, both as a recognition of their past efforts and as a spur to fresh endeavor, for it is Our hope that not they alone, but all "generous and willing souls" as well, will not only continue their successful labors in behalf of this work of piety, but will even increase them, until the restoration to our beloved Republic of Mexico of civil order and Christian liberty has been accomplished, a consummation which We trust will not be long deferred.

For the present, as an earnest of the blessings of Heaven, and as proof of Our good wishes, with all love in the Lord, We bestow on you, Our Beloved Son, and on your entire archdiocese the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome in St. Peter's, March 17, 1915, in the first year of our Pontificate.

Benedict PP. XV.

A String-Pulling Jesuit

IN its London cablegram, the New York *Times*, conspicuously inaccurate in reporting matters of Catholic interest, solemnly avers that "there is reason to believe that Father Ledòchowski has been pulling certain strings," *i. e.*, in the interests of Austria against the Allied Powers. Much light would be thrown on this alleged string-pulling of the General of the Jesuits, did the sapient *Times* condescend to state the reason of its belief. But no. Cable rates are high. The General of the Jesuits is a picturesque person, famed in fiction and pseudo-history, one who will lend color to the dullest tale of war and intrigue. "There is reason to believe," while a cowardly phrase, may fitly prelude any story, however cruel or improbable and, at any rate, if any one is hurt, it will be only a Jesuit. But what of that? After these centuries, Jesuits, especially Jesuit Generals, ought to be used to slander.

Thus is history made. Jesuit Generals are not fain and, despite the novelists, were never fain to meddle with political affairs. To care for the internal concerns of the Society, is in itself a task to strain the powers of any man. Besides, such political meddling is strictly forbidden, not only by the tradition and the organic law of the Society, but by the higher authority of the Church. Of this, the New York *Times* probably knows nothing. "There is reason to believe," says the *Times*, with the air of a conspirator in a cheap melodrama, "that Father Ledòchowski has been pulling certain strings." "There

is reason to believe," avers the unknown author of a book of verse for infants, "that the cow jumped over the moon." But here we have an attempt at proof. The cat saw this remarkable feat, and so did the little dog, who laughed heartily over the unique incident. The *Times*, however, can not cite even the cat and the dog.

Last month an unfortunate woman, once sheltered in a convent, testified before a Boston committee. Her health, she alleged, had there been destroyed by electrical experiments conducted by Catholics. Pressed for proof, she stated that it was well known (or, "there is reason to believe") that the Jesuits make a special study of electricity. As an expert witness on Jesuit activities, the New York *Times* may now step into the box lately vacated by the Boston unfortunate.

Spreading Catholic Books

A NEW solution of that knotty problem: How can Catholic books be brought to Catholic readers? is offered by Father John Talbot Smith in the April *Catholic Book News*. Few of our people in his opinion "read anything Catholic except prayer-books, they rarely think on Catholic subjects, and they do not understand even the particular necessity for a Catholic literature and journalism." "Catholic books are so absurdly dear!" is the complaint. "But that is because you do not buy enough of them," comes the prompt rejoinder. If Catholic publishers, without losing money, could get out large editions of their books, single volumes could be bought at a low price. But the average issue of a Catholic author's book is now about 2,000 copies, so neither the writer nor the publisher profits much by the work's sale.

To remedy this state of things, says Father Smith, the members of Catholic reading circles must promote a vigorous revival and wider spread of that excellent movement. Each circle, moreover, should be made a book league whose members would pledge themselves to buy four books a year in the Catholic market. Catholic authors are now writing books which are superior in literary value to many a work that persistent advertising makes "popular." The members of reading circles should be familiar, themselves, with the books of these Catholic writers and then work zealously to interest friends and acquaintances in them.

The only expenditure would be a little labor in securing a list of authors and books. Already in England the bishops have requested of the Catholic Women's League that they take up this work in earnest, and secure subscribers to Catholic publications and buyers for Catholic books; and the women are now going from door to door in this pioneer work, succeeding admirably. I can see no better way to deliver our people from their present indifference to Catholic printed matter. If the parish priests could be specially interested in both the reading circles and the book league the whole question would be settled in a few years. I think they can be by degrees; some of them have shown that interest always; and indeed what little interest the people take in Catholic publications is largely due to them.

With pastors recommending from the altar the best Catholic periodicals, or calling the congregation's attention to articles of special interest in current issues, and with the members of reading circles bringing to the knowledge of friends the books of contemporary Catholic authors, both the publisher and the writer would be encouraged to do better work.

Reno's Joy

THERE is joy in Reno, not over one sinner doing penance but over many committing crimes. Wine is flowing: "cafés have special features scaling up from the familiar cabaret to serpentine novelties and hoola hoola dances." Reno is delirious with mirth. Why not? Two years since corrupt legislators struck a blow at Reno's very norm of morality, money. These abandoned fellows dared to insist on a year's residence as a condition of divorce. Since then, virtue has languished in Reno. There had always been 500 in the divorce colony: during the two years previous to the passage of the wicked law, 1,281 suits were filed: each divorce brought $2,500 to the town, exclusive of money spent on wine suppers and so on. Virtue ran high those days. Legislators destroyed it, but it is running high again. A new law breaks the marriage bond, "while you wait." Roués in love with other men's wives, dames in love with other women's husbands can step off a train, tarry six short months, appear before a judge and in an hour or less, be ready for a life of adultery under the sanction of law. Reno's joy is great. Her norm of morality was lost and has been found again. And the children? The girls may walk the streets at dusk: the boys may go to perdition in another way. Who cares? Souls are not worth twopence to Reno. Sins are worth $2,500 a piece. Reno is not in Central Africa or Thibet, but in Nevada, U. S. A.

Peace, Hatred, Arms

THE distraught world is hungry for peace: our own country is ringing with a cry for it, clergymen are preaching about it, statesmen are praising it, many folk are praying for it. This is admirable and, best of all, Americans are sincere in their desire, but not all. On Sunday some lift up their voices in ringing appeal to the Prince of Peace, imploring Him to compassionate the suffering of His brothers in the field and the sorrows of the women and children at home; on Monday these self-same men who the day before put up the strong prayer to Heaven, are foremost in movements that tend to prolong the heart-breaking warfare. Some strive to stir hatred anew by fierce and unjust denunciations of one or other of the belligerents; others contract with gleeful soul to sell to combating nations materials of war, with which the soldiers, for whom they prayed, are slain like sheep in the shambles. True this latter act does not

violate human laws: but what a pitiful commentary on sincerity, on idealism. Sunday a prayer for peace: Monday, joy over lucre obtained from the sale of munitions to one or other belligerent, it does not matter which.

The Pilgrim Fathers, said a distinguished American, were pious people: first they fell upon their knees and then they fell upon the aborigines. The Pilgrim Fathers are not all dead.

Carrying His Point

A STUDENT was determined to worst his rival and let everybody think it was done easily. He flung himself into all the sports and amusements while the rival kept steadily at his books. But when all were asleep, the reckless, unconcerned athlete arose and stole from the night the hours of study which a petty vanity would not give during the day. This is no fable but a fact. "I ruined my eyesight and injured my health and in general made a fool of myself," said the night-student, but despite his contrition, there was a ring of exultancy perceptible in his tone, as he continued, "I won the prize, however, and I carried my point." In many respects the phrase is an appropriate one. Carrying one's point represents an immense amount of toil for an insignificant trifle of results. To carry a point is like unlimbering a battery to swat a fly. The wife carries her point, and the lampshade of red instead of yellow is finally purchased and waves anarchistic defiance ever after in a once happy home. The husband carries his point and has, as he conceives, effected admirable order at the dinner-table by creating remarkable disorder in chastened children, rebuked servants, and humiliated wife.

Most of the point-carrying rampant in our unregenerate world is plain, ordinary selfishness, or militant pride masquerading as strength of character and lofty assertion of one's rights. The little boy who said to his little sister on the hobby horse, "If one of us got down, there would be more room for me," succeeded in carrying his point and riding his hobby, but the ostentatious disinterestedness of his supposition does not completely disguise the opposite tendency of his conclusion. It may be doubted whether the poor, sneaking satisfaction which a man hugs to his soul and over which he smacks his lips is really any lasting gratification when he looks back on the smoking ruins along the path he has carried his point. It was a donkey in the old story that would not heed the restraining rein and insisted upon making for the precipice. The abused master finally helped the beast over the cliff. On the other hand a door-mat or porridge would not be considered adept at carrying a point. But the great Father Tom Burke laid down as the ideal religious—perhaps too excessive for ordinary mortals: "Be as humble as a door-mat and as pliable as porridge."

"You carried your point," mutters the automobilist who has been left the dust, and in the rear, and now sees the ambulance coming back with the successful speeder. "You carried your point," decides the court in the successful law-suit, which breaks up a family, rends hearts, disgraces an honorable past, and blackens a hopeless future with undying hate. "You carried your point," declares the infinitely Just Judge, as He gazes sadly on the disastrous abuse of His precious gift of free will, an abuse marring His sublime handiwork by mean and minute pertinacity. "You carried your point," echoes the keeper of the outer darkness, "and now having carried your point, you lose all else. There is a place prepared for you."

Peace hath her victories, yea, and retreat and surrender and soft answers and condescension. He who loses his point shall gain it. It was a modern madman who invented the superman, and a modern zany who dramatized the superman. The reformed gospel of diseased philosophy or topsy-turvy buffoonery is no satisfactory substitute for the gospel of the supreme man and of divine paradox: "The last shall be first." The superman shall be the infra-man.

LITERATURE

Was Shakespere a Catholic?

SHAKESPERE'S birthday, April 23, 1915, begins the three hundredth year since the poet's death which occurred on April 23, 1616. As a fitting preparation for the observance of this tercentenary celebration Catholic students of Shakespere should examine thoroughly all the evidence that can be adduced to prove that he was a Catholic, and in a special way belongs to us. In the following paper the main heads of that evidence are presented:

There is no doubt that Shakespere's mother lived and died a Catholic. Her name was Mary Arden and many of the Ardens continued to be staunch Catholics even during the dangers of Elizabeth's reign. Indeed, one of the prominent members of the family suffered death for the faith. Shakespere's mother, moreover, made a will in which there is a mention of the Blessed Virgin, a custom that had gone out of vogue in England at this time except among Catholics. Shakespere's father, too, is on the list of Stratford recusants who were summoned by the court for not attending the Anglican service on Sundays. Shakespere's immediate surroundings, likewise, were distinctly Catholic, for the spirit of the old religion had not died as yet in England. Indeed, it was very much alive in the central portion of the country.

It is sometimes said, however, that there can be no question of Shakespere's being a Catholic for he was married, baptized and buried in the Anglican Church. But these facts, it must be remembered, have in themselves no such significance as they would possess at the present time. There was no way of having the birth of a child properly registered then in England except by having it baptized in the church by law established. Obsequies also had to be observed according to the Anglican rite, for the only cemetery was close to the parish church. As for Shakespere's marriage, in recent years the interesting suggestion has been made that the real reason for the circumstances attending the ceremony, which are supposed to carry a hint of scandal with them, is because he was originally married by a Catholic priest. As it was then very perilous for a priest to show himself in public or to perform any official church service, the marriage was, of course, performed secretly. Anne Hathaway's family, moreover, was Catholic by tradition and about the time of the marriage it is known that a priest, not entirely without the knowl-

edge of the local authorities, used to say Mass privately, in the loft of one of the houses at Shottery.

But if Shakespere was a Catholic should not his plays show it? Unquestionably. And I maintain they do. Commentators have pointed out, for instance, that Shakespere in "Romeo and Juliet" follows Arthur Brooke's "Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet" very closely. He has, however, changed the whole of the play's attitude toward the Catholic Church. Confession instead of being a source of sin actually protects the young people from their own passion in the most difficult circumstances, and almost succeeds in rescuing them from an unfortunate complication. Instead of being "superstitious," Friar Lawrence is pictured as a dear old man interested in his plants and what they can do for mankind, but interested still more in human souls, trying to care for them and quite willing to do everything that he can, even risking the displeasure of two noble houses rather than have the young people commit sin. Friar Lawrence is represented in general as one to whom Romeo and Juliet would naturally turn in their difficulty.

But "King John," it is maintained, represents an altogether different attitude toward the Church. In that play they assert there are passages which make it very clear that Shakespere shares the general feeling of the men of England in his time. King John protests, for example:

> That no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.
> But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
> So under Him that great supremacy,
> Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
> Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
> So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
> To him and his usurp'd authority.

In this play, too, there are some bitter comments on monks which would seem to prove that Shakespere shared the opinions of many of his contemporaries regarding monasticism. But let us see: "The Troublesome Reign of King John," from which Shakespere made his play, was probably written in the year of the Spanish Armada when English national feeling ran very high and there was bitter antagonism against Catholicism as the religion of England's greatest enemies. The dramatist—we are not quite sure who it was—shrewdly took advantage of this political situation in order to gain favor for his play. He tickled the ears of the groundlings and attracted popular attention by stimulating the prejudice of his audience. Shakespere modified all this to a very marked extent when he rewrote the play seven years later, though it can be seen that he used many of the words of the original version and was evidently following it very closely. But for some good reason he was manifestly minimizing all the anti-Catholic bias in it though letting stand whatever sentiments were suitable for such characters as King John and his *entourage*. In the matter of monks and nuns and their treatment in the original version of "King John," Shakespere has been even more drastic in the changes that he made.

But the best evidence of Shakespere's attitude toward the Anglican Church is to be found in "King Henry VIII," one of the poet's greatest plays and the last he wrote. Some of the Wolsey speeches in it are the finest examples of English that were ever penned. It is conceded by all the critics to be the ripest fruit of his mature years. Therefore, if a play can be considered the expression of Shakespere's settled opinion, that play is "Henry VIII." Now it so happens that the subject of "Henry VIII" is exactly the story of how the change of religion came about in England. But it is sometimes urged that the fifth act, with its culmination in the birth of Elizabeth, and the high prospects for England and the rejoicings which this occasions, indicates that the writer considered that the marriage of King Henry to Anne Boleyn and the birth of a daughter by that union marked a great epoch in English history and, above all, that the steps that led to this happy termination, though dramatically blameworthy, must be condoned owing to their happy consequences. It is well known, however, that the fifth act by every test known to Shakesperean commentators was not written by Shakespere at all, but by Fletcher.

Our knowledge of Shakespere's relations with people in London would indicate that a great many of his friends and intimates were Catholics. It is possible that the Burbages, the actors with whom he was so closely joined during most of his dramatic career, belonged to the Warwickshire Catholic family of that name. One of Shakespere's dearest friends, the Earl of Southampton, who was his patron in early years, and his supporter when he bought the Black Friar's theater, was closely allied to a Catholic family and, as Simpson has pointed out, was cradled in Catholic surroundings.

The conversion of Ben Jonson about the middle of the last decade of the sixteenth century showed how easily men might be Catholics in London at this time. Ben Jonson was in the Marshalsea prison on a charge of murder in 1594 and found himself surrounded by priests who were charged with treason because of their refusal to take the oath of supremacy. By associating with them Jonson became a Catholic and when released from prison married a Catholic wife. His child was baptized Mary, and Shakespere was chosen as her sponsor. This choice of a godfather seems to indicate that Shakespere was a Catholic at this time for, in his ardor as a new convert, Ben Jonson would scarcely have selected an Anglican for that office.

One more proof of Shakespere's Catholicism in conclusion: About the close of the seventeenth century Archdeacon Davies, who was a local historian and antiquarian in the neighboring county of Staffordshire, but who was well acquainted with Stratford and its history, and who could easily have had very definite sources of information denied to us, declared that Shakespere "dyed a papist." It would have been perfectly possible, it must be remembered, for Archdeacon Davies to have spoken with people who knew Shakespere during the years that the poet spent in Stratford at the end of his life. After this review of the evidence I can not but conclude that Shakespere not only "dyed a papist," but also lived as one.

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

REVIEWS

History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By Rev. James MacCaffrey, Lic. Theol., Ph.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. Two Volumes, 12s. 6d.

The hope entertained by not a few readers of his "History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century," that the learned Professor of Church History in Maynooth would apply his scholarly research and discriminating judgment to the period from which the thought and movements of the modern era germinate, has been happily realized in the present work. Commencing with the humanistic renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, both sets, of two octavo volumes each, cover the last five centuries of the Church's life, the period which is perhaps, for us, the most important and instructive in the entire Christian era, inasmuch as it bears most directly on the needs and interests of our day.

It is essentially a history, not an apology nor a chronicle. As in his history of the nineteenth century, the author takes an objective viewpoint of facts, persons, motives and causes, and sets down with equal freedom the mistakes and faults of the Church's friends, and the grievances and exculpatory claims of her enemies. He overlooks no facts that have a bearing on the march of events; but the distinctive value of his work lies in his masterly and impartial analysis of causes and motives and their relation with consequences. A good example of his method and capacity is the opening

chapter on the "Causes of the Reformation." They are, in brief, the undue toleration by the "political" popes of the extreme humanists' paganistic propaganda and the condemnation by the extreme and then decadent scholastics of the moderate humanists' sane program of educational reform; the centralization of power in the hands of the ruler, enabling him to tax the people into discontent, and impose his creatures and other abusive influences on the Church; the abuses regarding benefices, taxation and unworthy appointments which the Church authorities permitted or imposed, and the failure of the Lateran Council to remedy them; the Western Schism, and the suspicion or reality of national favoritism occasioned by the papal residence in France; and the natural capacity of Luther to exploit unscrupulously, for his own ends, every national, political and religious grievance or prejudice and attune himself to the temper of the times. There follow the political progress of Lutheranism and its derivatives; the counter Reformation of the Council of Trent, the reforming popes and the missionary, charitable and educational orders, notably the Jesuits; the Thirty Years' War, in which France turned Catholic victory into defeat, and the consequent monarchical absolutism that had its religious expression in Gallicanism and Josephism, and cooperated with Protestant principles in fostering rationalism, Freemasonry and the forces that made the French Revolution. Interspersed are chapters on the theological controversies and studies, the religious, scientific and educational progress and the position of the papacy in the various periods, chiefly on the European continent.

The second volume, which is devoted exclusively to the British Isles, opens with the religious condition of England before the Reformation, and traces from the absolutism established by Henry VII the feasibility of the religious despotism and ruthless persecutions of his son and successors; and a similar luminous and comprehensive review is given of previous conditions in Scotland and Ireland and the subsequent woful developments. Some 175 pages trace the fortunes of the Englsh, and 50 of the Scottish Church, to their lowest ebb in 1750, and 215 sketch Ireland's story during the same period, leaving its Catholicism also swathed in penal laws, banned and persecuted and robbed of all its possessions and external glory, but as flourishing as before in the numbers and devotion of its adherents. The proportions, here as elsewhere, are just, and the skill and judgment with which the author utilizes every available source make his work not only an invaluable contribution to history, but an object lesson to the student and historian in how history should be written. Each chapter is preceded by a copious bibliography and a table of contents, and the 900 pages of the two volumes are supplemented by a very full index, which, with form and printing, complete satisfactorily an exceptionally satisfying work.

M. K.

Comedy. By JOHN PALMER; **Satire.** By GILBERT CANNON; **History.** By R. H. GRETTON; **The Epic.** By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. New York: Geo. M. Doran Co. $0.40 each.

These booklets of "The Art and Craft of Letters" series are timely and welcome. Suggestive and vigorously concise, they give us a clean-edged outline of their four respective classes, their laws, their historical development and general tendencies.

In "Comedy," Mr. Palmer is appropriately epigrammatic and racy, though he tries, a little too evidently, to be pungent and clever. Now and then, he slips into an unpleasant crudeness of expression. But he gets to the sinews of the subject. His analysis of Molière's *vis comica* is especially good. His statement, however, that Congreve treated sex as something dryly impersonal, is false in its fundamental assumption and contrary to fact. The author of "The Double Dealer" and "The Way of the World" is not quite so brutally coarse or indecent as Wycherley or Vanbrugh, but his Maskwells and Plyants are sorry company.

Mr. Gilbert Cannon finds the chief exponents of "Satire" in Swift, Butler, Juvenal and Voltaire. He sees in satire "the glass to concentrate the heat of the sun on all who attempt to rise on wings of wax." His view of the scope and the history of satire is a little narrow, and it is a real pang to miss the name of that genial *censor morum*, Horace. And Dryden, the Dryden of MacFlecknoe and of "Absalom and Achitophel," is forgotten. Is it philosophical to speak of the "tyranny and obsession of religion"?

According to Mr. R. H. Gretton, "History" is for the first time genuinely looking backward. This change of outlook, traceable to Adam Smith, followed, in its full development, the revolution in historical method ascribed by our author to Wolff's "Prologomena to Homer." The French Benedictines, he tells us, were prejudiced, though unconsciously, by the Church's influence. Such an influence can not have greatly handicapped them. It only kept before them those great principles of morality and law, which are at the root of sound historical research. A clear, connected narrative, disencumbered of footnotes, references, etc., was Lord Acton's ideal history for the general reader, and Mr. Gretton takes the same position. But must the historian be a passionless chronicler of facts, a neutral gauger of intellectual, moral and social forces? If we do not always agree with the writer's suggested answers, it must be owned he has handled the question fairly.

"The Epic" has fallen into skilful hands. For Mr. Abercrombie shows an intimate acquaintance with this fascinating subject. He clearly distinguishes the full-orbed epic like the "Iliad" and "Paradise Lost," from "epic material" such as the Finnish Kalevald, and the "glorious" Irish stories of Deirdre and Cuchulain. These noble masses, he tells us, "just missed the final shaping which turns epic material into epic poetry." The author's critical appraisals are sound.

His verdicts on the "Pharsalia," Beowulf, "Sigurd, the Volsung," etc., will meet with general approval. Answering the question: "What is the future of epic?" he suggests as unlikely that, after Milton, "objective epic" can revive again. Nor does he believe that the inroad of the epic into the territory of the drama, exemplified in Goethe's "Faust" or Hardy's "Dynasts" can effectively and permanently hold the invaded province. Granting that the epic can never be didactic, he seems half-inclined to admit that the Lucretian or Wordsworthian will be the presiding influence and that Milton's objective treatment will yield to a subjective symbolism. Hugo's method, vigorously, sometimes magnificently, vindicated in "La Légende des Siècles," may come in here. If Mr. Abercrombie writes a little volume on "Tragedy," it will surely meet the welcome which his present booklet so fully deserves.

J. C. R.

The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom. By HENDRIK WILLIAM VAN LOON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

In this neat, well-printed volume of 280 pages Mr. Van Loon gives an interesting account of the most inglorious and disastrous period of Dutch history: that from 1795 to 1813. For fifty years dissatisfaction with the plutocratic oligarchy, which had managed or mismanaged the affairs of the State, had been growing among the people. Hence when the French revolutionary army made its way into Holland it found a welcome from the malcontents, especially from those who had nothing to lose or hoped to improve their lot, no matter what change should take place. The alluring cry of liberty, equality and fraternity was taken up in

The Hague and other cities and towns. The sound was pleasant, but its accompaniment of extravagance, fraud and incompetence, familiar from Paris to Mexico, from Danton to Carranza, was not equally relished. The Stadholder had to fly before the emancipation, and then the troubles began. Assemblies, provisional and national, followed one another with bewildering rapidity; *coup d'état* succeeded *coup d'état* to undo what was effected or hoped for from the assemblies. Constitution came after constitution so closely that the thoughtful and patriotic were driven to despair. But the most humiliating phase of the whole chaos was that all these proceedings were directed from Paris. The only stable items in the Batavian republic's life were taxes, loans to the French, donations and deficits in the revenues. The colonies were lost, commerce was destroyed, manufactures ceased, schools and universities were neglected or closed. Napoleon's brother Louis was imposed on Holland as a king; but his position, owing to the domineering policy and ruthless exactions of the Emperor, became impossible, so he resigned after a few years. Finally, the Allies won in Saxony, and a ray of hope came to the Dutch. The French were then called back from the northern sections, a semblance of authority existed before the arrival of the Allies, and the choice of a king, William I, son of the last Stadholder, was ratified by the powers. P. J. D.

The Song of Roland. Translated into English Verse. By Leonard Bacon. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.35.

Among the great metrical romances which have had the most striking effect upon the literature of the world, the "Chanson de Roland" holds a prominent place. The author of the original poem is not known, but it was probably written in the early part of the eleventh century. The plot of the story briefly told is this: On the fifteenth of August in the year 778, the rear-guard of the army which Charlemagne was leading back into France after a victorious expedition into Spain, was cut to pieces by the Basques in the Pass of Roncevaux in the Pyrenees. In this disaster Roland, Count of the March of Brittany, owing to the treachery of Ganelon, a brother-knight, was slain. Charlemagne returned and wreaked vengeance on the enemy, and Ganelon was tried and condemned to a cruel death. When the Norman-French came over to Anglo-Saxon England, they brought with them three noteworthy things: a lively Celtic disposition, a progressive Latin civilization, and a Romance language. The last-named fastened itself upon the Saxon tongue with such vigor that for three centuries the really superior native literature was almost entirely obliterated, and the English writers, even when they did not use the French language, slavishly copied French models. So "The Song of Roland" became very popular. Consecrating the pursuit of the feudal ideal, and celebrating the heroic virtues of courage and patriotism, it inculcated respect and reverence for greatness, justice and culture. The original poem is one of the finest of the French epics, and even to-day is read in the schools of France. None of the translations have reached the height of the original French, and the present work is hardly to be classed with some of the previous English versions. In an attempt to preserve the archaic form of the primitive poem, the language is often stilted and the lines run harshly. Perhaps Mr. Bacon should have kept to prose. F. J. D.

Who Built the Panama Canal? By W. Leon Pepperman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

The author of this volume was chief of the office of administration of the second Isthmian Commission. This was the commission that succeeded the first board of army and navy engineers in 1905, and which was under the presidency of Mr. Theodore P. Shonts. So quickly does history make itself nowadays that it is probable that most people have quite forgotten the wave of fear that swept over the country when, early in 1905, it looked as if the canal would never be built. Conditions in Panama from both a constructive and sanitary standpoint were not much better than they had been under the French régime. To make matters worse, an epidemic of yellow-fever broke out, and a stampede back to the United States began, both among officials and workmen, that threatened to put an end to everything. In the midst of these difficulties Mr. Shonts agreed to become president of the commission, with Mr. John F. Stevens as chief engineer. The change they made within eighteen months in conditions on the Isthmus was wonderful, for within that time the administrative, constructive and sanitary machine was perfected.

So Mr. Pepperman is the Boswell of Mr. Shonts and his associates, and withal a restrained and veracious Boswell. He gives due credit to the French engineers whose plans were used, and shows how much the success of the work owes to the invention of the steam-shovel. The author would have as much trouble, no doubt, in authenticating his ridiculous story about Philip II of Spain and his spiritual advisers in the first chapter of this book, as Mr. Lind had in tracing a certain papal bull. Mr. Pepperman does well to record something of the work of the Sisters of Charity who were the nurses in the hospitals on the Isthmus during the French and until well into the American régime. They, too, had their share in building the canal, and not a few became martyrs to their charity. Out of one band of twenty-five, twenty died of yellow-fever in the service of the sick. Incidentally Mr. Pepperman recalls that the Panama Canal was not the greatest engineering achievement of history from a technical standpoint. In this respect the New York subway, the Keokuk water-power plant on the Mississippi, and especially the rebuilding of the Grand Central Station in New York far surpass it. The volume is finely illustrated. M. J. A.

A History of the United States for Catholic Schools. Prepared and Arranged by the Franciscan Sisters, St. Rose Convent, La Crosse, Wis. Chicago and New York: Scott, Foresman & Co.

There are omitted from ordinary school histories of the United States many points which it is desirable that Catholic children should know and which it would be profitable for children who are not Catholics to know, too. A grasp of a few of these facts would broaden the minds, open the eyes and modify the views of many an honest citizen. Some of these are supplied in this history. The work of presenting the history of our country from a Catholic standpoint has been undertaken before now, sometimes poorly—and therefore unfortunately—sometimes well. Some of the books are better adapted for private reading than for recitation in the classroom and later remembrance. The Franciscan Sisters seem to have kept the latter end in view. They have carefully divided the work into periods, chapters and paragraphs, taking care not to overcrowd their paragraphs with unrelated facts, but forcing the pupil and older reader to grasp the main idea presented. Order and clearness is the main merit, particularly from the close of the colonization period. The southern group of colonies is first described, next the central, and finally the northern. Hence Georgia's settlement is narrated before that of New York or the New England colonies. It will be difficult for the pupil, who studies the last of the colonies among the first, to coordinate his facts and keep an intelligent grip on his chronology. This defect is remedied to some extent by an excellent chronological review. These summaries at the

end of each period are a valuable aid in seizing the leading ideas. A good number of illustrations and twenty maps add to the value of the work. P. J. D.

Arundel. By E. F. BENSON. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

As a study of the Tory, orthodox, English upper class there is no presentation more true to life than Mr. E. F. Benson's latest novel, "Arundel." The story revolves around Mrs. Hancock, a wealthy, comfortable—and Protestant—widow, possessed of a daughter. The gospel of her life is to make everybody comfortable, and this she carries into effect by a careful elimination of everything that might come into conflict with this gospel of comfort. Narrowed down to facts, it is a gospel of supreme egoism and selfishness; a condition of life in which one avoids, as far as possible, all that might interfere with a comfortable routine.

This outlook upon life is a heritage from the Victorian age, and still lingers in a remnant hide-bound and rooted in conventionality, represented chiefly by the squirarchy and the landed gentry. Self-satisfied in all their works and immovable in their prejudices, against them have been arrayed all the modern English movements of revolt in art, literature, ethics, and even religion. To them respectability is a counsel of perfection, and enthusiasm the unpardonable sin.

Into such a circle comes a young girl from India. A girl in whose eyes burned the joy of life; from the tips of whose fingers oozed the spirit of music. Edward, a proper and respectable young man, who had grown up wadded in the cotton wool of English conventionality, is engaged to the daughter of the wealthy widow; and then the girl from India comes into things. There is a small love tragedy, which Mr. Benson manages to straighten out at the end.

The love story which runs through these pages is of no great concern. The two things of importance are the author's fidelity in portraying a certain aspect of the British temperament, and the honor to which the average Englishman considers himself bound by his pledged word. Between these lie all the vices and virtues of the British race, a brief study of which is apparently the purpose of Mr. Benson's novel. H. C. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

As April 23 marks the beginning of the three hundredth year since Shakespere's death, the inquiry regarding the poet's religion which James J. Walsh, M.D., makes in the current *Catholic Mind* is quite seasonable. Part of his paper is published in this number of AMERICA. "A Grim Fairy Tale," by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and "Euphemia," by Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., are other papers that will amuse and instruct the readers of the latest *Catholic Mind.*

AMERICA welcomes cordially the first number of the *Catholic Historical Review,* a quarterly magazine for the "Study of the Church History of the United States," published at Washington by the Catholic University. After a gracious foreword from Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Shahan makes the new periodical's bow to the public in an excellent paper on "The Spirit of the *Catholic Historical Review.*" The quarterly, he promises, will be "national in scope and character" and "devoted to the discussion of Catholic history on a scale corresponding to the importance which Catholicity has assumed in the life of the nation." Bishop Maes then contributes the first of a series of papers on "Flemish Franciscan Missionaries in North America," Father Englehardt tells about "The First Ecclesiastical Synod of California," and Charles H. McCarthy, Ph.D., has an interesting article on "Columbus and the Santa Hermandad in 1492." Father V. F. O'Daniel, O.P., in his sketch of "The Rev. John Ceslas Fenwick, O.P. (1759-1815)," gives a good summary of all the services the staunch Fenwick family have rendered Church and State, but the author is a little inaccurate regarding the name and status of the line's present Jesuit representative. "Miscellany," "Documents," "Book Reviews," "Notes and Comments" and "Bibliography" are other departments in the quarterly. We wish the *Catholic Historical Review* a very prosperous career.

Mr. Erskine Childers' "The Riddle of the Sands, a Record of Secret Service" (Dodd, Mead, $1.35), is a book that appeared in England a dozen years ago and has now been republished because the great war has made of special interest the theme with which the volume deals. The work is very well written, and is said to be an account of the actual adventures an Englishman and an American had during a yachting cruise in the North Sea. The book's purpose is to show what long preparations Germany made for the present conflict, and the publication of Mr. Childers' discoveries is reported to have "altered the whole plan of England's defence."——The industrious Ethel M. Dell, whose readers, it seems, were once Marie Corelli's, has lately written 590 pages about "The Keeper of the Door" (Putnam, $1.40). Olga, the heroine, has three men dangling after her, and helps an insane friend through the "door" of death by purposely giving her an overdose of medicine. Misunderstandings, of course, ensue.

Katherine Tynan's "The Curse of Castle Eagle" (Duffield, $1.25), a story that appeared serially in the *Catholic World,* is eery and Irish enough to please and interest the author's many admirers. There is a smuggler's cave, a secret passage, a starving recluse, a lame lover and an ancestral curse, which Meg Hildebrand, the fair heroine, has the privilege of lifting from the house of Turloughmore. So when the shipwrecked Baron dies peacefully in his bed, and the handsome Lord Erris comes home cured, the marriage bells, of course, begin to ring.——Mary Agatha Gray's latest novel is entitled "Like unto a Merchant" (Benziger, $1.35), and tells how several groping Anglicans found their way into the Church. A reformed convict and his double add to complications of another kind, which for a time make matters disagreeable for the hero. More sharply drawn characters and a stronger plot would have improved the story.

The "Fairyland" (Yale University Press, $1.00) that delighted our childhood with its elves, goblins and queen's coaches with "waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs" has by Brian Hooker been made into a grown-ups' fairyland filled with some wonderful sights. No Cinderella is introduced, but instead a young novice-nun is found on the abbey balcony sighing for life and a lover. She gets away from the convent and, after a narrow escape from being burned as a sorceress, is crowned with her lover in fairyland. A Yale professor of English finds that this drama seems to teach that "the rose of passion is a holier thing than the lily of virginity." Here, then, is the false lesson of Brian Hooker's "Fairyland"; it is founded in the flesh. Catholic instinct shrinks from this rhythmically-clothed fling at what it holds so sacred. If Brian Hooker can not see the beauty of a life consecrated to God, he should cease handling such themes.——"Homeric Scenes" (T. J. Gomme, New York), by John J. Chapman, contains a collection of famous episodes from Homer, including "The Embassy of Achilles" in two scenes, "The Death of Patroclus" and

"The Death of Hector." The scenes are thrown into a dramatic form, are described in stirring lines and might readily serve as an active means of making Homer live for the boy in class.

The Boston *Evening Transcript's* witty "Librarian" has petitioned the president of the American Library Association to "bar, ban, cut out, delete and excise" from the next meeting of that body the following words and phrases:

> "Inspiration"; "inspirational." "Browse among" (still useful in regard to cows browsing among the herbage, but worn out in reference to readers in a library). "Helpful." "An example of intensive work." "Strike the key-note." "The library is the university of the People" (pronounced "peepul"). "The true university . . . is a collection of books." "Cooperation." "Values" (meaning vague, but used widely). "Missionary work." "Evaluation." "Uplift." "Yeoman's service." "Books as tools." "Along these lines." "Along educational lines." "Along inspirational lines." "Along [any old] lines."

A good list, but very incomplete. Why, the sociological department alone of a modern public library yields so luxuriant a crop of "bromides" that a page of America could not hold them. And who can enumerate the hackneyed terms the readers and publishers of "best sellers" habitually use?

BOOKS RECEIVED

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
Sanpriel. By Alvilde Prydz. Translated by Hester Coddington. $1.25.

Benziger Bros., New York:
Like Unto a Merchant. By Mary Agatha Gray. $1.35; The Friar Preacher Yesterday and To-day. Translated from the French of Père Jacquin, O.P. By Father Hugh Pope, O.P. $0.75; A Garland for St. Joseph. Compiled by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. $0.75.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York:
Happy Pollyooly. By Edgar Jepson. $1.25.

Cambridge University Press, New York:
A Short History of Classical Scholarship. By Sir J. E. Sandys. $2.25.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Riddle of the Sands. By Erskine Childers. $1.35; American Women in Civic Work. By Helen Christine Bennett. $1.25.

Duffield & Co., New York:
The Curse of Castle Eagle. By Katherine Tynan. $1.25; The Will to Live (Les Roquevillard). By Henri Bordeaux. $0.75.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield. $1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The California Padres and their Missions. By F. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. $2.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Men Not Angels. By Katherine Tynan. $1.10.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
A Girl of the Blue Ridge. By Payne Erskine. $1.35.

Longmans, Green & Co., London:
The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. Vol. IV. Part III. The Apocalypse of St. John. By Rev. Francis Gigot, S.T.D. One shilling.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Ruysbroeck. By Evelyn Underhill. $1.00.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York:
Kriegs-Predigten. Von Bernhard Duhr, S.J. $0.35; Ein Ehrloser Feigling und andere Kriegserzählungen. Von A. Hruschka. $0.30; Bunte Bilder aus dem grössten aller Kriege. Von Fritz Mielert. $0.30; Erklärung der Psalmen und Cantica. Von Prinz Max. $1.65; Die Exerzitien des Heiligen Ignatius. Von Peter Vogt, S.J. $1.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Keeper of the Door. By Ethel M. Dell. $1.40; James Russell Lowell as a Critic. By Joseph J. Reilly.

Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, New York:
The Dream of Scipio. Translated from Cicero *De Re Publica* VI 9-29. By James A. Kleist, S.J. $0.50.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
The French in the Heart of America. By John Finley. $2.50.

Volksverein, M. Gladbach:
Bayerisches Staatskirchenrecht. 40 pfg; Jungwehr-Anleitung. Von P. J. Busch. 40pf; Vorträge für die Kriegszeit. 35pf; Kriegs-Gesetze und Verordnungen 1919/15. 40pf; Landwirtschaftsfragen zur Kriegszeit. 40pf; Deutsche Gedichte. Zusammengestellt von Dr. Feldmann. M2; Mädchen-Turn-und- Spielbüchlein. M1.20.

EDUCATION

The Jeanne d'Arc Club

THE whole trend of public entertainment is toward the pictorial. Human nature is eager to see, and picture exhibitions thrive on that curiosity. The great majority of them display little that is even instructive, less that is edifying, and a vast amount that is dissipating and vitiating. The real heroes are being more and more relegated to oblivion. To rescue some of them and place their inspired example before the eager eyes of Catholic youth in a striking and attractive manner is the purpose of the Jeanne d'Arc Club, of Loyola University, Chicago, which thus makes an effort to meet a problem that is vexing pastors and teachers everywhere. Hence a brief account of its origin, development, subjects and success may be of interest. The account will show what a religious and social influence a few Catholic students have exercised by their eloquence and zeal, and thus indicate what a mighty power for good is latent in the hundreds of young men who compose the student bodies of our colleges and universities.

About five years ago, a Jesuit Father teaching in St. Ignatius College became convinced that a graphic portrayal of the life and vocation and character of Jeanne d'Arc would be a revelation and an inspiration to the vast majority of Catholics, especially the young. From the *Maison de la Bonne Presse* of Paris he secured nearly one hundred beautiful views, copies of the best works of art on the life of the Matchless Maid. The story of her tragic life and death was cast in the form of a stirring lecture to accompany the illustrations. The effect of this combination, when given by the best speakers in the College, inspired with her spirit, surpassed all expectations. The example of the young peasant girl, doing such grand things for God and country, awakened nobler desires in the breasts of thousands and led not a few to become consecrated soldiers of Christ. People were especially impressed and delighted and edified by the grace and eloquence and unction of the youthful lecturers. From the first the experiment was a success and encouraged the development of the plan.

Lourdes and the Early Church

Lourdes was the next subject added. The history of its beginning and development, from the first apparition of our Blessed Lady down to the vast pilgrimages of our day, was so completely and perfectly depicted that this lecture has been for more than a hundred audiences a veritable pilgrimage in spirit to the world's greatest shrine. It is especially worthy of note that, among the most interested and appreciative of those audiences, must be numbered various councils of the Knights of Columbus, who gave hearty expression to their enthusiastic appreciation by a rising vote of thanks. The director of the club was especially gratified and encouraged to hear from those Catholic men such comments as: "Father, that is the kind of entertainment we want. We've learned something. We now understand the significance of Lourdes and the reason for all those great pilgrimages." It is a great mistake to imagine that genuine piety does not appeal to men.

By the variety of subjects and widely different periods touched upon, the club has endeavored to give concrete evidence that sanctity is a characteristic mark of the Church in every age, our own included. A remarkable series of views from *tableaux de maîtres* and actual photographs carry the auditors back to the Church of the Catacombs and make them witnesses of the sublimest Christian heroism in the martyrdom of Saints Cecilia and Tarcisius. There could be no more eloquent or impressive sermon on devo-

tion to the Blessed Sacrament and frequent Communion than the boy martyr laying down his life for his Eucharistic Lord.

STORY OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

The next lecture is a sudden transition from those far-off days to our own and delights us with the sight of "The Little Flower of Jesus" unfolding before our very eyes. It almost startles people into the realization that, now as ever, "God is wonderful in His Saints." The effect of this lecture is in keeping with the marvels recorded of this "Strewer of Roses." The impression it makes on all classes can not be better expressed than in a letter from the Superior of one of the largest educational institutions in the Middle West:

> The lecture was a perfect success. The pictures were beautiful, the stereopticon worked faultlessly, and the story of the Little Flower was given with the art, the faith, and chivalry of Catholic gentlemen. It would be difficult to estimate the influence for good that lecture had upon the audience. Our College students were greatly edified to hear young men discourse with so much faith, reverence and enthusiasm about the saintly young religious; the younger girls and the children were delighted, and the people who came up from the village received a fresh impetus to their faith. Some of them who had never heard of the Little Flower have become interested and are asking for further information about her.
>
> May I ask you to congratulate the members of the Jeanne d'Arc Club upon their eminent success? They speak anew and confirm what we have always known of the Jesuits' training of young men. To the Sisters and students, they were as interesting and admirable off the stage as they were while lecturing. Please accept our congratulations on this opportune plan for winning souls to the Divine Master, and our thanks for making this pleasure possible to us.

COLUMBUS

"A renaissance in the veneration of Catholic women of the past is sorely needed," says Mr. William H. Leary, in a recent issue of AMERICA. The work of the Jeanne d'Arc Club thus far described seems to be a movement in that direction. But men, too, need the inspiration of the high ideals their sex affords. From among the splendid models the Church offers, the club selected Columbus. The patronage of the previous lectures by the Knights of Columbus determined the choice. Familiarity with the mere fact of his discovery might seem to make the choice a poor one. But the genius and character of the man, the motives that animated him, the obstacles he surmounted, the transformation his unparalleled achievement wrought upon the world, and finally the debt of gratitude due to him from all men and from us Americans in particular, are considerations by no means too familiar, as Mr. William N. Brown, State Deputy of Illinois, declares in a letter commending this lecture to the Knights of his jurisdiction:

> I have noted, with special interest and satisfaction, the preparation and presentation of your elegant and elaborately illustrated lecture on the life and character of Columbus. This is an enterprise that must appeal very strongly to all Knights of Columbus who desire to see the noble Patron of our Order worthily portrayed. The unparalleled achievements of Columbus are unappreciated because practically unknown and misunderstood. Your treatment of the subject is characterized by a vividness, freshness and brilliancy that can not fail to arouse new interest and delight. There is evidenced a depth and thoroughness of study and research that have brought to the surface, not only the authentic facts, but the peculiar genius and character of the prince of discoverers, the spirit that animated him, the motives that rendered him indomitable and the virtues that make him a model of Christian Knighthood. Then, too, all the important incidents of his career are made most graphic and realistic by the great number and beauty of the artistic illustrations.

The test of the pudding is the eating. The Columbus lecture has stood that test not only with the members of the Order, who glory in the great Catholic discoverer as their patron, but even of such critical audiences as a college faculty and students. "I am confident," writes a faculty member of Campion College, in reference to the lecturer, "that he can not realize the full meaning of the demonstration which applauded his splendid efforts." The Jeanne d'Arc Club can rightly, therefore, be said to have justified its existence and to have realized its twofold object: the training of Catholic speakers and the imparting of Catholic instruction and inspiration to thousands of gratified hearers.

F. G. DINNEEN, S.J.
Director of the Jeanne d'Arc Club.

SOCIOLOGY

Tannhäuser and Radical Feminism

WHEN the minstrel Knight Tannhäuser tuned his golden harp in the great hall of the Wartburg and prepared to do his knightly best as an aspirant for the chaplet of laurel at the tournament of song in praise of nature and love, he was stimulated and inspired by the breathlessly expectant attention of the Landgrave Hermann, surrounded by his brilliant court of nobles and fair ladies.

"PLAIN PHRASES"

Once launched upon his theme, our knight boldly cast all reticence to the winds and, striking impassioned harmonies from the vibrating strings, plunged with ready gusto into vivid recitals of the joys of Venusberg, the memories of which flooded his very soul with burning pictures.

In plain set phrases he hymned the joys of "seeking self-expression," "living out your own life" and the other shibboleths of the poets, essayists and dramatists of the flesh, sojourning in the delectable land of Venus.

When his hearers awoke to a realization of the drift of his immoral and defiant appeal to the unfettered elementary powers of animal instincts, that tournament came to a sudden end. The ladies, stopping their horrified ears, incontinently fled, their men folk, with dour, set faces and fiery glances, drew their menacing swords to avenge the sacrilege. Tannhäuser's life was saved, but in the end after the pilgrimage of penance, he still saw the light from the grotto of Venus and heard her alluring voice.

THE UP-TO-DATE EROTICIST

In aiming to achieve practical success in their propaganda, our modern feminists have found it profitable to take a leaf from Tannhäuser's book, by avoiding the tactical errors of the minstrel knight.

The up-to-date eroticist, who has written copious and explicit volumes of polemics in advocacy of informal divorces, informal marriages following probationary relationships, experimental excursions by novices in the fields of sex, in a word, the reign of "free love" does not placard our streets or exploit the novelty shelves of our book-stores with his naked propaganda set forth in words of one syllable that all who run may read. He bethinks him, rather, of the trite quotation beginning: "Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien," and veils his nasty wares in delicate euphemisms.

The actual contemporary policy pursued by the professed amorist is that of tactful opportunism, an adroit poisoning of the wells. Some charming woman of exceptional social and literary gifts, a sort of petticoated carpet anarchist, visits the larger towns and cities of our land, heralded as the advance agent of some writer known to fame as a radical and a sciolist in the field of sex relationships, a true forerunner of the newest evangel.

Peeping Pandoras

She seeks to impress her intellectual charm upon the motley feminine element who have been attracted to her soirées by the rumored daring and novelty of her master's views, through readings and recitations of poetry, romance and drama, hinting of "more to come" for the benefit of the initiate. Thus she sows her wayside crop of tares, some of which may mature disastrously to those poor, misguided souls which are led to embrace the cult proclaimed by the professor of the arts of love, who is concealed in the background.

There need, perhaps, be no fear that these evil-minded apostles will convert any considerable number of decent Christian people to a practical acceptance of free love and so on, but the fact that there are so many gentlewomen of good repute who lack the moral stamina to protest against the woman and her works, or who themselves flock to her lectures or readings, is a humiliating and saddening spectacle, an ominous sign of the times. These gatherings at private houses and women's clubs are composed of a sprinkling of good, ignorant souls, who attend for social reasons, and with the professed motive of seeking an opportunity to broaden their culture; others are of the class of pallid vestals uncertain of age, but just wistfully curious to know what the void past might have meant for them; or they are mere peeping Pandoras who, under the thin pretext of seriously weighing all that may be put forth on either side of every question in the universe, insist upon lifting every lid and peering into every dark and noisome corner, possessed of idle and unchristian curiosity unworthy of the dignity and purity of high-minded womanhood.

Itching Ears

Still another type of itching ears frequenting these gatherings is to be found in the weaker vessels, those secretly guilty ones who are grasping at some shred of philosophy which, they hope, will in clear terms palliate or gloriously justify their evil lives to their own uneasy consciences.

Let us not despair. These migratory minstrels may cry aloud in the land: "Unbar the gates for triumphant Eros' feet!" but God in His mercy will not permit our youths and maidens to hearken to the siren call, or to fall into the pit prepared for them by Satan and his ministering spirits.

O. H.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Several Catholic Congresses have been announced for the coming summer. The meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will open in St. Paul on June 28, and the Central-Verein will convene in the same city from August 8 to August 11. The National Federation of Catholic Societies will hold its annual meeting in Toledo during the week of August 15. A rather unique Congress will open in Greenwood, South Dakota, on July 30. The delegates will be Catholic Indians and their missionaries, and the Congress will commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of Father De Smet, S.J., to the Sioux. Greenwood is said to be the camp near which the famous missionary received his first converts into the Church.

Boston recently witnessed an intercollegiate oratorical contest, held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Peace Society. Four colleges participated. The first prize was won by F. W. Wennerberg of Boston College, the second by Alfred Lane of Holy Cross. Mr. Wennerberg will represent Massachusetts in the contest of the North Atlantic States to be held at Clark University on April 30. A similar contest was held in Baltimore recently and the first prize was won by Mr. Codd of Loyola College. At a time when the inferiority of Catholic colleges is insisted upon in some quarters, victories of this kind constitute an argument of value.

"Who are the best citizens in France?" asks the *Catholic Register*. Surely not the petty officials who even in these perilous times are doing all that they can to make the position of Catholics in France more intolerable. Some of these gentry have recently figured in courts-martial and other legal investigations. On the other hand, up to the middle of February, sixty-seven priests and one hundred and twenty-seven nuns had been decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, for deeds of heroism on the field of battle. In war time, as always, France, great in potencies for good or evil, gives the world a striking example of inconsistency. Priests and nuns whose patriotism is so marked as to be thought worthy of official recognition, can hardly be considered undesirable citizens. Yet that is precisely the case in twentieth-century France.

On April 15, the Catholic University of America celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. Taking part in the commemorative exercises were the three American Cardinals, eight archbishops, thirty bishops, thirty monsignori, sixty representatives of colleges and universities, and more than three hundred of the clergy. Addresses were delivered by Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, President G. Stanley Hall of the American Association of Universities, and Dr. John Cavanaugh of Notre Dame. Cardinal Gibbons preached at the inaugural Pontifical Mass which was celebrated by Cardinal Farley. In a letter addressed to the American hierarchy, the Holy Father implored the blessing of God upon the work of the University.

Is it an abiding tinge of Protestantism in the fabric of the English language that makes "old maid" a term faintly suggestive of failure and of something akin to disgrace? After listening to the artless talk of a crowd of non-Catholic girls, the observer might conclude that the be-all and end-all of a girl's life is marriage. It need not be Christian marriage, nor even what plain folk would call a happy marriage, but it must be an alliance which will give or secure social station, a certain amount of independence, and complete freedom from the carking cares of financial difficulties. The practical acceptance of this ideal by many, may explain the increased number of divorces in the United States during the last decade. Certainly it explains, in part at least, the impression, fairly common among non-Catholics, that the girl who does not marry, has necessarily made a failure of life. "Is there a saint in your parish?" asks the *Catholic Columbian*. "See if she be not an 'old maid'." This is presenting the Catholic ideal. Unmarried life in the world is a difficult vocation, but embraced from proper motives, it often leads the soul along the way of the cross, straight to Christ.

According to a Bulletin recently issued by the Bureau of Education, one hundred and twenty-three American colleges and universities, out of a total of nearly five hundred, have adopted some form of the "honor system" in conducting examinations. Of these institutions, thirty-seven per cent. are east of the Mississippi and south of Mason and Dixon's line, while only four per cent. are in New England. No Catholic colleges appear on the list. Rev. John P. Chidwick of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, states that in an institution "where conscience receives such attention, the honor system is not required." Rev. William F. Dooley, S.J., of Detroit University, is quoted as saying that "there is no likelihood that it will be adopted" at that university. Princeton, Cornell, Barnard, Washington and Lee, are the most prominent which have adopted the system, while Brown, Ohio State, Vassar, Bowdoin and Trinity frankly oppose it. A few

schools, Franklin and Marshall and the University of Iowa, for example, are cited as having tried the system and found it a failure. Bryn Mawr and Mt. Holyoke favor it "in spirit but not in its present form." President E. C. Sanford of Clark College, Worcester, writes that "to ask a student to sign a statement that he has not cheated at an examination is like asking a reputable man to hang up a sign in his store that he does not use short weights." Probably the majority of Catholic colleges would align themselves with Bryn Mawr in favoring the honor system in its spirit, but not in its present form.

There are persons who believe that Catholics are doing very little in practical social work, just as there may be found from time to time benighted individuals who are surprised to learn that the Catholic Church supports thousands of foreign missions. One reason of this ignorance is the aversion of the average Catholic institution to publicity. While non-Catholic social agencies employ "publicity men" for the very laudable purpose of interesting the community in their work, Catholics, as a rule, so dislike advertising that they seem to forget the scriptural injunction of letting their light shine before men. This tendency is greatly to be regretted. In almost all large American cities, splendid Catholic institutions are doing noble work in the field of social service, unknown to thousands of Catholics in their own communities. If these institutions do not adopt proper means of bringing their activities to the notice of the public, it is hard to see with what right they can complain that the Catholic public does not support them. Blatant, untruthful forms of advertising are, of course, harmful; but a clear statement of an institution's purpose and needs would not only be most valuable to the social worker, but would, in many instances, win substantial support for the institution itself. It has been well said that Catholics never know what Catholic institutions are doing for the outcast members of society, until some municipal judge visits a Catholic hospital or reformatory, and proceeds to let the public know, through the medium of the daily papers, what "our Catholic brethren are doing." There is much truth in this criticism. If Catholics do not support Catholic institutions as they should, the reason may be found, occasionally at least, in an unwise self-effacement on the part of the institutions. One of the strongest arguments in favor of a public inspection, properly conducted, of Catholic reformatories and social agencies, is the fact that this inspection would let the world know the great good which Catholic institutions are effecting all over the country.

Writing in the *New Republic*, a weekly which in a very short time has won a reputation as a retailer of the tag-ends of cheap modern thought, Mr. R. S. Bourne notes that the Gary school system allots a certain time for religious instruction, to be given outside the school premises. Just why Mr. Bourne's youthful enthusiasm should betray him into a sneer at "the imagined necessity" of the parochial school, is hard to say. Mr. Froude defends the thesis that Elizabeth racked and butchered Catholic priests not because she wished it, but because the said priests took a perverse pleasure in being put to death. Mr. Bourne assumes the impossible attitude that millions of American Catholics have so little intelligence that they insist upon devoting, at the cost of great self-denial, millions of dollars to a system of schools which are wholly unnecessary. Mr. Bourne's sneer argues neither good manners nor good sense. Years of experience have proved the value of the parochial schools, while the Wirt system is as yet but an untried system, which a decade hence may top the scrap-heap of other educational systems which have been tried and found wanting. Mr. Bourne betrays his utter ignorance of the fundamental purpose of a parochial school, when he announces that because of the Gary system, a certain Polish school "has lost its reason for being, and vanished." Religious education does not mean to the Catholic, as apparently it means to Mr. Bourne, an occasional period grudgingly allotted to the teaching of religion outside the school premises. This is just a little better than nothing. Religious education means God in the school from the opening prayer in the morning to the dismissal of classes in the afternoon. Catholic schools do not put God on the doorstep, where the children, passing out, may turn to Him or not, as they choose.

Simeon Strunsky, a true philosopher in cap and bells, once summed up the burden of the modern play and novel in a set of verses, of which the refrain was, "Nothing remains to be told." By their active ravings during the last ten years against the "conspiracy of silence," crack-brained clergymen and addle-pated sociologists, aided by magazine writers with a taste for the prurient, have almost succeeded in setting up moral nastiness as a proper subject of discussion in all circles of polite society, from the nursery to the drawing-room. "Nothing remains to be told." Everybody knows it now, even the school children, who have been subjected to a course in what is named sex-hygiene, but which the Eton boys of a few generations ago, more properly termed "smut talks." "There seems to be nothing in reserve in modern society," writes the Baltimore *American*. "Frankness is the key note of modern knowledge and discussion. May it not be that this induces too slight a regard for the serious and sacred responsibilities that rest upon matrimony?"

> The question arises as to whether the so-called campaign of frank discussion of sex and vice subjects is to be approved, or whether familiarity with such topics does not itself breed a sense of looseness with respect to obligations whose sacredness rests upon their inviolability from vice gangrene. It remains true, as always, that vice is a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be seen; but the poet adds that, seen too oft, familiarity with its face induces one first to endure, then pity, then embrace.

There is much common-sense and virtue in these remarks.

Apropos of the editorial, "Lessons in Decency," in the issue of AMERICA for April 3, Mr. Anthony Matré, the National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, calls attention to the energetic efforts made by the Federation in many cities, in the interest of morality. The following figures chronicle the results of the labors in St. Louis alone:

> The Federation there caused the elimination of 26,983 improper postcards; had nearly 1,000 improper pictures and statues removed from saloons and stores; caused the confiscation of 200 indecent stereopticon views; caused the suppression of all White Slave Films and several objectionable moving picture films; had 6,500 indecent blotters destroyed and 2,000 improper pennants suppressed; one "black-listed" play was not permitted to show in St. Louis on complaint of Federation, and objectionable features in other plays were eliminated; suggestive animal dances were ordered stopped by the police on complaint of Federation and 1,174 indecent books and pamphlets were destroyed or delivered up to Federation, besides a wagon-load of uncounted objectionable books. The Public Morals Committee of the St. Louis Federation has subdivided its work in keeping St. Louis clean and has sub-committees on "Saloons," "Press," "Advertisements," "Drug Stores," "Dance Halls," "Theaters and Moving Picture Shows," "Penny Arcades." The members of these sub-committees are ever on the alert and are cooperating with the city authorities.

In Cincinnati and Hamilton County the Federation has succeeded in suppressing black-listed plays and is keeping a vigilant eye on every form of vice, while cooperating likewise with other agencies toward the general public betterment. In Erie, New Orleans, Dayton, Grand Rapids, Toledo, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., it has made its power felt in the same direction, contributing effective "Lessons in Decency" to those who care more for gold than virtue. In the Federation, properly supported and fully developed, Catholics should possess one of their mightiest influences for good.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Slight successes are reported by the French in the St. Mihiel district where, however, the Germans have been making furious attacks in the vicinity of Les Eparges. In Alsace the Germans have recaptured Hartsmannweiler Kopf. The principal event of the week has been the resumption by the Germans of a series of offensive movements in Flanders, that have been as vigorous as any fighting of the war. For some time there have been rumors that the Germans were preparing for an onslaught on the Allied lines near the coast, and railroads both in Belgium and Germany were said to be occupied exclusively in the transportation of troops to the west. The attack was precipitated by the capture by the British, after three days of severe fighting, of the hill to the southeast of Ypres, which is known as Hill 60. This hill dominates a great portion of the surrounding plain. The Germans made repeated attempts to recapture it, and in spite of failure, they have not desisted; but their operations have gradually extended to the south and especially to the north of the hill itself.

Bulletin, April 20, p. m.-April 27, a. m.

Important Events in Flanders

Both the Germans and Allies record initial success for the German operations, that started from a line extending from Steentraete through Langhemarck to Zonnebeke, and carried them in a southwesterly direction to a line stretching from Lizerne and Het Sas, both west of the Yser Canal, through Pilkelm to Zonnebeke. British and French reports state that the victory was largely due to the fact that the Germans began by throwing into the midst of the Allies, and especially the French, bombs filled with asphyxiating gases. The final results of the engagement are not yet clear, because fighting of the most desperate character is still in progress, and also because the statements of the different sides are contradictory. Berlin claims to have held all the ground she captured; Paris claims that the French and Belgian troops have not only recaptured Lizerne, but have driven back the Germans a considerable distance. The Canadian troops are given great praise by both the French and British reports.

In the east there have been many attacks and counter attacks by both sides, especially in the vicinity of the Lupkow and Uzsok passes, but the deadlock still continues. Vienna reports that the Russians have been compelled to evacuate Tarnow. This move, together with an attack on Gorlitz, would seem to indicate the inauguration of the advance by the Austrians and Germans from Cracow that has long been talked of, and would threaten the Russian communications. It has not, however, as yet assumed such proportions or momentum as to be dangerous for the Russians. A number of engagements are said to have taken place in Bukowina without decisive results. Elsewhere along the Russian lines there have been only skirmishes.

The Carpathians and Dardanelles

In the Dardanelles there have been no developments of any importance. The Allies have landed troops on the Gallipoli peninsula, and report that an attack is being made on the forts both from land and sea.

Austria-Hungary.—Since the first weeks of the war there has arisen before the eyes of Austria the possibility of a German, Austrian and Hungarian alliance of which the present war is only to mark the beginning. The intimate relation between these three Powers has suggested the desirability of an economic as well as

A New Triple Bond

a political union of the most perfect kind. The idea had already existed in the mind of Bismarck but had been impracticable under the previous triple alliance. The war for the first time made men realize the solidarity of Germany and the Double Monarchy. Hungary as well as Austria has entered most sympathetically upon this great plan which would unite into one mighty central power the 116 million inhabitants of Germany, Austria and Hungary. This would be accomplished without loss of individuality or independence, but would bring about a close bond of economic interests. In a recent deliberation on this subject among German, Austrian and Hungarian spokesmen the agrarian interests of Hungary were too much overlooked. Hungary, it is now realized, will be the granary of this new triple alliance, and consequently Hungary's agrarian interests must hold a foremost place in the new unified Central Power of Europe which it is hoped will arise after the war and as a consequence of it. Austria looks forward to gaining much from the strenuous but friendly competition which such a relation with Germany will call forth. It realizes that it falls far short of the intense industrial, commercial and agrarian development of Germany, while Germany might gain much from the natural resources of Austria and Hungary, which in turn would find a ready market at Berlin. The three Powers realize that they will be largely dependent upon one another for help in any future emergency, and that, with a complete development of their resources, they can in a crisis like the present be independent of assistance from without.

France.—The French prisoners restored to their country through the interchange of captives, brought about by the intervention of Pope Benedict XV, gratefully addressed to him a letter of thanks. In answer the Holy Father, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, expresses himself as deeply moved by this, as well as by other tokens of gratitude which have come to him "from all sides and in the most diverse ways, proving that his intention was rightly understood, and that his efforts have been crowned with happy success." Addressing himself then to the Bishop of Orleans, to whom the letter was directed, the Papal Secretary writes:

The Pope's Answer

> But the thanks, so simple and confiding, which your Lordship has gathered together have particularly touched the Sovereign Pontiff. He was pleased to see in them that spontaneity of soul which gives a kind of instinctive nobility to the most humble sons of France; that sincerity, too, which makes them render homage to the truth as soon as they comprehend it and which, so to speak, explains in a large measure the highly consoling reawakening of religion in your dear country.

The Holy Father then affectionately sends his blessing to the men "who have procured for him this real satisfaction."

Several important articles have appeared in *La Croix* of Paris, dealing with the decreasing birth-rate and the necessity of a "reconstruction of the family." On the eve of the war, writes the paper, the number of births still exceeded that of the deaths, but by a very small margin. "The excess for the years 1912 and 1913 was approximately a fifth, a fourth, a third, a half, and finally, two-thirds of the corresponding excess in births over deaths ninety, seventy, fifty, thirty and ten years before." The gravity of the situation is then brought home still more strikingly by comparison with other European nations. Fifty-five years from to-day, if the present death and birth-rate were to remain stable, "France would not have more than 18 for every hundred of the population of Russia, 33 for every hundred of Germany, 45 for every hundred of Austria-Hungary, 54 for every hundred of the United Kingdom, and 57 for every hundred of Italy." There is only one remedy, as the writer argues: a return to Christian morality, and an effort on the part of public authorities to encourage and facilitate this return instead of hindering it.

Catholic Study of Birth-Rate

Germany.—On April 24 the entire German press commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of Admiral von Tirpitz, as a cadet, into the Prussian marine. He is a man who by hard work and genuine ability finally attained to the high position now occupied by him. The work begun by Caprivi and Admiral von Koester he has brought to perfection. The torpedo boat and submarine service is entirely his organization. He is in great favor with the Emperor, who long ago recognized his ability when the Admiral was only captain. Admiral von Tirpitz is of commanding appearance, tall and impressive, an experienced speaker and a skilful diplomatist. During the years that he was withdrawn from the navy he held high official positions. He was successively Secretary of State for the Navy and Prussian Minister of State. In 1900 he was raised to the ranks of the hereditary nobility and will now receive, it is thought, a higher title. His service for the German navy has been compared with that rendered to the German Empire by Bismarck. It is noteworthy that Emperor William in his congratulatory telegram speaks of him as "the preserver of the German realm."

Admiral von Tirpitz

It has been remarked in the American press that the war "has killed off 864 newspapers in Germany." This statement refers to the discontinuance of a great number of weekly and semi-weekly papers in the smaller towns. A substitute has been furnished for them by the Government in the shape of uniform newspapers. The "patent outside," which is supplied to the newspaper offices, contains the entire war news. The local editor then fills in the empty spaces with items of local interest, and the issue is ready for publication.

Uniform Newspapers

Great Britain.—"The advantages of having a British Minister accredited to the Vatican," says the *Tablet*,

"are apparent." It is to the intervention of the Holy See, reports this authority, that the release of physically unfit civilians, detained in Germany, is due. When it seemed that the negotiations pending between the two Governments were about to fail, the good offices of the Holy See brought about a result satisfactory to all parties. On March 1, Sir Henry Howard, British Envoy to the Holy See, sent the following telegram to Sir Edward Grey:

Intervention of the Holy See

> I hear I shall shortly receive official note from the Cardinal Secretary of State, informing me that the Pope has received telegram from the German Emperor to the effect that in deference to His Holiness' expressed wish, His Majesty accepts proposal for exchange of incapacitated civilian prisoners without reserve and independently of question of military age.

On March 3, an official note was written by the Envoy, confirming this information. In return Sir Edward Grey sent the following telegram, dated March 3:

> Please convey to the Cardinal Secretary of State the warm thanks of His Majesty's Government for the action of the Pope in obtaining the consent of the German Emperor, as reported in your telegram of March 1st. As soon as you receive the official note from the Vatican to the above effect, we propose to inform the United States Ambassador here.

The reason of asking that the details be carried out by Mr. Page was merely one of convenience, as the American Ambassador had been given the lists of the English and German invalids before the negotiations between the two Governments broke down.

Ireland.—Lord Wimborne, the new Viceroy, is said to have been well received on his formal entry into Dublin. A majority of the Dublin Corporation, contrary to its former usage, voted to present him an address on the ground that Home Rule was on the Statute Book, overruling the protests of the minority that it was rendered indefinite and inoperative by the Amending and Suspension Bills, which Lord Wimborne had favored. His reputed leaning toward the Ulsterite scheme of national mutilation evoked a warning from the *Independent*. A careful analysis of recruiting figures by the *Times'* Dublin correspondent makes them out larger and smaller than is claimed by partisans on either side. Up to March, 1915, the new Irish recruits totaled 51,000, of which 31,000 came from Ulster, 7,000 of the latter being Catholics, who joined largely through the influence of Mr. Devlin, M.P. Almost the entire number came from the cities, especially Belfast and Dublin, the proportion of farmers' sons being declared negligible. The police have been ordered to distribute recruiting leaflets in every household in Ireland, explain the advantages of joining the army, and report the numbers available.

Political Happenings

Archbishop Walsh of Dublin has issued a letter warning the people that the recent Decree on the Irish Martyrs has only authorized the opening of canonical proceedings for their beatification and canonization, which may be prolonged for years, and that meantime religious veneration of any public kind is forbidden. The Episcopal Standing Committee on Education, Cardinal Logue presiding, adopted a report stating that the Teachers' Salaries Grant Bill and the rules attached go counter to the terms agreed upon, fixing the salaries and their distribution in a way that discriminates against Catholic schools; but nevertheless they will cooperate with the Catholic headmasters so as to make the grant available for their lay teachers. On the occasion of his golden jubilee as a Christian Brother and a teacher, a notable public tribute was paid to Rev. Brother O'Mahoney, Principal of the famous O'Connell Schools of Dublin, which have almost invariably led the Intermediate schools of Ireland.

Ecclesiastical News

Mexico.—The Secretary of State has addressed to Reverend Dr. Francis C. Kelly, President of the Church Extension Society and official representative of the Mexican bishops, a letter concerning "the attitude and acts of the Administration in the matter of the protection of the rights of conscience and of worship in Mexico." The communication is in five parts. Mr. Bryan declares (1) that the question "which has bulked largest in political discussion in connection with the present revolution in Mexico and in connection with the revolution which preceded it, is the land question." (2) "A democracy must be sustained by education, by the education of the people, and her schools will be as valuable to Mexico as her acres of fertile land. It will be as necessary that she have them as that she break the monopoly that has controlled her land." (3) Above and beyond all other questions is religious freedom. Part four of the letter contains four State messages sent to Mexico on July 23, 1914, on December 16, 1914, on January 21, 1915, and on February 20, 1915, respectively. The first and most important message, which was intended for Generals Villa and Carranza, is as follows:

Mr. Bryan and Dr. Kelly

> Not only the United States, but all the world, will watch with the greatest interest and concern the course now to be pursued by the leaders of the Constitutionalist cause in effecting a transfer of power at Mexico City. This Government feels that the critical time has come when the choice which is now to be made by the Constitutionalist leaders will practically determine the success or failure of the government they mean to set up and the reforms they hope to effect.
>
> We venture to say this because of our earnest sympathy with the main purpose of the Constitutionalists and our desire to be of permanent service to them in bringing Mexico out of her troubles. We have been forced by circumstances into a position in which we must practically speak for the rest of the world. It is evident that the United States is the only first-class power that can be expected to take the initiative in recognizing the new government. It will in effect act as the representative of the other powers of the world in this matter and will unquestionably be held responsible by them for the consequences. Every step taken by the Constitutionalist leaders from this moment on and

everything which indicates the spirit in which they mean to proceed and to consummate their triumph must of necessity, therefore, play a very important part in determining whether it will be possible for the United States to recognize the government now being planned for.

In the most earnest spirit of friendship, therefore, this Government wishes to call attention to the following matters of critical consequence:

First, the treatment of foreigners, foreign lives, foreign property, foreign rights, and particularly the delicate matter of the financial obligations, the legitimate financial obligations, of the government now superseded. Unless the utmost care, fairness and liberality are shown in these matters the most dangerous complications may arise.

Second, the treatment of political and military opponents. Unless there is to be a most generous amnesty it is certain that the sympathy of the whole world, including the people of the United States, now the real friends of the Constitutionalists, will be hopelessly alienated and the situation become impossible.

Third, the treatment of the Roman Catholic Church and of those who represent it. Nothing will shock the civilized world more than punitive or vindictive action toward priests or ministers of any church, whether Catholic or Protestant; and the Government of the United States ventures most respectfully but most earnestly to caution the leaders of the Mexican people on this delicate and vital matter. The treatment already said to have been accorded priests has had a most unfortunate effect upon opinion outside of Mexico.

You can not too earnestly urge these matters upon the attention of those now in the counsels of the Constitutionalists. It is obvious to us that the whole future of what the Constitutionalists are attempting will depend upon the way and the spirit in which they deal with these questions. Nothing ought to be overlooked or dealt with hastily which may result in our being obliged to withhold the recognition of this Government from the new government to be created in Mexico City as we withheld it from General Huerta. Our ability or inability to serve them they must now determine.

The last part of the Secretary's letter, which is taken up with a somewhat detailed statement of the Administration's attitude, has this closing sentence: "The Mexican leaders will certainly know that in order to command the sympathy and moral support of America, Mexico must have, when her reconstruction comes, just land tenure, free schools, and true freedom of conscience and worship. We know of no other foundation stones upon which to build the economic and spiritual life that makes political freedom a reality and a blessing."

Dr. Kelly, in answer, first thanks the Secretary of State for his assurance, and then proceeds to point out that the present Mexican revolutionists, like all Mexican officials of the last fifty years, interpret religious liberty in a way that "must clash with the ideas of a majority of the people of the United States." In support of his contention he cites from a pamphlet just issued by the Villista agency in Washington. He then shows that even the land problem is due directly to anti-religious laws. These laws broke up the communities in which the Indians lived happily under protection; the land was divided up among them before they were ready to assume responsibility; they sold and bartered the fields, thus creating the present difficulty. This point established, Dr. Kelly shows that, although there are millions of acres of Government land which will be distributed to those paying a nominal registration fee, yet the revolutionists are urging confiscation of property, regardless of individual rights. He then brings forth the well-known and oft-repeated fact, that the anti-religious laws are also responsible for the lamentable state of popular education. This he proves convincingly. In conclusion he says among other things:

Your declaration of policy may and, I hope, will force upon revolutionary leaders in Mexico a knowledge of the fact that there can be neither stability nor justice in any country where there are basic injustice in laws: where men and women are persecuted and where individual liberty is trampled upon. . . . We look forward with hope to the day when those who aspire to lead a government for Mexico, shall realize that their country can count on American recognition and American sympathy, only when their actions conform to the principles of justice and morality.

The Pope and Peace

Rome.—"Pray and work untiringly, unceasingly and unitedly for peace," was the Easter message the Holy Father is reported to have sent to the people of the United States. The return of peace to Europe is the one wish of his heart. In a letter recently addressed to Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, His Holiness writes:

From the bottom of Our soul We beg of God to cause the day of peace so ardently desired, to dawn at length, and to deign, in His sovereign mercy, to grant the abundant and precious fruits of peace, to you, above all, who have suffered so many afflictions.

And in another letter sent in the Pontiff's name by Cardinal Gasparri to Henry Sienkiewicz, the famous Polish novelist, Pope Benedict said that:

He feels for the sufferings of all the combatants and bears the burden of the sorrow of all their families. He entertains the same love for all the unfortunate, without distinction, and, as he said at the last Consistory, his heart is particularly moved at the thought of the troubles of those of his children who are the most terribly tried by this fearful catastrophe.

Moreover, by the Decree issued April 9, prayers for peace are enjoined for this year's May devotions:

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, moved by the pious desire to increase more and more devotion to the Blessed Virgin, to whom the month of May is consecrated, and animated, moreover, by the consoling confidence that through the powerful intercession of the Mother of God, who, amongst her titles, possesses that most noble one, Queen of Peace, the end of the present most grievous war can be brought about as soon as possible, has ordered that throughout the whole Catholic world shall be recited every day during the sacred functions of the month of May the Prayer for Peace composed by his Holiness; to which prayer the Holy Father has been good enough to attach an indulgence of three hundred days, to be obtained once in the day, and a plenary indulgence, to be obtained in the customary form of the Church by the faithful who shall have taken part for not less than twenty days in the recitation of the said prayer.

The enjoined prayer is the one that was recited in all our churches on Peace Sunday, March 21.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Simplicity, Sociology and Religion

IT is beyond parley that, if all men lived in absolute accord with Gospel precepts, social problems would not have an inch of ground on which to sprout. Labor would not clash with capital, "the richest would be poor and the poorest would live in abundance." Nations would not fall under the weight of their own excesses: men's lives would "glide on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven." Human affairs would be as simple as the most vehement pacificist could desire; as serene as Pastor Wagner of Paris earnestly depicts.

But in this materialistic age, faith has so far decreased that the abundance of the world's harvest of social problems is already appalling. Steady diet on the "dry husks of facts" has hindered the healthy metabolism of men's minds. Hearts have atrophied.

For "Progress" was the slogan of the practical and sprightly nineteenth century. Darwin had done so much toward mastering the mysteries of earth that his disciples were emboldened to besiege those of the skies. Spencer found the wall of metaphysical belief too high to be scaled; he did not care to crawl underneath, disliking "mud"; so he rammed a considerable hole through the center, with flattering ease. At the snap of potent scientific fingers, God vanished into the realm of the irrational. Then was inaugurated, indeed, the era of temporalities. Sceptical of ultimate reward, men readily forgot all about it. Determined on having their heaven somewhere, they built it here. What wretched architects they were, however, is becoming daily more manifest.

Happily, by the close of the century, sentiment in not a few quarters of the thinking world was ripe for a reaction against the positivism of Comte and the agnosticism of Spencer. Carlyle had observed that man lives by believing something, not by arguing and debating many things. Newman protested: "As well can there be filial devotion without a father, as religion without the fact of a Superior Being." "The belief in God," Fiske averred, "is indispensable to the rational and healthy working of the human mind." Many students candidly doubted the prudence of deeming LaPlace's nebular hypothesis, Newtonian gravitation, and Darwinian evolution, as having swept the supernatural out of the external world. They perceived that such tremendous forces as the great scientists had detected, were far more awesome than, and ought to be quite as conducive to belief in a Divinity as, the gentle truths of Christian Faith and the Elder Brother's sweet miracles of mercy. The earth evolving out of a nebular circlet; a *"simia"* sprouting into a soul-bearing man: these were marvelous claims! The ironclad fact flared forth that science asked men to take as much on faith as religion.

But unfortunately the twentieth century, yet an infant, is being swathed in a tragedy which at least temporarily shuts out the signs of religious renaissance that attended the nativity. Europe, in the grasp of Mars, can do little toward evolving lofty schemes. Her duties in this line have devolved on America. It is for us, in our comparatively peaceful land, to take up the scattered threads of noble public thought and weave them into a plan for the betterment of humanity. Though we begin by benefiting ourselves, we shall end by aiding the world. For, if we succeed in settling our own multifarious and grievous social ailments, we shall have shown other nations how to deal with theirs.

It is inspiring to note that, just at present, Miss Columbia seems to be much alive to the subject and necessity of religion. The stir which our base-ball evangelist has been creating is decidedly more eloquent than the spectacular preacher himself: it evinces the underlying hunger of our countrymen's hearts for spiritual bread. We are a commerce-swept people, merged in temporalities. But already we are seeing the error of our ways by experiencing their dire physical effects. Already we are frenziedly blaming this, that, or the other circumstance as the cause of our ebbing vitality. But the real reason is ourselves: the real remedy is religion.

Across the stormy sea of history quivers a gleam of unquenchable light from those early Christian communities which, so faithful in the following of the Master, flourished in a social simplicity and felicity which are the despair of modern theories. Would not the simplest solution to our problems be a return to the faith which knew no problems?

It is not so much the eventful and progressive career of our nation that has shattered its nerves and branded it with premature decay. Peace comes from within, and can reign even when fiercest tumult is raging without. Ten great persecutions failed to shatter the calm of the early Christians. To be sure, we have not had their spiritual stamina to buoy us up; but, as Münsterberg aptly, if prosaically, reminds us: "The miller does not hear the noise of the mill. No one feels the touch of his clothes. In the same way, we have become insensitive by adaptation to our tumultuous surroundings." So, if we are a weakened people, let us not blame the abundance of physical energy with which we have made our country exteriorly glorious, so much as our lack of moral grit, on account of which we have so seriously and steadily violated the Law.

To the truly religious, and to them alone, is life always simple. For, no matter how replete it may be with labor and trial, it is pure, wholesome and purposive. With them, vicissitudes of war, pestilence, famine and catastrophe are not causes for despair, but permissions of God's inscrutable wisdom: seeds from which an infinitely good and tender Father can and does make benefits

spring forth. They do not view their allotted span as a season in which as much enjoyment and emolument as possible should be crammed, but as a period of probation during which eternity must be earned. Such is the doctrine of Christ: simplicity itself, and much more capable of producing the calm, which we so badly need, than any theory which mere men can invent. Nor can it be improved upon.

As a remarkable exponent of genuine simplicity, the Catholic Church should engage the attention of reformers. Her social results, if nothing else, could give these avid leaders of men some very valuable information. She claims to have preserved pure and complete the peerless doctrine of the Master, and, what is more, shows fruits which substantiate her claim. Simply by swaying their hearts, she has directly safeguarded her children's morals and indirectly their bodies. To-day Catholic nations can boast much more physical and moral health, than most others. Irreligious or only partly religious countries flare brilliant with the fire that consumes its source; startling indication abounds that fuel to feed the flame will not hold out much longer. In Catholic lands, however, the elements that make for lasting mundane as well as spiritual success are plentifully present. One good corroboration of the fact is: If foreign blood (and this is chiefly Catholic) did not flow into American arteries regularly, Miss Columbia admittedly would be a social anemic.

Anent the relation of Catholicism to sociology, Dr. Meyrick Booth couches stirring sentences in the *Hibbert Journal*. With sundry able statistics, he shows the magnificence of the rôle which this grand old religion is enacting in the great modern drama of national life-saving. Protestantism is declining, on account of unproductive marriages. For the opposite reason, Catholicism is prospering. Who will not concede that Catholics are supporting the true ideal of Christian wedlock and are thereby conferring on nations an inestimable boon? The Catholic Church, affirms M. Leroy-Beaulieu, naturally promotes increase of population because it condemns "egoism, materialism and inordinate ambition for self and family." Plainly, with the same noble policy, it vanquishes every other menace to modern society.

In a word, religion is the secret to health of mind and heart, which in turn inspires simplicity of life, which results in the vigor of nations. And the Catholic Church points to accomplishments in the world which give strongest testimony to her abilities as a teacher of religion.

If American sociologists would only wipe away a certain mist of prejudice from their mental vision, perchance they would find that the solution which they seek has been in the world for two thousand years and is even now under their very noses. But who so blind as they who will *not* see? In time their eyes atrophy with their hearts.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Common School Education in the Middle Ages

DURING the five-hundred-year period ending with the fifteenth century there was an extraordinary advancement in learning, in art and in everything that goes to make up what is termed the civilization of mankind. This progress became so marked about the middle of the fifteenth century, that many historians set that time as the beginning of modern history. There is a widespread impression among Protestants, which, strange to say, is shared by some Catholics, that the wonderful progress made since that time in knowledge, in personal and social discipline and in the lordship of the natural world was in some way brought about by the so-called Reformation in the first half of the sixteenth century. The period ending at that time is loosely referred to as the "Dark Ages," and represented as a time when education was suppressed by the Church or confined exclusively to the clergy, who flourished and fattened on the ignorance and superstition of the people until the champions of Protestantism struck off the shackles and permitted men to act and think for themselves. This absurd claim reminds us of the rooster that strutted around in the belief that the sun would not have risen had he not crowed in the early morning.

The real "Dark Ages" began in the fourth or fifth century, when western Europe was overrun by swarms of barbarians from the North who destroyed all learning and civilization except such as could be held and preserved by the Church in the monasteries and other secluded places. The real reformation began in a general revival of wealth, manners, taste and learning five centuries before the advent of Protestantism, which tended to retard rather than accelerate the movement. Two events in the last half of the fifteenth century contributed much to the progress of that period; the invention and development of printing in Catholic Germany and the discovery of America under the patronage of Catholic Spain. Long prior to the introduction of printing there had been a great demand for reading matter among all classes of people and the work of copyists had developed into a regular industry.

Green, in his "Short History of the English People," notes the creation of a reading public wanting books before printing was invented and says, "It was in fact this increase of demand for books, pamphlets or fly sheets, especially of a grammatical or religious character *that brought about the introduction of printing.*"

From Janssen's "History of the German People" we learn that a similar condition prevailed in Germany. "This German book trade," he says,

> was a continuation and development of the trade in manuscripts which had already grown to large and extensive business proportions in Germany, where there was so great a demand for books long before the invention of printing. . . . The collection of German writings of the fifteenth century which are still extant gives an extremely favorable im-

pression of the culture of the period and shows *how greatly the habit of reading prevailed among all classes.*

Under such favorable conditions printing, aided and encouraged by the clergy, spread rapidly. Within a few years after its introduction, there were printing establishments all over Europe and before the close of the fifteenth century Rome alone counted no fewer than 190 presses. Learning thus how large masses of the common people had acquired a taste for reading before the introduction of printing and how the universal demand for books caused a quick development of the art, we are led to inquire what means had been provided for the education of the people during the earlier ages. It has been easier to find out what the universities were and what they did than to trace the extent and growth of the obscurer common schools. While we possess but few authentic reports of these schools during the Middle Ages, enough remain to prove not only that such schools existed but also that they were esteemed highly as mediums for Christian education and that the education of the people was greatly encouraged by the Church. As far back as the year 826, Pope Eugenius II in a Roman Synod enacted that schools should be opened in cathedral and parish churches and wheresoever they might be deemed necessary. Primary schools were at that time established in many places for the instruction of the young. Primary or rural schools were at first frequently held in the church and it was only after a long struggle and repeated synodal decrees that they were located elsewhere. The following facts gathered from the archives of Paris give us some idea of the extent of primary teaching in the later medieval period.

"Independently of the schools attached to churches, eleven masters and one mistress figure in the roll of the land tax levied on the inhabitants of Paris by Philip the Fair in 1292. In the fourteenth century we find record of forty-one masters and twenty-two mistresses; in the fifteenth century there are one hundred." In Larned's history it is stated "that secondary schools, grammar schools, were really plentiful in most parts of western Europe during the later Middle Ages seems abundantly proved." Secondary schools, of course, imply the existence of primary schools and if the former were numerous the latter must have been more so. M. Simeon Luce, whose authority on matters connected with medieval France is unquestioned, says:

It is a grave mistake to imagine there were no primary schools. Mention is made of rural schools in all the documents, even in those in which we could least expect to find it, and we can scarcely doubt that, during the most stormy years of the fourteenth century, most villages had their masters teaching children reading, writing and some arithmetic.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review,* who seems to be well informed, does not hesitate to say in reference to England:

There is not the smallest doubt that the provision for secondary education *was far greater in proportion to population during the Middle Ages than it has ever been since.* Education was, if not a first charge on the endowments of the Church, at all events a well-recognized part of the duties for the performance of which the endowments were given. During the whole time, from the introduction of Christianity to the Reformation, education was an ecclesiastical concern. It was conducted by the clergy and was a matter of cognizance in the ecclesiastical courts. Every village parson was, or ought to have been, an elementary schoolmaster. Secondary schools were found in almost every place in which they were required. It may be said broadly that wherever there was a cluster of houses which could be dignified with the name of town there was a grammar school in the midst of it.

The same writer, referring to modern conditions in England, quotes from a recent Schools Inquiry Report:

In at least two-thirds of the places in England named as towns in the census there is no public school at all above the primary schools, and in the remaining one-third the school is often insufficient in size and in quality. He goes on to explain that the Aristocratic Reformation in England *destroyed, to a large extent, the public provision for the advancement of education.*

Germany and the Netherlands were in all probability more advanced in common education than either England or France. Janssen, the historian of medieval Germany, says:

Outside the Mark of Brandenburg there was scarcely a large town in Germany in which, at the end of the fifteenth century, in addition to the already existing elementary national schools, new schools of a higher grade were not built or old ones improved. In the district of the Middle Rhine there were whole stretches of country where a national school was to be found within a circuit of every six miles. Small parishes even, of only 500 or 600 souls, were not without their village schools. Throughout the empire, indeed, the number of schools was generally considerable. The ultimate control of the town schools was usually in the hands of the municipal authorities, but these institutions were also closely connected with the Church, not only because most of the masters belonged to the clerical profession, but because the supervision was either practically left to the clergy or formally made over to them.

Thus we have seen, as the French historian, Brèmont expresses it, "the Church not only had a monopoly of teaching during the Middle Ages but used all her power in its favor."

So in this 20th century, while we are far advanced in many directions, we can hardly echo, so far as common school education is concerned, the Homeric boast that we are much better than our forefathers.

EDWARD BROWN.

Periodic Drunkenness and Tobacco

PERIODIC drinkers, those that remain for a time without taking any alcoholic liquor whatever, but who break out into temporary debauchery, are quite common as every one knows, but Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York City, who has had a wide experience in the treatment of inebriates, recently reported the discovery of a connection between the peculiar symptoms of these persons and the excessive use of tobacco. Very many of his patients in this class are heavy smokers. An intem-

perate man is intemperate in many ways—when he does not drink he overeats, or oversmokes, or offends by moral ballast-shifting of other kinds. I have observed fanatical anti-alcoholics overeating themselves to death and posing as martyrs. The folk Lambert mentions are susceptible to the poison of tobacco, and they so saturate themselves with this in a year or two that nothing but alcohol, in their opinion, will quiet the irritation of the toxine. They think the craving is alcoholism, whereas it is really caused by tobacco. They go crazily drunk for a while, and after the exhaustion and recovery they start in again to load up their bodies with tobacco toxine until another explosion occurs. To keep these persons sober they must be cut off from tobacco.

We are likely to look upon tobacco either as a harmless thing, or the root of evil. It is neither one nor the other: truth, virtue, and similar goods, are tight-rope walkers who tumble if they lean to one side or the other a little too much. It is doubtful that the hairs on Satan's tail are cigarettes, but it is just as doubtful that the use of tobacco is an unmitigated blessing. Any agent which can tie up the will of a human being so tightly that a man has extreme difficulty in shaking himself loose from thraldom is an evil, even if the thing is only an itch for shallow banter. Tobacco can bind any regular smoker's will almost as firmly as alcohol does. The man who tells you he can quit smoking at will is an amateur at the business, or a romancer. In my medical experience it has been much easier always to persuade a patient who is a tippler to quit alcohol than it is to get a regular smoker away from his pipe. The reason an alcoholic must drink after he has acquired his vice is to quiet his toxic irritation—exactly the same reason holds for the smoker. The effects of the two forms of bondage differ, of course, but the essences of the two forms are as like as unioval twins. The good citizen who thumps his chest and perorates about his dignity as a human being while he is tied fast to a cigar-box may be harmless, but he has an obtuse sense of humor. Yet, these alcoholic liquors and tobacco are gifts of God—certainly; and so are rattlesnakes and rats, but that is scarcely a reason for putting any of them into your mouth.

The middle-aged man who tells you he has been a heavy smoker all his life and has not suffered the slightest damage from his indulgence is talking in his qualification as *amadan*, a human characteristic as prevalent as noses. Tobacco in excess is injurious to any one, and excess is a relative condition. Even three mild cigars a day can be excessive smoking for some men after middle age. In men who drink whiskey once or twice a day a use of tobacco to a degree that is not deemed excessive not seldom causes even blindness. Blindness from the use of tobacco is somewhat frequent, but in my experience this tobacco amblyopia has always been found in smokers who are also whiskey-logged: I have never seen a case of tobacco blindness in a man who was not also an alcoholic, but I have had as high as six cases under treatment in private practice within two months where tobacco with alcohol caused the injury to the optic nerve. These cases go on to total and incurable blindness if the use of tobacco and alcohol is not stopped, but sight is commonly restored when these poisons are withheld. Such patients are as a rule heavy smokers, but they need not be what are popularly called excessive drinkers. A person that drinks whiskey twice daily becomes a chronic alcoholic in a few months, but this is not the popular notion of the chronic alcoholic. It is so difficult to get these men free from the tobacco vice in certain instances that we have to put them in a hospital and treat them as we should morphinists. You may assure them most solemnly that they will certainly go hopelessly blind if they do not cease smoking; they believe you; but they do not stop.

There is an old yarn to the effect that such a patient was told the outcome of his abuse of tobacco and alcohol, and was forbidden the use of either drug. The man asked:

"Do you mean to say I can't take a single drink or smoke one more cigar?"

"I certainly do," answered the oculist.

"Well, Doc, I've seen 'most everything. Good morning."

I have had exactly the same thing happen in my own office and the patient is now voluntarily in the twilight.

Among the periodic drinkers we find a rare condition called dipsomania, which is a periodic insanity taking the form of an uncontrollable desire for alcoholic drink. It is a mania excited in a disposed subject by auto-intoxication, and possibly tobacco might be a contributing factor in some instances. Several forms of insanity, the etiology of which is obscure, are now attributed with much probability to toxemias, and are affected favorably by removing the intoxication.

The unstable neurotic person, who has no desire for alcohol until he has taken a drink with companions and then goes off on a temporary debauch, is not a dipsomaniac. The first time the accident happens to him he is merely an unfortunate weakling, the second time he is a plain ass.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

A Methodist Quarterly and the "Ne Temere"

UNDER the presidency of Bishop Joseph F. Berry, the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church publishes in Philadelphia *The Home Mission and Church Extension Quarterly Bulletin.* The purpose of the *Quarterly*, expressed on its first page, is to win "America for Christ." The "fundamental" of its work is the "spirit of neighborliness." Its aims are to be attained through "a conquest by righteousness." In the first issue of the present year, a contributor, discussing the topic, "Breaking Down the Home," thinks himself justified in making the following remarks:

Only representatives of that Church (the Catholic Church) can perform the marriage ceremony. Only that Church can grant divorces. The *Ne Temere* so declares. *All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate.* We need only turn to Mexico, the South American States, and the Philippines to judge what sort of a domestic situation Romanism produces. Infidelity and Romanism, where both are unrestrained, break up the family life. Sound Christian principles alone are adequate as the foundation for the home. (Italics inserted.)

Now in these neighborly and righteous lines, there are several assertions and insinuations to which the ordinary Catholic, without doubt, will take immediate exception. But apart from these "flings," dictated by an overheated imagination, the passage contains a direct reference to a very real and tangible thing, the *Ne Temere*. Here we have a legal document. What it says or does not say is a point of fact to be determined, not by an appeal to sentiment or to religious bigotry, but by an inspection of the document itself, and of the decisions issued by the tribunals qualified to interpret it. Hence, passing over the "flings" and slurs, an inquiry was directed to the editor of the *Quarterly*, asking him to cite the text of this decree dealing with the matter of divorce, and requesting precise authority for the precise statement that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate." After a lapse of two weeks, the following remarkably illuminating answer was received from a secretary of the Board, Mr. Freeman D. Bovard. It is quoted in its entirety:

> The answer to both your queries may be found in the text of the *Ne Temere* decree. The case was tried in Canada and carried to England and decided against the *Ne Temere* decree.

Now, as will be noted, the *Quarterly* had stated categorically, that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate," had mentioned the *Ne Temere* with an impressive show of learning, and had instanced, presumably as horrible examples, Mexico, the South American States and the Philippines. When challenged, however, for direct proof, the secretary shifts the scene to Canada and England, and again refers airily to the *Ne Temere*. It may be mentioned in passing, that this decree says precisely nothing on the power of the Church to grant "divorces."

Mr. Bovard's reply gave rise to the suspicion that he had not even read the decree which he so glibly cited as his authority. A second letter, from which the following passage is quoted, was then addressed to Mr. Bovard:

> I fear you do not quite grasp my point . . . I had asked you . . . to refer me to authority for the statement that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate." You again refer me to the decree. Under paragraph 11 I find that this decree binds (a) all persons baptized in the Catholic Church; (b) Catholics who contract marriage with non-Catholics. But in section iii of the same paragraph, *it is expressly stated that the decree does not bind non-Catholics contracting marriage among themselves.* Since the original statement in the *Quarterly* was that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate," your *passim* reference to the decree does not solve my difficulty. May I therefore again ask you for your authority for the statement that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome are illegitimate"?

But Mr. Bovard evidently thought that this insistence was too much harping on one string, for although this request was made on February 7, no answer has been received.

Mr. Bovard had been confronted with undeniable evidence that the Catholic Church did not hold a doctrine which he had publicly imputed to it. The very document which he had named in support of his wild statement had refuted him. Charity forbids the supposition that Mr. Bovard intended deliberate misrepresentation. It must be concluded, then, that Mr. Bovard like many another non-Catholic who has attempted to tell the world what the Catholic Church teaches, was merely indiscreet in making an odious charge against a large body of his fellow-countrymen, and in offering as proof a document which he had never read.

In itself, this incident is of no particular importance. What Mr. Bovard personally may think of the *Ne Temere* or the Catholic Church is of little consequence. But what of the effect on the Protestant readers who learn from the *Quarterly*, a reputable magazine, published by a society of missionaries, that "All marriages other than those performed by the Church of Rome" are held by that Church to be "illegitimate"? This alone invests the incident with some importance. For the *Quarterly* is but a type of the "religious" press, which knowingly or in ignorance is seeking "to preach the Gospel of Christ" by stirring up discord in communities in which Catholics and Protestants, with men of no faith at all, are living in harmony.

Throughout the country, but particularly in the remote districts, there are thousands of Protestant men and women who are doing their best to serve God in spirit and in truth, and to live in peace and concord with their neighbors. From childhood, many of these men and women have been taught to hate, not the Catholic Church, but that monster of iniquity which they conceive to be the Catholic Church. Years of prejudice have culminated in a kind of insanity. It is impossible for them to see anything good in the Catholic Church. To suffer Catholics to dwell in the same community, is to them an exercise of the highest Christian forbearance. For what they may think or say of the Catholic Church, such persons are hardly responsible. They know not what they do. They fulfill our Lord's prophecy that the day would come when men should believe that they served God in persecuting Christ's followers. Others, again, living in communities where the Catholic Church is almost unknown, regard the Church with simple indifference. They neither love it nor hate it, for they know little or nothing about it.

What will be the effect of the *Quarterly's* statement, and of similar statements, upon these men and women? The invincibly ignorant Protestant will be confirmed in

his execration of "popery," as the neighborly *Quarterly* terms the teaching of the Catholic Church. To the minds of those who hitherto have known but little of the Church, suspicion, dislike, perhaps even hatred, will be suggested. Few of the *Quarterly's* readers will question the *Quarterly's* knowledge or truthfulness. "Of course it's true. The *Quarterly* is issued by Bishop Berry's associates, the Methodist Missionary Board. These good men would not circulate a falsehood. They are learned men, too, and we can trust them to tell the truth about Romanism." Is this "winning America for Christ"? Is it a legitimate maneuver in a "campaign of righteousness"? And when attention has been called to what is obviously a grievous error, is it manly or even decent to take refuge in silence?

In the early days of the Oxford movement, the good Keble exhorted his coreligionists, many of whom in time entered the Church, to "speak gently of our fallen sister, Rome." For the benefit of publications like the *Quarterly*, the advice may be repeated. Mud-slinging is always a dirty, ineffective method of promoting Christian truth. But the *Quarterly* stands in need of further advice which shall not be omitted. "Do not make charges against the Catholic Church which you can not prove. Above all, do not quote papal decrees which you have not read."

JOHN WILTBYE.

Holland's Neutrality

IT would seem that the war now dragging along is gradually assuming the character of a profit-sharing business. The neutral countries of Europe are badgered by both sides to join in the fray. The bait is suitably garnished to attract covetous glances and whet the appetite of each particular nation. Italy and the Balkan States have had the siren song poured into their ears almost from the beginning. It would be little short of the miraculous should neutral Holland escape attention altogether. French and Belgian journalists ere this have urged upon Holland to take sides in behalf of their kinsmen and southern neighbors. Some time last fall the English press likewise voiced similar sentiments. One of its organs—the London *Observer*—averred that public opinion in Holland veered toward the Allies. At the same time it was conceded that a large percentage of the population felt even more distrustful of England than of Germany. Holland's main concern was neutrality. To rush headlong into the fray would evince poor judgment on the part of a small nation. But would it be a "safe and sane" policy for the Dutch, under any and all circumstances, to maintain a neutral attitude? Such were the problems discussed.

Meanwhile the war has not been progressing as smoothly nor as fast as had been calculated. Discouraging obstacles are looming ahead and, small though her forces are, Holland's aid under the circumstances is not to be disdained. So a new decoy has been sent forth in the shape of an open letter to the Dutch nation. In some quarters the communication is considered semi-official. After a few complimentary remarks about Dutch fighting power, national strength and well-known caution, the document referred to leads off with the question: "Is Holland in reality as well off by remaining neutral as she believes herself to be?" Public opinion in England is convinced, so it proceeds, that the war will be protracted for another year at least unless Holland should make up her mind to join the Allies. Reference is then made to German methods, and lest both these arguments, *viz.:* England's interests and the German peril, should not suffice to persuade the Dutch, a third is added, to the effect that Holland would eventually profit by joining the Allies. This point is elaborated at some length. We are told it would prove an excellent bargain for Holland. First, the English fleet could for ever guarantee the integrity of the Dutch colonies, particularly those in the East Indies. For that purpose a treaty, both offensive and defensive, could easily be arranged between England, France, Belgium and Holland. As regards the latter country's eastern frontier and the vexatious question concerning the mouth of the Rhine, it would be an easy matter to settle the frontier problem and thus create a greater Netherlands! So far Mr. H. G. Wells, the widely-famed writer and novelist, who stands father to the document, which after its many promises, ends in a threat: Should Holland persist in remaining neutral, she can expect no consideration whatever at the hands of the Allies.

The letter has been distributed broadcast over Holland and, so far, no official disclaimer in regard to it has appeared in public. The Dutch press shows considerable feeling at some of the suggestions made in the document. It is pointed out that a slight acquaintance with the character of the Dutch people would suffice to show that they are total strangers to any imperialistic dreams or tendencies. Their well-known caution certainly would never lead them into serving as a catspaw for other nations. If the author of the open letter, they continue, rightly opines that Holland in this war will never lend her active support to German aspirations, it is equally correct that neither will she do so in regard to England's claims.

It can not be disguised that many contingencies might arise in the present war that would greatly imperil Holland's neutrality. Were the German armies, for instance, forced back from the Meuse and the Yser as far as the Rhine, it would throw the danger line across the Dutch frontier. Again, were Italy, the Balkan States and Rumania to cast their lot with the Allies, it would seriously weaken the position of all neutral countries, Holland included. Or should, perchance, a war between China and Japan set the Orient ablaze, the sparks might easily fall as far as the Dutch East Indian archipelago. But whatever does happen, there is ample reason for holding that Holland will continue to stand on her guard; and no matter what pressure may be brought to bear from the outside, or what irritating events may develop later on, neither the Government nor the Dutch people will ever engage in this war for the sake of mere profit.

V. S.

Old St. Patrick's, New York

OLD St. Patrick's Church, Mott and Prince streets, New York, was dedicated by Bishop Cheverus of Boston, on May 4, 1815. The centenary of this ceremony will be commemorated with an imposing program, on Sunday, May 2. This was the second church in the United States placed under the patronage of St. Patrick; the first was at Fell's Point, Baltimore, Md., which was dedicated on November 29, 1807. The happy choice of the patron of New York's cathedral church was made at the suggestion of Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore. It might not be too poetic a supposition that he foresaw the coming of the millions of the exiled spiritual children of the great apostle through New York, the gate of their new land of prosperity.

St. Peter's, Catholic New York's first church, opened November

4, 1786, had become inadequate for the needs of the city, so it was determined, in 1808, to build a second church and make it the cathedral for the newly created see. The pastor of St. Peter's then was that great Jesuit Father Anthony Kohlmann who, a short time before, had been sent by Archbishop Carroll to straighten out the tangles in New York's ecclesiastical affairs.

> I have sent Mr. Kohlmann to New York, the archbishop wrote, December 3, 1808, to Father William Strickland, S.J., the English Procurator, where a zealous pastor was much wanted, and he is accompanied by a countryman of my own, lately ordained and out of his novitiate, of great promise, and with four scholastics who have begun a school from which much good is expected.

The "countryman of my own" was Father Benedict J. Fenwick, S.J., who was in charge of St. Patrick's when it was dedicated, and later became Bishop of Boston. The four Jesuit scholastics were James Wallace, a fine mathematician; Michael White, James Redmond and Adam Marshall. "Father Kohlmann," says one of his brethren, "is to be ranked among the lights of the new Society, and among its most celebrated members in America where he spent twenty-one years of his laborious and saintly life." During his pastorate at St. Peter's (1808-1814) the first American Cardinal, John McCloskey, was his pupil. In 1824 he was called to Rome to take the chair of theology in the Gregorian University, and there among the students at his lectures was Joachim Pecci, afterwards the great Pope Leo XIII.

The trustees of St. Peter's resolved to begin building operations on the new church at their meeting of May 24, 1809. The site selected, at Father Kohlmann's instance, was the burying ground belonging to the church at Mott and Catherine (now Mulberry) streets. Nine lots had been purchased there for a cemetery, on May 23, 1801, to which ten lots adjoining were added January 14, 1803. Interments began at once and show even then the cosmopolitan character of the congregation, as for instance, Peter Kelly, died July 2, 1801; Peter Eisenberg, October 31, 1801; Nicholas Louis Edouard, September 8, 1803. The use of this cemetery was continued until it was officially closed in 1833, and during that period there were 32,153 burials within its enclosure.

Joseph F. Mangin, the leading architect of the city, drew the plans of the new church, which called for a Gothic structure 120 feet long, 80 feet wide and about 80 feet high. Peter Morte, master mason, was made superintendent of the work, at a wage of $2 a day, with Patrick Mullaney as his assistant at fourteen shillings a day, and Michael Roth, clerk of the work, at $2 a day. The stone was drawn from the quarry of Patrick McKay and put in shape by two firms of master stone-cutters, Moses Miller and McDonough & McGuire. The corner-stone was laid on Thursday, June 8, 1809, by Father Kohlmann who, with the assistant priests, choir, trustees and about 3,000 of the laity, walked in procession from St. Peter's, Barclay Street, to the new site.

New York then had Canal Street for its northern limit and its growth in that direction was slow. Farms and country villas were scattered about in all directions. The new church site was so far in the fields, and so surrounded by thickets that as late as 1820 a fox was caught in the churchyard. Father Kohlmann, writing on November 8, 1808, to his friend Father Strickland in England, tells him his "congregation consists of Irish, some hundreds of French and as many Germans; in all, according to the common estimation, of 14,000 souls." The commercial disasters following the Embargo, and the subsequent troubles of the War of 1812 with England, hampered the progress of the new church. On account of lack of funds it was not ready for dedication until 1815. In the meantime, however, Father Kohlmann, in June, 1809, started the New York Literary Institution, New York's first Catholic college, in a house opposite the new church with Father Fenwick and the four above-named Jesuit scholastics in charge. Here he soon had, as he tells us, "About thirty-five of the most respectable children of the city, both of Catholic and all other persuasions, among them four are boarding in one house, and in all probability we shall have seven or eight boarders next August." In March, 1810, this school had so outgrown its original limits that he moved it to the suburban village of Elgin, opposite the State Botanic Garden, now Fifth Avenue, Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, the present location of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the trustees of which took the property for a cemetery, when the school project was abandoned after the withdrawal of the Jesuits from New York in 1817.

New York's first bishop had died in Naples, June 10, 1810, without ever seeing his diocese, and his successor, Bishop Connolly, consecrated November 6, 1814, had not yet arrived from Rome. Father Kohlmann shortly after this was recalled to Georgetown by his superiors. It was Father Fenwick who finished the building of St. Patrick's and arranged for the dedication on Ascension Day, May 4, 1815. As Archbishop Carroll could not be present, Bishop Cheverus of Boston officiated and also preached the dedication sermon, the Mayor and corporation of the city and an assemblage of over four thousand being present. Bishop Plessis of Quebec, who visited the new church in September following, described it as

> At the extremity of the city toward the country. It has already cost $90,000, but as yet has no steeple or sacristy or enclosure, or annexed buildings. Besides there is no roof casing or penciled joints, although the very ordinary stone of which it is built requires both. To make up for this the interior is magnificent.

In spite of the general poverty of the relatively small number of Catholics of the community, it was the most impressive looking church in the city and the finest Gothic edifice in the country.

When Bishop Connolly arrived from Dublin, on November 24, 1815, after a stormy passage of sixty-eight days, he immediately took possession of the church which for more than sixty years following remained the cathedral of the diocese. During this period it was the scene of a long series of great ecclesiastical functions: ordinations, consecrations, synods, councils, the imposition of the scarlet biretta on the first American cardinal and other ceremonies. Owing to difficulties over the trustee system the joint incorporation with St. Peter's was dissolved and a separate incorporation effected on April 14, 1817. When the new cathedral on Fifth Avenue was opened May 25, 1879, old St. Patrick's became the parish church of the neighborhood in which a remarkable social change had taken place. Once the strongest Irish section of the city, it is now almost exclusively Italian. The roof and interior of the church were destroyed by fire on October 6, 1866, but it was rebuilt at once with many improvements, and rededicated March 17, 1868.

> The elders of the congregation, said Bishop McQuaid, writing of the restored building, whose memories go back to that which this church edifice was before its extension under Bishop Hughes, remember, no doubt, the high, straight-backed pews constructed apparently with a view to uncomfortableness, the freezing temperature of a winter's morning in a building without a fire and the dim light at a Lenten evening's service, that came from the candles in tin sconces hung on the columns and just enough to show the darkness. The methods and arrangements of those times and of our fathers were more remarkable for simplicity and economy than for comfort and brilliancy.

After Fathers Kohlmann and Fenwick, who were the pastors of St. Patrick's from 1809 to 1815, the succeeding rectors were Very Rev. John Power, 1825-26; Rev. Thomas C. Levins, 1826-34; Rev. Andrew Byrne, 1836; Rev. John D. Urquhart, 1836-40; Rev. Williams Starrs, 1841-44; Rev. John Loughlin, 1844-53; Very Rev. William Starrs, V.G., 1853-73; Right Rev. William Quinn, V.G., 1873-79. Mgr. Quinn's successor was the present incumbent, the Right Rev. John F. Kearney, who was born in the parish, and has spent his whole sacerdotal career of almost half a century

there, since his ordination in 1866. He had the gratification of having the old church solemnly consecrated, on March 17, 1885. In its century of existence it has seen its rural environment evolve into a fashionable residential section, then later on into a busy mart of commerce, and lastly, at this day, into a swarming aggregation of the crowded habitations that make the East Side of this great metropolis one of the social wonders of the universe. In the graveyard of the old church peacefully rest under the shadow of its cross, the bones of its founders and their immediate descendants. When this graveyard was closed, that in Eleventh Street was opened and was the place of burial until 1851. In that time 41,016 burials took place there, making 73,169 for these two old graveyards. The authority for these figures is the late Archbishop Corrigan who gave them from the official records in a paper on "The Catholic Cemeteries of New York," which he prepared for the United States Catholic Historical Society. The Eleventh Street cemetery site, except one corner, where an Italian church is building, is now a public playground. As much of the contents of the old graves as could be found was transferred to Calvary Cemetery in 1909, and the ground itself was sold in November, 1912, for $357,000. Let us hope that when another century shall have passed, the bicentenary celebration will find old St. Patrick's still standing guard over the undisturbed graves of the sturdy pioneers who worshiped within its hallowed walls. THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

South America's Catholicism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A few comments on the article on "South America's Catholicism" in a recent AMERICA suggest themselves. As to Ecuador, Mr. Earl is a little behind-hand in his history. Some fifteen years ago the so-called Liberal party got the upper hand, and then proceeded to terrorize the Catholics, banishing bishops and persecuting priests. These people have had in their sole control the education of the country during these years past and, of course, if it is backward, the responsibility is clearly not with the Conservative party, the so-called Catholic element.

As to the Inquisition, inasmuch as the *Santo Oficio* in Spain, in the four hundred years of its existence, had justice done on less than ten thousand persons, it is scarcely possible that in the same period "tens of thousands" could have perished in South America, especially since the Indians, forming the mass of the population, were exempt from its rule because they were catechumens. The principal sufferers were the Portuguese Jews, who pretended Christianity and who, while observing Christian practices to be seen of all men, in secret worshiped after the Jewish manner. Of course, it should be remembered that the Spaniard had no love for the Portuguese, so in any case they were victims elect, either on the ground of recantation or of treason. But, even so, the number that were tried by the tribunal did not exceed hundreds, and those executed did not pass the tens.

Of course, the missionary element is to be congratulated on its champion, *Fray Mocho*, one of many sheets published in Latin countries, so low and vile in its alleged humor that no clean-minded man, Catholic or Protestant, and especially no priest or decent missionary, will befoul himself by so much as looking at it. Other missionaries do not understand that the reason such vile sheets support them is because they believe that, by introducing dissension into the Christian camp, the ranks of the believers will be thrown into confusion and the infidels will therefore be the more easily able to overcome them. In fact, I have read the substance of this very statement in Spanish-American newspapers of the Liberal stripe. One Costa Rican Liberal paper put it in much these words:

> We welcome these Protestant missionaries to work among us, not that they are any more truthful than the lying priests and friars, but because their preaching will confuse the minds of the illiterate, thus making it easier for Liberal teachings to overcome the superstitions of these ignorant religionists. In fact, Protestant missionaries and Catholic priests are all wolves of the one pack, and they make their living by playing on the ignorant fears of the multitude which both equally deceive.

This is the way unbelievers regard Protestant missionary effort. An acquaintance, commenting on certain activities in Puerto Rico, after the Americans took possession, said about them:

> Of course, the Protestant missionaries will make no impression on intelligent men, who scorn all these superstitions; nor will they make any converts among sincere Catholics. They may gain some converts from among those who think they are going to get something out of it or else curry favor with the Americans; or they will wheedle and trick some children, but no man of sense will listen to them.

The Latin unbeliever has the Latin acuteness of mind and, to him, to deny and reject some things and to hold and accept others, which can be rejected by the same line of reasoning, seems a ridiculous absurdity. What I say above reflects the opinion of this element, my information being derived from the reading, over a considerable period of time, of some eighty or so newspapers from all over the Americas south of the Rio Grande, newspapers of all shades of opinion and belief and representing many aspects of political and social thought.

My own knowledge of Protestant missions in South America relates principally to Peru, where their activities have resulted in a number of unpleasantnesses. The case of a Bible society agent in Peru, some years ago, is typical. This man, as is usual with his tribe, instead of going into the unexplored headwaters of the affluents of the Amazon, in the Peruvian Montana, among the naked, wandering semi-cannibal Indians, stayed in Callao, the gateway to Lima, and distributed his Bibles and his talk. At that time it was unlawful to practise openly any other than the Catholic religion but, as a matter of fact, Protestants openly had their services and their chapel, without any interference. This missionary had his chapel and his preachings; books were sent to him nearly every month and, although he was breaking the law, he was permitted to carry on his activities of insult and attack. At length he grew so bold that his ignorant hearers began to get riotous and, in fact, there was some trouble. Here the authorities stepped in and arrested him. He appealed to the American Minister, who replied he could do nothing further than secure him a proper trial, inasmuch as he had broken the law. This did not suit him, and as he was of Italian birth (and one of those shining converts from Catholicism), he appealed to the Italian Minister, who in substance said to him that since he had renounced his allegiance to Italy, it was a rather cool proceeding to appeal to that country as soon as he was in trouble. To make a long story short, he had to stand trial and, pending a disposition of his case, he was incarcerated in one of the casemates in Callao Castle for eight months. Some newspapers here made a fuss about an American citizen languishing in a South American dungeon, but it had little effect, as it was shown that the dungeon was a large and comfortable room, used ordinarily as a place of confinement for political prisoners, and that the prisoner could enjoy the

company of his friends. The trial resulted in a Scotch verdict, practically, as, while the court held he had violated the law, his detention pending trial was considered punishment enough. He was accordingly released and, so far as I know, he is there still, convenient to all the comforts of civilization, to which he would be a stranger if he followed in the footsteps of the Franciscans and went into the wilderness to bring souls to God.

Another commentary on educational conditions in Latin America is this: A couple of days ago I received a publication from Bogotá, the capital of Colombia. Be it known that the Colombians are without doubt a very religious people and, as is well known to students of literature, a highly-cultured people. They are overwhelmingly ardent Catholics. Of course, under this religious condition, these people are, according to the *argôt* of the would-be uplifters, in a state of dense ignorance, uncivilized, backward, owing to the obscurantist character of the debased religion that oppresses them. The journal I have before me is called the *Bulletin of the Natural Science Society of the La Salle Institute.* It was founded two years ago, by Rev. Brother Apolinar Maria, and is published in Bogotá. Its motto is, of course, an unscientific abomination. It reads: *Magna et mirabilia sunt opera tua, Domine Deus omnipotens.* The Society has a roster of eighty-seven names, of which two are benefactors, these being the President of Colombia and the Minister of Government; there are three donors and five honorary members, three of the latter being Colombians, two of them ex-Ministers of Education and one the Director of the National Museum. Of the seventy-seven regular members, seven are Brothers of the Christian Schools and one a priest. The second volume contained 304 pages, which carried thirty-five articles on various phases of science, including anthropology, botany, zoology, etc., with ten plates. It gave a list of new species of Colombian plants and animals recently described, some in this publication and others elsewhere, to the number of 148. It also gives a resumé of the collections of the La Salle Institute, which number 54,466 specimens of natural objects, including over 23,000 insects, 418 vertebrates, over 4,300 molluscs, nearly 6,900 botanical specimens, nearly 15,000 mineral and geological specimens, besides some anthropological material and birds' nests and eggs. This is an inland city, difficult of access, among a people whom our hypercivilized are wont to consider poor ignoramuses; the work described is under the auspices of a Catholic Order. I do not think it is necessary to comment further on this, except to say that a very prominent Academy of Sciences in the greatest of our cities—a world capital, a city in which there are two of our greatest and largest Universities, besides an imposing City College, some half dozen high schools with large teaching staffs, and which besides draws on a contiguous territory containing about five million people—a scientific body established in 1817, and which therefore has an existence of nearly a century, has only 476 members on its rolls after this long existence.

Some might think, perhaps, that I am obsessed with the greatness of my own people and, therefore, a little blind to their faults, to put it mildly and without exaggeration. As a matter of fact, my grandfather came of a long line of Long Island Quakers and, so far as descent goes, I can hold my own with the most American of Americans. But it makes me warm to read all these attacks on peoples who for real culture, warm hospitality and true Christianity, can, and do, set an example to their would-be evangelizers who, after all, more often than not sow the seeds of discord and engender anything but a Christian spirit in their converts.

J. R. DE LA TORRE BUENO.

White Plains.

A "Sanely Sensational" Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to have a talk with Mr. MacDermot's Catholic millionaire who says he is ready to finance a Catholic daily at any time, if he can get ten bishops to back him up. I would say to him: Call on the Cardinal or the Archbishop, as the case may be, of any one of our very large cities, and propose the following plan to him: I will finance and operate a Catholic daily for you if you will get for me the active support of all your clergy and of all the Catholic organizations—Knights of Columbus, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Central Verein, St. Vincent de Paul Society, sodalities, Catholic colleges and schools—in your diocese. If you can obtain the support of your suffragan bishops for the same, so much the better. I will organize a stock company in which I will hold the controlling number of shares. I will get as many of your clergy, of the Knights of Columbus, etc., and as many business and professional men as possible to take one or more shares of stock and thus become interested in the success of the enterprise. A discount from the regular advertising rates will, if necessary, be offered to stockholders.

The paper will be independent in politics. One-half of the editorial page will contain the views of the editor. In this we will strive to reach and maintain the high standard set by the editorials in our great Catholic weekly, AMERICA. The other half of this page will be assigned to capable representatives of the great political parties. This is essential, for the great body of Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, are strongly partisan in politics.

This Catholic daily—we won't call it that—will be "sanely sensational"; nothing short of that can possibly succeed till the tastes of the people change. It will contain all the news which our respectable dailies print, but will strike out whatever is subversive of morality. In short, whatever is innocent and attractive in our best dailies, pictorial section, comic section, pink or green sheet, etc., will find a place in our daily. "One issue per day, extras later," will be our slogan till we get well under way. The price must be the same as that of the regular dailies. Failure is inevitable for the Catholic daily which charges more than its competitors are charging. Besides being sold in the ordinary way at newsstands and by newsboys, we will, by your leave, sell it at the doors of all Catholic churches throughout the city.

Mr. Catholic Millionaire, if you get the backing above referred to, I don't see how, under competent management, your Catholic daily could fail to succeed. What daily paper in the country has such backing? Of course you could not and would not count on perfect cooperation from all the sources indicated, but not all of that would be necessary to insure success. If Christian Scientists and Jews, neither of whom have anywhere near our numbers, have their dailies, why is the same impossible or impracticable for Catholics? A good story is told of two men who were trying to carry a long beam crosswise through a narrow gate. They were about to give it up as impossible, when a sparrow came sailing along that way with a long straw held lengthwise in its beak and flew lightly between the palings of the fence. "That's a bright idea," said the men as they turned the beam lengthwise and passed through the gate. Catholics need some one to show them how to get the Catholic daily through the difficulties real and apparent which lie in its pathway, and I believe you're the man to show them the way.

St. Louis. F. J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the matter of Catholic daily papers, would it not be helpful if each writer would first make clear his own conception of that much-discussed object? "What d'ye mean Catholic daily?" a seven-fold acceleration of AMERICA, or a "Yellow" minus the vileness but with some of the sensation-

alism retained? If he must choose between these extremes, the present writer would, contrary to his personal inclination, unhesitatingly choose the "expurgated Yellow." Why? Because of what seems to him to be the second point of the discussion, *viz.*, the very need of a Catholic daily paper. This, in his mind, resembles the necessity of avoiding poisonous food and of securing pure food. Give people a clean paper, but one which they will buy because they like to read it. Offer it to all the world, not to Catholics only; all need it. It is the part of worldly wisdom to offer the market what the market will take readily, not what they must "learn to like." But, it is objected, such a paper would be very undignified; it would involve a lowering of the standard; the hierarchy would never approve it. Well, it is exceedingly doubtful if the hierarchy would put its *Imprimatur* even upon an "accelerated AMERICA" let alone an "expurgated Yellow." As a business venture, being entirely a layman's undertaking, the paper should be entirely free. Would it not suffice if our good bishops, being in nowise responsible for the contents of the daily, found in it nothing contrary to faith or morals but did find therein an honest effort to sterilize the actual evil of every-day life? It is my belief that they would give to such a paper the same smile of approval which they give the devout layman while wisely withholding their spoken praise. It is objected, too, that such a paper could not be called Catholic; that it would offer a merely negative solution of the problem. Most of the Commandments are negative, yet they are essentials of Catholic life; but what is to prevent a little positive Catholicism even as a regular feature? The "Yellows" occasionally print a Catholic retreat or mission sermon and "Billy" Sunday is a daily infliction. It is also objected that Catholics do not desire sermons every day. But why should a Catholic who is not affronted by the daily sermons of one who is not sent balk at the authorized word of God?

Will not some one who knows the advertising game throw some definite light on the advertising revenues of a metropolitan daily and Sunday paper of about 100,000 circulation? Therein is the *crux* of the whole question. Clean dailies would enjoy a large circulation, not only among our 16,000,000 Catholics but among all kinds of non-Catholics, and circulation means advertising income. Courage and enterprise is lacking; it is a libel upon the "vast bulk of our people" to assert that they are too ill-educated to be interested in a respectable newspaper, or to imply that they would prefer to delve in the sewer for the news rather than to gather it in the open thoroughfare of clean journalism.

Boston. C. I. FITZGERALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. George Carver's letter in regard to a Catholic daily, published in your issue of April 10, although evidently written in a kindly and helpful spirit, hardly does justice to a large portion of the Catholic laity. His question referring to AMERICA, "Is it read by the layman?" I think might be answered by another, "How many laymen have heard of it?" For my part, although I am not a college woman, and have for some time been forced to turn my energies to the commercial rather than the intellectual side of life, I must say that I eagerly look forward each week to the arrival of AMERICA and read it almost from cover to cover. It is not clear to me how any amount of money could "put it in the power of the editors to get and to give the best," for if what they give us is compared with the product of the high-class magazines of the country, which certainly do not suffer from financial embarrassment, it seems evident that AMERICA surely more than holds its own. In my mind, any benefit accruing from an increased circulation of AMERICA would be gained by the people who were fortunate enough to know of the paper and read it, rather than by this splendid weekly, whose editors do not appear to have waited for financial prosperity "to get and to give the best." I fully agree that what we need is to "push and popularize" AMERICA, but it seems that the perfecting of it is already well taken care of.

Los Angeles, Cal. S. D.

Prohibition.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have followed with much interest the discussion relative to voluntary abstinence *vs.* legislative prohibition, and I have found occasion for wonderment at the promptitude with which certain eastern Catholics take up the cudgel in defence of John Barleycorn. The information (or misinformation) which these gentlemen exhibit with regard to conditions in far-off prohibition States is amazing indeed, and it is decidedly grating upon the nerves of persons who are really informed to read their nonsensical tirades against conditions prevailing in such States as Kansas. Kansas seems to be satisfied—others ought to be. Whether or not legislative prohibition is theoretically wrong, it is coming swift and sure. All the talk about prohibition conducing to a nation of drug fiends has been amply refuted by the new federal statute regulating the sale of habit-forming drugs. Men are not likely to become addicted to the use of cocaine if they can not get it. Personal liberty? Yes, prohibition interferes with personal liberty. There are fewer wife-beaters in dry than in wet territory according to statistics. Verily, man's rights have been encroached upon! But how about the rights of the women and children? John Barleycorn has been losing ground steadily. The Catholics of Kansas and Oklahoma do not want to see the saloons back again—I refer to the native-born American Catholics who reside here. Conditions are better under prohibition from every standpoint, and national prohibition will seal the doom of the Church's worst enemy—alcohol.

Henryetta, Okla. VICTOR MCKEE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Have those who favor prohibition, particularly those who favor nation-wide prohibition, ever stopped to consider the question from every angle? They say we must discontinue the manufacture of intoxicating liquors to remedy the evils that result from the over-indulgence of the cup that cheers. Let us apply their arguments to another "evil":

Suppose a fanatic were to hold that the manufacture of automobiles ought to be prohibited by law because they are a grave menace to the country. Many people who can not well afford doing so purchase automobiles and consequently are unable to meet their butcher and grocer bills, thus causing creditors great distress. Other owners of automobiles kill and maim their fellow citizens by reckless driving. Then recall how many young people are brought to ruin through the agency of the automobile. Therefore these dangerous vehicles should not be manufactured.

Rochester, N. Y. I. F. RAUBER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The discussion of prohibition in your columns should produce some results. Hitherto the opponents of prohibition merely dismiss the question by ridicule, but the issue has outgrown this means of suppression. The writer of this communication is not by any means a prohibitionist and has actively opposed every measure tending toward prohibition, but he realizes that Catholics must take some stand, with some definite measure, in order to stem the onward march of prohibition. In the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the greatest feature displayed

in hundreds of different exhibits is prohibition. Wireless telegraphy and wireless telephones, gas and electric engines, phonographic reproductions and countless labor-saving devices attract attention, but prohibition intrudes itself at every turn. Prohibition is wrong, but what else is there to stem the tide of drunkenness? It is time that we Catholics should awaken to the possibility of having State and nation-wide prohibition. The pendulum swings between the extremes of drunkenness and prohibition. Can't the level-headed people of America regulate the swing of the pendulum so that it may not go to either extreme? We hear so much of regulation of the liquor question, but I have failed to see any measure other than granting license to the sellers of liquor. Not a single effective plan has been formulated to regulate the sale and use of liquor. Many of our people cry temperance; they might as well cry "wolf, wolf."

In several States prohibition has prohibited the importation of altar wines, and we hear spasmodic objections from press and pulpit. It would seem that we should realize the importance of the question of prohibition which is merely a wrong attempt to solve a great difficulty and arouse ourselves to provide a remedy for the evil which we must admit has developed with the free use of liquor. We can not allow the justice of prohibition, but what do we offer in place of the ever-rolling waves of "dry" which will engulf the whole country? We must not take our stand by the side of the whiskey seller; if we do we are doomed to defeat. The right thinking people of America will not uphold us if we are found in bad company. Whiskey must be curtailed. Now, then, how are we Catholics to act? On one side there are fanatics, on the other, in many cases, law breakers.

San Francisco. SILAS WENTWORTH.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your paper is to be congratulated on its frank and fearless statements in regard to prohibition; especially so, because in the mind of the prohibitionists, to arrange oneself against the "cause" is to declare an alliance with the opposite interests. The prohibitionist continually refuses to see the stubborn fact that legislation alone can never make for morality. The Catholic Church is, after all, the only successful advocate of temperance. If Protestantism could exercise the strong hold on its people that it perhaps once did, there would be no need of such drastic measures as prohibition. The Catholic priest in the confessional can accomplish more for temperance than all the laws in the land.

Let me quote part of a statement made by Inspector Richard H. P. Matthews, head of the criminal investigating department of the Liverpool police, who was recently in Washington:

> The mistake made in this country by those seeking to bring about reforms lies in the belief that morals can be corrected by legislation. The largest personal liberty consistent with the safety of society makes for a better community. Take away the liberties of the people and you encourage violation of the law. . . . It is recognized that it is unwise and impossible to keep men from drinking, but it is wise and possible so to regulate the sale and consumption of intoxicants that there will be a minimum of evil resulting. It is for this reason that a woman is permitted the same liberty of entering a public house in England and having her glass of ale or other drink. Indeed there is very little drunkenness in England. The thing to be desired to make the race better is not prohibition, but education that will teach the people that which is good for them and that which is not.

Baltimore. J. F. W.

Dowson's Conversion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The controversy about Ernest Dowson, his friends and enemies, bids fair to become a considerable literature. Mr. Joyce Kilmer's contribution to it, in your issue for April 17, is pleasant reading, except that I am afraid he is unintentionally belittling Mr. Victor Plarr's book, for Mr. Kilmer found in it a sneer about Dowson's conversion. I believe Dowson's faith was true, but I think Mr. Plarr was sincere in stating things as they seemed to him. He qualifies what he says in that way. We must remember that Mr. Plarr is not a Catholic; how can he be in *perfect* sympathy, then, with a convert to the Faith? But he does avow respect for *sincere* Catholics, and regretted only what seemed to him a short-lived conversion. To me there is plentiful evidence in Dowson's writings, both prose and verse, of his love for the Catholic Faith I am glad to have my copy of Mr. Plarr's little memoir, for it seems the most human and loveable picture of Dowson I have found anywhere.

Grand Rapids, Mich. A. K. GIBSON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, in his excellent review of Ernest Dowson, has, I am inclined to think, hardly done justice to Victor Plarr in accusing him of sneering at Dowson's conversion to the Catholic religion. Temperamentally both these persons, Ernest Dowson and Victor Plarr, were poles apart. The very scanty details of the life of Dowson show that he was blessed—or cursed—with what is generally known as a "temperament," with the inevitable result that he was more or less of a *poseur*. Mr. Plarr, on the other hand (whether he is an Englishman or not I do not know), appears to possess a great deal of British stolidity, and it is quite possible that, to him, Dowson's conversion was a more or less superficial affair. His attitude appears to show impatience rather than contempt; an impatience with what must have seemed but another phase in the somewhat erratic moods of the poet, and the misunderstanding is not one that is confined to Ernest Dowson and his biographer alone.

New York. H. C. WATTS.

"E. C.'s" Inconsistency with Regard to Russia

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In answer to your correspondent E. A. W., who accuses me of inconsistency with regard to Russia, and asks is he to believe E. C. or E. C., I hasten to advise him to believe E. C. *and* E. C. all the time, for E. C. will never be written below a plea for Turks or tyranny.

That I have criticized Russian autocracy is true; that I have lauded Russian democracy equally so. What I wrote of past Romanoff rule I maintain; what I wrote of the Russian peasant soldier I likewise maintain. The two are not identical, in spite of E. A. W's endeavor to fuse them, so as to prove discrepancies in my statements. They are separate, different and opposed. One stands for despotism and one for meekness.

Not that I would for a moment deny that the course of the present war has modified my sentiments toward political Russia. There have been such alterations in the desirable direction that I rejoice to meet them, and in this I have goodly company: the majority of the great Polish nation to whom Russia at last offers justice with no niggard hand.

I am very honored at being quoted as a contributor to the "Catholic Encyclopedia," but must disclaim any part in the compilation of Russian criminal statistics and deductions therefrom. The protest against Russia's advance in Persia and England's tolerance of the same was excusable in one who did not foresee Prussia's advance in Belgium and Austria's (planned) advance in Serbia. More important opinions than those of E. C. or of E. A. W. have veered during the last twelvemonth and may veer again. Russia, annihilator of the Kurd butchers in Armenia, would be to me glorious Russia; while America, ally of the Sultan, would lose my allegiance.

Surely in affairs of this kind there is no permanent "objective truth." Mutable man is concerned. The des-

pot of yesterday may be the liberator of to-morrow. Objective truths are applicable to principles not to nations. Constancy does not mean clinging to one notion about an individual or a people, but rather following the same ideals wherever they flourish or develop. Should Austria, instead of joining with the ancient foe of Christendom, throw in her lot even now with the Balkan Slavs and start to rout the Crescent and restore the Cross in Southeast Europe I would be the first to cry: Hail, Austria! Meantime I shall continue to admire virtue wherever it is found, whether in the zeal of E. A. W. or the abnegation of the Russian peasant.

London. E. CHRISTITCH.

Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My letter resenting the impeachment of Mr. McCloskey's faith has provoked sufficient epistolary evidence from Messrs. Hume, Jones and Ryan to disqualify them as casuists. Their sound and thoroughly Catholic sentiment is not proof against false and exaggerated reasoning. Nor does it assure their methods of any immunity from error. Mr. Hume's statement that any affiliation with the Y. M. C. A. is prohibited to Catholics by the natural and divine positive law is an exaggeration. If true, it would banish the associate members into the exterior darkness of heresy. Mr. Jones appropriates Mr. Hume's categorization and bases his five alleged fallacies on its correctness. By his final admission that confessors may permit individual penitents to join the Y. M. C. A. he rejects Mr. Hume's erroneous classification and demolishes the basis of all his previous argumentation. A priest could not sanction a penitent's affiliation with the Y. M. C. A. if it involved the apostasy of entrance into a Masonic order; or the repudiation of faith demanded of the recipients of Protestant supplies in the famine days; or the open defiance of Synodal decrees such as forbade matriculation at Oxford or Cambridge. Mr. Ryan correctly interprets universal Catholic opposition to the Y. M. C. A. as a certain sign of the organization's ungodliness. He errs in presuming a similarly universal acceptance of the unreal and exaggerated form in which an attempt has been made to crystallize that opposition.

Only confusion can result from identifying complete incorporation in a heretical society and the limited affiliation with a gymnastic or educational department of an organization with the manifold activities of the Y. M. C. A. Active membership in a Protestant sect requires the express denial of some or all doctrines of the Church and participation in false religious services. The prescribed and customary affiliation of Catholics with the Y. M. C. A. in some utterly non-religious department involves no abandonment of faith and is compatible with pronounced opposition to every Y. M. C. A. religious activity. The argument that associate membership constitutes a proximate danger to faith is often defeatful of its purpose. Young men whose experience belies its truth conclude that their parents and instructors have been misinformed and are apt to consider all other opposing reasons as manifestations of the same misconception.

Perhaps the failure to arrest the increasing enrolment of Catholics has been due to the overstatement and exaggeration of the opposition. On this as on all questions Catholic sentiment is sound. And there is no doubt that it is overwhelmingly against our young men affiliating with the Y. M. C. A. It can not rest validly on any assumed or constructive perversion of faith or on a proximate danger that is not necessarily incurred. The constitution of the organization and the deeds of its officials and active members furnish a complete and thorough vindication of the Catholic attitude.

Drawn with a skill that the Jesuit of fiction might envy, the Association's constitution appeals to evangelical bigotry for the support of its proselyting; to Protestant sincerity for uplifting the morals of young men; and to Catholic, Jew and Buddhist by offering physical and material advantages. It delineates an organism with as many heads, as capacious a belly, as sturdy legs, as stinging a tail as the Cerberus of the ancients. To the religious indifferents of moderate means and epicurean tastes the Association appears a very good and a very cheap boarding and lodging house. To the frenzied and fanatical bigot it shows its proselyting head with its wolfish, menacing teeth. To the Catholic, Jew and pagan it presents only its gymnastic and athletic aspect. To the bigot's query why Catholics are not excluded, the constitutional experts would reply that their annual dues are material support, and their enrolment a most useful moral help to the organization's proselyters among poorer Catholics. To the Catholic, reluctant to join, the same experts would give assurance of the respect and consideration always to be accorded to his faith. Thus irreconcilables are reconciled, opposites united, and the antipodes of faith and principle and ideals are welded into a living organism, monstrous, it is true, but powerful and apparently long-lived. Standing securely on its four legs of education, moral uplift, social enjoyment and physical exercise; its belly the common recipient of the bigot's gold, the associate member's modest dues, the often princely contribution of the humanitarian, the boarders' and lodgers' fees, the beast grows fat and wags violently its serpent's tail of the Bible only. It is no honor to the humanitarian, no credit to the epicure, no cause of self-congratulation to the Catholic to be associated with bigots and hypocrites in feeding and thus prolonging the life of such a monster.

The deeds of the officials and active members who constitute an esoteric circle are more easily analyzed. Purporting to spread Christianity, the Association is actively engaged in subverting Catholicism. The religious voice of its officials is silent or respectful in the presence of Catholic members. It is audible and offensive enough at the meetings of the Bible circles. It gains a surprising vibrancy and volume in the mission rooms, where the Catholic children of poor aliens are enticed by promises of food, clothing and instruction. The change of voice is the outward expression of a hypocritical mental change. The Catholic religion is eminently respectable in the business office, the swimming pool, and in all athletic and public departments. In the inner sanctum, where the Bible classes meet, the Catholic Church becomes a purely human institution modeled on the old Roman governmental system and evolved from the fusion of pagan rites and Christian superstition. It is a perversion of the Gospel purity, forced upon ignorant credulity by a tyrannous priesthood. In the mission stations of the city's poorest sections, where there is no fear of financial reprisal from indignant associate members and no danger of physical assault from the half-starved children who compose the audience, the Church is an abomination, the harlot of the Apocalypse, the cause of all the world's physical and moral ills. Its most sacred traditions, its holiest sacraments, the Mass, Confession, Holy Communion, loyalty to Pope and bishop are misrepresented and maligned and held up to the scorn and ridicule of Catholic children.

The Association maintains a training school for the development of its future workers, where the triple-voice tones are cultivated and the more insidious and contemptible triple attitude toward Catholicity is instilled and mastered. From the graduates are recruited the secretaries of the home banches, the slum and trans-Atlantic liners' proselyters, and the missionaries for association work in foreign coun-

tries. The most promising subjects are reserved for home associations, whose large Catholic membership calls for the most diplomatic handling. The less sly and more blatant are sent to the aid of the associations in foreign countries, where there is not the same need of masking the religious character and more demand for less subtle and more violent agitation. By virtue of its international alliance and the actual training of foreign missionaries, the Association in the United States directly participates and cooperates in the vile slanders of Pope and Church which are periodically reported from Rome, the Philippines and South America. In European Catholic countries the Association's workers are in close and active accord with any and all anti-Catholic agitators, be they socialists, liberals or atheists.

The Y. M. C. A. gives unmistakable indication of its bitter anti-Catholic animus by its fundamental religious doctrine that the Bible only is the rule of faith, by its unprincipled proselyting among our Catholic poor, its slanderous insults of our Sovereign Pontiff in Rome and its constant and consistent alignment against Catholic forces in foreign countries. Our young men who affiliate themselves with this triple-headed organization are not perverts, nor are they always and necessarily in danger of losing their faith. But they don't belong in such a heterogeneous religious gang. They are unrecognizable in such a company of religious indifferents, bigots, hypocrites and sincere but mistaken believers. They can have no sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the Association's mongrel constitution, no respect for the unprincipled tactics of its officials and workers. Their affiliation with an educational or athletic department unfortunately but necessarily gives some degree of countenance and recognition to its objectionable Cerberean constitution, and includes some measure of material support and consequently of cooperation in the wicked and slanderous campaign against their Church which the Y. M. C. A. is constantly waging. In the light of these facts there is no reason to have recourse to speculation or exaggeration to sustain Catholic sentiment against our young men joining the Y. M. C. A.

Baltimore, Md. J. A. FARRELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been very much interested of late, as a Catholic and a member of the Association, by the controversy in your review concerning the Y. M. C. A. Mr. McCloskey's letter has certainly given rise to a storm of criticism. From an outsider's point of view, some of this might perhaps be regarded as not unamusing. The officials of the Y. M. C. A. will scarcely neglect the rare opportunity, the pointing out the sour grapes, for they are there, indeed, unmistakably evident.

To speak of the insidious atmosphere of the Y. M. C. A. is frankly absurd to any one at all familiar with the place. (I have Central Branch in mind.) One ranks the statement at once as a matter of incorrect information. We hear of the proselyting influence, the danger of loss of faith and an armory of other evils which, as far as my personal experience goes, are quite without foundation. True there are services on Sunday and, I believe, other religious exercises; it is, however, incumbent on no one to attend them should one not so wish, and as for discussions on religious matters among the members themselves, I agree with Mr. McCloskey. So far I have seen nothing of it. The atmosphere of the place strikes me as distinctly and briskly businesslike, not without a certain club-like spirit. I personally go there to swim and meet other fellows of kindred tastes.

The young man who would endanger his faith by an environment such as is existent at Central must be indeed of the most tepid variety of a lukewarm Catholic. The contention that the Y. M. C. A. atmosphere is impregnated with the spirit of Protestantism and that proselyting is rampant is fallacious. It is emphatically not so. Doubtless it is theoretically wrong for a Catholic to become a member of a non-Catholic organization. The fine points of the argument I leave to those versed in such matters. We are concerned with the fact of main interest, namely, the impossibility of enjoying physical training elsewhere than at the Y. M. C. A. and the not-to-be-exaggerated importance of such training to every young man. There is, indeed, a lot to be said for this phase of what some will, no doubt, term the essentially pagan point of view, the fuller realization of the joy of youth, with its boyishness and riot of color and motion, the very uttermost grasping and enjoyment of youth's licit pleasures. Age comes upon us but too soon with its disillusions and resultant descent into the grays and drabs of existence. Mr. Jones' phrase, "the cost of being Catholic," is reminiscent of Puritanism and the State. It savors of a perching of oneself on the, in this case, quite futile pedestal of self-sacrifice. That one can be a good Catholic, without taint of disloyalty, and yet be a member of the Y. M. C. A., using and paying for its conveniences, is not to be doubted for a moment. Indeed, under existing conditions, it is the only course open to the fellow who feels the need of and delights in violent exercise. This surely should be apparent to all of an unprejudiced and open frame of mind.

Philadelphia. A. ROMANO.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is undoubtedly true that the Y. M. C. A. is attracting too many of our young men, with the consequence that there are numerous defections from the Church. The evil is a crying one. Why doesn't the Church remedy it? Unless we supply the deficiency, our young men, needing as they do both sports and exercise, will seek them where they can be obtained.

An addition could easily be built to our new Catholic schools, or at least included in the plans for future schools, consisting of a gymnasium and a billiard and reading room. Many of our churches could afford a club house. At present it is necessary to hire lodge rooms for society meetings, and ballrooms for dances and euchres. A club house would save the expense of all this and give our young men a place to spend their spare time without danger to their Faith. The same need is felt of Catholic libraries. Many churches have them, but owing to lack of room, the books have not the circulation they ought to have. If each parish library had a room or two that would be open every afternoon and evening, more of our Catholics would use it instead of the public library. To keep our Catholics close to the Church we ought to give them what they can now obtain only outside the Church.

New York. AN INTERESTED READER.

Judas and Salvation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Coppens, in answering J. C. H. in your issue of April 10, states that "He (God) has told us clearly, in equivalent terms, that Judas was eternally lost after a number of mortal sins. . . ." I do not presume to enter into controversy with the learned Father Coppens, but I am desirous of seeking further information. I heard a very distinguished theologian, the Rev. Pietro Rossi, C.M., professor of theology at the Collegio Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy, say that the Church had never declared any individual to be in hell, not even Judas. As a proof to the contrary, he cited a decree of one of the Sacred Congregations permitting Masses to be celebrated for the repose of the soul of Judas.

Trenton, N. J. E. C. G.

AMERICA

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Howells and the Jesuits

CALUMNY dies hard; sometimes it does not die at all. That which is hurled against Jesuits is immortal; it is too smart, too popular, too profitable to be allowed to die; it will live. There will always be country preachers to tickle ignorant ears with gossip, unfit for polite company, about the Jesuits; there will be panders to passion who will bind tales of sordid love and Jesuit intrigue between yellow covers, for the delectation of languid youths and gum-chewing dames. Then, too, the world will never be without its "Helbeck of Bannisdale," its "Wandering Jew," its "Italian Notes," and, shall we say it? its William Dean Howells. It has been said;—and with reason, as the following letters will show:

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, March 13, 1915.
Care of *North American Review,*
Franklin Square, New York City.

DEAR SIR: In your article, "The Plays of Eugène Brieux," in the current issue of the *North American Review,* there occurs the following sentence:

> I can not make out that there is any straining for effect, any *lying,* even in a good cause, or for the purpose of enforcing a principle; there is no *doing evil that good may come,* in him: and as far as one may safely say *he is not a Jesuit,* not that I think Jesuits are invariably and altogether bad. (Italics inserted.)

As a Jesuit I wish to protest most emphatically against your stricture on the Order to which I have the honor to belong. Your statement is not only untrue, it is unworthy of a man with pretension to scholarship and courtesy to others. It is a sad thing indeed, to find a man of your literary ability flinging a hideous charge into the faces of men quite as honorable as you, and apparently more careful than you of the reputation of others.

This, sir, is my protest against your unwarranted insult, but protest is not the sole reason of this letter. You have made an accusation, surely you should be willing to offer evidence for it: such is the part of an honest scholar. I invite you to submit to me, a Jesuit, passages, or even references to passages, wherein Jesuits teach:

1. That *lying* may be done in a good cause, or for the purpose of enforcing a principle, and
2. That evil may be done so that good may come of it.

I am, sir,
Respectfully, etc.,
R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.
Editor of AMERICA.

Mr. Howells did not deign to answer. He made a serious charge; he was challenged for proof; he remained silent. This second letter was sent him:

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, April 15, 1915.
130 West 57th Street,
New York City.

DEAR SIR: Some time since I wrote you relative to certain remarks that you made in the March *North American Review* about Jesuit morality.

As your charges are serious I am writing once again to invite you to make good your assertions, either by authentic citations, or by reference to the books in which Jesuits teach the doctrines you attribute to them.

I am, sir,
Respectfully, etc.,
R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.,
Editor of AMERICA.

Mr. Howells is still silent, a piteous spectacle of a man who, when caught in an attempt to put the stigma of infamy upon the brow of honorable folk, takes to cover and remains there. His darkness is his; may he enjoy it! The explanation of his conduct may be found in his own words: "A man, especially a dramatic author, ought not to be too honest; he unfits himself to comfort the tired business man."

The incident is closed, unless Mr. Howells cares or dares to reopen it.

"Save Us, We Perish"

THERE is a more or less prevalent impression that the disastrous effects of the war are confined to the belligerent countries, and to those neutral nations whose commerce has been seriously interrupted. The tendency to restrict the losses to material conditions is emphasized by the stress which is constantly placed on the necessity for contributions to alleviate physical suffering. Meanwhile the spiritual effects of the war are felt in a very acute way in the Catholic Foreign Missions. From South America, Japan, China, India, Africa, the Philippines, Oceanica, and from almost every quarter of the globe where there are missionaries, letters are pouring into the offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, with heartrending accounts of the calamitous consequences of the European struggle which the missions are experiencing. The work of saving souls is seriously hampered by lack of funds. Many a good work has come, through want of assistance, to a standstill, and souls that might have been saved are left in the darkness of superstition and sin. It seems a dreadful thing that those for whom Christ died should never hear of His Gospel or receive the saving grace of His Precious

Blood, merely for the lack of silver and gold. Yet such is the fact. The countries from which the Foreign Missions received their principal support are utterly powerless to continue their benefactions, and the result is that once flourishing missions are languishing, and are in danger of failing altogether.

The Catholics of the United States, therefore, who have always shown themselves generous, should make a vigorous effort to redouble their contributions, and to support, as far as they can, until the end of the war, a part of the burden which their European brethren have

stories above the basement, on the superstructure of "freedom of thought," "progress," "modern conditions," and a host of other props. There is, of course, always the possibility of the borrower failing to comprehend the proper use of that which he borrows, and the ten thousand pilgrims of Mount Rubidoux, as they greeted the rising sun with the Catholic Our Father and a recitative from the Catholic Scripture, may have fancied that *Pater noster qui es in cœlis* had some intimate connection with Dr. Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air," which, while certainly fundamental, is scarcely creedless.

Annihilation or Immortality?

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun* writes to say, that for twenty-two years, he has thought, studied, prayed, and "even curiously followed those distinguished scientists" who believe that they have presented irrefutable evidence of man's survival in another world. "But now," he adds, "to-day I am finished. Within me lives the unalterable conviction that death ends all. Yet there remains the horror of annihilation. I had rather go to hell. Why is this?" Thus ends the communication of one who signs himself "Puzzled."

There is a world of sadness in that "Why is this?" "Puzzled" writes his present conviction that man's existence is as fleeting as the vagrant breeze of spring, as a little smoke that lingers in the sky and is gone, as a glorious sunset that darkens into a starless night. He has traveled a long road through thought, prayer and doubt, but he has not, as he thinks, reached an "unalterable conclusion that death ends all." He has but reached a "horror of annihilation." Beyond the expressed conviction of his intellect is another conviction that God did not make him to destroy him utterly. From this conviction, present though unrecognized, does his horror of annihilation rise. So rooted is it in his very nature, that he yearns to be, longs to be, even if existence be bought at the price of hell.

Melius est esse quam non esse, the medieval schoolman argued. To be is better than not to be. In the pages of a twentieth century newspaper, "Puzzled" reechoes the axiom of the schools, the conclusion of Plato and Aristotle and Cicero, the hope that was laid up in the bosom of the Gentile who dwelt in the land of Hus, the cry of the poet:

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him; thou art just.

A desire so universal, a conviction so deeply graven in the heart of man, throughout the ages, can not be frustrated. The very horror of annihilation in the soul of "Puzzled" finds its cause in his participation of mankind's general conviction that the soul is immortal. Merely to cease to be is not in itself painful. But it is unnatural. The consent of mankind so designates the

passing from human existence into non-existence. Poetic fancy, not truth, pillows the dreamless head o'er which rose-petals fall unnoted. There is no annihilation. What is, shall be. When "Puzzled" records his horror of annihilation he but restates the moral argument for the immortality of the soul.

Pantaloon and Slapstick Legislation

MR. JONES must have thought deeply, ere he introduced into the New York Senate, "An Act entitled an Act to amend the education law in relation to compulsory teaching and study of moral hygiene in the public schools." Mr. Jones has drafted, not a Bill, but a small treatise on education, and a very silly one. He tells the teacher what she is to teach and how she is to teach it, delivering himself, ever and anon, of sapient reflections on the philosophy of pedagogy, science, morality, and of human life in its larger and more general aspects.

According to the provisions of the proposed law, essays on moral hygiene are to be written by the children. These are to be read aloud in class on the following day, and "discussed at length, thus," philosophizes Mr. Jones, "concentrating thought on the subject, by this reasoning process of mind, this self-analysis, indicative to the teacher's mind of the state or status of the child's mind, as expressed for correction or disapproval." Apparently, these essays are likewise to be exacted from the teetering tots in the kindergarten; for while it is ordained that they are to "receive such instruction more or less continuously" (poor dears!) no provision expressly exempts them from the fatiguing labors of the pen. However, the natural law would, of course, excuse from authorship such children as can not write, and from the "lengthy discussion" of "questions of right and wrong," the smaller pupils of limited vocabulary and indistinct enunciation.

Nor does this marvelous law lack an appropriate and effective sanction. Failure on part of the teacher "to rightly interpret the thought of or to faithfully comply (there goes another infinitive!) with the law . . . shall be regarded as an evidence of incompetency to teach, or as being unfitted to instruct children," and her resignation shall be required forthwith. Should any provision of the law be violated "in any school district of the State, or by any officer, person or body," everybody's pay, it would seem, ceases in the said district. It thus appears that the offending teacher shall first be required to resign, and should this remedy prove ineffective against her iniquity, be deprived of her pay. In this case, however, the superintendent and the janitor, in consequence of not being obliged to resign, are expected to render their services gratis.

As a framer of laws, Mr. Jones is clearly entitled to the palm. Colorado, it is said, wisely requires all chickens to be on their roosts at 7 p. m., and all bulls using the public highways at night to carry lights. Nebraska forbids free lunches, and Kansas frowns on the use of cosmetics by the already fair sex. North Dakota ordains a uniform thickness for sleigh runners, while Minnesota secures to the hardworking lumberjack his inalienable and constitutional right to an individual bathtub. All these benighted commonwealths may now retire with blushes to the defeated rear. New York has outdone them all, or may, if the Committee on Public Education reports Mr. Jones' most extraordinary Bill favorably. It is the triumph of pantaloon and slapstick legislation.

Make-Ups

TEACHER, have you a boy who snarls out "Naw," instead of saying "No," who plunges his hands into his pockets, as though he was trying to dig a mine, who throws his chin out and his chest in, and who resents the correction of those and a number of other sad traits? He is an actor. He has put on that character before the audience of his block, and he is too cowardly to dare to be right. The gang will laugh if he drops his make-up. Experience in the classroom shows that a chief difficulty in all corrections is shame. The inventive ingenuity of man has devised many new and deadly explosives and many terrible engines for hurling them with dread accuracy, but all this destructive machinery has not yet attained to the fatal effectiveness of a laugh. Human respect is an army made up of the first-line troops of Satan, and its armament is a laugh. Your incorrigible pupil peers over his shoulder anxiously, cocks his ears fearfully; he shudders in anticipation of a volley of cachinations and refuses to be corrected.

A recent catalogue advertised grease-paint at twenty-five cents per stick in a cardboard tube, and gave a long list of make-ups it was prepared to supply. Among the first on the list were the following: pale juvenile, very pale juvenile, juvenile hero-flesh, juvenile deeper shade, juvenile robust, sallow young man. All the schools exemplify these make-ups, but the price for such character make-ups is more than twenty-five cents per stick. The pale juvenile with his collar turned up and his shoulders hunched; the very pale juvenile, bearing the tell-tale yellow stains, he of the shifty glances; the juvenile hero-flesh, who apes his elders in swagger and profanity; the juvenile deeper shade, who haunts the back alleys and dodges the truant-officer; the juvenile robust, bragging and bullying and keeping late hours and rapidly degenerating into the anemic flabbiness of the sallow young man, all these you have seen; but did you ever think that much of this was make-up, the stage traditions of some crowd, the little impersonations before the little audiences of youth? The boy goes out a plain, ordinary, healthy boy, and he comes back a pale juvenile, or very pale juvenile, or dons one of the other make-ups which mark his entrance upon a larger life, and is his passport with the gang.

Before you unmercifully berate the shame-faced lad who fears the laugh and dares not drop his make-up, take your own position before the glass and see whether you can behold there any make-ups at so many laughs a piece. You may find a faultlessly perfect exterior reflected to your gaze; no swagger or slouch or shiftiness there, but what of the mind and soul? Any pale or sallow, or robust, or hero-flesh, laid on thick there? Some of the popular intellectual make-ups of the day, all very cheap, are: agnostic pose, Christian Science affectation, irreligious braggadocio (given away with one work of Shaw's), evolutionary enlightenment, altitudinous thought and skeptic snobbery (won as a premium on graduating from Piffley), the higher-criticism strut and the blasé nonchalance of indifference.

"But I can never give up evolution," asserted a woman. "What fact, for example?" asked the priest. "What fact?"—There was a remover of make-up.—"What fact? Why, honestly, Father, I don't know of any, when I come to think of it." Her conversion followed. Evolution had been for her a bogey-man, a make-up which intellectual snobbery had smeared and sneered upon her soul. Evolution was like the fearsome polariscope which, according to a Texan politician, was threatening the farmers through the machinations of his wily opponent. "What is a polariscope?" asked his horrified audience. "You will know," replied the astute politician, "when you see your flocks of sheep laid low."

Are you a teacher in Israel, frightened into wearing a false-face upon your soul; have you a fear of the Jews? Well, come at any rate by night and learn how to be born again, at least, to the extent of doffing the mask which daytime cowardice has fitted upon you. Nicodemus, finally, through childlike humility and through courage, arrived for the burial of his Master.

LITERATURE

Lafcadio Hearn

WHAT was the matter with Lafcadio Hearn? No American has written prose more delicate and vividly beautiful than his, nor has any one else—not even Yone Noguchi—put into English so clear a revelation of Japan's soul. Yet after an hour with "Kwaidan" or "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" the normal reader is wearied and, instead of being grateful to the erudite and skilful author, regards him with actual dislike.

Why is this? Is it because Hearn had a morbid fondness for the tragic, and loved to dwell on mental, physical and spiritual disease? This is partly the reason, yet De Quincey and Edgar Allan Poe inspire no such aversion. Is it because Hearn's style is too rich, exquisite and precious? Walter Pater had the same fault, but Walter Pater is read with delight by Hearn's enemies. Is it because of Hearn's ridiculous religious prejudices—his hatred for the Jesuits, for example? No, Hearn's hatred for the Jesuits is simply a bad little boy's impudence toward his schoolmaster. He had none of George Borrow's fiery, romantic passion against the "Man in Black." And Borrow's "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye" were loved even by so un-Protestant a writer as Lionel Johnson.

No, the reason lies deeper, and is simpler, than any of these. Hearn failed, not because he was precious, not because he was morbid, not because he was prejudiced, but because he had no imagination.

Lafcadio Hearn was, in the worst sense of the word, a realist. He had thoroughly the materialistic attitude toward life; he could see only the dull outside of things, not the indwelling splendor. An imaginative man would have delighted in his mixed Greek and Irish blood, would have realized that as a newspaperman he was a member of the most romantic profession the world has known, would have seen that New Orleans was no mean city. But Hearn was so prosaic and matter-of-fact that he saw only the forms and outlines of the things about him, and so sentimentally credu-

lous that he believed that Japan contained greater wonders than Louisiana. Dr. George M. Gould, in his interesting but unpleasant work, "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn," blames many of his dead friend's faults on his defective vision. But Hearn's myopia was spiritual as well as physical: he could not see the soul.

What terrible results came from this spiritual myopia! Of course, its worst result was the unspeakable tragedy of Hearn's rejection of Christianity for that cruel burlesque on religion called Buddhism. But the minor results were many and dreadful . . . chief among them was the loss to the world of a great writer.

He might have been a great writer. A recently published book, "Fantastics and Other Fancies," proves this. It is a collection of Hearn's earliest writings, resurrected from the yellowed files of old New Orleans newspapers by Charles Woodward Hutson, and made into a beautiful volume by Houghton, Mifflin Co. The brief essays in this book are as charmingly phrased as anything this master of charming phrases ever wrote, and they are—unlike his later work—imaginative. That is, they are interpretations and idealizations of the things naturally familiar to Hearn. He had not yet committed the artistic heresy of confusing strangeness with beauty. He was not yet deluded into the belief that romance belonged exclusively to Nippon. He still was loyal to the traditions of his own civilization.

Hearn did not ruin himself as a writer by writing about Japan. He ruined himself by trying to be a Japanese. Now, one can write about Japan without being a Japanese, just as one can write about hell without being damned. But Hearn was not sufficiently imaginative to perceive this.

So he gave up European civilization for that of Japan. His Irish father's faith held all that was noble of his Greek mother's pagan tradition, but Hearn chose the novelties of Buddhism. He went to Japan: he devoted the gifts that God had given him, and the technical skill that the Jesuits had taught him, to the celebration of anti-Christian legends and ceremonials. But cherry-blossoms bloom only for a season—unlike Sharon's rose. And the tragic letters published after Hearn's death show that this fantastic adventurer learned at last that he had forsaken the splendid adventure first appointed for him. His bitter revilings of the people and customs of the land he had spent years in praising show that within Nippon's golden apples, too, are ashes.

Hearn has been held up by the sentimentalists as a shining example of humanity's cruelty to great artists. He is instead a shining example of the minor artist's cruelty to humanity. He was not rejected of men. His was not "divine discontent," his was the pernicious "desire for new things." Therefore he became merely the maker of fair and futile decorations, and he who might have been a poet, a creator, became a clever wordsmith.

The essays in this little book of Hearn's earliest work show a strange resemblance to the prose of Francis Thompson. What a contrast the lives of the two men present! Both were vagabonds, both were physically handicapped. But Francis Thompson was imaginative enough to be himself, so he wrote "The Hound of Heaven." And Lafcadio Hearn was so lacking in imagination as to want to be somebody else—so he wrote "Gleanings in Buddha Fields."

It is not for a mere journalist to point out the moral significance of the tragedy of Lafcadio Hearn. But I venture to suggest that the young American and English poets who are kissing the silken hem of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore's garment might profitably read Lafcadio Hearn's later correspondence. Fame and happiness are not always the reward of him who gives up the Occident for the Orient. Orientalism has its own truths, its own splendors. But the writers whose words we cherish, whose names are graven on our hearts, the makers of our literature, did any one of these sell his birthright for a mess of—rice?

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

The French in the Heart of America. By JOHN FINLEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The author is careful to inform us that the title has a merely geographical connotation; yet the subject is so generously treated that the reader, whatever his origin, will voluntarily superadd the figurative interpretation, without the slightest prejudice to American neutrality. Skilfully spliced and dovetailed into historical unity from lecture, essay, memoir and review, the book may be called a connected series of pen-pictures of the pioneer exploration and settlement and the economic, political and educational development of the vast domain that stretches from the Alleghanies to the Rockies and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, "the Heart of America," with occasional diagnosis of the pre-cordial regions on its northern and eastern borders. Following Parkman's glowing story of the lords and vassals and black-robed priests of France who, "in plumed helmets and priestly vestments, conquered an untamed continent for civilization," President Finley is still more eulogistic of those "men of courtly culture who, with dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil." From Cartier, who had explored a thousand miles of the St. Lawrence before the Plymouth Pilgrims were born, and Champlain, who had founded Quebec and Montreal and opened the Great Lakes to the world before that pilgrimage was accomplished, and La Salle, whose "thoughts made alliance with the sun" and whose steps linked the Lakes to the Gulf, and who, unlike the Pilgrim and Puritan, despised gain for glory, and the Black Gowns, who, not for gain or glory but for love of souls alone, made and wrote the pioneer history of the North and West, of whom it is written: "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way"—from these to Iberville and Bienville and other valorous sons of France we are led through many picturesque and some tedious highways and by-ways to the absorption of New France by the United States; and then to a many-paged glorification of our present civilized enlightenment as measured by secular education and material productiveness.

It is a disappointing bathos after the fine glow caught in the earlier chapters from the halo of holy and heroic men. In the light of "The Relations" the President of New York University can etch aright the noble figures of Brébeuf and Allemant and Jogues and Marquette and their religious and lay associates, but when that light goes out he returns for inspiration to the shades of the Puritan. He attributes the settling and development of the Mississippi valley solely to the "Scotch-Irish," who evolve forthwith into "Anglo-Americans," and even the Missouri basin can catch no glimpse of the Germans or the Irish, not one of whom by word or hint adorns his pages. He is equally silent on the indispensable services of Père Gibault and his people to Clark, and of the New Orleans French to Jackson, in the winning and holding of the West. The religious exclusiveness of the French is frequently, and untruly, emphasized, but the bigotry of the New England colonists, whom he goes out of his way to laud, is unscathed of his pen. The secular universities and the Protestant preachers are made the heirs of the Jesuit pioneers, but of the Catholic universities and colleges and the countless cathedrals and churches from the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to the Gulf, that have risen in the scenes of their labors, and the missionaries and

bishops, many of them French, that maintained the continuity of their Faith and teaching, his pages have no knowledge. It is a fascinating, stimulating book and honestly conceived; but it is rather impressionism than history. M. K.

What Ought I to Do? By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The readers of this "inquiry into the nature and kinds of virtue" are sure to disagree regarding the book's moral value. The author's adherence, consciously or unconsciously, to the theory of immanence, when he speaks (p. 96) of "the Will of the World (the will of God as immanent in man's physical and social evolution)"; his application of modernistic development to the ideals of morality, by the dogmatic statement (p. 29): "There has been an evolution in morals," and his vague yet unconcealed pantheism in the statements that cluster about his words (p. 295): "The Universe . . . is at least . . . an infinitely intricate and wonderfully balanced and knowingly self-controlled (*sic*) piece of mechanism"; all these will receive the warm grasp of friendship from men who accept any solution of life's problems except the logical one. But other readers of this book, who represent a class of men, some five hundred million strong, know with certainty that the only world-ground of actuality and morality is an infinitely perfect, unchanging personal Creator and Lawgiver, really distinct from the universe we see.

On page 28 are two of the author's postulates, or lack of postulates, to his conclusions: "The message of a moral obligation . . . comes out of the whole man, and is addressed to the whole man," and again, "It is from my whole Self that the message, 'I ought,' arises." . . . This is as far back as Dr. Ladd traces the origin of moral consciousness. He takes for granted that the law is present, but not a hint is hazarded about any lawgiver. To the critic who might deny any binding force corresponding to such an "ought" there is no answer. An emancipated superman might jauntily declare that his whole Self is not the superior of his whole Self and therefore has no more power to declare to his whole Self "Thou shalt not steal" than the same whole Self has to answer "I may steal as much as I like." The author gives no solution of the difficulty. For the whole man, of himself, can not be imposing an obligation and submitting to that obligation, can not be commanding and obeying at the same time and under the same aspect, unless it is possible for black birds to be wholly black and wholly white at the same time.

Passing over numerous encomiums upon the virtues, and much advice about duty-doing, we read, on page 234, this vital passage: "Genuine morality is in the individual a certain type of personality. It is in the large a certain type of society composed of individuals loyal to this type of personality. And loyalty to the type does not consist in being precisely like, or in following precisely the same maxims, or in doing on like occasions precisely the same things, as others . . ." But if such a standard as the foregoing were our practical guide, how could A ever accuse B of being immoral? A's personality differs from B's. So A's morality may differ from B's. And A is not bound to follow B's maxims. The sabotage which may appear immoral to capitalist B may seem quite moral to anarchist A. If any appeal is made to a more ultimate court of morality, scant heed is paid to Dr. Ladd's injunction to pursue one's own personal ideal.

Enough has now been said to show that the author's principles, if reduced to practice, would sweep away all law and order and the choicest fruits of civilization. Of course he would repudiate any such acts. And indeed his own high regard for courage, self-sacrifice and the social virtues, shines forth in many a passage. But Descartes found followers to abuse his dictum, and Malthus others to misapply his doctrines. With far more logic the principles of this book could justify men in the destruction of all that the majority of plain men hold dear. J. M. F.

Paris Waits: 1914. By M. E. CLARKE. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Four Weeks in the Trenches: The War Story of a Violinist. By FRITZ KREISLER. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00.

These are books of war experiences. The first is made up of nineteen papers, some of which appeared in the London *Times* and the *Queen*, written by an English woman who remained in Paris during the first five months of the present war. The author records sympathetically her impressions of what she saw and heard and felt while France was arming, while the capital was threatened and when the Government retired to Bordeaux and subsequently came back to Paris. Mrs. Clarke bears testimony to the reawakening of faith among the men of France: "It is a well-known fact that, since the mobilization order came, men have been in hundreds to confess before leaving for the front." The women, too, have grown more religious: "Even among the most free-thinking social sets the women have turned to the Church for consolation." "France is irrevocably and innately Catholic, and the war has proved it so," is this Protestant observer's conclusion. The clergy have acted so nobly that their influence over the people is likely to be very strong when peace is restored to the country. As for the civilians, they have all become church-goers. "Never have the churches been fuller than they are in these days, and never have the men and women who fill them gone with such single purpose to pray. Even in daily intercourse this spirit of reverence permeates, and the spirit of mockery is no longer heard." So the war appears to be actually regenerating France.

The fact that Fritz Kreisler, "the world's greatest violinist," was summoned by his country to the colors and for "Four Weeks in the Trenches" fought desperately against the Russians, was severely wounded and narrowly escaped being left for dead on the battle-field, proves how merciless in its exactions the Great War is. Among the other men of eminence in Mr. Kreisler's battalion were a sculptor, a philologist, two university professors, a prince, a civil engineer, a physician with an international reputation, a painter and a singer. The author's musical training helped him a little in detecting the path of shells, but his bow-arm was useful only for firing a revolver or waving a sword. This seems to be the first book to appear from the pen of a man who was actually serving at the front in the present conflict. Mr. Kreisler writes vividly, but modestly withal, of the hardships he had to bear and proves, from his own experiences, how easily a soldier in the trenches "becomes a primeval man, nearing the cave-dweller in an incredibly short time." Happily the author has now been exempted from further military service. W. D.

Victory: An Island Tale. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Sanpriel: The Promised Land. By ALVILDE PRYDZ. Authorized Translation from the Norwegian. By HESTER CODDINGTON. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

The Little Mother Who Sits at Home. By the COUNTESS BARCYNSKA. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Here are three recent stories that are being read widely. "Victory," while not exactly a sea novel, still has a flavor of the sea, and has all that vividness of characterization for which Mr. Conrad is so well known. The principal actors in the story are drawn

with a strong hand, but are mostly villains; and the plot itself laid in scenes that are rather sordid. Those who like adventure and action will find it interesting, but most readers will probably consider it inferior to Mr. Conrad's best work.

"Sanpriel" is an excellent translation of a clever novel. The story has a weird atmosphere about it with a very remarkable power of suggestion conveyed through descriptions of nature. Neither in matter nor manner does it conform to the usual type, and the education in self-forgetfulness which is the path along which two unhappy souls are led to happiness is delicately and cleverly handled. There are passages of much beauty in the book; and happily the authoress, who is counted among the foremost of the writers of Norway, avoids the extremes of her native school.

"The Little Mother Who Sits at Home" is a series of letters, some posted and many unposted, written by a widow to her son during his boyhood and early manhood, and covering a period of twenty years. Apart from its views on religion, which though sincere are entirely unorthodox, the little book has the ring of truth. It is an artless, intimate record of that mysterious thing called mother love, and bears unconscious testimony to the heroism of the sacrifices which are the heart of every true mother's life. J. H. F.

The Dream of Scipio: From Cicero's "De Re Publica." With Introduction, Notes and English Translation by JAMES A. KLEIST, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. $0.50.

"By providing a practical illustration of Latin style, this small book aims primarily to help the freshman." How? Well, there are footnotes referring to rules, to examples of sentence structure and to idioms which occur in the author's simple but practical earlier work, "Aids to Latin Prose Composition," in conjunction with which, this book is especially useful. The second aid to the floundering freshman is the English version facing the Latin text. The introduction, too, is enlightening and the notes, though a little crowded, are helpful. The aim of the work, a series of object lessons in contrasts of style, is admirable and effective, especially if the suggestion in the preface is carried out of making independent reversions into Latin and of using the "deadly parallel." The teacher and the class are advised to comment freely together on Father Kleist's translation, for even indifferent students awake to differences when the Latin and English perpetually challenge each other and them. The translation is careful, often neat, not seldom happy. But do we say *loud* harmony, or *sweet?* How can spheres that touch not, cause friction? Sometimes there is excess in intensifying epithets, *e.g.*, "*colossal* revolutions." Father Kleist's way of coordinating the dependent clauses of Latin periods is very judicious. A. P. M.

The Jester. By LESLIE MOORE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

Those who have had the pleasure of reading "The Peacock Feather," a delightful novel by this author, which was reviewed in our issue of May 9, 1914, will be eager to begin "The Jester." It is the story of all that befell Peregrine, the fool of Lady Isabel. He wore his motley with a difference, for he was wiser than his calling indicated. Not too wise, however, to avoid being led on by the fair chatelaine until he was banished the castle for his presumption. He then begins a quest for the woman of his dreams and has adventures innumerable with all kinds of interesting medieval people. Such a refreshing spirit of Catholic piety and mysticism pervades the author's pages that "The Jester" is quite unlike most novels of to-day. Pippo, Brigid, Cardinal Falconieri, the Lady Abbess of Sangdieu, Abbot Hilary, Aelred and divers others will become in turn the reader's friends, and carry him back with them to the England of six hundred years ago. Though the author's new story is doubtless equal in wit and poetry to its predecessor, "The Jester" is not so well constructed a novel; many of its characters are introduced only to be dismissed, and the allegory that seems to run through the story will probably escape the "general reader." W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Martha is the name of a little quarterly magazine that has recently been started by the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States. The periodical is to be the organ of the "Order of Martha," the object of which is "to arouse interest in the work of Catholic education, especially among the poor and for the pioneer and poverty-stricken sections of the Church in America." The contents of the first number of *Martha* include a paper on "The Real Woman Movement," by Ethel Barrymore, a prospectus of the Order of Martha, Cecilia M. Young's "First Ladies of the Land," Dr. Kelley's "Saints and Service" and Dr. Anna Dwyer's "Education and Domestic Relations." Mary Synon, 750 McCormick Building, Chicago, is the editor of the new publication, the subscription price of which is fifty cents a year. AMERICA heartily welcomes *Martha* to the ranks.

The April *Month* opens with a paper on "The New General of the Society of Jesus," the writer of which wisely finds amusement in the way certain newspapers have detected in the election of Father Ledóchowski, an Austrian Pole, an event of "profound political importance," for the latest successor of St. Ignatius is, of course, "a man of Berlin" and will now be occupied, not so much with the administration of the Society's internal affairs as with "politics, diplomacy, the setting of nation against nation, the furthering and foiling of international plans"; the activities to which Jesuit Generals, as is well known, have always devoted most of their attention. In this respect Father Ledóchowski, presumably, will not find it hard to outstrip the late Father Wernz. For the latter, though a German, deliberately refused to separate Alsace-Lorraine from the French Province of Champagne, upheld France's protectorate in the Levant and, just before he died, early in the present war, was actually simple enough to appoint a French Jesuit his *ad-interim* successor. In "There Remaineth a Rest" Father Garrold has contributed to this number of the *Month* a beautiful story about a mission priest of penal days.

Another pamphlet has just been published at Lisieux, containing a number of authenticated accounts of material and spiritual favors granted by the intercession of the Little Flower to those engaged in military service in the French armies. The beneficiaries are for the most part soldiers and, what is more remarkable, almost exclusively those of about her own age. Protection on the battlefield, escapes from circumstances that made death seem inevitable, cures in cases that the doctors declared hopeless, conversions and apparitions, make up the wonderful story, and testify to the continuance by Soeur Thérèse of her work of predilection. Her heaven, it would seem, still consists in doing good on earth. Among the many ex-votos at the Carmel of Lisieux, a late one is a Cross of the Legion of Honor, offered as a token of gratitude by one who was the object of her especial kindness. Over the battlefields, through the trenches, among the wards of the hospitals, the Little Flower is passing like an angel of consolation, bringing help, health, faith and happiness to the brave soldiers of her beloved France.

Edgar Jepson's "Happy Pollyooly" (Bobbs, Merrill Co., $1.25) and Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap" (Doubleday, $1.25) are light and amusing stories from the spring output of

fiction. The first has a very clever twelve-year-old girl for a heroine. Though she has been rescued from the slums Pollyooly is successfully substituted for the daughter of a duchess, and being a "red Deeping" is not afraid to prevent a little Hohenzollern prince from domineering over free-born British children. Evidently the book was written since the war began. The hero of the other novel is the traditional English man-servant, very true to type, as types go. His adventures, from the day he is lost by his master to a party of American tourists as a set-off to a poker debt, until his final settlement as social arbiter in Red Gap, are many and varied, and told with a fine wit combined with shrewd observation.

The Boston *Evening Transcript's* London correspondent thus describes the opportunity the war has brought a Catholic publicist:

> Mr. Hilaire Belloc is filling Queen's Hall with delighted audiences, who, in their desire to get the latest intelligent information or theories about the great conflict, are even willing to pardon Belloc's rather monotonous platform delivery. . . . His success since the war began has been extraordinary. I have already told you of the vogue which resulted from a two years' old prediction of the German invasion of Belgium. That gave him a fine standing among writers on the war. A weekly paper called *Land and Water*, devoted to the outdoor life and at that time enjoying a very small but respectable circulation, had the happy thought of turning itself into a war weekly, and of enlisting Belloc to write for it on military affairs. The circulation jumped up, some say, from almost nothing to seventy or eighty thousand in a few weeks, and Belloc's reputation jumped with it. Then came Belloc's first public lecture at Queen's Hall—a project that must have been born in fear and trembling, but was justified by astonishing results. All London flocked to hear the lecture, at top prices, and people were actually turned from the doors. Other lectures naturally followed, and Belloc, instead of being, as he was when the war began, a comparatively poor man, is now, with the proceeds from books, lectures and magazine articles, in comparative affluence. That he deserves all the good fortune that has come to him is acknowledged by every one, for he has made a fine fight for recognition, and has never debased his talents before the crowd.

Mr. Belloc's experience in the French army and as a student of strategy well qualifies him for writing and lecturing on the present war. The only marvel is that he has not as yet produced at least three books on the subject.

Three years ago the Rev. T. L. Crowley, O.P., of Louisville, made a tour of Ireland with his uncle, the Rev. D. O. Crowley, LL.D., a venerable priest now residing in San Francisco, and has gathered into a small book called "Beautiful Ireland" (The Rosary Magazine, New York) his "reminiscences of Erin and her children." The author's jottings are of a very intimate character, and nearly everything he saw gave him pleasure and edification. The volume is full of pictures.——Four interesting little books of love and adventure, lately received from Pustet, are sure to meet with hearty acceptance by readers of German. In "Barfüssale," von Berthold Auerbach, a peasant girl, through strange ways, wins happiness at last in love. "Der Loder," von Hermann Schmid, tells of one on whom the insulting name fell, but who lived down the calumny with a courage born of innocence. "Frühlingsstürms," von Hans Eschelbach, is stormy indeed with the passion of two loves that can not die. "Seltsame Lent," von Anton Scheff, tells of a rare sort of people, perhaps rarer for their firm faith.——"Pulpit Themes," Rev. Dr. Beecher's adaptation of Father Schouppe's famous "Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri," favorably reviewed in our issue of March 13, found in six weeks more than 1,100 purchasers. B. Herder, of St. Louis, is the American agent for the work, which sells for $2.75. That house also publishes in this country Dr. MacCaffrey's "History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution" ($3.50), the excellent work AMERICA noticed last week.

In Germany as in England a vast war literature has already been produced. German Catholics have been conspicuous for their activity in this line, and the Volksverein in particular has given much of its attention to the work of preparing Catholics for their duties at home and in the field. Among its latest contributions are "Kriegs-Gesetze und-Verordnungen, 1914, 1915," "Landwirtschaftsfragen zur Kriegszeit" and "Jungwehr Anleitung." The three volumes deal respectively with the laws and regulations passed for the time of war, the agricultural problems which have arisen, and the military drill and tactics to be studied in preparation for war (40 Pf. each). Besides the brochures published by the Volksverein's Verlag of M. Gladbach, the firm of Pustet has issued a collection of five interesting war stories "out of the great days of 1914," under the title "Ein Ehrloser Feigling und andere Kriegserzählungen," by A. Hruschka, together with "Bunte Bilder," a collection of war scenes and anecdotes gathered by Fritz Mielert ($0.30 each). The same firm offers an excellent set of war sermon sketches, entitled "In der grossen Shicksalstunde," by B. Duhr, S.J., which will be of value even in neutral countries, since such practical themes as "Love of Fatherland," "Why Does God Permit the War?" "The War of Falsehood against the Clergy," "Conquering National Hatred" and similar subjects have been selected ($0.35).

BOOKS RECEIVED

Abingdon Press, New York:
The Heart of Blackstone. By Nanette B. Paul. $1.00.

Edward Clode, New York:
Betty-All-Alone. By Meg Villars. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Man Who Forgot. By James Hay, Jr. $1.25; The New World-Religion. By Josiah Strong. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Solitaries of the Sambuca. By Daniel Mauldealey. $2.00; The English Essay and Essayists. By Hugh Walker. $1.50.

The Emmet Press, New York:
Memoirs of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. By Thomas Addis Emmet. Two Volumes. $10.00.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.:
Mediæval Spanish Allegory. By Chand-Rathfon Post. $2.50.

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Spiritual Letters to One of His Converts. By R. Hugh Benson. $1.00.

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What of To-day? By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. $2.00.

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Her Majesty the King. By James Jeffrey Roche. $1.00.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:
Memories and Milestones. By John Jay Chapman. $1.25.

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Tabular Views of Universal History. Compiled by George Palmer Putnam. $2.50; Paris Waits 1914. By M. E. Clarke. $1.25; America and the New World State. By Norman Angell. $1.25; The Jester. By Leslie Moore. $1.35.

Sands & Co., London:
The Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Daniel Conway. 6d. The Proto-Martyr of Scotland, Father Francis of Aberdeen. By Matthew Power, S.J.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
Outdoor Sketching. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.00; A Cloistered Romance. By Florence Olmstead. $1.25.

G. Arnold Shaw, New York:
The Need for Art in Life. By I. B. Stoughton Holborn. $0.75.

Fred'k F. Stokes Co., New York:
Still Jim. By Honoré Willsie. $1.35.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
Religious Education in the Family. By Henry F. Cope. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Are Catholic Lectures Feasible?

AN editorial in a former issue of AMERICA very well expressed the value of illustrated lectures as a means of bringing before the eyes of the faithful, in a graphic and impressive manner, the splendid and inspiring Catholic ideals presented by the lives of God's heroes, the saints of the Church:

> There is nothing more interesting to us than the history of our religion; no love of man half so beautiful as the love of God that swayed the breast of Agnes, no bravery in the battle like the gay fortitude of Lawrence, like the thrilling adventures of Sebastian and his friends in the Catacombs. Catholics are proud of their undying line of saints; they are real heroes, who mark the Catholic Church for true. But we do not know them as we should. Reading the story of a saint's life is one thing; seeing it pictured before you is quite another. Few people read biographies, but we are all curious to see.

It was just this conviction that gave rise to the organization described in the previous issue, the Jeanne d'Arc Club of Loyola University, Chicago. It was this that impelled its founder and director to prepare and present illustrated lectures such as would be highly entertaining and at the same time would instruct, edify and inspire all classes of our Catholic people by a vivid portrayal of the lives and deeds of the heroic men and women who have labored so nobly for God and humanity in the Catholic Church.

MOVING PICTURES *vs.* LECTURES

But the question will naturally be asked, "Have not moving pictures destroyed all possibilities for the success of illustrated lectures?" They have not and never will. Motion picture films have immense advantages in certain subjects, which may be utilized for the benefit of lectures; but they also have their limitations which are being more and more recognized as the novelty wears off and the craze subsides. Christian art has portrayed sacred subjects in a way that the moving picture can never hope to rival. Get the best possible copies of the masterpieces; combine with them the power of the spoken word and personal magnetism of a speaker thrilling with his message, and you have a form of entertainment that will hold its own with any fairly intelligent audience. It would be a lamentable mistake to abandon this field, with all its possibilities for good, to the moving picture theater.

Probably the most serious objection or difficulty is the disinclination of Catholics to patronize lectures. Experienced pastors vouch for this fact, and lecturers bewail it. The former say that a negro minstrel entertainment will attract a throng, where a lecture will fail utterly. The latter point to crowds at Chautauquas, and similar popular courses and contrasts them with their own futile endeavor to get a following of Catholics. Are lectures too intellectual for our people? Such an admission would be a sad reproach.

PARISH CENTERS OF POPULAR EDUCATION

Certain it is that popular lectures are generally tabooed as parish entertainments for the sake of something of a lighter character which may draw better. This is a mistake. It is catering to lower tastes and yielding to that vicious tendency toward what is utterly frivolous, cheap and low in all forms of public amusement. There is serious need of an educational campaign to save our people, especially the young, from such debasing influences and to elevate their tastes to what is not only entertaining, but instructive and ennobling. In this campaign every Catholic college can supply enlightenment and inspiration by an organized plan to utilize the talent, energy and zeal of its students, and thus prepare laymen who will be a power on the lecture platform. Every parish school hall can be made an educational center, not only for the children, but for adults as well. People want to learn. Let our motto be, "To grow old learning." In many large cities there is a well-organized movement along this line by a wider use of the public schools in providing popular lecture courses. The report of the supervisor of public lectures connected with the department of education of New York City shows the magnitude and importance which this movement has assumed there. "Beginning October 1, 1913, and closing May 1, 1914, lectures were delivered in 174 lecture centers, by 673 lecturers, speaking on 1,695 topics, before 5,405 audiences. The total attendance was 1,154,066." Such a record fully justifies the term applied to the lecture platform, "University of the People."

The Jeanne d'Arc Club has in its own way been even more successful. It has not only met with enthusiastic patronage, but has made manifest the possibility of opening vast opportunities for the latent talent, energy and zeal pent up in every Catholic college in the land. Here at Loyola students are more eager to participate in the activities of the Club than in those of any other organization, athletic or otherwise. Hence it has furnished a strong incentive to excellence in public speaking. The results are evident. People are astonished and delighted to hear students rivaling and often excelling professional lecturers on the platform. A hundred times over the director of the Club has heard the enthusiastic comment: "Father, you have reason to be proud of your boys." No stronger argument or inducement could be given to parents for patronizing Catholic higher education.

NO ORDINARY COLLEGE EFFORT

But to carry on this work successfully a most thorough preparation is required. An ordinary college lecture will not suffice. To select the right theme, and then to illustrate it in a worthy manner, is not an easy matter. Material for the student lectures at Loyola University is collected with the greatest care from the various parts of Europe, as well as from the resources at hand in our own country. The genesis of the Columbus lecture is described in the *Columbiad*. What is said of it here might be repeated, in its own way, of the lecture on the Little Flower, and other subjects. The organ of the Knights of Columbus writes:

> What a treasure a Columbus gallery would be, and what a source of delight, especially to the members of the Great Order, who are doing so much to win for their patron and beau ideal the recognition and glory which are his just due! Over a year ago the director of the Jeanne d'Arc Club began work upon a plan that approaches as near as possible to the idea of a Columbus gallery. He has collected copies of the best works of art on this subject in this country and Europe, with a view to an illustrated lecture that would portray as perfectly as possible the whole life of Columbus and his influence in the world down to the present time. The undertaking, though difficult, has succeeded beyond all expectations, and experts on the subject of stereopticon views declare that the club now possesses the most complete and perfect set of slides on the subject that have ever been gotten together. In making this valuable collection, the director of the club has been favored by fortunate circumstances and aided by the helpful cooperation of many persons at home and abroad. The lecturer handles his subject with rare skill, and those who have been privileged to be present at the presentations of it declare that he makes the most of the dramatic scenes in Columbus' life.

The Jeanne d'Arc Club is not boasting of its record. It has made a beginning only and touched upon the magnificent possibilities in the wide field of educational activity and religious and moral influence through popular lectures adapted to the needs of our Catholic people and delivered by students from Catholic colleges and universities. But the plan is developing and spreading. Creighton University has taken it up and others are preparing to do so. May every *alma mater* in the land let the light

of her sons shine from the lecture platform, thus utilizing the talent of her students in a most effective way.

F. G. DINNEEN, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

"A Bag of Stick Candy"

I WOULD be understood to announce that I am not a Manichean. I take serious issue with Mr. "Billy" Sunday whose favorite dogma is that your honest yokel, who now and then looks at the ceiling through the bottom of a beer glass, is on the broad and easy path to hell. I think that quite as often he blows, or may blow, the foam away, while his heart fills with gratitude for God's useful if humble creature, beer. Further, I will venture the statement, that even the man whose business in life is to plough the fields of the world to make two whiskey drinkers blossom where, before, one merely bloomed and blushed, can save his soul. However, lest this doctrine smack of laxity, I take my stand with the Baltimore Council, and say that, personally, I should advise this person to seek, if possible, some safer if less lucrative means of gaining an honest livelihood.

KELLY POOL

Having declared my principles, let me next confess my ignorance of the precise nature of "Kelly pool." Concerning poolrooms, to continue this autobiography, I frankly admit that I do not like them. There may be, doubtless are, most excellent poolrooms somewhere, poolrooms wherein even a Saint may with propriety chalk an occasional cue; poolrooms where the balls rattle and click and chairs are banged on the floor to the accompaniment of raucous and innocent honest laughter. There may be. But in those specimens which have been thrown, as it were, across my casual path, I have commonly noted an excess of bad air, bad language, bad art, bad manners and bad company.

You, of course, Madame, have never seen these "parlors," although there is one in your neighborhood, around the corner, on the next block. Come to think of it, this parlor, with a nice sense of convenience, is located between a saloon and a dance-hall. I should not recommend it for your Johnny. There were fifty like him in it, as I passed last night. Johnny, you say, was at his club? I am sure he was profitably and agreeably occupied. Singularly enough, Officer Reilly tells me he is going to "clean out" that "gang"—or is it "club"?—which has been meeting there.

THE STORY BEGINS

No, I do not like poolrooms for boys. As an abstract proposition, I admit them. As a concrete reality, I regard them much as I do nitroglycerine: useful on occasion, but hard to manage, and always ready to blow up. Possibly, they may have their uses. Even a rattlesnake serves some purpose in this world. My dislike has been intensified since I read the paragraph in the Los Angeles *Courier-Journal* which I herewith submit. All names, including the *Courier-Journal*, are fictitious.

> If the price of another can of beer and one more game of Kelly pool had not been paramount to the poolroom gang, Francis Ignatius Brady would have knelt as usual Sunday morning in St. Mary's Catholic Church, where he had made his devotions since childhood. As it is, young Brady, not yet eighteen, will fill a felon's grave. A bullet jumped from the darkness in the interests of the law [Query: Have we come to the stage when the law's first aid is a bullet?] and crumpled the boy as he fled up an alley. In his pocket were found three cigars and a bag of stick candy, for the sweet tooth of his childhood, scarcely past.

Now, of course, the poolroom and the can of beer had as little to do with this boy's death, as the cigars and the pitiful "bag of stick candy" found in his pocket. Of course. But let us listen to the story told by Bill, one of Frank's companions. His language has been straightened out a bit, and slightly Bowdlerized.

BILL AND THE DESK MAN

"We was in the poolroom all evenin'. The gang was there too. Then we started to rush the can till all our money was gone. Huh? Oh, we was drinkin' for two hours I guess. You get it next door. You go in through the poolroom. Then they threw us out. Somebody said, 'Let's loot a store.' I guess we was all kind of drunk. Somebody said, 'Sure, there's old lady McCarthy's candy store.' So we busted a window or two. Oh, Frank was boozy all right, but not as bad as us. Then I saw the cop comin'. I yelled and tried to run, but couldn't. Gee, I was drunk. I just fell down. Then I heard the cops shootin' and I said, 'Well, I guess they got Frank.' But it's lucky, ain't it, we couldn't run? We couldn't hardly walk."

Let it be reiterated that the poolroom is not to be blamed for this boy's death. The saloon-keeper who sold these boys liquor in quantities sufficient to intoxicate them, certainly can not be arraigned for murder. The officer who pulled his gun was but doing his duty. The only cause which can be ascertained with certainty, of the death of this boy with "a bag of stick candy in his pocket," is an instrumental cause, the gun itself. The deskman at the police station, however, brushes this aside as too metaphysical for this wise and wicked world. "It's another case of the poolrooms," he says, "with the saloon next door. We've had lots of them this winter. All the boys mixed up in this affair have been hanging out in just such places."

THE STORY ENDS

Let us put another witness in the box, Frank's old father. "This is going to kill his mother. Frank was always a good boy. I didn't know he was hanging around these tough places. I don't get home from work till late. I didn't know. The police say he's been in 'em right along, do they? Then why didn't they clean these places up? That's what I want to know. My boy is gone now, but I hate to see the cops killing half-grown boys, and letting the places that make them outlaws run wide open."

Save to say that some of us share his sense of bewilderment, I do not see that we can add much in the way of philosophical reflection to Mr. Brady's testimony. I haven't the heart to suggest—well, Frank's gone now, and his mother may soon follow him. His soul we may safely leave to a merciful God who, though infinitely merciful, has said some fearful things, touching those who scandalize His little ones. And so this sorrowful and sordid chapter closes.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY"

I have forgotten what I started out to prove. I believe I said that I was not a Manichean. But let me add, if you care to follow, that I am an ardent advocate of "personal liberty." As far as the law is concerned, I hold that a man is at perfect liberty to drink himself to death, provided the process does not offend the outward peace, dignity and decorum of the commonwealth. I suppose he may also induce Tom, Dick and Harry to join him, if he can; for they, as he, are the masters of their own destiny. Likewise his personal liberty permits him to run a poolroom, connecting it, in some benighted communities, with a saloon. Furthermore, he is at liberty to admit into it, any one who avers that he is over sixteen. Sometimes there is no age limit. I hope your community does not send little girls around the corner to get a dime's worth.

Yes, by all means, let us preserve our high sense of personal liberty, for which our fathers died. But Frank Brady is dead, too. And he was only a boy, a hobbledehoy boy, with a bag of stick candy in his pocket, preserved doubtless for a secret debauch. Remarkably like Johnny, Madame, with his occasional rebellions, his desire for a "gang," and his awakening desires

"to see life." It is just possible that the policeman's bullet cheated the gallows of its fair game, but it is also just possible that a turn might have come in the tide of Frank's life. "He might have been." Let the phrase be his epitaph. "He might have been," and he lies in a felon's grave now, reports the sentimental *Courier-Journal,* in figurative language.

SUMMING UP

This story, which happens to be true, does not seem to conclude. But, somehow, I can't get out of my head the testimony of the man at the desk:

> It's another case of the poolrooms with the saloon next door.

And the story of Frank's companion:

> We was drinkin' for about two hours. You get it next door. You go through the poolroom.

And the mild plaint of Frank's father:

> Why didn't they clean those places up? That's what I want to know.

So do I. What does your community think about it? Are you letting your boys go to similar destruction? What do you think, you mothers who are not yet called upon to mourn a dead Frank with "a bag of stick candy in his pocket"?

That's all. The case is closed. But somewhere a mother's heart is aching. I can't get that out of my head either.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Last week AMERICA recorded the success attained by students of Catholic colleges in the intercollegiate oratorical contests held in Maryland and Massachusetts. This week the success has been duplicated in Pennsylvania and Missouri. In the former State Mr. Clare Gerald Fenerty of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, won first place over rivals from the University of Pennsylvania, State College, University of Pittsburg, Juniata College and Bucknell University. In Missouri Mr. Joseph Francis Goeke of St. Louis University won first place over a large number of competitors from the colleges of his State. Catholic colleges have something to recommend them after all.

According to the *Fortnightly Review,* the St. Louis *Republic* has followed the example of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Herald,* in asking the venerable "Pastor" Russell to take his advertising elsewhere. The New York *Evening Post,* it would seem, has likewise discovered that the Brooklyn Tabernacle sermons are unsuitable for its pages, but admirers of the Pastor can find them in the columns, strangely enough, of that usually sane and well-balanced daily, the New York *Sun.* One wonders how Dana would have regarded the Pastor and his works. There is no Dana on the staff of the *Sun* to-day but, in his absence, it is suggested that an appreciation of the Pastor by "Hermione," who occasionally contributes to the *Evening Sun,* would be decidedly interesting.

The speech of Mr. Elihu Root at the opening of the New York Constitutional Convention was marked by a wholly admirable spirit of conservatism. Mr. Root recognizes clearly that the "intervention of Government in the complicated and interdependent life of the people" is now more necessary than in former periods. But the changes which are now found necessary, are not so much in our theory of, as in our application of, principles of government.

> The burden of proof ever rests upon the advocates of change. It is our duty, so far as our powers go, to improve as well as to change. No wise legislator will undervalue the power for peace, order and progress which lies in the traditions, respect, the conformity of custom, and the habit long-established in a people, of obedience. It is not for us to tear down institutions growing out of the life of a people whom we serve, merely for the purpose of substituting in their place, creations of our own devising, however confident we may feel in the success of the experiments we contemplate.

These wise words may well be pondered by the advocates of universal reform through legislation. That social legislation, in some degree, is now necessary, few will deny. But legislatures may easily go too far in placing upon the statute-books, laws which either aggravate the evil against which they are directed, or for an undoubted evil, substitute disorders of a graver nature.

The Russian Minister of Finance announces, through the Associated Press, that from an economic standpoint the war has been a benefit to the people of Russia. The Government allowance to soldiers, he asserts, is greater than their earning capacity in time of peace. The Minister neglects to state, however, whether any change has taken place in the purchasing power of money. At any rate it seems true that the savings deposits are greater than at a corresponding period in 1914. The reason given by the Minister is that the peasant is not spending his money on vodka. "It is the prohibition of the sale of vodka which is primarily responsible for the ameliorated condition of the peasant. The sieve through which all his available earnings formerly disappeared has now been closed."

Young and ambitious speakers who grow pale at the thought of facing an audience, may take courage from the example of the late Monsignor Benson. According to his brother, Arthur Christopher, this accomplished pulpit orator suffered from "stage-fright" every time he had to preach. The London *Chronicle* notes that this affliction is not uncommon even among seasoned speakers. "Bobby" Lowe, once a ready parliamentary debater, on one occasion in the midst of an important speech, happened to misread his notes. He floundered incoherently for a few moments, sat down in confusion, having utterly forgotten the very subject of debate, and never mustered courage to address the house again. Sir George Grey, Home Secretary under Lord Palmerston, never rose to speak, even on routine matters, without betraying painfully obvious symptoms of imminent nervous prostration. The *Chronicle* closes its comment by instancing the case of John Stuart Mill who, on one memorable occasion, suffered an utter collapse while addressing a public meeting.

The mothers' pension law was intended to secure the child the advantage of a home training. This is the strongest claim to recognition. But it is somewhat disconcerting to learn that in Oregon this result has not been secured. According to the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* "the law has filled the children's homes very nearly to capacity through the giving up to institutional charge, of the children of unsuccessful applicants." It is also unpleasant to note that perjury, in the form of false affidavits as to financial condition, has been fairly common among the Oregon applicants.

> Prior to the taking effect of the law, mothers made every effort to hold the children of the family together. When it was discovered that absolute penury is a condition precedent to the granting of a pension, families began to break up.

This unfortunate result is obviously due to a defective provision in the law. To refuse to help a mother before she is reduced to beggary, is equivalent to the action of the physician who refuses medical attention to all save those in imminent danger of death. On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary to guard against encouraging public mendicancy by granting pensions to applicants who are not really in need of this assistance. The results in Oregon, if as reported, merely indicate a difficulty inherent from the beginning, in the matter of public relief. But they do not refute the principles involved.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—There have been no developments of importance in the western theater of the war. In Flanders the offensive has passed over to the side of the Allies, while the Germans seem to be content to rest on the defensive and to consolidate their recent advance to the north of Ypres. The French claim that the Germans have been forced back beyond the eastern bank of the Yser. This statement is probably true except that the possession of Lizerne has not yet been definitely settled. East and south of Ypres the Germans and British are at a deadlock. In the Champagne district and at Le Mesnil, there have been slight gains by the Germans, which, however, have been offset by French gains on the Les Eparges front in the Woevre, and by the recapture of Hartmannsweiler Kopf in Alsace.

Bulletin, April 27, p. m.-May 4, a. m.

In Poland there has been comparative quiet, no considerable advantage being recorded by either side. The Germans, however, seem to be more active than of late. A German invasion of the Russian Baltic provinces is reported to have started from the vicinity of Polangen and to have made some progress in the direction of Mitau. West of Warsaw, on the Rawka, and further south on the Pilica, the Germans after five weeks of inactivity have resumed the offensive. In neither case, however, is the movement on a large scale. In the Carpathians the thaw has flooded the country and put a stop to the furious fighting for the passes. Western Galicia has been the scene of recent Russian reverses. German official dispatches state that the Russian lines have been pierced and crushed along the entire western Galician front from the Carpathians to the Vistula. In East Galicia the Russians report a victory near Stry, but it it is not of such a character as to affect the situation.

Operations in the East

During the week the interest of the world has shifted from Flanders to the Dardanelles, where the Allies have been attacking with great energy both by sea and especially by land. In the report of the British Admiralty, it is stated that the Allies have landed on both sides of the Strait, and are converging on the forts at the Narrows from many points. Under cover of the fire of the Allies' warships, a landing was effected at six different points, in spite of the most determined resistance offered by the Turks. On the Asiatic side the French succeeded in getting on shore near the entrance to the Dardanelles at Kum Kaleh and, according to unofficial dispatches, have advanced as far as Hessarlik. The Turks admit that the French effected a landing, and that very sanguinary fighting followed, but they claim that at present the Asiatic side has been entirely cleared of the troops of the Allies. On the European side, the British disembarked troops at the extreme southern point of the Gallipoli peninsula. So far the two reports are in agreement. The British claim that they have driven back the Turks as far as Krithia, and that they are in possession of about five miles of the tip of the peninsula from one coast to the other. The Turks deny this advance. Further north on the Ægean side of the peninsula the Australian and New Zealand divisions landed at a point north of Gaba Tebeh and advanced on Sari Bair. The presence of this force and the desperate character of their resistance to the Turks is admitted officially at Constantinople. Still further north, troops are engaged with the Turks. Their operations have not been announced by the Allies, but it is stated by the German official dispatches that uninterrupted fighting for two

The Dardanelles

days has been in progress in the vicinity of the town of Gallipoli. Unofficial reports from Athens state that Gallipoli is already in the hands of the Allies. Still further to the north, but far to the west of the peninsula, the British have disembarked troops on the mainland at Enos. They are said to have fought their way to the east, a distance of some twenty miles. This advance, should it be eventually successful, would bring them to the north of the fortifications at Bulair. The Turks declare that they have everywhere been successful in driving back the Allied land forces, and are now bringing up fresh troops to the coast of the Sea of Marmora. They also claim to have sunk a British destroyer, to have damaged three British battleships, and to have set a French cruiser on fire.

Refugees from many places in Armenia have given circumstantial accounts of many massacres of Armenian Christians by the Turks. The conflict between the Kurds and Armenians is still in progress.

Other Items

The French armored cruiser Leon Gambetta was sunk by an Austrian submarine. Dunkirk has been subjected to a bombardment of indirect fire by German guns at a range of twenty-two miles, and Metz by the French guns at a range of ten miles. An American steamship, Gullflight, has been torpedoed by a submarine. Three lives were lost. The situation is regarded as serious.

Austria-Hungary.—The new economic alliance proposed for the three Central Powers, Germany, Austria and Hungary, in order to strengthen their union and render it more intimate than before, has already been referred to in AMERICA. The religious aspect of such a relationship is evidently of supreme importance. It far outweighs any mere economic advantages that might be gained by the breaking down of tariff barriers between the three nations. At the request of a prominent Hungarian editor a declaration has therefore been made upon this subject by no less an authority than the Cardinal Prince Primate of Gran. His views are all in favor of the alliance. Men will not look to him, he says, "as Primate of the Hungarian Catholic Church," for a discussion of the political, economic and cultural interests involved in this question, but will desire to learn "the specifically ecclesiastical points of view which recommend the alliance with Germany and which at the same time must give it still greater intrinsic stability." Considering the freedom enjoyed by the Church in Germany, as well as in the Dual Monarchy, he expresses his conviction that the Catholic Church in Hungary as well as in Austria must be "greatly interested in making this alliance more strong, lasting and intimate." He refers to "the extraordinary religiousness" of the German race as based upon deep feeling and profound thought. "The constructive civic talent of the German," he continues, "is perhaps the greatest in the world, and for this reason he likewise understands best what an important rôle religion must play in public life." He therefore concludes that a most intimate alliance with Germany "can bring with it only advantages for the Hungarian and Austrian Catholics" and believes that the united Central Powers "will ward off many dangers from the world-Church."

Religion and German Alliance

France.—The situation of the Church in France is still very complicated. Catholics are setting an example of loyalty, heroism and sacrifice that is unsurpassed. They are yielding up for the country, with joy and enthusiasm, all that is most precious. They have led all others in founding solid works of charity for the soldiers at the front, the wounded and the prisoners of war. They are uniting in prayer as never before within recent years, and the League of French Women has called upon all Catholic women of France to receive Holy Communion on May 16, the feast of Blessed Jeanne d'Arc. On the other hand, violations of religious liberty still continue on the part of Government authorities. A patriotic lecture on "The Pope and the War," which explains and praises the attitude of the Holy Father, and which had been given at Bordeaux and elsewhere, with the authorization of the military Government and the prefecture, was forbidden at Valence by the military governor of Lyons at the instance of the Prefect, though the Bishop himself had invited the speaker, M. l'abbé Desgranges. The Bishop then arranged to have the conference given in his cathedral, since even the law of Separation safeguarded this liberty. Again the Prefect interfered and 300 policemen were placed on picket duty. The Bishop yielded to force, strongly protesting against this infringement of "the sacred and inviolable right of the word of God." Catholic papers call attention to the disastrous effect which past acts of bigotry have had in making "Catholic opinion among the neutral nations for the most part unfavorable to France," and the need of establishing a solid religious peace after the war. "Men see too plainly," writes B. Labre, "the impious sect which persecutes religion, and not sufficiently the Christian nation which is devoting itself to the preservation of the Faith even to self-sacrifice."

Loyalty and Bigotry

Germany.—For the first time in many years there was no waving of the red flag, no revolutionary oratory, no socialist celebration in Berlin, on May 1, the international socialist labor day. Wolfgang Heine, the most prominent party leader now in the city, said in explanation of this silence:

Socialists Patriotic Citizens

> A million and a half of Socialists are fighting in the trenches with three million other voters. Those who are not fighting are at work making war materials. All our leaders and speakers are fighting or working and there is none left to observe the day. . . . Russia always dreamed of conquering the world. For a million German workers and their families this Russian

invasion has meant death. But Germany has to fight. We Socialists hope that this will be the last war. We wish that this savage business of killing everybody were ended. Everybody in Germany desires peace when it can be secured with honor.

Socialists, for the time at least, have become patriotic citizens.

An interview with the American Ambassador, James W. Gerard, in regard to the treatment of English prisoners by the Germans was recently printed in the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*. After mentioning the various grievances he thus concludes:

Treatment of Prisoners

I can only say that the lot of prisoners of war is not enviable, but that, in accordance with existing circumstances, it is entirely tolerable. The German officials will give consideration to all representations we make to them. In regard to the food dealt out to the prisoners a new decree has been communicated to me from the war office in which their menu is increased by additional items and made far more varied than formerly.

The prisoners, according to the reported interview, received whatever is necessary and are given the same food as the troops in the barracks.

Great Britain.—The press is still somewhat agitated over the censorship. Not long since Lord Bryce invited the Government to present to Parliament "a list of the persons employed in the censorship of news, other than naval and military intelligence, and in the censorship of private correspondence between this country and foreign countries." To this he added the request that Parliament be furnished "with copies of the instructions given to the censors to guide them in the discharge of their duties." Lord Crewe, speaking for the Government, declined to publish the names requested, but under pressure promised to consult further "those who are more especially affected." The *Times* presses for information on the ground that the work of the censors is unsatisfactory. The specific complaints are that a late official French report was mutilated: a series of facts quoted from Sir John French's dispatch about Neuve Chapelle was forbidden publication: "reproduction of Italian newspapers, dealing with events in the Dardanelles, and easily accessible to the Germans, was stopped." Added to these are some minor complaints which evidently exasperated the "Thunderer" which sums up its editorial in this way:

Censorship

The whole working of the censorship is full of such muddled inequalities. We hear many complaints, too, about the methods adopted in dealing with private correspondence. Letters plainly addressed by eminent and patriotic men to each other seem to be opened for no other reason than that of curiosity, while the correspondence of obscurer persons passes unmolested. The public have at least the right to know the names of those entrusted with this enormous power.

The agitation over the large increase in illegitimacy has called forth various opinions, some shocking, some highly sensible. A correspondent in the *Times* puts the discussion on rather a lofty plane by denouncing the glorification of human frailty as though it were praiseworthy. He points out that the "abnormal situation" has disclosed the weakness of parental control, the decline of faith, the lowering of ideals and the partial failures of the "Churches." He insists in the sanest manner that means of alleviation should be studied with the utmost care declaring: "We have already gone a long way in the direction of undermining the special recognition of the marriage tie, on which the whole structure of the State largely and in reality depends." He adds:

War Babies

Much misconception prevails regarding the normal prevalence of illegitimacy in this country. It is not specially the product either of poverty or of city life. It is far more common in rural districts than in urban areas. In cities it is by no means the poorest parishes which produce the most illegitimate children. The urban artisan class as a whole is far more rigid in observing the sanctities and prescriptions of marriage than any other class of the community. Only in a great period of national upheaval, such as the present, have ordinary conditions been upset.

A great deal that the *Times* correspondent says is in striking and consoling contrast to the twaddle of many of our advanced women who are more pagan that Christian.

Ireland.—The trial in Dublin of John Hegarty, a post-office clerk who was dismissed as an Irish Volunteer of anti-recruiting sympathies, gave the activities of what is called the seditious element a wide advertisement. Mr. Hegarty was charged by the Crown with spreading and writing seditious literature and was defended by Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. His acquittal on one charge and the disagreement of the jury on another proved an obstacle to the Government's further procedure in such cases which had recently been numerous. Referring to the Carsonite statement that when the Ulster Volunteers returned from the war they would put an end to Home Rule, Mr. Dillon said that in order to come from the war they must first go to the war. This was met by the announcement that 16,000 of the Carsonites are going to the front. They have not yet gone. Messrs. O'Connor and Devlin presented an address of sympathy to the French Government, and M. Viviani, the Premier, who had taken down the lights from the heavens, replied sympathetically in the name of liberty. Mr. Lloyd George's projected legislation against the liquor traffic has been opposed and supported by different classes in Ireland.

General Items

Mexico.—This week's chronicle contains a letter just received from Mrs. McManus, describing the murder of her husband, an article written by a Mexican for a Mexican paper on the famine now rife, and portions of letters from one of AMERICA'S correspondents.

The McManus Murder

This is my first opportunity of getting mail to you since the occurrence of March 11. I was staying in Tacubaya at the time with the children, as the place was hardly fit for

so many babies. At a little before nine, on the morning of the eleventh, John telephoned that the Zapatistas were attacking the place. Mr. Fuller rushed immediately to the *Legacion,* and I telephoned everyone who could give assistance. But before anyone could get to him Azano telephoned that it was all over. I took a machine and rushed to the house, hoping against hope—even telephoning Prestley to go out. The Zapatistas got word that men were coming from the *Legacion* and fled before our arrival. John was on the roof and had been hit from behind. Some of the Zapatistas had either sneaked onto the roof or had climbed the trees. Evidently the bullet was a dum-dum, as the wound was frightful. They pulled Manuela's wife to the foot of the ladder, insisting that she was John's wife, and saying they wanted to kill her beside her husband. The other servants finally saved her. But if I had been there, there is no doubt as to the nature of my fate. They drove off the mules and horses, nine in number, which makes a total loss, in this and the November raid, of twenty-five animals. The house was indescribable: there wasn't a room which one could walk through, the debris was so thick. There were bullet holes in every wall. The Brazilian seals were on the door, but they said they had no respect for these. They fired on our flag, but of course didn't hit it, and finally climbed on the roof and pulled it down.

Telegrams and correspondence emanating from various places in Mexico make known that famine begins anew with more or less intensity in different towns of our unfortunate Republic. For the space of four years and some months the country and the towns have been laid waste by a civil war which has paralyzed all commerce, industries, railroads, mines, etc., destroyed all good and beautiful and artistic possessions of the country, and caused the emigration to foreign lands of all who are unwilling to contribute of their substance for the purpose of bringing about the complete collapse of the natives and the ruin of the country—a war which has brought all these calamities and which, like a viper, has entwined itself around our compatriots, has taken forcible possession of the country, and in the end will bring the physical and moral exhaustion of the combatants, and famine also, which already has prevailed for some time and to-day returns with its unfailing retinue of misery and horror. In many cities I myself have seen immense caravans of families going to establishments and departments of government, soliciting the daily necessities of life. I myself have seen mothers with little children begging for food. I have seen them begging because they had naught with which to buy. I myself have seen little children asking for a piece of bread to alleviate their hunger when there was none to give them. How many will have fallen by this cruel blow of destiny, suffering the bitter pangs of hunger!

Famine

Famine! Many tentacled, insatiable, swift, triumphant! Going abroad over the Republic, its one and only conqueror, leaving a trail of human skeletons behind! Four years of war without quarter! Four years of feeding the insatiable maw of death! Four years of living in constant danger from the bloody struggle in which thousands of compatriots have died, some offering their lives on the altar of an ideal, with the day of realization very far, and others pressed by necessity, or driven on dizzily by the impetuous waves of revolution. Is it not enough! Has there not been given sufficient time for slaying citizens who at no distant date would be needed for the reconstruction of the nation and the defense of its integrity? Have not enough of the great and the good been destroyed, and have not enough towns been wiped out by fire and shell, that now we begin to think of building instead of destroying?

The first of these subjoined letters gives a picture of the battle-field of Matamoras; the second, gives an estimate of the character of the "Chiefs."

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Interesting Letters

The Villa forces have retired from in front of Matamoros and left behind the terrible aftermath of war. Imagine if you can, a plain many miles in extent covered with the bodies of men and horses which have been lying there for three weeks! Six hundred horses and about three hundred men were killed in the first skirmish on March 27, and scarcely a day during the three weeks that followed but added to the number. Owing to the fact that the field was exposed to fire from both armies it was impossible to bury or burn the dead as is their custom. Somewhere on that battle-field lie the bodies of a father, mother and three children. They lived in a hut a few miles distant from Matamoros. Nobody knows where they came from, mere helpless human atoms driven before the hurricane of war. During the siege their food gave out. It was a question of starvation or a journey across the plain lying between the two contending armies. Imagination can scarcely conceive a situation more dramatic. They were well on their way toward the city when the armies opened fire and all went down together. Some of the refugees have returned to their homes but many remain on the American side, believing that it is only a question of time when the attack will be renewed. The important problem is how to provide employment, for, in the main, they are able and willing to work. During the past two months I have had at my disposal work for fifty men on an industrial enterprise. I had hundreds of applications from men in the army who were compelled to fight or starve or beg, and who were on the alert for any peaceful occupation at which they could earn enough for a bare subsistene. For several years wise and learned men have been laboring together to devise a plan for bringing peace to Mexico. The trouble is they have addressed all of their efforts toward the men who are promoting the war, not to the fighters. If they will go to the men in the ranks with an offer of work at fifty cents a day they can do it. And the money which is being spent in convening peace conferences and sending special personal representatives almost would pay it! By this I do not mean to say that the Mexican soldier has no convictions, or is willing to sell them so cheaply, only that most of them are convinced the present struggle will bring them no good, and are ready to quit on any terms short of starvation. Concerted action in opening recruiting offices for laborers throughout the Republic would cause the revolutionary army to melt away and literally the swords would be turned into ploughshares. . . . During my entire association with the active participants in this revolutionary movement, two things have impressed me, one is the sincerity of the men who are doing the actual fighting, and the other is the insincerity and trickery of the men who are keeping it up, following the army from a safe distance on the American side. While men of the type of General Rodriguez and his followers are living like dogs and dying like dogs, dapper, well-dressed men, calling themselves by one official title and another, occupy the best rooms in the best hotels, cultivate the acquaintance of *useful* Americans at wine suppers, and in various ways prepare to take over the revenue-producing offices when the city is taken. One is often reminded of the experiences recounted by Mexico's satirical poet, Antonio Plaza, who, "returned from his military triumphs walking on flowers with a wooden leg, and covered with wreaths of glory, to starve unless he turned into a donkey and ate laurel."

E. C. HENDRIX.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Real Thing

UNDER the title "England's Experiences with the Real Thing" in the April number of the *Yale Review,* Professor L. P. Jacks of Oxford, writing of the rude awakening of the English people under the awful shock of war, says:

> I have not the slightest doubt that our present contact with the Real Thing will involve many modifications in those "views of life" which have hitherto been current among us. *"I admired Bernard Shaw,"* said a friend the other day, *"but now—well, he makes me sick."* It would not surprise me if henceforth we attached less importance to "views of life" in general, no matter who their author may be. Life at the present moment is too big and terrible a thing to be merely "viewed." I am not prepared to predict what the changes of our thought will be; but I do predict that changes will take place. So much that seemed wisdom to us before seems nonsense to us now. Some of us, it is true, are fighting manfully against the unpleasant necessity of having to eat our former words. But sooner or later, we shall have to eat them.

The bubbles of fads and fancies fade away at the first breath of grim reality and silly poseurs shrivel before the blast. "A year ago," says Professor Jacks, "we were all writing books and articles about the 'religion of the future.'" And lo! the roar of the trenches dissipates the "religion of the future" into the thin nonsense it always was, and the academic dilettanteism which had dogmatized God into a myth, dissolves into the airy nothings from which it drew its form and fashion. "What if after all," queries Professor Jacks, "there is something in the world which has gone altogether wrong? What if some trace of original sin yet remains? What if the devil and his works are more than a myth? Every day there is something in the newspapers which suggests these questions: and there are heart-breaks to press them home." The thunder of battle along the Aisne, slaughter, rapine, pestilence, famine, death stalking about the land and lurking under the sea, the agonizing nations in the grip of conflict from the Dardanelles to the North Sea are no uncertain answer to Professor Jack's queries.

An English poet once sang:

> God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world.

The modern world has been trying to pluck God from His Heaven—witness Viviani's blasphemous words in the French Chambers some years ago—and now it is finding all is wrong with the world. It has taken some awful reality to teach the lesson. The great nations pitted in a death struggle against one another are finding indeed that some trace of original sin still remains.

The dream of Internationalism founded on the hollow boast of man's brotherhood without the fatherhood of God has withered like flax in the fire. The army of isms, which flouted creed and dogma and prated of the divinity of man, are now only wandering ghosts upon the wind. Heaven without God has proved to be but sounding brass, and the nations on their knees are not supplicating the divinities spun out of the vanities of human speculation. The moral of the great war is obvious enough. It is the old story, the people were forgetting God. Man was becoming self-sufficient. He was spinning philosophies and theories by the hour, extravagances, follies, absurdities, blasphemies, obscenities woven and rewoven into a fantastic skein to allure, dazzle and to corrupt. The storm breaks and the idols of the hour are shivered like brittle glass.

Europe is learning the lesson that God is in His Heaven and that all is not right with the world. Summoned to judgment, man is now on his knees in acknowledgement of his creatureship.

And what about ourselves on this side of the Atlantic? The dreadful bruit is constantly in our ears. Our newspapers teem daily with ensanguined narrations of the maelstrom of violence, with which a whole continent quakes. How impossible it all seems in the face of modern civilization, we whisper to ourselves. It must be the obsession of some hideous nightmare from which we will shortly wake. To-morrow's and to-morrow's and to-morrow's newspaper will chronicle fresh horrors and the end is not yet. We ourselves breathe freely and easily behind the three thousand miles of ocean which divides us from Europe's catastrophe. Our physical well-being is only lightly disturbed. We are even reaping some economic benefit from the old world's disaster; but is all well with us—have we nothing to fear?

When England was celebrating with pomp and acclaim the triumph of her imperialism, one of her poets whose vision went beyond the flare of her battalioned banners and the blare of her regimental trumpetings, struck a loftier note in his great "Recessional."

> If, drunk with sight of power we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
> Such boastings as the Gentiles use
> Or lesser breeds without the law—
> Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

England did forget, had even then forgotten. France, Germany, all Europe forgot. Are we remembering? What wild tongues have we not loosed. Only the other day the President of Columbia University in an address before an educational convention at the University of Pennsylvania gave utterance to the following significant indictment:

> We feel thousands and millions of lives are made better by education. But what have we to prove it by? What has scholarship done to broaden the human sympathies? What has it done for the world? The history of the last six months shows we are falling short of our ideals.
>
> With all our schools, with all our theories and our philosophies, there is something lacking. We have lost the church and family. Schools can not stand up under the burden being thrust upon them.

Dr. Butler sees but he does not understand. The Church (within Dr. Butler's purview) and the family have been lost, because the schools have failed, and the schools have failed because they have forgotten God.

We have been and are educating the generations without God, and the generations thus educated become parents who have never known God. What chance have their children to know God, if indeed such folk do not shirk parenthood. Out of such sapless material is built, not the family, but what the New York *Sun* recently stigmatized as the "High-ball Marriage." Out of this corroded material is built not a Church but a lecture hall from whose rostrum is expounded the creed of sexual affinity and not the doctrines of Christianity. The open record of divorce and the hidden record of race suicide witness to the corruption of a people who have forgotten God. The schools can not stand up under the burden! Heaven spare the mark! they are the roots of the disease.

With all our theories and philosophies, there is indeed something lacking. Socialism, Feminism, Cubism, Futurism, Pragmatism, Bergsonism and the hundred and one other isms, that shrill and fume, clash and rave in this witches' caldron of confusions, are only evidence of an intellect which has abandoned the sure foundation of knowledge, God. When men forget God, they forget themselves. Reason itself, has become anathema. Bergsonism repudiates human intelligence and apotheosizes the Vital Urge, a geyser-like spontaneity pushing forward somehow *in vacuo* and spraying off (i. e. creating) matter by reason of the resistance of something. Thought is fatal to this spontaneous push because it limits and congeals it into fixity. Maeterlinck evokes the Unconscious and sentimentalizes over the human bubbles we are, floating irresponsibly on the surface of the Abyss. Pragmatism scorns the past, contemning human history, experience, tradition and reason at one fell swoop, and measures truth by the actuality of the moment; the poison in the pudding is proved in the eating thereof, though at the expense of the eater. Futurism smashes everything incontinently, past and present, and plunges headlong into chaos. So the wild dance of intellectual folly goes on through a thousand and one gyrations and contortions—"Our theories and philosophies" in which, Dr. Butler tells us, "there is something lacking."

> For frantic boast and foolish word
> Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Wild words we have indeed loosed, and wild deeds follow upon them. We are pleasure-mad, dance-mad. Consider the last symptom: it has become universal. It is natural for young people to dance, but when the old and decrepit tango like frenzied mænads night and day, we realize that nature herself has been violated. In theater and cabaret Venus Epistropheia goes unrebuked. The studied abandon of woman's dress would put a naked savage to the blush. All this not in the hidden ways of vice fearful of the light, but in the broad open courting the eyes of all the world. If these be the open things, what about the hidden, the abominations before which speech hushes its abashed tongue? Europe is having its *dies iræ,* when will be ours and how? Will it be volcanic upheaval from within or the grim disaster of invasion from without? We have forgotten, but we are not forgot.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

Wine in the Holy Sacrifice

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The writer has long wished for authentic information on the following questions: Is ordinary wine (a beverage containing several per cent. of alcohol) absolutely necessary for the celebration of the Mass? Why could not unfermented grape juice be used? If for some good and sufficient reason wine could not be obtained, would the Holy Father, or the Church Universal, have the power to eliminate wine from the Holy Sacrifice and make use of some other liquid? Is there any conceivable condition in which Mass might be celebrated without wine?

New Orleans. V. N. DASPIT.

TO answer our correspondent, whose letter is only one of many similar inquiries occasioned by recent prohibition legislation, it will be necessary to divide his query into two parts, and it will be more convenient to discuss these parts in the reverse order to that in which he has proposed them. First, therefore, we shall inquire whether wine is necessary for the Mass, and secondly what the Church understands by wine?

The answer to the first question is a categorical affirmative. There is no conceivable condition under which Mass might be celebrated without the use of wine. The reason is not far to seek. Without wine there can be no transubstantiation of wine into the Blood of Christ. Without the transubstantiation of wine into the Blood of Christ there can be no Mass, because the twofold consecration is essential to the sacrifice. The Mass is a sacrifice that of its very essence represents the Passion of Christ. It is the carrying out of Our Lord's command, "Do this in commemoration of me." On the cross Christ shed His Blood; at the Last Supper, according to His own statement, His Blood was poured out. Clearly, therefore, in the Mass also the Blood of Christ must be shed. In no other way, however, is the Blood of Christ shed in the Mass, except in so far as by the words of consecration the Precious Blood is placed under a species different from that under which the Body of Christ is constituted; that is, under the species of wine. From this it follows that the consecration of both species is necessary for the essence of the sacrifice. Otherwise there would be no shedding of the Blood of Christ. In reality the Blood of Christ is not separated in the Mass from His Body, because Christ is present, whole and entire, under each species. There is, however, a mystical separation of the Blood when the species, which by the words of consecration contains the Blood of Christ, is placed apart from the species, which by the words of consecration contains the Body of Christ. If a priest,

therefore, either through malice or mistake, should consecrate the bread and not the wine, the bread would indeed be changed into the adorable Body of Christ, but there would not be Mass, for the simple reason that one of the essential elements of the Mass would be lacking.

Our correspondent asks if wine might, by papal authority, be eliminated from the Holy Sacrifice. The question has already been answered. Such an elimination would do away with the very essence of the Holy Sacrifice. Perhaps, however, he means to inquire whether the Church would ever permit the single consecration of the bread, knowing at the same time such a consecration would not constitute a Mass. The answer to this question is perfectly clear. It is strictly forbidden by both ecclesiastical and divine law for any priest, under any circumstances, to consecrate the species of bread without also consecrating the species of wine. To do so would be to commit a grave sacrilege. The Church has never given a dispensation to consecrate one species without consecrating the other; she will never give such a dispensation; and Suarez gives it as his opinion that not even the Pope could validly give such a dispensation. The reason he assigns for his statement is, that by so doing the Pope would change the institution of Christ.

That some liquid other than wine might be used for the Mass is simply unthinkable. Suarez scouts the very idea of such a thing. Christ's command was, "Do this in commemoration of me." He not only commanded the sacrifice, but prescribed the manner in which it was to be offered. If, therefore, it can not be offered in the manner He prescribed, it must be omitted altogether. Christ took wine and changed it into His Blood, and He said, "Do this." The great High Priest gave His priests power to do what He had done. He gave them power to celebrate Mass, as He had celebrated it. They have no power to do anything else. Ceremonies and prayers may, indeed, be changed, but the essence of the Mass is fixed forever; to change or modify this, neither priests nor bishops, nor even the Pope, have any power whatever. Wine, and wine alone, can and must be used in the Holy Sacrifice. Such is Christ's law, and the Church has insisted jealously on its observance. As early as the time of St. Augustine there had been heretics who wished to change what Christ had instituted, and to substitute other substances for wine. Thus, for instance, some wished to use cheese, others blood, others water, others milk, and still others grapes. Against them all the Church set her face, and strictly observed the command of her Founder.

Nor has the Church been content to prescribe merely the use of wine, she has been more scrupulous in her interpretation of the words, "Do this." The wine used by Christ at the Last Supper was wine of the grape, the Church insists that the only wine that may be used for the Mass shall be wine of the grape. She has excluded, therefore, not only all those concoctions which are not derived from the grape, although they are so cleverly made as to deceive even the connoisseur and to defy detection by chemical analysis, but such also as are not purely artificial but are derived not from the grape, but from berries and fruits of various kinds. By the word wine she also excludes those beverages which come from the grape, but are not wine, vinegar, for example, which is a corruption of wine, and the liquid which has been made from grapes that have not yet ripened.

What the Church requires for the licit celebration of the Mass is perfect wine, that is to say, pure juice pressed from the grape, and naturally and properly fermented. This fermentation, which is essential for the making of what the Church calls wine, takes place when the natural sugar of the grape turns to ethylic alcohol. A greater or less proportion of alcohol is therefore necessary in the wine that the Church declares to be licit for use in the Mass; and non-alcoholic wines, as they are termed, are not valid matter for consecration. It is true that in cases of necessity the Church does not insist that the process of fermentation shall have been completed, but permits the use of must, or of the pure juice that has recently been pressed from the grape. Must, however, is truly wine, though not perfect wine. But for ordinary cases the Church demands that the sacrificial wine shall be perfect, that is properly and naturally fermented, and she prohibits under pain of mortal sin, the use of any other.

This makes it clear why unfermented grape-juice can not be used in the Holy Sacrifice. It is not the perfect wine which the Church requires. The commercial grape-juice is probably not wine at all. Unless it were certain that it was pure unadulterated juice of the grape, it could not be used under any circumstances; and even if this fact were ascertained beyond all doubt, it would still be illicit for use in the Mass, for the sole reason that it is unfermented. Many canons of the Church deal with the subject, and leave no doubt on the matter. Nor would any say at present that the difficulty about obtaining suitable wine, which has been created by the passage of prohibition laws in certain States, falls within the exceptions allowed by ecclesiastical discipline for the use of unfermented wine. Until the Holy See has changed its legislation on the matter, and any change is extremely unlikely, the use of unfermented grape-juice for the Holy Sacrifice would involve grave sin. Indeed it is inconceivable that it should occur to any Catholic to ask for such a change in what has been the uninterrupted practice of the Church from the very beginning. That a Catholic, influenced by the fanaticism of a few ignorant legislators, should advocate the prohibition of perfect wine in the Holy Sacrifice is a deplorable scandal. J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Lodge, Hyslop and Telepathy

WHEN Sir Oliver Lodge, some few months ago, declared that a new world, the realm of the dead, had been opened up, science eagerly requested and awaited his reason for believing so. What was her

astonishment to hear the eminent Englishman respond, "Telepathy!" The very word spells condemnation to the spiritistic hypothesis which he essays to uphold. Science is concernful for the apparent doddering of one of her prize thinkers.

Telepathy is the explanation of spiritistic information which opponents of spiritism have generally preferred. For, if there is any such thing as mental communication between the living and the dead, *a pari* there is such communication between the living and the living. But if the latter is so, who can ever be certain that the former is not false? On the supposition that living minds can furnish mediums with all required news, the hypothesis of discarnate souls becomes useless.

There are several explanations of the manner in which mediums get their knowledge of hidden things—such as fortuitous coincidence, face and muscle reading, "fishing," employment of detectives, consultation of directories, etc. Each one destroys much spiritistic data. But a few instances remain which seem to require a spiritistic or a telepathic interpretation. It is ironical that Lodge should prefer the telepathic.

Telepathy is intercommunion of thought, "independent of the direct channels of sense." Our own Hyslop objects: "Its laws and conditions are not even known." Lodge declares that the Society of Psychical Research has discovered it to be a fact, and he berates those orthodox scientists who deny it. If his contention is true, then the much criticized and opposed psychical society has indeed covered itself with glory. With so much progress already made, there can be little doubt that knowledge of its "laws and conditions" will follow in time. Meanwhile the spiritistic hypothesis is receiving death blows. For telepathy, as will be shown, can be explained naturally, and consequently offers a natural explanation of spiritistic information, thus making the mocking refrain of Puck and Ariel, "What fools these mortals be!" ring with a startling note of truth in the ears of all who believe that the wonders of spiritism are due to discarnate souls.

The simplest clarification of telepathy is, of course, "thought-waves." To this explanation, Hyslop takes vehement objection. At first blush, his querulousness seems justified. Analogies are indeed too often the sins of science. Every one admits that the likening of telepathy to telegraphy presents difficulties; appreciates that "thought-waves," as viewed from a gross material standpoint, should be too delicate for effectual transmission; agrees that communication implies interpretation, and confesses, too, that without a previously arranged code, all telephonic and telegraphic vibrations would be useless noises. But "thought-waves" are still far from incurring a *reductio ad absurdum*. Their comparison with telegraphy may not be so erroneous after all. That vibrations are only a hypothesis in physics is no reason why they should not be postulated in telepathy, but rather a reason why they should. They have done excellent service there; why not here? That we have not been able to prove vibratory consciousness proves nothing against vibratory telepathy—the latter deals with transmission, not production, of thought. Since the brain, however, is the seat of thought and consists of cells, there is no obvious reason why the activity of those cells could not cause a subtle wave and eject it into the outside world. It is plain, of course, that such a wave would incur speedy annihilation if air were the only means of transit. But ether—indicated by electricity, roentgen rays, radio energies, and so on—is a supersensible substance; from this follows its worth as a "thought-wave" medium.

To explain how "thought-waves" can be more than mere meaningless vibrations, we might advance the theory that cerebral cells are respectively suited to every variety of idea. Sensation commands the occipital lobes of the brain; thought, the lower frontal regions. In the thought section, each cell is capable of receiving and retaining (so to speak) a particular idea. May it not be that a "thought-wave" from the cell in which resides the power of thinking "man" for instance, can reach the corresponding cell in another brain, where the same power resides? May not the impact arouse the idea "man" in the second cell?

The question justly rises: Why does not every one in range of the wave receive its message? The answer would be: Every one's senses are not sufficiently acute for receptivity, and perchance every one has not developed the cell or cells which the wave seeks. For example, if one were to think "Mahomet," a child, no matter how sensitive, could never tell the thought; because no cell in the young mind has ever felt the influence of this idea. If even when the requisite conditions are present, the "thought-wave" fails to deliver its message, it would then seem that it is not sufficiently intense. Semi-successes may be due to partial presence of conditions.

If this explanation offers many difficulties, it presents fewer than spiritism and dispels more. Hyslop sceptically asserts: "It would be very desirable to know something about this *i. e.*, telepathy's mode of acting, but I know nothing about it and I doubt if anybody else does." Such being so, why does he confidently attribute the phenomenon to spirits? He seems to regard "unknown" as a synonym of "supernatural"; as if men's puny minds had conquered one tithe of the natural mysteries about them! Such a sentiment as Hyslop's—tinged with prejudice and pessimism—never blazed the way to truth. The only means we have for plumbing the occult is theory. Hence we should theorize diligently, as the Columbia professor himself does; but so long as that which we seek is likely to be on earth, there is no good reason for bounding with Hyslop and Lodge off the globe.

Nor may the naturalistic explanation of telepathy, which has just been advanced, be censured as savory of materialism. We do not say with old Cabanis, "*La pensée est une secretion du cerveaux.*" We believe with Tyndall that the "chasm" between thought and cerebral

activity is "intellectually impassable." But no one will deny that, when the mind is at work, motion takes place in the brain. This movement quite authorizes the assumption of "thought-waves." And surely there is as much reason to believe as not to believe that the impingement of a wave on a particular brain-cell may be a condition on which a particular thought arises. Thought affects the nerval substance of the brain; may it not be that affectation of the nerval substance stimulates (we do not say generates) thought?

To be sure, it is hard to understand how telepathy can possibly work through the immense distances which it must often cover, if we are to believe that it gives such mysterious information as forewarnings of death, and so forth. Science, however, has experimented on long-distance telepathy with much success. Nor let us forget how wireless telegraphy has annihilated space and the definiteness with which it delivers its message even at most astounding distances.

Says Hyslop: "If telepathy acquires them (the facts), it certainly has an amazing power to select the right ones from the memories of sitters and other living persons at a distance." But it may be retorted that mediums do not always give the right facts. The element of truth in their message is, more often than not, lost in a hodge-podge of incoherencies and falsities. Besides, a modicum of fact (and surely psychical researchers will concede that mediums can acquire that from the sitters), with a portion of accidentally correct guessing, and an abundance of clever handling, could constitute a message at whose uncanny accuracy even a much less spiritistically inclined person than Hyslop would shudder.

To our complaint of the error that flecks, if not characterizes, almost every spiritistic message, Hyslop haughtily tells us there is no reason to suppose that spirits are omniscient. True. But there certainly is much reason to expect them, if they be at all, not to be imbeciles. Freed from the body, which, by its very nature, must hamper the soul, should not the latter in all reasonableness possess an intellect less clouded than before?

Even the mistakes and confusions of spiritistic messages are to Hyslop's mind, a point in favor of spiritism. It is quite to be expected, he asserts, that the spirits' memories of carnate doings should fade away. Separated from the body, the soul forgets its past imprisoned existence. Granted that he is right: then we can never expect spirits to prove their identity sufficiently or satisfactorily. Since, therefore, they are not able to prove themselves to be the souls of the dead, Sir Oliver Lodge is wasting energy and ink by trying to make them prove the doctrine of immortality. If there were no greater authority on this momentous topic of a future life than the English knight and his galaxy of lesser lights, despair would be the logical state of men's minds.

Fortunately there is an authority, incomparably greater. The eyes of the civilized world turn, and have turned for centuries, to Palestine, not to England, America, or any other country, for the consoling truth of eternity.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

The Real Menace

THE bill recently introduced in the California legislature to appropriate $5,000 for the support of quadruplets, born to the wife of a citizen of Shasta County, is indicative of the drift of modern thought. To the student it serves the same purpose as statistics showing the increase in divorces, the growth of militarism, more frequent festival days, paternalistic legislation looking toward the amelioration of the condition of the starving, and super-luxurious living. It certainly recalls pagan Rome and her vain attempts to save the State without supernatural aid of any kind.

The decline of the Roman Empire had set in as early as the time of Cæsar Augustus. The tendency not to marry, and when married to refrain from having children, was as much a problem then as now. The Romans, in order to rectify the evil and maintain their citizenship, legislated upon the subject by awarding prizes and inflicting penalties. The Emperor said, "My only view is the perpetuity of the republic. I have in mind the penalties of those who have disobeyed (*i. e.*, the law to marry), and with respect to the rewards, they are such as I do not know whether virtue has ever received greater. For less will a thousand men expose life itself, and yet will not these engage you to take a wife and provide for children?"

The modern world, from its vantage point of approximately 2,000 years, can look back upon these words of the Emperor with more appreciation than his hearers probably had. History tells us that because those words were not heeded, the most perfect civilization, from a legal point of view at least, which ever graced this sphere, crumbled into dust. The idea behind the legislation was correct. The methods adopted to secure results were wrong. Pardonably wrong for the Romans who had not yet known Christ and His Church; ignorantly, sinfully wrong for Americans who should know better.

The truth is that this question of marriage, and its attendant duties and obligations, is one that the State as such, alone and unaided by the Church, can not adequately handle, not even to the extent of protecting itself. Yet we have the spectacle of States often ignoring the Church and in many instances actually hostile to her. Not pessimistically, but just as sensible men, willing to look history squarely in the face, can Americans feel any too sure as to the lasting qualities of their own republic, when methods once tried with failure are being resorted to again, and when the evils sought to be eliminated are unmistakably present and immanent?

A true conception of the State, its functions, and the position of the Church in respect to it, is urgently

needed. Antagonistic bigotry on the part of statesmen must be replaced by constructive, legal, philosophical thinking. This can not be secured through the columns of a Catholic daily newspaper, even if one were forthcoming. It grows in a deeper, richer soil. Our schools and universities must be looked to, virile pens of stalwart writers must be enlisted, Catholic philosophy must be studied, understood and promulgated.

If personalities are pardonable, there is a dearth of laymen with the thorough training acquired for strong leadership, and sadder still is the recognized fact—and it might just as well be recognized—that our priests are not the leaders they should be. The real "menace" is not published in Missouri, it is spread broadcast throughout the country by our own ignorance. There is a storehouse of truth, law and right living locked in our Catholic treasure-house. But the doors are barred. Some one must throw them open.

Why should we expect the Protestant public to accept our institutions, our philosophy, our attitude toward life, our remedies for the amelioration of present conditions upon our platitudinous say-so. The mob scenes may add "go" to the drama here and there throughout the evening, but there must be the leading characters to carry the action along. These leading characters can not be developed in a day. In fact the future of America does not depend upon the present but the coming generations. The seeds must be sown in the young. Catholic education must be supported if the future is to take care of itself. This is not a debatable question. Neither does it take an outlay of a million dollars to start the machinery. Good schools and universities are now open and running. It behooves the parents to see to it that their children attend. Lack of means is no excuse in this age and generation. No boy with the proper spirit, and the right encouragement, need lack a college education. A thousand avenues are open to him. The rewards are large, and the future of the Church depends upon it.

WILLIAM H. LEARY.

The Daily Paper

MOST of the correspondents who have contributed to AMERICA'S instructive discussion on the subject of a Catholic daily agree on one point, that a national Catholic daily or a Catholic daily press in the English language is highly desirable. But they differ widely as to its feasibility. We might distinguish between a metropolitan daily with the big circulation of a typical sensational sheet, a quasi metropolitan daily enjoying a comparatively modest popularity, and a small-scale daily preparing the way for a more ambitious publication and steadily undermining the undisputed sway of its objectionable rivals.

The case against the first is rather strong. Unless our people, inspired by their leaders, bring to the solution of the press problem the same unanimity and energy they displayed in building up our excellent school system, for example, a metropolitan daily with the subscription list of a Chicago *Tribune* or of a Hearstian "yellow peril" seems practically impossible. As Messrs. Michael Williams and Horace Foster showed in former issues of AMERICA, such a publication would require a two or three-million-dollar corporation or an enormous endowment.

It is true that since the hierarchy declared the public schools inadequate for the education of our children, we have raised hundreds of millions of dollars for our schools. We are building million-dollar cathedrals. Generous Catholics annually give to churches, schools, convents, hospitals, etc., public bequests and donations amounting to at least $4,000,000. Why then could we not endow a few large dailies? As soon as we shall have been taught by sad experience that the ruling press, a jellyfish affair from the standpoint of true Christianity, is the continuation school of our youth, we will either do this, or form the requisite stock companies, or imitate our enterprising brethren in Austria by putting back of our press the power of organized activity. Perhaps Pope Benedict XV gave us a hint in this direction when he recently founded the Good Press Society in Italy.

The resulting dailies would not need to be official organs. They could be managed by good Catholic laymen, imbued with due respect for ecclesiastical authority and submitting theological and knotty moral questions to an experienced priest connected with the staff. This arrangement would not expose the Church to additional vituperation, and the respective bishops would not be responsible for possible blunders or the publication's attitude on even civic affairs.

But it appears doubtful whether any amount of endowment could give a circulation, rivaling that of our sensation-mongering dailies, to even the best edited, live and genuinely American daily, taking a keen interest in industrial, civic, economic, and social as well as religious and educational questions and happenings the world over. The management could not figure upon the subscriptions of even the majority of Catholic newspaper readers who would come within its normal field of appeal. If all our people relished clean reading matter, the ruling dailies of our larger cities would not count their subscribers by hundreds of thousands. Moreover, human nature is much the same here as in Europe. Even in Belgium, Germany and Austria, where our coreligionists are well organized, Catholic dailies have comparatively small subscription lists. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, the world's leading Catholic daily, has only 27,500; the *Augsburger Postzeitung*, about 75,000; the *Vienna Reichspost*, 25,000. But the Liberal Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* boasts 66,000; the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, 118,000; *Hamburger Generalanzeiger*, 110,000 (Dr. J. Eberle, "Grossmacht Presse," 1912, pp. 146-148). Non-Catholic conservative organs fare even worse than Catholic dailies. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has only 6,000 subscribers. Of 410 Center Party papers, 189 a few years ago gave their circulation as 1,309,550, an average of not quite 7,000 each! In general the ratio between the total circulation of Catholic publications and that of Liberal, Socialistic and "colorless" sheets is about one to ten! Still three out of every eight inhabitants of Germany are Catholics.

Evidently a Catholic daily intended as a sort of pulpit-extension for convert-making among non-Catholics looks like a chimera. If great popularity is to be the criterion of success for English Catholic dailies, we had better never launch any. The Church herself is not, comparatively speaking, popular. She is not of this world. Neither are Christian decency, truth and fairness most popular. Catholic dailies can never compete on an even basis with the ruling secular press, which has the world, the flesh and the devil as allies.

However, this unpleasant truth must not discourage us. To have thoroughly Christian dailies defending the Church effectively at every turn, is one thing; to boast popular organs commanding the attention of sensation-hungry multitudes, quite another. Without attaining to "great" dailies in the current sense of the term, American Catholics can develop their press into a tremendous power for good and an ever-ready instrument for telling or-

ganized activity. As the foregoing figures show, our Austrian and German brethren have only quasi metropolitan journals. But these hold the enemy at bay and do wonders for the Faith. How many souls now being corrupted by a salacious press could be saved if only half of our Catholics were given the day's news in a wholesome form!

For this purpose the "spread-eagle" dailies, so typical of our country, are not necessary. Look over the average daily and see how many columns are made up of useless repetitions, detailed accounts not fit for respectable company, and long-winded tales about odd happenings having no bearing on normal life! Do you not think that a large percentage of our workers and business men would, after a hard day at the factory or office, prefer to get the story of the world's doings in a condensed and well-balanced account, rather than in a caricature emphasizing the bizarre and prurient at the expense of virtue and true progress? That a large percentage of the newspaper readers are longing for a paper that will tell the truth, give real news in due proportion, and express sound, or at any rate honest, opinions on every subject of importance, is shown by the success of dailies like the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Springfield Republican.* Started only six years ago, the former has 55,000 subscribers! Though its management sank some of Mrs. Eddy's money, the *Monitor* is now a financial success. This daily does not carry the Associated Press service, but "it covers the news of the world fully by means of the United Press dispatches and special telegrams from its own correspondence, both in this country and in Europe." (*Fortnightly Review,* Vol. XXI, No. 21.) The telegraphic reports are supplemented by special correspondence. The general tone and the typographical makeup of the *Monitor* is refreshing when contrasted with that of the average daily.

No doubt its success is in part due to the zeal of a well-organized religious sect. But how about the *Springfield Republican?* In the face of a strong drift toward sensationalism during the past decades, the late Samuel Bowles kept this daily on a conservative basis (New York *Evening Post,* March 15, 1915). And "it has been a steady and profitable commercial enterprise." (*Outlook,* March 24, 1915.) It gives "the local news of human interest without descending to ludicrous and futile trivialities." At the same time it brings "both national and foreign news in a form as good as, and sometimes even better than, the presentation of such news in the so-called great metropolitan dailies."

While not the ideal of a Christian daily, the *Republican* furnishes a strong argument in favor of launching Catholic dailies. True, our Catholics lack thorough organization. They suffer from nationality wrangles. But who will venture to assert that, all in all, they are as hungry for suggestive and obscene reading matter as is the average American? Would such a statement not imply inefficiency on the part of the pastors and hierarchy? Do supernatural assistance and the Sacraments not exert an elevating influence on a large percentage of our people? Does a good Catholic not consider indecent talk forbidden and salacious reading matter obscene?

Are we justified, then, in saying that all our people are blind to the need of a clean, Catholic press? If you answer, "yes," I ask: "Why could American Catholics of French, German, Bohemian and Polish descent build up a creditable weekly press and even launch a dozen Catholic dailies? Lack of familiarity with the English language does not explain this. In German, for instance, we have many Liberal and non-Catholic publications and dailies like the New York *Staatszeitung,* the *Illinois Staatszeitung,* the *Germania,* etc. Still the Catholic daily, *Amerika* (St. Louis), has nearly 20,000 subscribers.

The writer heartily wishes Godspeed to Dr. Lawrence Flick, of Philadelphia, in his partly successful attempt to raise $2,000,000. May the prospective Chicago venture too give us a first-class national Catholic daily, proving an incentive to a chain of truly Christian dailies in all our larger cities! But this fortunate outcome would be unique and nothing short of marvelous—a triumphant jump from a weakly weekly press to a metropolitan daily press. Neither Belgium, France, Austria nor Germany shows a similar gigantic leap forward.

The great *Vienna Reichspost,* for instance, which led our dailies during the first Balkan War, was a puny sheet until the great Piusverein, organized about eight years ago, put back of it an army of press apostles gathering funds and soliciting subscriptions. To-day it is a formidable rival of the Jewish *Neue Freie Presse,* but it has less than half the latter's circulation. Similarly the *Neuen Züricher Nachrichten* was in 1904 changed from a three-times-a-week into a daily publication. It is now the most widely read and influential Catholic organ in Switzerland. And its regular size is just four pages!

Is similar healthy progress, based on development from small-scale dailies, impracticable in this country? Do several dozen pages and hundreds of thousands of readers constitute the essence of a daily newspaper? Why can ten or fifteen thousand socialists publish in New York City—in addition to a German organ—a six-page daily, not living principally by dishing up social-sewer morsels tickling the public palate? The New York *Call* receives about $110,000 from its 19,800 subscribers ($6 per annum). Its advertising revenue is small when compared with that of the big dailies. Of course, generous comrades make up the deficit every now and then. But the total annual income of the *Call* probably does not exceed $140,000. Some of our Catholic weeklies take in over half that amount. Why should not some of the more promising of these be able to imitate the example of Mr. Nicholas Gonner who is trying to reach a vigorous but modest daily through semi-weekly and more frequent editions of the Dubuque *Catholic Tribune?* Why can not generous Catholics, who offer handsome sums to hospitals, colleges, etc., be induced for once to add their donation to some disinherited and promising weekly, to develop stock companies of several hundred thousand dollars? The thing need not be done in a day or even in a year. Systematic agitation would in a few years give us in our centers of Catholicism, corporations able to support four or six-page dailies. Such publications are considered by no less experienced a Catholic journalist than Mr. Arthur Preuss, the safest and most promising means of solving our burning press problem. (*Fortnightly Review,* mid-April issue.) We have sufficient financial resources and journalistic forces to attempt this solution in a practical and humble manner. God's blessing would do the rest. May He inspire us with half the enterprise of the socialists and Christian Scientists! May He teach us to quit rainbow chasing!

ANTHONY BECK,
The Dubuque Catholic Tribune.

The New Woman After God's Heart

THERE is one solution of the woman problem. It is simple and practical as it is world-embracing. It answers to the moral needs of woman, while it implies at the same time the respect which man is bound to show to her, and thus insures in fullest measure the consideration which she must merit and receive. Duly appreciated by woman herself, it would bring about a renewal of the hearts of men more mighty than any social revolution. It is the solution which God Himself has given, and which, therefore, can not fail. It is all summed up in woman's great ideal, the Virgin Mother.

The application of this solution depends upon woman herself. Let her return to the ideal which God has given and the world will follow after her. In her hands is placed, if she is true to duty, the training and formation of the future generations. Men will largely be what woman makes them. A saintly mother's influence, accompanied by her prayers, is all but sacramental. It is a divinely-intended means of

obtaining God's blessings for the child of her love even from the moment of conception. And who shall estimate the silent power of a sister's purity or the all-transforming energy of a true wife's love and courage. Here, therefore, is woman's hope and here her sovereign task. Through Mary she will lead the world to Christ.

The ideal woman, the woman in whose heart God is living as an abiding presence and by whom His Word is ever brought anew to mankind; the woman who will ponder His counsels in her soul and will daily help to shape after His own eternal designs the destiny of the human race; the woman who will induce God Himself to anticipate the advent of His mercies because of her, as the water was changed into wine even before Christ's time had come, is she who in prayer, purity and labor will reproduce in her life the marvel of Mary, who in all her actions is moved like her by the Spirit of Love. Likest to Mary, she will of all mortals be likest to Christ in beauty and grace and power. If a virgin, she will be the mother of countless souls; if a mother, she will never lose the sweetness of her purity. Her sway will be unbounded not only over the hearts of men, but will reach even unto the counsels of the eternal Trinity. She will be the New Woman after God's own Heart.

Sweetly in that sweetest of pure love poems of modern days, "The Silver Wedding," has Alfred Gurney celebrated this ideal, singing the charms of the woman who has enriched his life and with him the lives of countless others; whose beauty, like Mary's, can never wither or grow old:

> If loving words make music sweet
> Whene'er we part, whene'er we meet,
> I hear the words that Mary said
> When she was angel-visited;
> If tender eyes return my gaze,
> I picture Mary's smile, and praise
> The Wisdom that was fain to make
> All women gracious for her sake,
> Whose was the plenitude of grace,
> The Chosen of the chosen race.
> I see her mirrored in your face.
> * * * * * *
> Beneath the love-light of your eyes,
> With homage, gratitude, surprise,
> I kneel your yielded hand to kiss—
> Our Lady's name be blest for this!

Woman, in the home, in the workshop or the office; amid surroundings most natural for her or under conditions thrust upon her by dire necessity, can still be true everywhere and all times to that sublime ideal, Mary, the Virgin and Mother. Whether in the service of the Temple, in the lowly house of Nazareth, in the stable of Bethlehem or in exile amid an idolatrous people; whether in prayer or labor, in contempt beneath the cross or honored in the assembly of the faithful; whether aiding the afflicted or counseling, encouraging and inspiring the Apostles; whether raised to the highest contemplation or engaged in the most menial occupations, she was ever the perfect woman. In her, pure human nature reached its highest dignity and the divine image of the God-Man lay reflected in her soul as the heavens in unrippled waters. Economic conditions may change, social relations and circumstances may vastly vary, but never the supreme ideal of Christian womanhood, Christ as seen in Mary. Creatures can reach no higher goal. Here, therefore, is woman's place, her ideal position in God's plan of the redemption, to be one with Christ as Mary was in prayer, charity and zeal:

> Numbered with those who learn of her
> To play the part of comforter,
> Whose lips, conversant with her song,
> Her lofty minstrelsy prolong;
> Numbered with those whose feet pursue
> Her footsteps all life's journey through,
> Her daughter and her sister too.

Through a woman came sin and through a woman salvation. Woman's influence for weal or for woe is unbounded. There must consequently be established an everlasting enmity between her and every form of evil. God has gifted her sex with a finer and more delicate perception of moral purity than man possesses. It is from her that in his earliest years he must receive his lifelong attraction for this virtue as for every other spiritual excellence. It is through her that he must be helped to his victory over temptation in youth and in manhood. It is by her, finally, that he will be heartened to do battle throughout life for every good cause, in despite of adversity and death itself, a knight without stain and without fear.

But how, amid the perversities of modern aims and aspirations, is woman to preserve her own heart and intellect uncontaminated by the impurities and errors of the day? By what other means indeed except by looking at that perfect model God has shown her upon the mount? To this likeness of Christ, as she beholds it in Mary, is the temple beautiful of her own life to be erected even to the holy of holies where the Divinity perpetually resides within her soul. So will she never wander afar, like that world denounced by Christ, in the way of the gentiles who know not God. So will she never err and, by erring, lead mankind astray with her. The less the dangers of the day are dreaded the greater is their reality, the more imminent is their peril, the stronger is the reason for returning again to that one ideal wherein alone can be found in highest excellence and tenderest humanity

> All, all, that is most pure, most good,
> In God-created womanhood.

It is a fallacy and a misapprehension of terms to speak of the ideal conceived by the modern paganism as the "new woman." We know it to be nothing more in truth than the type of the ancient Eve, unregenerated, defiant of the will of God, lusting to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. It is only the old leaven of our fallen human nature reasserting itself. In its place the Church presents to the world the one true ideal, the New Eve, after whom is formed to the likeness of Christ the New Woman by the grace of God.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S. J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Black Death and Equal Pay

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Seeing that the columns of AMERICA are quite often open to comments on the "silliness, shallowness and sentimentality" of the "fair sex," by all sorts and conditions of men, and when "Fair Play" (by a woman), in the current issue (April 10), takes up several columns trying to prove how inferior woman's influence is, and how incapable she is of taking part or having a voice in the business of life, and not neglecting the home, is it not time to call a halt and take stock, as it were, of the uselessness of such expenditures of energy, fighting something that is sure to win, *viz.:* a more active participation of women in public life? It is worse than foolishness to theorize about ideal conditions of society when we have certain actual conditions to face and adjust ourselves to the best we can.

Now, the relation and dependence of the sexes have not changed since the Garden of Eden's time, but conditions of social life are constantly shifting, and though the "good old days" of the past were in reality no better than these days, yet the world is progressing and opening its eyes to the fact

that "I am my brother's keeper." This is witnessed to, even among the Catholic laity, by the spread and interest in federations of Catholic clubs, benevolent associations and charities. God never promised, when He made men and women, to carry on the work of the world, that there would always be sufficient men, capable and intelligent enough to do all the work outside of the home, leaving to women the more noble and greater task of bearing and rearing the children; laying the foundations in their hearts and souls of a finer generation yet to come. Neither did Leo XIII, who is quoted as saying that "the workman's wage should be sufficient to support a family in 'frugal comfort,'" say that woman should not receive equal pay with man, when she has to work by his side in the classroom, counting-house, factory and field. In fact, there are so many different branches of industry where woman excels man, and so many where men only can do what is required, that the question of equal work and equal pay is very hard to settle. To try to prove that those creatures who wear a coat and collar are trying more conscientiously to do their duty in and toward society than those others who wear a petticoat and frills is rank nonsense. Yet there stands "M. M. A." saying that black death promises to follow in the wake of "equal pay" and "equal rights," and that when such a theory advances from philosophical thought into practical life, the home will "die out" for want of economical support. It takes only a glance at one's immediate circle to see how many homes would "die out" annually, if the women did not become the wage-earners and keep them alive by earnest, sincere and persistent work, even sometimes under the hardship of less pay.

In spite of "M. M. A.'s" statement that the home would "die out," ask the successful business women of one's acquaintance if they would now, or at any time in the future, be willing to trade their economic independence for the companionship and love of some decent man, home and children, and see what per cent. you will get to answer in the affirmative. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred value love, home and children more than a career.

> I sought to win me a name
> That would ring in the ears of the world,
> How can I, work, with small pink fists,
> About my fingers curled.
>
> So good-by to name and fame,
> They are scarce worth at the best,
> One touch of this warm, red little mouth,
> With its lips against my breast.

More and more men value freedom, liberty and license than they do wife and children and home, so that must be the reason entitling them to more pay to care for that family which does not exist, and is not wanted. I never knew before that one's need was the basis on which wages were fixed, but supposed it was regulated by ability and intelligence given to the work, and also by the demand and supply. If women are not as good as men in the classroom, how strange that most Catholic children, boys as well as girls, should usually begin their school life under the supervision of the Teaching Orders of women. How remiss in their duty are our bishops in allowing the future race of men to be stunted and stultified in the innocence of youth, by being under a woman for instruction in "Geography." No one of intelligence ever thought that the influence of any two people was just the same, but may not each be equally necessary and each be deserving of "equal pay."

As for "equal rights," I suppose "M. M. A." is hitting at the ballot, or rather those who are working for equal suffrage. Now, none of them believe that the millennium will begin with equal, universal suffrage, but they do want us to be honest when we say: "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people." I do not intend to submit a brief for woman suffrage, but I must say that women, as a body, stand for peace.

Last summer, just before war was declared in Europe, a great body of women, many thousands, representing thirty different countries, met in convention in Rome and, among other resolutions voted on, they stood unanimously for peace, and voiced the belief that the best way to inaugurate peace was to begin with the disarmament of nations; they did not advocate the masculine idea that preparedness for war was the best way to insure lasting and permanent peace. In all meetings of women's clubs, peace is the dominant wish. "M. M. A." seems to forget that non-Catholics do not hear as often as we do the risen Lord's greeting: "Peace be unto you," and if the various clubs, teaching, as they do, the fellowship of man and the sisterhood of woman, make more clear the fact that we are not isolated atoms, but units in the great social body, whose strength and force is determined by the purity of those units (as no chain is stronger than its weakest link), then every means and cause that help that idea to fulfilment should receive all encouragement possible, since we are not claiming something of only passing benefit, but are striving to improve conditions of life for ourselves and our children's children. At present there is a convention of women's clubs in my city, and to hear the president-general of the federated clubs of the United States tell how many things have been done for the improvement of conditions in factories, for child labor, for the safety of girls and all others who are caught in the grasp of commercial civilization, and are unable to help themselves, makes one realize that the home is not dying out, because women are insisting on "equal rights" in order to work for humanity. These are only a few ideas for "M. M. A.'s" consideration on one or two objectionable points in an otherwise admirable article.

San Antonio. E. P. McG.

Vaudeville

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A copy of AMERICA under the date of January 30, containing an article by Dr. James J. Walsh with the caption "How Our Young Folk Are Entertained," was given me a week or so ago by a priest who goes to vaudeville shows because he, like many of his brother priests I know, feels pretty sure they will not be made uncomfortable by seeing and hearing offensive things.

I read the article with the same interest and respect that anything Dr. Walsh says merits but I can not help feeling that in this particular instance his deductions are not altogether correct. I have made my living as an actor on the vaudeville stage for the past nine years, and I have never in all that time seen or played on the bill with any such program as he saw on the occasion of his visit to a high-class variety theater on Twelfth Night, and which he says had in every number he witnessed some element of viciousness. And I am quite sure that the countless number of priests who find wholesome relaxation in the vaudeville theaters throughout the country will bear me out in the contention that what he saw was a notorious exception to the rule.

I have seen things on the vaudeville stage which were in bad taste, some which struck me as pretty vulgar and one or two that were inexcusable on any pretext, theatrical or otherwise. But the vast majority of "turns" which are presented in reputable vaudeville theaters are singularly free from viciousness. They may be common, they may not meet with our ideas of what constitutes polite entertainment and they may be sensational, but they are, as a whole, clean.

I do not agree with Dr. Walsh in the position he takes that

even the type of acts he saw have any pronounced evil effect on the minds of the people who look at them. Vaudeville audiences do not analyze what they see and hear. Their enjoyment is purely superficial and they go to a show to be amused, not to hold a *post mortem* on the morals of the program, and they do not go through any sustained mental operation to see whether the things that entertain them possess theological or sociological or philosophical errors. So the people who laughed at the child making faces at her grandparent laughed *at the face* made, not the irreverent idea Dr. Walsh's analytical mind saw back of it; they were amused by the dream of the hop fiend and its finish with the policeman's night-stick as an alarm clock, without being tempted to take a "pull at the pipe." Personally I think the presentation of sketches like the headline feature Dr. Walsh saw, which by the way came from the *legitimate* stage, is altogether to be condemned and from actual count I believe there are not ten of that type in all that class of variety numbers. But after all, why make such a row over seeing women drinking and smoking on a stage when it is possible to see it done in the smartest and most popular hotels and cafés in New York or any other big city? Why hold the vaudeville theater responsible for making irreverence funny when the young people who go, should have been taught the virtue of its opposite, long before they were permitted to go to a theater at all? Why accuse of viciousness the girl who did her acrobatics in a union suit, and say nothing of the indecent dresses of the women of "high class" who sit in the audience, and criticize her for scant attire, when the safe performance of her tricks often makes such attire necessary? In her street attire she is, in all probability, more decent than a number of those who may be seen at many a so-called "Catholic" charity ball. Many a woman wearing tights in the theater would be ashamed to be found dead in gowns worn at social functions.

The blame for conditions in the theaters to-day can be laid at the door of the great public which goes to see nasty shows and having seen them goes out and says "Wasn't that awful!" And especially is this true of whatever evil there may be on the variety stage. Women make vaudeville, and if the women who go to vaudeville shows and find things unclean will protest to the management at the box office, the act complained of will be very short-lived. With all respect to Dr. Walsh, that is what he should have done instead of writing his article for AMERICA. He and every other man and woman whose name means something should make their objections to those who are in positions to administer the remedy, not indulge in the national pastime of "passing the buck" to some one else. The stage and the productions of the stage are made to meet the public demands and the place to start the housecleaning is outside the theater, not in it, and if it must be carried into the theater let it be confined to the auditorium, and the stage proper will take care of itself. I think if Dr. Walsh, or the editor of AMERICA, could stand behind the stage curtain and watch through the "peek hole" the faces of the young folk who are to be taken care of everywhere except home; by every one except their parents, and protected from every evil influence their elders stand for, they would learn very quickly that the vaudeville theater can teach them little in the ways of sophistication.

The most discouraging feature those of us in the variety world who are trying to do wholesome things have to combat, is the sight of people of so-called high class sitting in tacit approbation of "turns" that vigorous protests lodged in the proper quarter would make impossible, especially when the persons making them are of sufficient position in the public eye to render them of value to the managers. The practice of holding the actors and the manager responsible for unsavory conditions in the entertainment business reminds me of the story of the girl who was being snubbed socially because her father ran a saloon, and exclaimed with a good deal of justification: "I don't see why *all* the penalty should be paid by the people who sell the whiskey, and none at all by those who drink it."

Peoria. JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK.

Prohibition vs. Temperance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When I say that a little more charity should be shown the self-sacrificing, enthusiastic and desperately in earnest advocates of prohibition, and assert that their movement is not going to be overcome by his methods, but may be directed by sympathetic reasoning, it does not follow that its advocates are my friends, as Mr. Maurice says, whether fit subjects or not for the State Hospital. It would be a strange version of the Gospel that should imply that the Catholic priest is to treat only his friends with charity; but perhaps Mr. Maurice has studied some other version than that which contains the Sermon on the Mount. As to his pleasantry about "his friends," if I must make a choice, I should very much rather have for a friend a self-sacrificing, enthusiastic and desperately in earnest advocate of prohibition than a Catholic who writes in such a way as to lead the reader to infer that he would not give up alcoholic liquors for the sake of souls for which, his own included, Jesus Christ gave up His life-blood.

Mr. Maurice says that I ignore the real question; that his contention is: (1) that our present liquor laws are altogether too lax. He would abolish our present type of bar, and permit wines and light beers to be sold only in restaurants; and if anybody particularly wanted it, he would prohibit the manufacture of all other liquors altogether, notwithstanding that by doing so he would "trespass upon a fundamental human right." He considers that such a program of temperance reform would be practical and go far toward a real solution of the liquor problem. To a person who has given much study to the problem it does not seem so easily solved as that. At the first C. T. A. U. of A. convention that I attended, in Chicago in 1884, Bishop Ireland showed that a wine and beer license was not practical. Would not permitting manufacturers of liquors to sell or deliver to licensed retailers only, be a better program? It would abolish Saturday night and Sunday drinking in homes, boarding houses and clubs. Saloons are bad enough, but clubs and the delivery of liquor to private houses are worse. This plan would seem to be more practical than his and would appear not to trespass, as his does, "upon a fundamental human right." For any one by going to the retailer could get a drink if entitled to it, which would be more practical than having to go to a restaurant; and I believe it would go farther toward solving the liquor problem than his, though neither of them would go very far in that direction.

As long as the Catholic Church had control of the Latin countries and the Philippines they had no liquor problem; and if the admonitions of the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore and of the late Pontiffs were followed, they would go very far toward solving the liquor problem in this country. My plan is to follow them, and no other plan will succeed so well; and unless it is followed, national prohibition is only a question of time.

He contends (2) that our liquor laws are not properly enforced, which I suppose no one will deny; but he may not be assigning the real reason of their non-enforcement. For (3) that "our law officers in every city of the land are the ephemeral creatures of the lowest grade of politicians" is a rather sweeping assertion; it may have too many exceptions to prove true. As to his "idea in brief": since he is prepared, if anybody wants it, to prohibit the manufacture of all other alcoholic liquors except wines and light beers, although it would be "compulsory prohibition" and, according to him, "trespass upon a fundamental human right," and since "we most certainly" would not enforce the law, his idea seems of very little if any worth.

Just one more paragraph lest you invoke the clôture. Mr. Maurice would prohibit altogether the manufacture of all alcoholic liquors except wines and light beers if anybody particularly wanted it. This is more than I would do. I have said somewhere that local option will not solve the liquor problem, and that total abstinence is the ideal for the individual and prohibition for the country, but I have limited my activities to the former and such legislation as I thought would favor it. But if any one hopes to solve the problem by legislation short of country-wide "prohibition of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors except for medicinal and sacramental purposes," he is doomed to disappointment, if I know anything about the matter, and after thirty years' study I should. I have not advocated prohibition, but I have tried to make people understand that it is not against the teachings of the Catholic Church; for I believe there is a danger ahead that has not been publicly recognized so far as I am aware. I am not a theologian, but I have been teaching catechism for fifty years—a dozen different kinds, from that of Trent down—and have failed to find in any of them that to "prohibit the manufacture of alcoholic liquors except for medicinal and sacramental purposes" is contrary to Catholic teachings. If it were in any of them, half a century's teaching should have found it. I have no reason to suspect that the Catholic Church forbids prohibition; perhaps the day will come when I will advocate it. But whether it comes or not, those who advocate it should be treated charitably.

"Subscriber" must come out over his right name, if he wants to be noticed.

Scottdale, April 20, 1915. M. A. LAMBING.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am much pleased to note that Mr. Maurice, in you issue of April 17, has given us some "brass tacks" instead of ridicule. He contends that our liquor laws are lax (in his original article he said, "Most of our States have passably good liquor laws"), that they are not properly enforced, and that our law officers in every city in the land are the creatures of low-grade politicians. I know nothing about Pennsylvania; but the liquor laws of our Western States are not lax. We have legislated on everything from free lunch to high license in our attempts to "regulate" the liquor traffic. I will agree that our liquor laws are not rigidly enforced; but the failure is due not so much to our law officers as to the fact that the open sale of liquor weakens the moral forces of a community. It was only last week that a fine young Catholic business man, who dared to come out in the open in a local option fight, informed me that he was waited on by a committee of liquor dealers who told him that he must either pull out of the fight or suffer a loss of business. "There's the rub." Men otherwise courageous, quake with fear when they are asked to take a stand against the encroachments of the liquor traffic. Law officers can not be expected to do their duty under such conditions. To quote Archbishop Ireland ("The Saloon") "It is a manifest, though a most lamentable, fact that the liquor influence in the cities of America makes void of effect restrictive liquor legislation, and establishes the violation of law as the normal condition of affairs." Take liquor out of our cities and men will be able to see straight.

But Mr. Maurice tells us that he, too, is opposed to the saloon. He says it is a "corrupting institution." And to cure the evil, he would change its name to "restaurant" and "permit wines and light beers to be distributed." He would *prohibit* the manufacture of other liquors if anybody wanted it; but he would prefer their sale under restrictions if not consumed on the premises. And he says he is practical. Why, doesn't he know that one of the worst evils we have is the liquor-selling restaurant? It is there that drinking is made "respectable." It is there that the girl learns to drink. A certain Chicago restaurant is advertising the fact that it does not serve liquors; and there will be more such restaurants. It is very evident that Mr. Maurice has never lived in a town where the bottle trade is good, or he would not offer as a solution of the problem the "not-to-be-consumed-on-the-premises" remedy.

To prove his contention that prohibition doesn't prohibit, Mr. Maurice avoids the States where it has been given some kind of a trial, and takes us statistically to the "moonshine" districts of the South, among illiterate negroes, and a backward class of whites who religiously believe that they have a right to make their own whiskey. Surely he doesn't want us to take him seriously. "Moonshining" in the Southern mountains was a problem before Mr. Maurice was born, and it will continue to be a problem until the people engaged in it are raised to a higher level. The mere fact that the illicit still is almost wholly confined to a few States in the South is evidence in itself that it has nothing to do with the question of prohibition. I do not know the South, but I understand that prohibition laws have been passed there to keep liquor away from the negro, who should not be allowed to use it under any conditions. That being true, Mr. Maurice's six million gallons are easily accounted for. The whites do not want prohibition for themselves.

Cities and States that have given prohibition a fair trial seldom or never go back into the wet column. If prohibition were such a failure as is claimed, this would not be true. The official records of Mitchell, South Dakota, show 158 arrests during the "dry" period from July 1, 1908 to April 15, 1909. Of these 48 were for drunkenness and 67 for vagrancy, as against 462 arrests during the "wet" period from July 1, 1909, to April 15, 1910, of which 258 were for drunkenness and 101 for vagrancy. Mitchell is again in the "dry" column, and I predict it will stay there. The Chicago *Tribune* of March 28 carries a Washington dispatch quoting Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Peters to the effect that "the revenue from whiskey has shrunk over $2,000,000 a year." On account of decreased consumption of liquor, the Government has found it necessary to discharge some of its employees in the Peoria distilleries. A large Ohio brewery failed recently and gave as a reason decreased consumption by the Southern trade. These are just a few of the straws that show which way the wind is blowing. Let Mr. Maurice turn his eyes on some of the successes of prohibition for a while instead of eternally picking out the failures.

Kansas is a State where most of the people believe in prohibition, and where an attempt is made to enforce the laws. I would not say that no liquor is consumed in the State—the mail-order houses of "wet" Missouri are still in business; but I do maintain that there is far less liquor consumed in Kansas per capita than in any "wet" State in the country; and I maintain, furthermore, that the beneficial effects of prohibition are in evidence everyhere in the State. AMERICA could be filled with a list of them. For my part, in two years' travel, I never saw a drunken man in Kansas. I have a pretty good pair of eyes, and when I first traveled the State, I was looking for "abuses." But why go farther? No better argument for prohibition could be offered than the statement of Mr. Wright, as quoted by Mr. Maurice, that in a Kansas city of 20,000 inhabitants, he couldn't find the "usual features" that mark the mustering in of the New Year: There was no drunken orgy such as disgraces our cities every year much to the pecuniary benefit of hotel keepers. The citizens of Wichita, Topeka and Hutchinson (one of these must be the city referred to) breathe the air of a free State, and are in the habit of taking their pleasures after the manner of Christians. They are not dominated by "big business, bad politics and booze" as are the citizens of Pennsylvania, if we are to believe *Collier's* of April 24.

In his original article, Mr. Maurice predicted that as a consequence of prohibition, we would be a nation of drug fiends in a quarter of a century. To prove that statement, he takes us down into Georgia again, and tells us about an increase of 700

per cent.. He will have to give us something a trifle more definite than that. It is not the lack of drink, but the taking of a "shot" of something or other the "morning after" to sober up on that forms the drug habit. But let him not worry. The prohibition law recently passed by the National Government will take care of the drug fiend.

Mr. Maurice questions my statement, "that the majority of men would never think of taking a drink if it wasn't under their nose all the time." Nevertheless, the gospel of prohibition is being spread by drinking men who have made the acquaintance of water in dry territory. He has twisted my statement, "alcohol is made to be sold, and it is going to be sold, law or no law." If it is not made, it will not be sold; but if it is made, "regulations" will not hold it back. I said very plainly to "throw the statistics of the liquor dealers' associations into the waste basket." He has twisted that statement. If he wishes to get at the force of it, let him read the articles that appeared recently in the *Saturday Evening Post* by William Allen White and a representative of the liquor interests; especially, Mr. White's rejoinder. Here is what Archbishop Ireland says ("The Saloon"):

> The most dreadful fruits of the evil are removed from the observation of the intelligent and orderly classes of society. They reach us only through dry statistics which say but little to us, or through words of temperance advocates, against whom we are more or less prejudiced. There is the power of the traffic which not only misleads public thought by false information, but makes it our interest, social, commercial and political not to discuss or agitate the question.

I have not charged Mr. Maurice with being a friend of the saloon. I grant his honesty of purpose; but he will never make an enemy of the liquor traffic with his "regulation" remedies. Prohibition may not be the best solution of the problem; but it is the best solution I can see at this time. "Regulation," which is about equal parts of talk and theory, having failed, prohibition is defensible "on the ground of public expediency." Archbishop Ireland has said:

> If Catholics everywhere preached and organized a strong and vigorous crusade against intemperance for the short period of a decade of years, the change would be too bright to attempt to portray. But God wishes it and He begs us to do what we can to bring about that era of peace and love and temperance in this country. If it is not accomplished, it will not be the fault of the weak Catholics, but the fault of those who call themselves strong and who are unwilling to take up the work.

Instead of following the advice of this great apostle of temperance, our "strong" Catholics have either been content to sit by with folded arms, or to busily engage themselves in the difficult feat of trying to balance the intolerable liquor traffic of the United States on the only straw that could be found among the admonitions of the last Council of Baltimore, "not in itself illicit." Arizona is the result.

Omaha. J. J. FITZGERALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A writer in your esteemed paper for April 24 takes me to task for having said that no priest who celebrates Mass can be a total abstainer. He calls my assertion "reckless." Wherein does the recklessness consist? My critic has for years been connected with a Total Abstinence Union; yet he does not know what total abstinence really means. According to Webster and every other standard dictionary, total abstinence means "the habitual and voluntary refraining from all intoxicating liquors." The priest is bound to use intoxicating wine every time he celebrates Mass. Whether he uses only three spoonfuls of wine or an ordinary glassful of wine, does not make any essential difference. Total abstinence is not determined by the quantity of liquor; it excludes the use of all intoxicating beverages. Would my critic consider the members of his Total Abstinence Union as total abstainers, if they consumed every day a glass of wine? I stand by my assertion until my critic proves that total abstinence does not mean total abstinence. The sneer of my critic at the "mince pie" is a cheap one. It has nothing to do with our question except in the sense that a man may eat too much mince pie just as well as he may drink too much wine. More people die every year from excessive eating than from excessive drinking. Every reliable and experienced physician will be ready to testify to this fact.

My critic has discovered men who "so write and speak on the subject of drink as to raise in not well-informed Protestant minds a suspicion that there must be some sort of necessary connection between rum and Catholicism." Must we cater to "not well-informed Protestant minds"? Not well-informed Protestant minds raised a rumpus against the Catholic Church because she ordained that laymen should receive Holy Communion under the species of bread alone. They called this "a half Sacrament." And now the Protestant minds in the "dry" camp are raising a rumpus against our Church because she commands her priests to use intoxicating wine in the Mass and thus to receive "the whole Sacrament." Consistency is a jewel which certain agitators can not afford to own. And we should accommodate ourselves to the opinions of preachers who change their views like a pair of shoes! The Catholic Church always allowed the manufacture, sale and moderate use of alcoholic beverages. She commanded the use of intoxicating wine in the holy Mass. In this respect there is "a necessary connection between rum and Catholicism," and we don't need to be ashamed of the said connection. By "rum" the "drys" mean beer and wine as well as real rum.

My critic says, further: I. "Even if Federal statistics and court records showed that, on the average and in proportion to the population, there is more drunkenness, vice, crime, misdemeanor, divorce, poverty and insanity in 'dry' territory than in 'wet' territory, it would prove nothing against prohibition as advocated by the party." The "dry" agitators have always and everywhere asserted that prohibition is the only efficacious remedy for drunkenness, vice, crime, misdemeanor, etc. Federal statistics and court records show that the assertion of the "dry" agitators is *false*. They prove a great deal against prohibition, unless we suppose that more drunkenness, crime, vice, misdemeanor, etc., mean a higher degree of morality.

II. "Before prohibition can be judged honestly, it must have an impartial trial for a reasonable time." Prohibition had an impartial trial in Turkey for the reasonable time of thirteen centuries. There it proved a "howling success." The Turks have for the last thirteen centuries been at the tail of culture and civilization, and at the head of brutality, polygamy, fanaticism, immorality, ignorance and poverty. An Oriental proverb thus expresses the wonderful effects of prohibition on the Turks: "The shadow of a Turk makes sterile for a century the ground which it covers." Let my critic prove that the people of "dry" Turkey are healthier, richer, more educated and more moral than the people of "wet" Ireland. Why do our "dry" agitators not emigrate to Turkey where they can enjoy the "blessings" of prohibition in their fulness?

III. "Country-wide prohibition, which is all that is worth the name, would not increase vice and crime." Witness Turkey where country-wide prohibition reigned for thirteen centuries!

IV. There was "no wine-press in the Garden of Paradise." From which we infer that Adam and Eve fell into sin and dragged the whole human race into ruin, without "a wine-press," when they were perfectly sober. Yet the "dry" agitators make "booze" responsible for nearly all the deviltries in the world. There was, however, prohibition of a certain fruit in the Garden of Paradise, and this first prohibition turned out rather fatal for us!

V. The Israelites in the desert cried for water, not wine, and they got what they wanted.

VI. "Fallen man made wine and at once got drunk on it." Man

never made one ounce of wine. Every atom of pure wine is contained in the grape, and the grape is a creature of God. St. Augustine asked the Manicheans who forbade the use of wine: "Why do you not forbid the eating of grapes?" The inspired writer tells us that wine is a creation of God. "Wine was created in the beginning to make man joyful." (Eccl. xxxi, 35.) When Noé got drunk, it was not "the beginning" but the end of him till he "sobered up." God never blamed him for his intoxication; on the contrary, he blessed him and saved his life when there was an abundance of that stuff which the "drys" want us to drink. St. Chrysostom and every Church Father who spoke of wine, called wine "a gift of God."

VII. "The alcoholic beverage of the Bible which God allowed is wine, not beer or whiskey." The Israelites used, however, a drink which was much stronger in alcohol than beer and as strong as whiskey. It was called "shekar." And the Lord said: "Give strong drink (shekar) to them that are sad, and wine to them that are grieved in mind." (Proverbs xxxi, 6.)

VIII. "The drink God made was and is water." God made wine and milk as well as water. Milk is more necessary for the sustenance of a man's life than water. A baby can live on milk alone, but not on water alone. More people die every year from drowning than from alcoholism (*i.e.*, from the abuse of alcoholic drinks), and while one person dies from alcoholism, 5,000 persons die from contaminated water. This it is that mortality statistics show.

We do not defend drunkenness. We stand for temperance first, last and always. Temperance is not prohibition. Prohibition is the deadly foe of both temperance and total abstinence as virtues. As a moral factor it proved a lamentable failure everywhere.

Mannington, W. Va. C. J. KLUSER.

Catholics and the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. McCloskey's first letter was an unwarranted attack on the Catholic societies which have done and are doing so much to further the cause of the Catholic Church. The princely gifts of the Knights of Columbus and the Ancient Order of Hibernians to the cause of Catholic education, the large sum of money set aside by the Knights of Columbus to investigate bigotry now so prevalent throughout the country, mean little to a man who claims that the "*best* means of obtaining morality is physical culture." If this statement of his holds, the recent bout conducted in Cuba gave to the world not only a new champion heavyweight, but also determined the most moral man in the world, although sporting writers tell us that one of the gladiators was not in physical shape because his morals in the past few years were sadly neglected. I hope Mr. McCloskey will not think I oppose physical culture, but I also hope that he will take out his notes on ethics and see in what morality consists. Physical culture aids, but is not the chief means of obtaining morality. Suppose the Knights of Columbus had devoted that $500,000 which they gave to a Catholic university to further Catholic education, to building gymnasiums; at least five well-equipped plants could have been inaugurated. Now I ask Mr. McCloskey, which course tends to prepare better citizens.

If it were true that Catholics build and maintain only second-class clubrooms, who is to blame? Mr. McCloskey tells us the Catholic laity; my answer is more specific. I say, Mr. McCloskey and the other Catholics in the Y. M. C. A., who deprive these Catholic clubs of the revenue they bestow on the Y. M. C. A. Further, I will deny that Catholic societies maintain only second-rate clubrooms. The Alphonsus Club of Boston is housed in one of the most beautiful homes in Boston; the Knights of Columbus in Worcester are in possession of a magnificent clubhouse and in addition—this will please Mr. McCloskey—they have a swimming pool. The college of which Mr. McCloskey is a graduate lately equipped a new gymnasium to which he is always welcome. Better athletes than Mr. McCloskey have found the Catholic clubrooms of Philadelphia congenial and beneficial. The basketball champions of his home city were recruited from and wore the colors of the Victrix Catholic Club, while the American runner who did so well at the last Olympic games gloried in the fact that he represented the Shannahan Catholic Club of Philadelphia.

Last year the Y. M. C. A., at one of the New England colleges, conferred a great favor on the Catholic students by admitting them to what might be termed the second degree. However, Catholic students have not yet reached so high a state of physical development and its consequent morality that they are deemed fit for office. Mr. McCloskey tells us that our young men are so well grounded in the Faith that they can resist all attempts at proselytizing. I will borrow a comparison from an athlete. No matter how well developed an athlete is, no matter how hardened his muscles are, if he throws himself against a steam roller, he will need the services of the ambulance corps. The quiet, insidious attacks of the Y. M. C. A. on our Church, the closed doors to the officers' chambers will sooner or later crush the Catholic young man who can not help feeling that he is begging favors and will probably yield, even if he is well grounded in the Faith.

In answer to Mr. McCloskey's claim that the Y. M. C. A. is not a religious institution, I would refer him to some of the back numbers of AMERICA, where his claim was disproved by the very advertisements the Y. M. C. A. used.

Blackstone, Mass. IGNORAMUS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several of Mr. McCloskey's critics apparently assume that a Catholic can not utilize the gymnastic facilities except he also take part in the social work of that institution. This is not the case. One need not make any acquaintances at the Y. M. C. A. or ever attend any of their lectures or social functions. He can make their athletic equipment serve his own purposes, and have no other connection with their organization.

It has been my observation that the crowd whom you will find using the gymnasium is a crowd very much like that at any good athletic club, intent upon diverting themselves rather than upon converting you. If a youth can keep away from the social side of the organization, where I think undoubtedly proselyting is attempted, no danger confronts him, and he is acting within his moral rights unless his conduct is wrong from an entirely different angle, to wit, that he contributes money toward the propagation of doctrines which he must regard as false. Is this the case? Frankly, I have not been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion. If one purchases the facilities which the Y. M. C. A. offers for sale, is it not just a commercial transaction? If it is not wrong to buy sporting good from Y. M. C. A. counters, it is not wrong to buy sporting facilities. It is certainly a substantially different situation from that presented by the donation of money for Y. M. C. A. purposes. I think the only moral question involved is whether a young man does wrong, when in using a harmless branch of an organization, he contributes money which is expended in another branch of the same organization, for purposes which he can not approve. Is it different, except in degree, from dealing with the United Fruit Company, knowing, (if such be the case: see contribution in a recent issue of AMERICA) that part of the purchase price will be used in proselyting in South America?

Los Angeles. DONALD GALLAGHER.

AMERICA

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Saint Francis and His City

THERE appears to be a certain doubt in the minds of some historians as to whether San Francisco is actually named after Saint Francis of Assisi or Sir Francis Drake the Elizabethan filibuster, and this may account for the perturbation which has seized upon a metropolitan daily at the suggestion to erect a statue in San Francisco in honor of St. Francis. Any association, so it is urged, there may be with the saint is too remote to be obvious, and in support of the contention are cited the cities of St. Paul, St. Joseph, San Antonio and St. Augustine, which, if the daily be correct, have no connection with their namesakes or their works. The obvious thing, then, for San Francisco to do would be to erect a statue of the sea rover, and to change its name to Drakeville.

But the point of the grievance seems to be that it was not the Franciscan spirit which rebuilt the city after the devastation by fire and earthquake, which, in its degree, is true. For the Scriptural injunction "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor," is, of course, not symbolical of San Francisco, though it is hardly necessary to go through the columns of the daily press to gather this information. Whether the Franciscan spirit rebuilt the city does not greatly matter; what is important to ask is whether there would have been any city to rebuild had it not been for the Franciscans.

Curiously enough, and in spite of the fears which agitate the metropolitan daily, not only the city of San Francisco but the whole State of California have intimate connections with St. Francis and his works. A recent work on the California padres and their missions shows to how great an extent California is indebted to the Friars, and if the reading of a book be too severe a strain, even to a writer of editorials, a brief glance at the map of California will make it clear that not only is a statue of St. Francis appropriate in the city of San Francisco, but also that the present time, when the history of California is holding the attention of the whole world, is singularly opportune for the association of the city and the State with the saint to be made prominent.

It would be unjust to accuse the great daily of trying to belittle the Saint of Assisi. Indeed, it concedes that much of the Franciscan spirit might be discovered in San Francisco: there is doubt, however, as to whether the average newspaper man would make quite the most successful discoverer. But deep down there is the fear that if St. Francis be honored as the patron of San Francisco, there would be little to prevent some devout but hopelessly misguided persons seizing upon the idea that the cities of St. Paul and St. Joseph were founded by the Paulists and the Josephites, and insisting upon erecting statutes of the saints for whom the cities are named. There is even the making of a respectable feud among the citizens of St. Augustine as to whether their city was founded by the Augustinians or by Benedictines from St. Augustine's at Canterbury, which, for thrill would eclipse the symbolization of the character of Los Angeles "with an appropriate group of angels."

Moving Picture Censorship

THE enormous popularity of moving picture exhibitions and the vast influence they are consequently able to exert upon the general standard of morality are facts with which we have long been familiar. Yet the latest statistics, laid before the New York Theater Club by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitagraph Company of America, may truly be called startling. According to his estimate 11,000,000 people daily attend the various moving picture theaters throughout our country. During the year 1913, for which he had gathered statistics, 40,000 miles of moving picture films were made, enough to engirdle the earth, or to provide thirty tintypes for every citizen of the United States. The figures become almost fabulous when we strive to estimate the number of persons who viewed these different films. The rental alone of such films during the year 1913 amounted to $25,000,000 and the small admission fees, made up mostly of nickels and dimes, amounted in the course of the same year to $275,000,000.

"What," we may well ask, "were the scenes and situations presented to the billions of spectators entertained and instructed for good or evil by this popular form of amusement, which combines the least expenditure of physical and intellectual exertion with the most intense emotional excitement?" Surely it is a vital matter of national importance that the strictest supervision be exercised here, and that censorship allow of nothing even approximating to laxity. Moving picture exhibitions are not patronized by the young exclusively, but boys and girls form a very large part of the patrons. The criminal carelessness which permits the exhibition of indecent or other morally

harmful representations is therefore all the more unpardonable. While a greater or less degree of conscientious delicacy is exercised in certain cities or certain establishments, it is likewise true that in other instances the most seductive or perversive presentations are allowed. There is need of insisting everywhere, under the severest penalties of the law, upon strict censorship of all the films. Catholic societies have at times been laudably active in this matter, though much remains to be done. Parents above all have the duty of preserving at least their own children from the harm which enters the soul so easily through the eyes.

Dynamite, Christian Science, and Lourdes

"CAN Hair Turn White in a Single Night," is an important question recently discussed by Dr. John A. Wyeth in the New York *Sun*. Dr. Wyeth does not think that it can, nor, although a friend once earnestly propounded a contrary opinion, does he believe that hair can grow after death. "There was no use trying to do away with a conviction that had indelibly crystallized itself in his brain-cells," writes the learned doctor. "Dynamite, Christian Science, or Lourdes, or some powerful stirring up of the emotions might have done it, but reason in argument, never."

Although a man of science, it is not at all likely that the learned doctor attaches any particular emphasis or meaning to the word "Lourdes." It is quite probable that he knows nothing whatever about Lourdes. He has heard the phrase used as a synonym for superstitions, or something of the kind, and he repeats it, most unscientifically, without any reflection as to what it may really mean. Seeing that it is bracketed with dynamite, Christian Science, and "some powerful stirring up of the emotions," the learned doctor's ignorance of Lourdes, may fairly be said to be abysmal.

Science, Haeckel once said, is firstly experience, and then, inference. Dr. Wyeth's experience with hair, both in its natural state and after death, may invest his inference on this important matter with singular value. But should the doctor care to discourse more largely upon Lourdes, it is respectfully suggested that he take the trouble to base these inferences likewise upon experience.

Why Pray for Peace?

A NUMBER of our correspondents have professed themselves at a loss to understand why we should pray for peace. If the war, as is constantly asserted, is bringing back to God many who otherwise would live in sin, why try to hasten its end? The answer is so clear that it is startling to think that any could have put the question. War, though not always an evil in itself, brings with it calamities without number. It unleashes passions, stirs up hatred, thus running counter to Christ's spirit. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for the other." The Church fears and detests war. "From pestilence and famine and war, O Lord, deliver us!" Such is the petition that is daily on her lips. The very last thing that the late dying Pontiff tried to do was to avert the war, almost the very first thing that his beloved successor essayed was to bring back peace. Bishops the world over have ordered their priests to insert the prayer for peace in their Mass. The Bishop of bishops, Benedict XV, has commanded that wherever devotions are held during the month of May, there shall be recited his own touching prayer for the end of the fearful scourge.

War is indeed a great scourge. It is a cause of endless suffering to the guiltless no less than the guilty, it hurries many a soul unprepared before the dread tribunal of justice, it is an immense hindrance to divine worship, it pulls down what the Church with infinite pains has built up, it destroys the peace of souls that Christ came on earth to give to men of good will, it leaves famine and pestilence and despairing souls and mangled bodies in its wake. All these calamities and many others does war bring down upon men. "From pestilence and famine and war, O Lord deliver us!" May men make heaven ring with the prayer till at last God is constrained to take pity on warring man!

America's Vocation

GRIM accounts daily reach us from the trenches and the battle-fields; piteous scenes are pictured of the desolation left in the wake of war. With inexpressible feelings we dwell upon the sorrows of desolate mothers and orphaned children. But saddest of all is the realization of the spiritual havoc wrought in lands where even the names of the warring nations are unknown. Priests and Brothers have been summoned from the mission field in scores: those who remain with their flocks are struggling with difficulties that are well-nigh insuperable. They are impoverished: their schools, orphanages, hospitals are in danger of ruin for lack of funds. This indeed is a great calamity. Europe's affliction is sad: but it is of a temporal nature, and in countless instances God has already brought good out of it. In the mission field, however, the problem is of a more serious character: it effects the salvation of the souls entrusted to the Church.

Issue after issue of the mission-journals bears one and the same message, a cry of distress, a plea for help, a call to America as the only natural hope of the missions. Clearly our time has come to answer the call. How shall we do so? The venerable Archbishop Ireland points the way by saying:

> The Catholic Church must not allow the pall of death to spread over its missions in heathen lands. Those missions are its glory, the evidence of its divinely-given universality. Somewhere and somehow the remedy to menacing misfortune must be found. Catholics in Europe can do nothing;

Catholics in large-hearted America will be the savior of the Church in its missionary work. . . . In the early days of its history, when its children were few and poor, the Church in America received magnificent contributions from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It was indebted to that Society for its life, for the foundation of its prosperity which later came to it.

This is a challenge to our generosity: the gauntlet has been flung at our feet. The world is watching to see whether we shall pick it up or selfishly turn aside, leaving the Society to which, under God, we owe our faith to eke out a miserable existence, devoid of good works, through lack of gratitude on our part.

Signs of Superior Civilization

THE Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has just startled Gothamites into a new realization, by designating three courts in New York County to try murder cases exclusively, during the month of May. People are rubbing their eyes and asking what has happened. Nothing new; hands are dripping with blood, as usual. Fifty-one people have been murdered in New York since the beginning of the year: forty-seven persons are now under indictment for murder or manslaughter: ten other cases are ready for the Grand Jury. A record, surely. What will be done? Just this. The average law-abiding citizen who speaks the American language will say to his friend: "Somethin' doin', ugh?" His friend will answer: "Sure." Trials will drag on week after week at immense expense to the taxpayer. Fifty-five of those tried will go into cheap vaudeville or become "movie" actors: two will be convicted. Then the comedy will begin. "Uplifters," will sob and weep and splutter and splurge and denounce the State as a murderer. Commutation of sentence to life imprisonment will probably follow: at the end of five or six years the murderer will be freed. His hair has turned white you know, and there are dark semi-circles under his eyes. Horrid—and a most excellent reason, too, why the criminal should be allowed to stalk the earth in search of a new victim.

"Society's" Conversation

"THE man who really lives," it has been well said, "is, in the main a serious man; his thoughts and his conversation are worth while." Certainly his social intercourse will not always be characterized by superficiality and frivolity. Something besides trifles will engage his interest and occupy his leisure. Yet an observer of "society on parade" who thus describes the nature of the conversation that is heard in those exalted circles, would lead the thoughtful to doubt that our "best society" is really "alive" at all. He writes:

> Plays are touched on, but acting is ignored; operas are discussed, but only for the personal performances of celebrated singers, not for the music of the operas themselves. Politics are discussed only so far as they affect the Stock Exchange or the race-track. . . . Painting is discussed only to the extent of the latest fashionable foreign artist's portrait of the latest fashionable native society women. Literature is less fortunate, being considerably talked about in the shape of the latest fiction; but all the talk confines itself to the plot and the character; the style is left severely to itself. Science is discussed only as represented by the merits of competing types of automobiles.

Though these idle lilies of the land pride themselves on having mastered so perfectly the principles of the *nil admirari* that nothing can any longer surprise or astonish them, yet by a strange contradiction they are ever seeking tirelessly in dress, reading and amusements only the fantastic and the sensational. America's leisured classes, though they do not share the ancient Athenians' intellectual subtlety, seem to resemble them in that craving for novelty which St. Paul mentions. Like them our "best society" apparently lives in and for the present hour only, and employs itself "in nothing else but in telling or in hearing some new thing." But is that "to live"? The poet maintains that we really "Live by admiration, hope and love." Those who become so fascinated by the witchery of nonsense that they are no longer able to distinguish the important from the trifling, who are so satisfied with this world that they never think of another, and whose lives of softness and self-indulgence have hardened and frozen the heart, these can not rightly be said "to live." It was to such a people that St. Paul brought the newest and most striking intelligence they had ever heard. But they altogether missed its vital importance and only answered wearily: "We will hear thee again concerning this matter." In all probability, however, they never did, for those old Athenians had long ceased to "Live by admiration, hope and love."

Micrometer or Megaphone? Which?

"THAT? That's a micrometer-screw, a measurer of little things, midgets, mites, motes, molecules and of things still smaller. All made of hard metal, no possibility of expansion. It will tell you the exact width of a hair. What fraction of an inch can it gauge? Why, this one will estimate accurately one ten-thousandth part of an inch. Rather minute, eh? But there is a special make which goes into still finer things. Yes, it can see too, but, of course, the micrometer-screw has a limited horizon. No vistas, panoramas or bird's-eye views, but when it comes to concentration of vision and the descrying of infinitesimals, it is splendid. Here you have the eye of the micrometer-screw, called the micrometer-ocular. We are making micrometers now so that you can carry them around. Shall I fit you out with one?"

"That other instrument? Why you know that. 'Tis only a new form of the megaphone. The old-time megaphones have all been bought up by college students and guides in the sight-seeing cars. This is a vast improvement. It may not be popular on the grandstand because

it does not split the air with thunders. The special improvements are a device for directing the sound, and another for eliminating all harsh or disagreeable noises. For example, you go to the theater and you wish to applaud with discrimination. While others are making a din and filling the ears of the poor actors with applause, deserved only by one or a few, you whisper into your megaphone, 'Well done, Othello'; 'Rosalind, you have been magnificent.' 'You are the best grave-digger I have ever seen.' Your message goes direct to the proper ear, and you are rewarded with a thankful smile, and your memory is embalmed in unforgetting gratitude. This one, you see, will not transmit hisses or boos or catcalls. Won't you take a melodious megaphone, this year's model?"

As you leave this Novelty Store with its wonderful instruments, you may wonder at the mysteries of science, but unless you are vastly different from the rest of mankind, you will find promptings and impulses and unholy tendencies which would outrival the achievements of the micrometer. Is there anything which limits the horizon of the soul? Is there anything which may cause the soul to imagine it is broad when it is really magnifying petty things? Are there human beings who feel starved when a crumb goes to another, who begrudge their neighbors a few drops of love when they have had the draught, whose eye-sight is so keen that a barely visible scratch assumes the dimensions of a gash or the depths and torment of a major surgical operation? Has any one ever had to close his ears to the reiteration of a maddening tune, "That was never done for me?" Answer these questions and perhaps you will see that you need not enter the Novelty Store to buy a micrometer. Jealousy is more microscopic, micrometric, more metallic and less expansive than any machine of human invention.

Ah, but do buy that latest model megaphone that has a silencer for harsh sounds and a magnifier for sweet sounds. The world needs that whisper of praise which is enlarged in the soul to a trumpet-blast, filling and inspiring the hearer. The comrade in the ranks would be thrilled to mighty deeds and lifted on wings by the touch of a fellow-soldier. A glance of approval may be the spark of a conflagration. A smile may be in some glowing heart, the first beam of a polar-dawn and a long polar-day. A megaphone differs from a funnel. The megaphone broadens its little contents to pour them whole in a generous flood upon the world; the funnel shrinks its contents and would narrow the universe until it trickles in a tiny thread into self. Encouragement is a sovereign remedy for jealousy. An enterprising printer recently issued this advertisement: Sell your hammer and buy a horn. It is regularly moved and seconded that the proposal be amended to read: Sell your micrometer and buy a megaphone, a large durable one, with a silencer for harsh sounds and a magnifier for sweet sounds. The world will profit by the purchase: two souls will grow in love and happiness, yours and your neighbors.

LITERATURE

"Quotes," Italics and Parentheses

HOW dear to the indolent writer are these three typographical devices! "Quotes," which in printer's parlance means the inverted commas indicating that a word or passage is another's, has been time out of mind the stay and comfort of those not too proud to own that their thoughts have been better expressed before. The frequent use of quotation marks, however, though it may be prompted by laziness, quite as commonly indicates that the fair grace of humility is the writer's possession and that the serviceable virtue of honesty is no stranger to his breast. Of this conscientious employment of inverted commas Newman's controversial writings offer many examples. If he quotes an adversary, it is done *verbatim, literatim* and *punctuatim,* and the opponent's argument is put as forcibly and clearly as possible. Nothing could be fairer. Since Newman's day honesty of this kind has become a more familiar spectacle than formerly.

But those little points that, in written speech, show so unmistakably that terms are being borrowed, have no adequate counterpart, unhappily, in the spoken word. Who has not felt, when listening to sermons or addresses, the "crying need" of some conventional gesture or intonation that would plainly indicate that the preacher or orator is quoting? Suppose, for instance, that every time a speaker used another's language, he should curve the fingers of his uplifted hands. Such a gesture would be a sufficiently close imitation of "quotes" and, if used conscientiously, would let the audience know just how much of the address they are hearing is the speaker's own composition. As preachers and orators naturally would not care to be making that rather humiliating gesture too often, they would give more time and care to the preparation of their sermons or addresses, and would so thoroughly assimilate and master their matter that the "quotes" sign would seldom need to be used, and their discourses in consequence would be marvelously improved. Here a delicate question of casuistry comes up. If an author quotes from his own unpublished writings, or if an orator cites a passage from one of his earlier addresses, should the borrowing sign be employed? The older moralists, as far as they have expressed an opinion on the subject, seem to exact rigidly in such cases the use of quotation marks. Later theologians, however, and among them weighty names not a few, reason very subtly on the question and sanction, as a rule, the omission of "quotes."

Another temptation that often assails violently writers and speakers is the unrestrained use of italics. It is far easier to lay stress on terms by drawing a line under them than by so constructing the sentence that the important words emphasize themselves. Therefore are the indolent much addicted to the "underscore." This regrettable practice, moreover, is by no means confined to their written words. It pervades their speech as well. We all number among our acquaintances men and women who are constantly speaking in italics. By tones, gestures and exaggerations they stress so forcibly the most commonplace observations that when an occasion arises that really calls for vigorous language the unhappy creatures are stricken dumb: their admiration or astonishment remain inarticulate and mute.

"The italics are mine." What a venerable "bromide" that is! But portentous withal. For when placed in a parenthesis at the end of a quoted passage which seemed as first written to be quite innocent and guileless, the words call the thoughtless reader's attention to the base insinuations implied in the terms italicized, and prepare the mind for the

flaying that the author of the cited paragraph is sure to receive and that right quickly, too. "The italics are mine." And consequently a sound drubbing will soon be yours.

The marvelous influence exerted by italics is well illustrated by the classic example of Dom Flammato, the Tuscan Benedictine. His devotion to the Apostolic See was of so passionate a character that he took a resolution to read nothing save what was printed in roman type. His rigid adherence to this practice seriously imperiled, of course, his reputation for scholarship, but he never faltered. The sight of the gothic initials in the breviary he had to use robbed him of all devotion in choir, and a line of script that he was once inveigled into reading troubled his conscience for years. His untimely death at the age of eighty-one is attributed to the shock he received from reading a papal document which was actually printed in those detested italics, a form of type always associated in Dom Flammato's mind with heresy, schism and rebellion.

The third temptation to which the indolent writer frequently succumbs is the lawless use of the parenthesis. To arrange in a clear and orderly manner the clauses of a sentence takes time and care. But the parenthesis, or its near relative, the dash, wickedly supplies "first aid" to the hurried or the lazy and enables them to make fairly intelligible many a paragraph which had otherwise remained disgracefully obscure. There is no mark of punctuation that the world could more easily do without than the parenthesis. The true literary artist avoids it sedulously, but on the careless writer's page the parenthesis or its equivalent is of frequent occurrence. The man with an orderly mind will not rest content till he has made his thought crystal clear to the reader. But the person whose head is full of parentheses easily lets them slip into his speech and writing.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

Pioneer Laymen of North America. By Rev. T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J. Vol. I. New York: The America Press. $1.75.

To his three previous volumes on the "Pioneer Priests of North America" Father Campbell has now added the first volume of a new series devoted to the study of the adventurous Catholic laymen who were companions and coadjutors of those devoted missionaries who brought religion and civilization to sections of the western world that stretch from ocean to ocean and from Hudson Bay to Brazil. The list includes, he tells us,

> Explorers, founders of States and colonies, governors of provinces, commandants of forts, captains of vessels, officers of the regular army, leaders of the reckless *coureurs de bois*, daring traders who, in the interests of commerce, ventured alone among the savages, besides pirates, filibusters and peaceful colonists. They are mostly Frenchmen, or native-born Canadians, but there are a few Spaniards, an occasional Englishman, and toward the end, a distinguished man who is frequently put down as Scotch, but who constantly insisted on his Irish origin.

The "Pioneer Laymen" in this volume begin with that valiant Malouin sailor, Jacques Cartier, whose *Récits* give entertaining details of his three voyages along the coast of Labrador and up the St. Lawrence. In one of these we have the first description (1535) of the habit of smoking. Next comes the story of Pedro Menendez, where we see the vain attempt of the French Huguenots to transplant their brand of Calvinism across the Atlantic, and how Coligny, undismayed by his failure to rob the Portuguese of their Brazilian possessions, tried to wrest Florida from the Spaniards. This Menendez frustrated. "He was not the fierce and remorseless savage of anti-Catholic history," Father Campbell declares. "On the contrary, he was a quiet, calm, patient, unrevengeful man."

Samuel Champlain's exploits follow. We generally associate this founder of Quebec with Canada and the border part of the State of New York, hence there is a surprise in finding him on a voyage to Mexico in 1599. He was the distinguished faunal naturalist of his day. His narrative of the wealth and prosperity he observed in Mexico is in sad contrast to the conditions of that unhappy couutry to-day. After seeing all he could of Mexico he sailed around Yucatan as far as the Isthmus of Panama, which he crossed. When he got back to Europe he made the suggestion that it would be a practical scheme to dig a canal through the twelve miles that separated the Chagres river from the ocean. This, be it noted, was more than two centuries ago.

With the record of Charles de la Tour we have the mournful story of Acadia, and next the founding and development of Montreal are spread out in the careers of Maisonneuve and Charles le Moyne, and the volume concludes with a captain of industry, Pierre Esprit Radisson. Found as a lad a captive among the New York Mohawks in 1653, by the Jesuit missionary, Father Poncet, this Frenchman became the founder of the great English corporation, the Hudson Bay Company, and put into the control of England what is now British America. Radisson not only received no share of the vast wealth the Company accumulated but was the victim of misrepresentation, calumny and injustice both before and after his death. As he had embroiled France and England in a protracted war for the possession of half a continent, he is, to the French reading public, one of the most detested men in Canadian history. Father Campbell regards him as "the innocent and unconscious tool of underhand and unscrupulous statecraft."

The many admirers of Father Campbell will find in this new series companion pictures to his other popular historical sketches, and a good corrective also for certain false appreciations of facts and motives that a class of biased writers have fastened on American history. The volume is happily dedicated to a writer in the same field to whose zeal much historical data owes its preservation, Dr. Charles George Herbermann, President of the United States Catholic Historical Society and editor-in-chief of the "Catholic Encyclopedia."

T. F. M.

Spiritual Letters. By MGR. R. HUGH BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

The mere fact that very limited excerpts from the letters of help and counsel he wrote to but one of his many correspondents, in a decade of incessant preaching and the production of some thirty volumes, make up into a handsome book, and that, in charm and style and intrinsic value these hurried missives of his pen maintain the high level of his finished works, bears eloquent witness to the indefatigable zeal and charity and the spiritual wisdom and literary mastery of Robert Hugh Benson. They will be welcomed by the countless admirers of the writer and the man for the new and pleasing light they shed upon his character, for as A. C. Benson puts it in a preface of admirable taste, these "frankest expressions of faith and belief, and a point of view that corresponds to a faithful and beautiful handling and interpreting of life . . . illustrate in a very peculiar way some of my brother's most marked characteristics, not only his enthusiasm and swift expressiveness, but his eager desire to respond to every call and claim for sympathy and interest, as well as his grace of loyal and continuous kindness." The first batch are selections from letters of direction to a retreatant in his last Anglican days, the next, commencing from his admission

to the Church, explains masterfully yet with tender patience the dogmas and difficulties of Catholicism, and from Rome he continues to enlighten his spiritual daughter until she shared his conviction that "as to the Catholic Church, there is simply no question at all. *It is it:* and that is the end of the matter." His further letters "Of spiritual direction," "To one beginning a literary career" and "To one entering religion," bringing his correspondent to literary distinction and the peace of permanent immolation, are replete with the absorbing interest commanded by the assured voice of a master.

Here and there in this little book will be found a recipe for almost any dogmatic or spiritual disease or difficulty, and its refreshing informality will strengthen and commend it. Illustrating from Rome the Church's Catholicity, he writes: "This morning I, an Englishman, knelt with Italians before an Italian altar, and heard a German priest say Mass, with a negro server from Africa;" and having described with gripping realism Pius X preaching to a polyglot audience, he adds: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites . . . we do hear in our tongue the wonderful works of God. It is all a matter of *seeing,* not argument." There are unconscious revealings of himself, as in his letter from the Benedictine Monastery in Rome: "The Benedictines radiate tranquillity and the love of God, and have a sense of humor, and provide cold baths." There will be found in these letters many other delightful things, which they who read oftenest will appreciate most.

The subtitle, "Memoirs of a Brother," explains the purport of Mr. A. C. Benson's very welcome and valuable contribution to the life of his brother. Presenting that side of him which was least known to his Catholic friends, it is a necessary complement to the biography of his Catholic life, which the writer of these memoirs has entrusted to Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. It is the tribute of a loyal and affectionate brother who is at the same time frank, clear-sighted and critical, and skilled in the literary art of setting down incidents and characteristics in their true perspective; and happily the subject was such that the franker the pictures presented of him in youth and manhood the more they will delight his friends. Mr. Benson, however, has two limitations: his close companionship with his brother only began some years after Mgr. Benson's conversion, and in religious belief and temperament they were, he says, "poles apart." Hence there are gaps, which the recollections of other members of the family only partially fill up, and the analysis of religious motives is seriously at fault. This impotency to see the Catholic viewpoint rather spoils the two chapters on "Surrender" and "Authorship." With the "Confessions of a Convert" before him, Mr. Benson fails to see the one compelling cause of the surrender that clamors through that remarkable book: Anglicanism has not, Catholicism alone has Authority from Christ; and the same inability prevents him from appreciating what is best and truest in Mgr. Benson's fictional works. With this exception, the memoirs are in every way commendable and throw a most pleasing light on subject and author and the admirable family from which they sprang. M. K.

James Russell Lowell as a Critic. By JOSEPH J. REILLY, M.A. (Columbia), Ph.D. (Yale). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Lowell is a writer much affected by those whom no one can persuade to read "a classic" but who are willing to absorb at second hand authoritative "impressions" of a literary masterpiece. He had an insatiable hunger for books, a witty, graceful way of expressing himself, an unerring taste in the choice of quotations, but he was not a true critic. This Mr. Reilly has here proved to admiration. Owing to his thorough familiarity with Lowell's works and career, the author has been able to marshal an array of facts and citations which make it plain that the Cambridge essayist was by no means a literary critic of the first rank. For all his reading, Lowell's learning was not wide enough, his sympathy broad enough, his judgment sufficiently sound, nor his penetration sufficiently keen, to make him a really just and discerning critic. He was only an impressionist. Being a man of little philosophic depth, a reader rather than a thinker, and an author unduly influenced by his moods and prepossessions, Lowell could not write without often betraying his limitations. No fair-minded person who finishes the perusal of Mr. Reilly's book can fail to be convinced that Lowell as a literary critic holds a far higher place in the popular estimation than he deserves. The breadth and accuracy of the author's own knowledge of English literature appear on every page of the book. He shows unusual qualifications as a critic of the critic. Now and then there occur repetitions which can be eliminated with profit in a second edition of the volume. Friends of Holy Cross will note with regret that Mr. Reilly omitted to mention that he holds his first degree from that venerable institution, which has been the nursery of many great men. W. D.

The Rediscovered Country. By STEWARD EDWARD WHITE, F.R.G.S. Illustrated from Photographs. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

This is a book to increase the geographical information of the world, to give enjoyment to the fireside reader and guidance to the sportsman who is looking for a new place to hunt in Africa. The "Rediscovered Country" of which Mr. White tells us is the very latest hunting ground on that continent and the last spot there untracked by sportsmen. It is a land, indeed, that had been discovered and charted by the prospector, but for all that it had not as yet been shocked by the sound of the white man's rifle. It is not in British, but in German, East Africa that the path of these pioneers lay. The narrative is cast in the form of a diary and carries one through several months of tramping jungle and chaparral while searching for camp-spots and waterholes and the haunts of the game that had to be provided for the forty Africans who trailed after the author and his companion, Mr. R. J. Cunninghame. The diary style with its decapitated sentences and its mass of tangled detail somewhat compensates for its monotony of form by its constant shifting of scenes and incidents. To add to this entertaining variety the pages are well set off by a hundred photographs of the landscape, the animals and the Negroes in the "Rediscovered Country." A lion hunt in which Mr. White single-handed drops four lions in one fight may make some incredulous reader pause. And still this may not be of such general interest as the sight of a hunter speeding along on a motor-cycle with a lion in hot pursuit; or that story of a doctor, who presented all the Negro chiefs in his neighborhood with bicycles so the roads would always be kept in good repair. The book closes with minute instructions for hunters and a fine map. J. P. M.

Introduction to the Science of Ethics. By THEODORE DE LAGUNA, Professor of Philosophy in Bryn Mawr College. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The author's purpose has been to present us in this book with a comprehensive outline of the science of ethics, as he believes it to exist to-day, and at the same time to offer an extensive though not complete account of the principal Greek and English systems of the past. Christian ethics as such Mr. De Laguna does not consider worthy of special treatment in the classroom. Lacking the absolute moral convictions which Christianity implies, the author advances the various ethical systems with but little directive comment. Religion is at once excluded for, in his opinion, it does not

enter into a scientific consideration determining the motives of right conduct. With divine authority and sanctions debarred, morality has necessarily been cut adrift from its moorings. The evolution of moral standards is consequently the first postulate of the Bryn Mawr professor's ethics. Many of the "moral values" may have been found useful in the past, we are informed, but now reveal serious shortcomings, while there are still other standards whose defects are not yet generally recognized. One of these "survivals of barbarism," he tells his pupils, is "the way in which the young girl is commonly taught to regard chastity—as a precious possession which, once lost, can never be regained." The moral system which may now seem to us absolute appears so only because of our narrow vision.

These and similar doctrines are not new in the latest book on ethics. Leaving the sure guidance of the Church and the Holy Scriptures, we are at once landed in the new paganism with which our non-Catholic classrooms are often only too familiar. All supernatural sanctions for right living are swept away. Earthly happiness alone is proposed as a general, though not a universal, reward of moral conduct. A straw is cast out to save the young amid the tempests that toss them about. In spite of abundance of learning and many shrewd and true distinctions, the book is only another illustration of the sad failure of modern education without God. J. H.

Hillsboro People. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. With Occasional Vermont Verses by SARAH N. CLEGHORN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35.

The author of this very readable volume of stories believes that only in villages like Hillsboro, Vermont, people really "live" nowadays. Those whom hard destiny has made city dwellers "seem to be doing everything that was ever done or thought of except living." They make everything except one another's acquaintance: the only thing in the world that is really worth doing. In Hillsboro, however, life is really lived, for everybody knows all about everybody else, and all look on with the keenest interest while the tragedies and comedies of the village are being played. Nelse Pettingrew, for example, has gone awooing. Will the girl he marries help him to keep sober? Or proud old Squire Marvin, who worried his wife to death and spoiled all his children, is being carried off to the insane asylum. The "Hillsboro People" who witnessed that scene had no need of Æschylus or Shakespere to offer them the *catharsis* of pity and terror.

The author knows her rural New England thoroughly. The seventeen stories in the book are for the most part illustrations of the spirit of self-repression and unselfishness that characterize the villagers of Hillsboro. The best tales are "Petunias," which tells how a family behaved when the smallpox came; "As a Bird Out of the Snare," a story of heroic renunciation; "Portrait of a Philosopher," which smacks of Hawthorne; "Flint and Fire," the account of two old sisters' reconciliation, and "Avunculus," a sympathetic study of the race problem in New England. Other stories in the volume, which turn on the practical denial of Christianity among some descendants of the Puritans, are not pleasant reading. The "Vermont Verses," scattered here and there, harmonize well with the prose. W. D.

The Need for Art in Life. By I. B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $0.75.

Though this book is largely made up of a rather one-sided panegyric of ancient Greece, the author shows an appreciation of what was most attractive about the Middle Ages that is very refreshing. He maintains that the Athenians, say, of Pericles' time, represented the highest attainable perfection of goodness, truth and beauty; the medieval gentleman possessed the good and the beautiful but not the true; whereas we of to-day have the good and the true but lack the beautiful. Hence "The Need of Art in Life." A wider and more careful reading of the ancient Greek writers, however, would hardly justify the flattering description of Hellenic culture or the idyllic picture of Athenian slavery which Mr. Holborn gives. In that much-vaunted republic Socrates was put to death for his opinions, while some of Athens' most famous sons, *e. g.*, Plato, Aristides and Xenophon, spent a great part of their lives in voluntary or involuntary exile.

Accustomed as we are to the prevalent tone of non-Catholic strictures on medieval times, Mr. Holborn's description of the popular enthusiasm for art in those days and of the wonderful success genius had in giving it expression is very pleasant reading, as is also his high tribute to medieval morality. In his brief notice, however, of the intellectual side of the Middle Ages the author is not so happy. He betrays the usual inability to see the true intellectual glory of those times. He finds nothing but the repression of scholarship and learning. To support his contention he has to go outside the Middle Ages proper for instances, and even these are inaccurate. What persecution, for example, did Copernicus suffer or Columbus—at least for his scientific achievements? While sharing with Mr. Holborn much of his disapprobation of things modern, Catholics can not admit that the one chief need of our age is its lack of beauty, and of a keen hunger for the beautiful. A more crying need is that of fixed moral standards and of practical enthusiasm for Christian ethics. J. F. X. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

So few are the Americans who really understand the nature of the relations between Church and State in Mexico as shown by the history of the past fifty years, and so unsatisfactory has been our information regarding the Catholic Party's attitude toward the present revolution, that the current *Catholic Mind* will doubtless prove to be of great interest and value. It opens with a very readable paper on "The Church and the Mexican Revolution" from the pen of a "Mexican Lawyer," who took a prominent part in the events he describes, is followed by a summary of Mr. Bryan's letter to Dr. Kelly and ends with the complete text of the latter's reply.

According to the *Bookman's* list, the six novels which were most in demand during March were these: "The Turmoil," Tarkington (Harper, $1.35); "The Valley of Fear," Doyle (Doran, $1.25); "Who Goes There!", Chambers (Appleton, $1.35); "Contrary Mary," Bailey (Penn Publishing Co., $1.25); "The Harbour," Poole (Macmillan, $1.40); "The Lone Star Ranger," Grey (Harper, $1.35). The first story mentioned is a satire on American materialism and has been favorably noticed in these pages. The second was reviewed in our issue of March 20, and tells about a new adventure of Sherlock Holmes which is far less interesting than some of his earlier exploits. "Who Goes There!" a book on the present war, is the ever-to-be-expected "latest" of the prolific and affluent Robert W. Chambers, for he now has thirty-nine novels to his name and is said to derive from them an income of $100,000 a year. While not harmful the book has little individuality. "Contrary Mary," though a "best seller," can be warmly praised. It is a refreshing novel, old-fashioned in its morals and its manners, wholesome from beginning to end, with a self-restraint in its handling of emotion and a skill in its presentation of ideals that make it pleasant reading. The book has more than its share of attractive characters and its theme is triumph through fail-

ure. "The Harbour" is a realistic novel with Syndicalists as its chief characters, and the hardships endured by dockers and stokers as its "message." Strong situations and pages of vivid description are not lacking, but the book is filled with profanity, is unclean here and there, and preaches the gospel of revolt. The last story on the list is a red and drab "dime novel" that will do its readers nothing but harm.

McClurg & Co., Chicago, have reissued in appropriate Oriental gorgeousness "Her Majesty the King" ($1.00), the late James Jeffrey Roche's clever and entertaining satire, in the guise of an Asiatic story, on Occidental deficiencies. Two decades have not dulled the edge of his wit nor flattened the point of his paradox; hence even yet "the surprising adventures of the good Kayenna and the marvelous wisdom of Shabacac needeth no apology," and the author's plea that his book be not relegated to the seekers of "transient knowledge in the public libraries, but be *bought*," is still admissible.

One good effect of the war is the interest it has created in Belgium, than which no land to-day affords more fruitful opportunity for the study of economics, industries, government, art in all its branches (including the art of living), social happiness and true democracy. This course is supplied as satisfactorily as could be expected in a volume of 242 pages by Clive Holland in "The Belgians at Home" (Macmillan, $0.40). Opening with a rather skimpy account of Belgium's history and an admirable picture of the Belgian people in their home life, the author plays a flesh-and-blood Baedeker to the reader through the seaside towns, along the West Flanders roads to Courtrai, from Tournai to Namur and up the Valley of the Meuse, then refusing unaccountably to let him see Liège, turns back to Brussels, Louvain, Ghent and Bruges, telling him all the while as much of Belgium's story and her artistic and industrial marvels as the reader or the book can hold. It is a valuable forty cents' worth and does not violate neutrality.

Without question "The Man Who Forgot" (Doubleday, $1.25), by James Hay, Jr., is a "novel with a purpose," for the book was written to further the nation-wide prohibition movement. Drink has made "John Smith," the hero, oblivious of his past life, and then a sudden reformation turns him into a total abstinence agitator. He succeeds in gathering at Washington, from all parts of the Union, thousands of people who are bent on forcing Congress to pass a national prohibition law. Just as the measure is carried John, of course, wins his bride. Waller, the reporter, is an interesting figure and political life in the capital is well described. There is considerable "fine writing" in the book, however, and a number of wild statements that will scarcely help on "the cause." The reader is assured, for instance, that six billion dollars a year is "the tribute this country pays to alcohol," and that a man who drinks a glass of beer lowers his general efficiency that day eight per cent.

In "Socialism as the Sociological Ideal: a Broader Basis for Socialism" (Sturgis & Walton Co., $1.25), Floyd J. Melvin, Ph.D., has added another volume to the innumerable books written in defence of socialism. The old platitudes are rehearsed and some new fallacies added in a language evidently intended for "intellectuals" and not easily intelligible even to them. Socialism itself is sufficiently attenuated to leave no commonly accepted characteristics, acording to Mr. Melvin, than "the further progress of civilization by man" and "decision in place of warfare or competition." The style and nature of the book may be gauged by the following pretentious definition: "Socialism is the social system which seeks, by means of the social control of heredity and environment, to direct the further progress of civilization in accordance with the ideals arising through social self-consciousness." Is not such a definition another evidence of the disintegration of socialism from within?

In a historical romance, "A Dealer in Empire" (Harper's, $1.25), Amelia Josephine Burr has sketched for American readers a picture of the court and times of Philip IV of Spain, where the more famous Velasquez walked with royal liberty and shared the splendor of his own immortality with his less famous royal hosts. With dramatic skill the author portrays the cold and proud Olivares, the minister and "second king," pandering by all manner of intrigue to the passions of the youthful monarch; and while the unscrupulous minister is dominating the country and hiding the tracks of his own viciousness from the eyes of his jealous sovereign, the power, prestige and territory of Spain slip away. The story is built indiscriminately of shadowy legend and of substantial history and, though the author soils some sacred things in her endeavor to make vivid the unseemly doings of the king, she pays implicit tribute to the virtue of the Spanish people.

Henry Bordeaux's novel, "The Will to Live" (Duffield, $0.75), which has been translated into English by Pitts Duffield, is a plea for the influence which the dead members of a family ought to exert on the living generation. A man's life is not merely a separate destiny, it is linked with the past and the future. Family traditions, especially if they be rooted in the soil, ought to be an incentive and a source of strength to the individual. The theme is well developed, although the story itself is too obvious and the translation at times rather stilted.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
Vorwärts: A German Reader. By Paul V. Bacon. $0.80.

America Press, New York:
Pioneer Laymen of North America. Vol. I. By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. $1.75.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
City Life and Its Amelioration. By George Sharp. $1.00.

Benziger Bros., New York:
Questions of Moral Theology. Rev. Thomas J. Slater, S.J. $2.00; Miralda. By Katherine Mary Johnston. $0.35; The Mad Knight. By Otto von Schaching. $0.35; The Flower of the Field. By a Benedictine. $0.60.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
War's New Weapons. By Baron Hrolf von Dewitz. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Eat and Grow Thin. By Vance Thompson. $1.00.

Ginn & Co., New York:
Readings from American Literature. By Mary E. Calhoun and Emma L. MacAlarney. $1.40.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Under Which Flag? By Edith Staniforth. $1.00; The Catholic Library. Vol. XVI. Fisher on the Penitential Psalms. Vol II. $0.30; Golden Lights. By E. Gallienne Robin. $0.75.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
My Life Out of Prison. By Donald Lowrie. $1.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. Benson. $1.75.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Spoon River Anthology. By Edgar Lee Masters. $1.25; The Harbor. By Ernest Poole. $1.40.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Growth of English Drama. By Arnold Wynne. $1.15; Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches. By Francis Bond. $2.50.

Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia:
Contrary Mary. By Temple Bailey. $1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. $1.25.

Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:
Die Monroedoktrin. Von Dr. Hans Wehberg. 40 Pf.; Aegypten: Verfassung, Verwaltung, Volkswirtschaft. 40 Pf.; Im Kampf um unsere Zukunft. Von Prof. Dr. Martin Spahn. 60 Pf.; Mütterlichkeit. Von A. Heinen. M. 1.20; Bismarck. Von Martin Spahn. M. 2.50.

EDUCATION

School Children's Health

IN "Bulletin No. 4, for 1915" of the United States Bureau of Education, which may be obtained at fifteen cents a copy from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., there are condensed some practical articles on the health of school children. Superintendents, principals and teachers of our parochial schools will find this "Bulletin" of great value as will be clear from the following excerpts and comments.

HYPERTROPHY OF THE TONSILS

The Department of Health of New York City found that "approximately thirty per cent. of the children in the schools were suffering from hypertrophied tonsils with or without such an obstruction to the nasal breathing as implied the presence of adenoids." The Department thought to fix a standard as far as possible for the class of cases of this kind in which operation would be advisable. Accordingly a letter was sent to a number of eminent specialists in throat and nose diseases in New York asking them what in their opinion were the exact indications for the operative treatment of enlarged tonsils. It is interesting to find that no two of these specialists agreed as to the exact details. So if one hundred children with enlarged tonsils were submitted to these seven specialists no agreement could be reached among the doctors regarding the wisdom of operating. The Bureau of Child Hygiene then established the following practical standard: No case is to be considered as true hypertrophy of the tonsils unless the hypertrophy is such as to interfere with the nutrition of the child or to cause secondary disturbances which interfere with its health and incidentally with its school progress. There are many specialists who seem sure that any enlargement of the tonsils is the signal for their removal. Where adenoids are present, of course, these should be removed. There has been, however, a good deal of over-zeal in operations in the throat and nose and it is interesting to find that a wave of conservatism is now setting in and that medical educational authorities will not permit themselves to be rushed into the operation mania. Where there is mouth breathing the difficulty should be removed so as to secure proper nasal breathing, but if the child is breathing through its nose and is in good health and strength, operations are of dubious value.

DISEASES OF THE EYES

In the articles on "The Care of the Eyes" there is important information about how to preserve the sight at its highest proficiency and about the prevention of blindness. At least five per cent. of blind cases are due to ocular injuries, most of which are preventable, as they arise from carelessness or ignorance. A much larger proportion of these injuries occur in children than in adults. Not a few of them are due to toys. The air rifle annually claims a harvest of blind eyes. The golf ball, with its fluid core, has taken a large toll of boys' eyes. Inquisitive children try to find out what is at the center of the ball and the irritant liquid is shot into the eye. Wood alcohol blindness still occurs with a frequency that should be noted. Certain diseases which often produce blindness and are communicable, as trachoma, are quite easily recognized. Therefore teachers and those in charge of children's institutions should know about them.

STUTTERING

The question of stuttering, so important for a large number of children, receives interesting treatment from two different specialists of large experience. Both insist on the absolute individuality of cases, that no two are similar and that any successful method of treatment must be adapted to the individual. They both emphasize the fact that over-consciousness has a great deal to do with the difficulty of speech and they make it very clear that the treatment must be mental rather than physical, though the psychic causes of stammering can, of course, be reached and removed only through the physical activity of the individual. While some of the stutterers are so bright their ideas seem to outrun their powers of speech and thus disturb articulation, some of the worst cases suffer from stuttering of mind, or a chronic uncertainty about just what they are going to say. Any "cure" must have as its basis mental occupation. They should have their attention distracted from speech itself. Charles Kingsley succeeded in overcoming his stuttering by keeping a disc of cork between his back teeth while he talked.

"PSYCHIC EPIDEMICS"

The question of psychic epidemics in schools shows how "suggestible" children are. An investigation of a school where the headaches which kept recurring were supposed to be due to the poor ventilation of the school, an imperfect lighting system, or the presence of sewer gas, proved to be caused simply by hysterical imitation and suggestion. One school physician relates that in certain classes one-third or more of girl pupils between ten and fourteen years of age asserted that they suffered from headaches, though in other classes of the same school with approximately the same number of pupils cases of headaches were rarely found. A suggestive therapy with bitter tincture, which so far as any therapeutic effect is concerned would be equivalent to bread pills, was prescribed and was immediately followed by an enduring cure. Many children who complain of headache have heard their mothers or aunts or some one else talk so much of headache that they begin to wonder about it and whenever they have a feeling of any kind about their head they complain of headaches.

DISINFECTED BOOKS

The question of the disinfection of books is treated by an authority who declares that

> the process of killing germs in books by disinfection, although recommended especially by those who have the disinfectants and the apparatus for sale, may be dismissed as of very little use on account of the impossibility of the gases penetrating into the interior of the volume. Any effective sterilization will ruin the books, anything that leaves the books unaffected is quite useless, for disinfectant purposes.

The providing of school books by communities, and their exchange from one set of children to another may cause the transmission of disease. This sanitary factor in the problem of providing school books has never been given due weight, because the whole question is so largely one of commercialism. Library books probably constitute a very frequent source of conveyance of children's diseases. Convalescents handle them, there is no way of sterilizing them and unfortunately library stacks are usually dark rooms. The sun is the best disinfectant.

NEW DISCOVERIES

It is curiously interesting to note how many subjects are changing completely their aspects in the recent advances of physiology. After teaching for several generations that the taking of fluids in any quantity at meals diluted the gastric juice and weakened digestion, there is now a definite conviction in the minds of physiologists that rather liberal drinking helps and does not hamper digestion. A complete change has also taken place with regard to ventilation. It is now known that the good effects of efficient ventilation are not due to the chemical purity of the air. It is not because air is impure, but because it no longer carries off heat from the body that a person becomes uncomfortable. It is now definitely ascertained that ventilation should be carried out in the interest of the heat economy of the body rather than with an eye to the chemical purity of the air that

we breathe. The good effects of the outdoor air depend on its coolness, its motion and its relative humidity, but if even impure air is kept in motion none of the bad effects supposed to follow from breathing impure air are observed.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

SOCIOLOGY

All Work and No Play

THIS page has chronicled the brief and sordid history of Francis Ignatius Brady. Francis, once a healthy, normal, growing young person, was possessed of a desire, likewise healthy, normal and growing, to mix with his kind for the purpose of amusement. He could find his opportunity, it would seem, only in a poolroom with a saloon next door. His end was sudden and it came before he was eighteen. The term "find" implies that he was obliged to seek and may, therefore, be inapt. In too many municipalities of importance, poolrooms with saloons next door and similar unhallowed places fairly thrust themselves upon the attention of unwary, inexperienced boys and girls, seeking normal change and relaxation.

THE PROBLEM

That a desire to play, to mix, to relax, to find amusement, to live a social life, exists in our young people, is fairly obvious. It can not be laid, as by an exorcism one might lay a ghost, by a well-considered exhortation on the necessity of self-abnegation. It is quite as natural as a desire for food and rest, and any attempt to eradicate it will end in disaster. The picture of an adolescent youth, biding at home of nights, to improve his mind and his manners, is very edifying. No less soothing is it to contemplate little Betsey Jane, as she holds her sampler to the lamp, to discern if the stitches be featly done. But these pictures represent ideals, not common realities and, for thousands of homes, impossibilities.

If the home be such that reasonable recreation and employment may be found in it, or under its auspices, then by all means let the young people be encouraged to stay there as much as possible. No social settlement or amusement-center can have a tithe of the inspiring influence exercised by a good home. But there are thousands of homes so restricted, physically, financially, sometimes even morally, that they can afford the growing boys and girls little or no domestic recreation. The children of these households seek, as other children seek, relaxation in healthy play and amusement. As they can not find it at home, they are likely to find it on the streets, or in places and under conditions which are not favorable to their growth in holiness.

THE "DON'T" POLICY

How to direct the gregarious habits of the young is a question which becomes more pressing day by day. Only a part, the less important part, of the question is answered by sternly suppressing places which may be harmful, physically or morally. It is not enough merely to remove obstacles. The question is not answered by saying "Don't." A policy of pure negation creates an impossible situation and defeats its own purpose. Excessive restraint leads to atrophy, a condition not intended by nature. When instead of issuing an unalterable ukase that Johnny shall not frequent the poolroom with a saloon next door, Johnny can be directed to a perfectly proper place of amusement in which he can have a larger amount of "fun," the first step has been taken in the solution of a difficult problem. For Johnny and his sister like to dance, to go to the "movies"; Johnny wants to play ball, to belong to a "gang," a club. His motto is the medieval axiom, *agere est vivere*, and he translates it, "Life means that something is doing all the time." Is he wrong? Not entirely. Life means ordered action, action constrained by proper limits, but it means action, after all, and in this sense he is right. Put Johnny in a cage, never let him mingle with other boys, never let him go abroad, and you may keep him from the influence of an openly vicious environment, but you will likewise make him a very dull, a very useless, unnatural kind of a boy.

ITS RESULTS

At present, our young people can fulfill their social ambitions very readily with the aid of organizations either purely secular or governed by Church affiliations more or less intimate. These organizations in the form of dance halls, social settlements, theaters and athletic clubs, are numerous in every large city, but, from a Catholic viewpoint, very few of them can be commended without reserve, and many of them must be openly condemned from the standpoint of even elementary decency. This fact has drawn the criticism that, while religious leaders are ready to condemn, they are very slow to supply a suitable substitute for the evil condemned.

There is much truth in the criticism. Our policy touching the social activities of a large class of our young people has been of a character almost entirely negative. "See what the children are doing, and tell them they mustn't." Instead of building a new road or finding the old one, we have contented ourselves, when we have done anything at all, with deprecating and deploring and "viewing with alarm" the guideposts to the broad and easy path to iniquity. All this is good and sometimes necessary, but it is not enough. No human being can model his life on a series of negations. A locomotive is restrained by the rails from plowing the fields along the right of way, but even this machine goes somewhere. We can not expect our young people to be contented if their desires, founded on human nature, for the amusement that is found in social gatherings, in athletic contests, in the theaters, are met by a policy of negation and restraint.

THE "DO" POLICY

Here and there throughout the country, the observer may note a parish fairly well supplied with this world's goods and large enough, in point of numbers, to be sufficient to itself. The spiritual wants of the flock are administered by a zealous and self-sacrificing clergy. The parish has its sodalities, its confraternities, and the real spiritual life of the people finds its truest expression in the crowds that throng to the Holy Table. Nor is the fact that man is a social being forgotten. There are clubs for boys and girls, clubs for the young men and women; there are lyceums, lecture courses, dramatic societies, and all these organizations have their home in a parish house, in which you will find a splendid gymnasium, an excellent library, and a hall for dances, moving-pictures, and parish gatherings of young and old. Ample provision is thus made for a full and enjoyable exercise, under healthy conditions, of the social instincts of the young people of the neighborhood. Mixed marriages will be few in this parish, for the young people have become acquainted with one another, and the boy or girl arraigned before the Juvenile Court will be a rarity. There is no "don't" about this program. It is all "do." It attracts the young people because it has something to offer them, something better, more enjoyable, than they can meet with elsewhere. As a sodality, it would be a failure; but as a necessary complement to the sodality, it is a splendid success. The secret of the success lies in its recognition of the fact that, since the young people inevitably will

seek and find amusement, it is better that they find it where it will be beneficial and not harmful.

MEANS TO AN END

There was a period, and unfortunately some Catholic communities still languish in that darkened period, when to provide for the amusement of the young people, was thought to be beyond the office and beneath the dignity of the Church. This is misreading history. The mystery and the miracle plays are reminders of the medieval days when the parish was the center of the social as well as of the spiritual interests of the community. There is not the slightest danger that our church societies will degenerate into mere social clubs or athletic societies. Gymnasiums, dramatic clubs, moving-pictures, swimming-pools, baseball teams and athletic fields will be used simply as legitimate and valuable means in the process of shielding our young people from harmful influences, and of engaging their interest, moreover, in activities which are physically and morally helpful. If a baseball team will attract boys who are beyond the influence of a sodality or a sermon, it is wisdom truly Christlike to open an account with a dealer in athletic supplies.

IS IT FEASIBLE?

It is obvious, however, that what can be effected in this matter by a large and flourishing parish, is quite beyond the power of the smaller congregation, struggling with obligations which are imperative. Here we can take a needed lesson from the social organizations under the control of the various non-Catholic religious bodies. It is the lesson of "pooling our interests." Some reflections on this important matter will be offered in a subsequent paper.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Writing in the current *Catholic World* on "A Serious Problem," Joseph V. McKee calls attention to the deplorable lack of interest the Catholics of New York City are taking in secondary education and contrasts their apathy with the zeal of the Jewish people of the metropolis in this respect. Seventy-five per cent. of the pupils enrolled in the city high schools are of Hebrew parentage, he writes. In one there are 5,000 boys and only ten per-cent. of them are Christians. But are not our children being sent to Catholic high schools? Not in large numbers. For in four representative Catholic high schools he names there are only some 1,300 pupils, a total altogether out of proportion to the Catholic population of New York. Mr. McKee's conclusion is that more zeal for secondary education should be shown by Catholic parents. In this number of the *Catholic World* are also published the tributes paid that well-edited magazine on its recent Golden Jubilee, and excellent papers by Dr. Shanahan, Dr. Ryan and Father Pope.

The lecture given by Father Maturin, April 29, at Our Lady of Lourdes' auditorium, New York, marked the close of that distinguished convert's visit to America this spring. He told an audience for the first time what was practically the story of his conversion. In analyzing the psychological processes marking the change from High Anglicanism to Catholicism, as he had observed them in himself and in others, he said that a man's natural conservatism, his extreme reluctance to change religious opinions that he had held since childhood is what chiefly makes conversion difficult. Rome's imperious way of speaking and ruling does not hold back the Ritualist at all: indeed that is what he most loves and admires in her. For the troubles he has in the Church of England are largely due to the fact that her bishops really have so little power. The boasted "comprehensiveness" of the Establishment seems to be a cruel thorn in the High Churchman's side. Father Maturin sailed for England on May 1, and does not expect to visit this country again.

Some educators of note have recently commented severely upon the inability of the modern public school product to spell with anything like accuracy. "For some years," says the Providence *Journal*, "the alphabet has been out of fashion in scholastic circles, but there now seems to be a revival and a fresh recognition of the educational value of spelling. Newspapers have been active in several communities in emphasizing this value, by conducting competitions in spelling and offering prizes," and some schools have begun to bring back even the old-fashioned "spelling bee." Nor have the advocates of reformed spelling been less active. Dr. A. Gideon, Special Field Agent of the Simplified Spelling Board, has recently induced a syndicate of newspapers to adopt the simplified form of spelling in twelve words, urging it on the ground of "economy and common sense." The twelve words are, tho, altho, thru, thruout, thoro, thoroly, thorofare, program, prolog, catalog, pedagog and decalog. These spellings economize thirty-one letters. This is a solemn thought. Even in spelling wilful waste may make woful want.

"Eccentricities of genius, Sam," commented Mr. Pickwick, when the unconventional poses and remarks of Bob Sawyer and his companion were reported to him. The charitable observer is fain to pass the same judgment upon Bishop Burt of the Methodist Episcopal Church whose eccentricities have been reported from time to time in the press. As is well known, the bishop is fully convinced that the Catholic Church is plotting the downfall of "our hard-fought liberties," and he has no doubt whatever that before publication the metropolitan press is duly censored at the residence of the local Catholic bishop, or his representative. In Baltimore, Bishop Burt has recently outdone his most brilliant previous performances, by openly and unblushingly infringing upon papal prerogatives. "Before Bishop Burt left," writes the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, reporting a local meeting, "the members rose and sang, 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again.' He then pronounced the apostolic benediction in Italian." This rather unusual incident of a Methodist bishop giving a papal blessing, and in Italian at that, suggests to the Baltimore *Catholic Review* that the bishop is planning to have himself recognized as the first Methodist Pope. For the benefit of the future Pontiff, it may be suggested that the Apostolic Benediction is usually given in Latin. But, of course, to Bishop Burt this may be a mere Romish corruption.

Delivering the fifth of the Lyman Beecher lectures at the Yale University Divinity School, George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia, formerly professor of law in the University of Pennsylvania, paid a remarkable tribute to the value of the Catholic parochial school.

> There is no doubt in my mind that the Roman Catholics have the finest system of teaching yet devised, and I am positive that the time is coming when a move will be promoted to have each religion care for the education of its children, just as the Roman Catholics are doing at the present time. I believe that these various religions will receive a small compensation from the State for the education of each pupil. . . . When this move is started, you may be sure it will have strong political backing.

Not all Catholics will agree with Mr. Pepper's belief that the time will ever come when State aid will be granted to Catholic schools, while many will hold that it would not be desirable to receive this aid. But Mr. Pepper's vision is keener than that of Dr. Gladden who holds, apparently, that parochial schools are unpatriotic, and of Mr. R. S. Bourne who thinks them unnecessary.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Although the Germans have carried on an offensive at many points in the western battle line, there has not resulted any marked change in the general situation. Most of the local gains claimed by them are officially denied by the French. The main interest has been centered during the week on Flanders, where the Germans have been repeatedly attacking the British lines to the north, east and southeast of Ypres. As a consequence the British have retired from Zonnebeke, Westhoek and Zevecote, and, as far as can be judged from vague German and British reports, the Germans have succeeded in getting back some of the trenches on the very important Hill 60. Both sides are agreed in regarding the present battle of Ypres as one likely to have serious consequences.

Bulletin, May 4, p. m.-May 11, a. m.

According to Austrian and German accounts, the new phase of the campaign which began in western Galicia on May 1 is steadily progressing. If it continues to be successful, and a measure of success is admitted by Russia, the inevitable result will be a retreat by the Russians similar to that which they made in October, certainly as far as the Wisloka, and probably much further, to the river San. The movement which is developing is a huge encircling movement similar to that which forced the Russians to retreat toward Warsaw from the Silesian border. To understand it, it is necessary to bear in mind the positions of the Russian armies in Galicia. A week or so ago the Russian lines extended from the Vistula in a southerly direction along the rivers Dunajec and Biala, and crossing the Carpathians reached into Hungary as far as Bartfield. Here they turned almost at right angle and ran east along the summit of the mountains, past the Dukla and Lupkow passes, and entered Galicia, still continuing east somewhat to the north of Vereczke and south of Stry until they reached the Russo-Bukowina border.

A New Phase in Galicia

The Austrians and Germans are bringing pressure to bear on both flanks of this long battle line, being content to hold their own along the mountains. They have not met with much success on the Russian left flank, that is near Stry, where for a long time they have been endeavoring to cut their communications with Lemberg. In western Galicia, however, they claim to have been very successful. Advancing in great forces from Cracow they have driven the Russians from the Dunajec and Biala rivers, and state officially that the Russians are in full retreat toward the Wisloka. Near Tarnow the Russians, though finally forced to give up the town, made and are still making a most determined resistance, but even here their stand is said to be intended principally to cover their retreat. At the western angle in the Carpathians also the Austrians are vigorously attacking the Russians and are reported to have forced them to abandon all the passes east of Lupkow. It has also been reported, without official confirmation, that the Russians are beginning to retire from the Lupkow pass. This they will be forced to do, unless they can bring up sufficient reinforcements to check the Austro-German advance from the Dunajec. In fact it has been said that the Russians who have been forming the extreme right in the mountains are already in danger of being surrounded. As Russia says very little on the situation, and has admitted only slight reverses in western Galicia, it is difficult to state just how far the movement has progressed.

Russians Retire from the Dunajec

The life of the great Lusitania has come to an end. She sailed from New York May 1, with 1,917 persons on board, of whom 1,253 were passengers; of these 187 were American citizens. On the sailing list were the names of many well known men. She followed her ordinary course, and after an uneventful trip arrived on Friday within about ten miles of the Old Head of Kinsale, on the coast of Ireland. Shortly after two o'clock, p. m., she was torpedoed by a German submarine. Many of the passengers were at lunch. The ship sent one wireless message, which was as follows: "Come at once. Big list. Position ten miles south of Kinsale." Many life-boats were launched, but many others could not be got into the water owing to the big list to the side and the speed with which the vessel was sinking. Within thirty minutes she had disappeared. Boats of various descriptions which answered the call for help rescued, according to present accounts, 767 persons; 144 bodies have been recovered, but the rest are unaccounted for. The number of non-combatants who lost their lives in this single catastrophe far exceeds the combined list of all those who have perished in all the ninety cases of torpedoing in the war zone since February 18. The death list now stands 1,150, of whom 102 were Americans. The unidentified dead were buried at Queenstown with full military honors.

The Lusitania Sunk

Events have been moving with great rapidity in the Far East during the past two weeks. For a time war between China and Japan seemed almost inevitable, and complications between either or both countries and the United States was by no means an impossibility. It will be remembered that shortly after the opening of the new year Japan made extensive demands on China, the details of which were not given general publicity in this country. Japan protested publicly and it is said also secretly, both to England and the United States, that she was counsulting only the peace of the East, and had no intention of modifying the policy of the "open door." China refused to discuss the demands even in principle. A period of inactivity followed, at least as far as news of further negotiations was concerned. At the beginning of May Japan reiterated her demands, and China again rejected the proposals, objecting especially to certain demands in what has been called Group V. Japan called an extraordinary meeting of the Council Cabinet to discuss the situation, and at the same time mobilized her fleet. China meanwhile posted troops around Peking. An ultimatum was then drafted at Tokyo, and after receiving the approval of the Emperor was delivered at Peking. Forty-eight hours were given China for her reply. It appears, however, that Japan consented to postpone the discussion of the objectionable Group V until a later date, and also to cede Kiao-Chow to China. China has consented to the proposals, and peace is assured without violation of the "open door" or other treaty rights of the Powers.

China and Japan

France.—The Chamber of Deputies is still engaged in the consideration of questions of finance. One thing is certain, that the Government will not be stinted in its outlay during the period of hostilities. A measure now pending would revise all State contracts with individuals, and impose a special tax whenever the consideration involved is in excess of one thousand dollars. It is also proposed to make this tax retroactive. The author of the proposed law, M. Henri Conévol, maintains the equity of the proposition, by asserting that all who are profiting by the war may rightly be required to pay a share of their gains for the common defense. He argues that there is much dissatisfaction with the management of these Government contracts, and he believes that his bill will do away with the illegal commissions and other scandalous abuses which have long marked the conduct of the Government's business affairs. It is not likely, however, that the bill will approve itself to the Chamber. Its opponents urge strongly that it would bring about endless confusion at home. and endanger the country's foreign credit. On May 7, the credits asked by M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, were granted without a dissenting vote. These credits authorize the raising of a sum in excess of two billions of dollars. But this tremendous outlay seems absolutely necessary if the great game in which all are losers is to continue its ruinous course.

Financial Matters

Germany.—Reports of ill-treatment of prisoners, current in all the countries at war, usually prove, upon investigation, either exaggerated or altogether false. The American Ambassador at London has communicated to the British Foreign Office, a report on the treatment of English officers detained in Germany, lately forwarded by the American Ambassador to Germany, Mr. James W. Gerard. As it can not be thought that Mr. Gerard has in any way been unduly influenced, his findings may be accepted as accurate. The Ambassador visited in person thirty-nine English officers confined in prison. He writes that each officer has his own cell, and that he is treated with all the consideration which the circumstances of the case allow. All are permitted to take exercise, morning and evening, for an hour in the prison yard, and during these periods they may converse together freely. Their food is good, and the officers had no serious complaints to make, although opportunity was given them to present their objections. Mr. Gerard adds, however, that this treatment will be modified and the officers will be subjected to all the regulations binding an ordinary prisoner, should the report that prisoners taken from German submarines are not receiving similar consideration be confirmed.

English Officers in Germany

In the destruction of the Lusitania, German public opinion sees the speedy conclusion of the war. While the loss of life of so many non-combatants is regretted

German Opinion About the Lusitania

by all, it is held that sufficient warning had been given, and that in consequence, these non-combatants embarked at their own risk. It is also claimed that since the Lusitania carried ammunition valued at $200,000, and was probably equipped with guns that could destroy a submarine, she might fairly be regarded, not as a passenger, but as an army supply ship. England's attempt to subdue Germany by a process of starvation is considered to be ample justification for this act of reprisal. At the protest of the United States, Germany had consented to relinquish her determination to establish a war-zone around the British Isles, on condition that England would allow the free importation of food-stuffs for the civilian population of Germany. England refused the condition. In consequence, Germany was compelled to solve the difficulty thus created by England, by putting her original plan into instant and vigorous execution. Nor should it be forgotten, say German commentators, that this greatest of wars is being waged to preserve the national existence of a whole people. They are convinced that Germany did not seek war, but entered upon it only as the last means of self-defense. On the whole, it is the German opinion that, viewed purely as an act of reprisal, the destruction of the Lusitania is justifiable.

Private letters give some information of the members of the exiled Society of Jesus who have returned to Germany. At present, sixty-nine priests, thirty-seven scholastics and fifty-five lay-brothers are connected, directly or indirectly, with the army, and this number may soon be augmented. Of the priests, twenty-four are military chaplains, while forty-five have been assigned to minister to the sick and wounded in the military hospitals and barracks. Eight scholastics and forty-nine lay-brothers are soldiers in the line. As in France, these men have exercised a remarkable influence for good in their companies. Not only have negligent Catholics been brought back to the exercise of their religion, but conversions of non-Catholics to the Church have been reported. Many have distinguished themselves for acts of conspicuous bravery. The Iron Cross has been bestowed upon nine of the priests and upon one lay-brother.

German Jesuits in the War

Great Britain.—In a brief speech on the budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given the English public an insight into what the war is costing the nation. This information, he said, furnishing a review of the financial situation, would help the people to understand the immensity of the task undertaken. The Chancellor estimated the daily expenditures during the next six months at about eleven million dollars, and should the war be protracted a year beyond that period, the total cost would be upward of five billions of dollars. The Chancellor did not definitely propose the imposition of new taxes, although it was inferred from his remarks that this might be done shortly. "The ultimate issue of this war," said the Chancellor, "is not in doubt; only its duration." Much depended upon the operations of the next few months. This uncertainty made it difficult to estimate the budget with greater exactness. The operations of the summer, however, would give the Government a more dependable opinion. The national debt is at present about seven billion dollars.

The Budget

Addressing a meeting in London, held to encourage recruiting among employees in the wholesale and retail distributing trades, the Premier, Mr. Asquith, stated that out of 790,000 clerks, commercial travelers and other workers in these trades, 430,000 had enlisted in the forces. From this fact the Premier argued that the people at last understood the gravity of the war, and did not need to be flogged or goaded by rhetorical incitements before they could be induced to obey the call of duty.

The Question of Recruiting

> Never in the history of any nation has that recognition been more clear and universal, or that obedience more prompt and more unselfish. We have made a magnificent beginning and have stemmed the tide of aggression. Our men have shown a spirit worthy the best traditions of our race. Every breach in our first line has been made good, and there are still in reserve unused and, to the enemy, unsuspected resources which you must mobilize and organize to the full. I am an optimist; not that I underestimate the prowess of the enemy, the gravity of the struggle, the imperious need for the unsleeping exercise of our national qualities of patience, constancy, resolution and fortitude, but because I believe in the righteousness of our cause, and because I am confident that by personal and corporate effort and self-sacrifice we shall leave nothing undone to bring our cause, be the struggle long or short, to a decisive and glorious issue.

In spite of the Premier's optimism, however, the advisability of drafting into the army is still strongly urged in many quarters.

English opinion on the destruction of the Lusitania is probably best summed up in the words of Sir Gilbert Parker, "It is an inhuman crime, committed by an inhuman nation which has placed itself outside the bounds of civilization." The fact that a warning had been published in the American press is, to English commentators, simply a formal notification that Germany intended to commit murder, and no defence, either in international law or in ordinary humanity. It is admitted that the vessel was a fair prize, that the German sea-power was entitled to capture her, or in case of necessity, sink her, but not until every non-combatant had been taken from her decks. This, it is affirmed, is the custom of civilized belligerents, or was, until the opening of the war, when Germany's first act, the invasion of Belgium, was confessedly an open violation of international law. Retailing a list of grievances for which redress will be demanded, the *Daily Chronicle* says that a more drastic surgery will be needed for the cancer of German mili-

Comment on the Lusitania

tarism than any prophet could have predicted last August. "There must be no head too high to fall for this," states the *Daily News*. "It is doubtless the hope of the enemy to convert the impotence of their blockade into reality by terror. They have mistaken the temper of the people of these islands, and of all men, whatever their nationality, for whom civilization has a meaning."

Ireland.—The Registrar-General's report for 1914 shows a substantial decrease in emigration, the total number of emigrants, 20,314, being one-third less than the average for the previous decade. Leinster sent 2,860, Connaught 5,190, Munster 5,652 and Ulster 6,612. The majority ranged between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, showing that it is still the most physically fit who leave. Seventy-five per cent. came to the United States, and fifteen per cent., mainly from Ulster, to Canada. The total of Irish emigration since 1851 is almost exactly equivalent to the present population, 4,390,219. The fall in emigration is accounted for partly by the difficulty of transportation occasioned by the war, but mainly by growing progress in agriculture and industries, and an increased demand for labor.

Emigration Statistics

A discussion between Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and Sir Horace Plunket, elicited the fact that though the woolen industries had doubled their output and a new glass manufactory was flourishing, they had made little progress toward capturing German trade. They had first to capture, according to Sir Horace, German thrift and discipline and laborious technical preparation. It was agreed that the Belgian system of mixed agriculture and widely-scattered small industries was most suitable to Ireland. Complaint was made that Ireland was discriminated against in the army contracts, having received less than two per cent. of them. Another discrimination that has excited comment is the denial of admission of Catholic recruits or employees to regiments controlled by the Ulsterites. There is continued discussion of the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of Ulster forces, but it is admitted that, though they were fully drilled and equipped two years ago, they have not yet gone to the front.

Items of Interest

Mexico.—More than 800 Mexican ladies drew up the following eloquent protest and presented it to General Alvaro Obregon, a revolutionary leader who is said to be as ruthless a persecutor of the Church as Villa himself:

Mexican Ladies Protest

Moved by a deep, unselfish love for our unhappy country, and realizing, as Catholics, Almighty God's right to be worshiped by His creatures, we, the Catholic ladies of Mexico, come before you and, in the name of all Mexicans who believe in God, of all our countrymen who ask for justice, of all our fellow-citizens who long for liberty, and in the name, finally, of all lovers of order, (we) indignantly protest against the atrocious sacriliges you have committed in the Jesuits' Church of Santa Brigida, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception and in the Academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Cruelly outraged in their holiest beliefs, the ladies of Mexico indignantly maintain that the profanations and sacriliges that you and the revolutionary chiefs have committed dishonor the cause you profess to defend and will bring upon it the execration of mankind. Patriotism can not exist without liberty, liberty can not live where there is no law, and there can be no law where systematic robbery is one's only purpose and revenge his only desire. As we ask for nothing but justice, we beg you to restore those churches and the academy to their proper uses.

So far as is known, however, General Obregon paid no attention to the ladies' petition.

Desultory fighting has continued during the past week between Villa and Obregon, but the restoration of peace to the wretched country by the longed-for "strong man" still seems far away. Carranza is no doubt trying to wear down his enemies: meantime though conditions in Mexico City itself have improved remarkably since occupation by the Zapatistas, yet the country is in a plight wretched beyond description, for famine and disease are working havoc, especially among the poor. The American border towns are crowded with hungry refugees. An American correspondent, who understands the situation in Mexico, looks for salvation to the Church and the Maderistas. The letter runs:

Mexico's Salvation

Out of all the jealousy and intriguing, out of the suspense and uncertainty, the rise and fall of parties, one or two convictions have remained fixed in my mind, based on my judgment, and also on something deeper and more reliable than mere reason. One of these is that no permanent settlement of political affairs in Mexico will ever be made, and no negotiations of the United States will ever amount to anything which are not based on a thorough understanding and cooperation with the remnants of the official Madero family. I do not mean his relatives by ties of blood. The other conviction is that, whereas Mexico's political readjustment must be made through the remnants of the Madero Government, its reconstruction must come through the Catholic Church. I have not come to either of these convictions lightly. I have studied the matter as thoroughly as it is possible for me to do, and unhampered by any consideration except a desire to know the whole truth as to the cause of the trouble in Mexico and the remedy. I have made myself one of them and with them, and I have done it so successfully that, in talking to me, they have no sense of restraint because I am an American. I have made it a point to draw them out on the reason of their attitude toward the Church, and have induced some prominent men to write statements about it. I have also read everything that has been published and accessible to me, antagonistic to the Church in Mexico, including the most rabid of all, "The Mexican People," by Gutierrez de Lara, and at the end of it all the conviction remains, stronger than ever, that the salvation of the Mexican nation, physically, financially, morally and spiritually is in the hands of the Catholic Church.

But the Church can not, of course, exert her legitimate influence as a peace-maker and reconstructionist till an end is put to the persecution that is raging in Mexico.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A New Theory of Religion

BY the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed aweary of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion. The sign was consoling for the Catholic Church; but soon consternation set in. For, when the twentieth century dawned, a new and equally erroneous explanation of religion sprang from the sparkling pens of Loisy and Tyrrell. Whereas Naturalism had torn the heart out of religion, Modernism, at which the late Pope Pius was forced to hurl his powerful Encyclical *Pascendi* in 1907, tried to behead it.

The prompt action of His Holiness stemmed the great wave of Modernistic error, so far as the Catholic Church was concerned. But around the rock of Peter immanence has continued to swirl, lashing the pillar of ecclesiastical authority. The leaven of subjectivism which old Kant slipped into philosophical thought is doubtless the primal cause of this seethe. Schleirmacher, back in the beginning of the nineteenth century, began where the Königsberg sage left off, by asserting that religion was neither a knowing nor a doing, but a feeling. From his day until this hour, the subjectivistic view of the origin of religion has been climbing over difficulties to popularity. Consequently scholars were too evilly prepared to be shocked when Theodore Schroeder recently foisted, out of his studies of Mormon and sundry other religious documents, the unique theory that the "ultimate essence" of religion is naught but sexuality! According to him, the erotic emotions in man call for something extraneous, and are quite ready to pour themselves out upon human-made creeds as divine and superphysical. The mysteriousness of the "sexual urge" lends an air of mystery to the dogmas and rites on which it chances to expend itself. In a word, religion is utterly subjective in origin, and would hardly have become objective if sexual emotion had not given it an egress. This erotogenetic theory of religion is amply presented by J. S. Van Teslaar, M.D., in the *Journal of Religious Psychology*. The writer, a physician, gives the theory his hearty endorsement.

Thus once more is naturalism riding to triumph, victorious by the very means which Modernists proudly asserted alone could safeguard religion from the onslaughts of science: subjectivism! Incidentally the keen wisdom and foresight of the simple and saintly Pius X in condemning Modernism are superbly vindicated. The Church is now confronted with the duty of absterging this new and sordid error from the minds of men. Happily, the supporters of the recent error are not from her fold. But her mission is to all mankind: Catholic pens could not employ themselves better than in a duel with the ugly blunder of Mr. Schroeder. The death of this fallacy would likely mean life to many a truth-seeking but gullible soul.

The basic thought of Mr. Schroeder's theory is, of course, too much subjectivism. Empirical psychology teaches that knowledge precedes emotion. Unless scientific psychologists are willing to be beguiled by the late William James's queer conceit ("we do not cry because we are sorry, but we feel sorry because we cry"), they must bear in mind this primary lesson. But Mr. Schroeder, like the deceased Harvard professor, would have us regard feeling as antecedent to cognition. Every one knows that James's pen was often too facile for his philosophical prudence. Likely enough an aptitude for the unusual betrayed him into the present extravagance of inversion. Modern theories of religion must look beyond Cambridge, Mass., for a first-class witness to their merits; they look in vain. Yet with such testimony lacking, the theories, which state that religion is completely woven out of man's "intimate experience," can be esteemed for little more than mere twaddle. The ingeniousness of these explanations may be admitted and admired; but to the authors thereof the salutary admonition must needs be given: "Go to reliable psychologists, and appreciate the fundamental teaching that nothing is in the heart except what in some form or other originally got there through the head."

If man's sentiment through the ages has turned toward God, it is because his intellect, however vaguely, informed him of a divine existence. "Faith," as Aquinas so well and so long ago observed, "presupposes reason, as grace presupposes nature, as the perfect presupposes the perfectible." It is very legitimate to opine that an assertion anent religion by a theologian of the Angelic Doctor's acumen and authority is worth a trifle more than the dictum of a mere dabbler in silent documents, like Mr. Schroeder.

It is not strange, however, that Mr. Schroeder should fix upon the sexual instinct as the solution of the origin of religion. Naturally his scrutiny of Mormon literature alone should imbue him with such a belief. Indeed, his theory may be largely correct, as regards the polygamous doctrine which the bizarre Mr. Smith saw fit to inflict on America, or as regards the ancient licentious cults of the Chanaanean Baal and Astarte and those of the Roman and Grecian gods. Sensuality certainly colored these creeds with a vengeance. But Mr. Schroeder and his ally, Dr. Van Teslaar, evidently fail to notice the somewhat obvious line of demarcation between true religion and false. The mentioned religions did not consist so much in a subjugation of self to God as in an estimation of self as God. Thus they were not so much religions as perversions of religion.

Doubtless it is such pseudo-creeds that prompt the Schroeder-Van Teslaar opinion, and furnish it with a sprinkling of thin logic. But this theory is seen to be an elucidation not of true religion, but of false religions; not of the rise of religions, but of their decay; not of

religiousness so much as of irreligiousness. When men homaged self instead of God, they deified error. But the very fact of their having paid to self the worship due to God would indicate that they originally had some perception of God; else how could they have thus infamously exalted human nature to His plane?

Mr. Schroeder crassly declares that the "love" emotion, generated at puberty, becomes attached to some established creed; as if religion were never anterior to puberty! as if adults had monopoly of faith! Should the gentleman chance to cast his glance into any Catholic Church, any Sunday morning, in any city, he would see a beautiful refutation of his ludicrous idea: innocent boys and girls receiving with angelic fervor the living Eucharistic God whom he is essaying to make a figment of carnal instinct!

To prove his theory, he has recourse to such religious institutions as the Holy Eucharist and the early Christian Agape, or love-feast. It appears that the term "love-feast" conjures up carnalities in his mind; if so, his notion is unpardonably like that of the pagans who busied themselves in ignorantly putting the most absurd construction on the purest Christian acts. An unprejudiced peep into pristine ecclesiastical history will convince our latest religious theorist that the Agape was a ceremony not of physical emotion, but of spiritual affection for the Saviour of men. The gap between the former, which is sexual, and the latter, which transcends sex, is plainly great; Mr. Schroeder does not span it, nor bother about doing so. He apparently imagines that spiritual and carnal love are identical. How much a pinch of scholastic differentiation, which so many modern scholars affect to despise, would improve his views!

True religion has always circumscribed and governed man's sexual nature: it is unthinkable that man's sexual nature could have created and ruled religion. Under false religions, such as paganism, sexuality smeared men's hearts, as the fungi of divorce and unnamable sins in old Rome attested. Under the reign of irreligion, identical conditions have obtained in our own day. But under the religion founded by Christ, personal chastity in thought, word and deed has always been effectively inculcated. Soul-love for the Maker has ever been taught and commanded. But since, in life, body and soul are so closely entwined, and since God is the author of one as much as the other, the Church has invariably prescribed that body, as well as soul, should pay the Godhead honor. The kind of love, however, which is essential to religion is indubitably the opposite of the variety which Schroeder and Van Teslaar impiously presume. It is to be hoped that they will give their poisonous pens a rest, otherwise Godfearing people will begin to suspect that they are writing out of the fulness of hearts which would profit immensely by the chastening hand of God, the true source of a religion sealed in the blood of His only begotten Son, the hope of mankind.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Our Sublimated Magazines

IT seems to be generally agreed that Catholics do not support their own magazines. A glance through the circulation figures in the "American Newspaper Annual" bears this out. Catholics differ little from their similarly circumstanced fellows. They attend the same theaters, go to the same moving picture exhibitions, patronize dances and ball games and buy a daily paper, but they do not read Catholic periodicals. Why is this?

Perhaps an impartial comparison of Catholic and non-Catholic publications might suggest an answer. As an exhibit on the non-Catholic side, take a magazine of general appeal, of unquestioned success and popularity, a clean periodical not depending on erotic fiction or the advocacy of some social panacea for its patronage. The *Saturday Evening Post*, with its 2,000,000 a week circulation and enormous advertising income, is a fair example.

This magazine is interesting, not because of famous writers who contribute to it, but because the stories and articles which it contains touch at some point the common experiences of contemporaneous life. An able editor once said that his experience showed him there are three subjects of universal interest: love, money (power) and food. An analysis of any current issue of the aforementioned publication will prove of interest. The copy of April 10 will do as well as any. Its contents include the following: "The Invisible Army," a description of the European secret service system; "By Dead Reckoning" (fiction), the promotion of a young sea captain through his own cleverness; "Alaska to Broadway and Back," a comparison of the wholesome life of the Northwest with the hot-house existence of the city; "A Change of Pace" (fiction), the adventures of a wealthy miner who insisted on riding across a desert in an automobile race; "The Elixir" (fiction), the story of a New England woman besting a patent medicine company, and of a young doctor's love; "A Permanent Intruder" (fiction), a story of a homely bulldog; "The Busher Abroad" (fiction), a baseball player's diary; "Paying for the Privilege in the National Guard," an exposition of the needs of that organization, and "Benevolent Foundations and Efficient Philanthropy," a signed article by John D. Rockefeller.

Catholic writers have not only the field of human experience from which others glean their material, but also the tremendously interesting and varied sphere of Catholic life and thought. Their possible readers number millions, intensely human, anxious to be amused and interested. What do the Catholic magazines offer them?

Catholic magazines fall, generally, into three classifications: publications devoted to the propagation of some particular devotion; reviews and quarterlies treating of learned topics or matters of purely clerical interest, and magazines of general appeal. It is only with the latter sort that a fair comparison can be made. Those who

are familiar with Catholic literature can easily go over in mind, or actually trace in the files, the recent issues of our magazines and strike a balance.

In the matter of articles one finds many describing Old World places, visits to ruined abbeys in England and Ireland, accounts of pilgrimages to the Holy Land or visits to the famous churches of Europe, biographies of distinguished prelates, literary criticisms and, occasionally, controversial essays. Catholic magazine fiction is very apt to have its plots located abroad. One reason for this, editors say, is because more and better fiction is offered by English writers than by those in America. The stories sometimes deal with young men and women who, in the concluding paragraphs, discover that they have vocations to the priesthood or to the religious life, or whose good example leads to the conversion of a non-believing friend.

Do our Catholic magazines treat of subjects that are familiar and interesting to the great majority of our people, that deal with some practical problem of their daily lives and experiences? They unquestionably represent one phase of Catholic life, but is it the life of the *multi vocati,* of the multitude who most need an antidote to the insidious naturalism of the present-day literature? Do not our writers rather appeal to the *pauci electi,* the thoughtful readers, whose mental training would enable them to pick out fallacies even without a guide? There are few in the cloistered paths of perfection and very, very many buffeting the world and struggling with the difficulties of modern existence, men and women who live and love with every ounce of the life God has given them.

What sort of literature do such folk like? Fiction mainly, if one may trust the judgment of magazine publishers. "We are specializing in fiction this year," a member of the editorial staff of a prominent women's magazine said recently. "Our readers want to be entertained and amused. The few articles we print are on subjects of universal interest and immediate importance. If an article could be printed next year as well as this, we don't want it."

To Edgar Allan Poe is attributed the maxim that a short story should aim at producing an emotion. When a magazine story is good the reader involuntarily places himself in the position of the leading character, whose acts are those that the reader would like to have been able to do or fears he might have been forced to do, if placed in a similar position. The effect of short stories in non-Catholic magazines is emotional; a legitimate appeal, in the clean magazines, of course. The writer intentionally sets out to depict some fundamental human feeling, love most frequently, making it real by exemplifying it in characters that are familiar to the readers.

Catholic magazine fiction has been criticized as lacking in this. It often deals with situations purely intellectual, while its characters are not those men and women whom the average Catholic knows. Sometimes they are types he can not conceive or sympathize with. The life of the intellectual section of English Catholics or the salons of Europe have little counterpart in the United States. But we have a splendid, stirring, manly Catholic life here that offers limitless possibilities to the writer of fiction. Stories of American life and American business fill the successful non-Catholic magazines.

Fiction is harder to obtain than descriptive articles and ought to bring a better price. It does in non-Catholic magazines. Still, it is not the small pay so much as the uncertainty in the time of payment that discourages many Catholic writers, who would be willing to accept less, hoping for better times. To get a check, to cite one instance, a year after the publication of a story, with a note from the Reverend Editor that he had "intended to send it for a long time," is not thoroughly inspiring. It is not astonishing, however, after one has grasped a situation where business is run as is the case of one well-known Catholic magazine, which was published for about twenty years before its books were ever competently audited or its publishers knew whether they were making or losing money. Examples might be multiplied.

Observers are now seeing the first beginnings of a new era. The magazine above mentioned has been put on a business basis and is doing well. Its checks to contributors, and those of at least one other Catholic magazine, are mailed on the day of publication.

In some instances there has been a change of editorial policy, a change that has caused wide and invariably favorable comment in the Catholic weekly press. An editor or two, if not more, have put over their desks Terence's motto: *Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

HORACE FOSTER.

May Lawyers Withhold Evidence?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would you mind discussing the following in your columns? A is a plaintiff and B a defendant in an action at law. The action comes to trial. The plaintiff puts in his evidence to prove his cause, the defendant follows with his proof, the case is closed, the jury instructed, and thereafter a verdict is rendered for the defendant, on the ground that the plaintiff has not proved his cause of action. But it seems the defendant's counsel is in possession of evidence, the truth and value of which is undoubted, and which, if adduced in the trial, if a certain witness were called, a servant of the defendant, would have turned the tables. The plaintiff does not bring it out; and though it is in the possession of the defendant, he, for obvious reasons, does not reveal it. Is the defendant's procedure justifiable morally, and if so upon what grounds?

New York. DEFENDANT.

STRIPPED of its legal setting and phraseology, the question proposed in the above letter is simply this: Is a man who has been brought to trial obliged in conscience to produce evidence which is in his exclusive possession, or may he without scruple conceal it? Actions at law fall naturally into two broad classes, criminal

and civil. The line of demarcation, it is true, is not always easy to define accurately, as the two divisions often overlap; but theologians have found it convenient to adopt the classification, and to group their inquiries and conclusions concerning the duties and obligations of the parties to an action under these general heads. For the purposes of discussion, the defendant and his counsel may be regarded as one, as their privileges and restrictions, at least in the present question, are practically coextensive. The answer to our correspondent, therefore, to be complete, must consider the right of a defendant to withhold evidence, that might prejudice his cause, in two distinct kinds of cases, *viz.*, where he is accused of a crime and threatened with punishment, and where a suit is brought against him with the object of forcing him to satisfy a claim which the plaintiff declares is founded in justice.

Moralists are agreed that, in criminal actions, it is licit to undertake the defence of a man who is known with certainty by his counsel to be guilty of the crime of which he is accused. Not only this. They go further and teach that the defendant may, either by his own personal action or by the assistance of his counsel, take all means that are not evil to escape conviction. He may therefore try to discredit the evidence produced against him, or endeavor to lessen the force of the arguments advanced for his condemnation, provided that he does not tell lies nor advance false principles. The liceity of this proceeding implies the liceity of suppressing damaging evidence which is his own exclusive possession. The argument is *a fortiori*. If he may, to the best of his power, nullify the evidence produced against him, even though he knows it to be true, certainly he may also withhold evidence of which the accuser is ignorant. Again, no person accused of a crime is under any obligation of confessing his guilt. It is his privilege to be held innocent unless he has been proved guilty. To say, however, that a defendant ought to produce a piece of damaging evidence that would in all likelihood lead to his conviction is equivalent to forcing him to confess his guilt. Such compulsion the law does not allow to be put on any man. The liceity of withholding such evidence is all the clearer in the case of one who is innocent. Where there is question, therefore, merely of escaping a penalty, the case may be taken up, no matter what may be the character of the evidence and, except in certain extraordinary cases, the evidence may be withheld to the best of the defendant's honest ability.

So much for cases where there is question merely of escaping conviction for crime. But what of civil cases where there is question of justice? May the defendant withhold evidence, where, for instance, he is charged with being the unjust possessor of the plaintiff's property? If the claim of the plaintiff is wholly just the defendant had no right to go to law at all, and consequently his procedure if viewed in its entirety, is not morally justifiable, even though it is conceivable that his procedure may have conformed to the requirements of the law. If on the other hand the defendant has a right in conscience here and now to dispute the plaintiff's claim, he has also the right to withhold the evidence. If the evidence is not of such a character as to put a bar in conscience to his going to law, neither is it such that it need be produced in court.

It is not necessary, however, that the defendant should be certain, either at the outset or indeed during any part of the trial, that he is beyond all doubt in the right. Frequently this is impossible. All that is required is that he should have solid probability for the justice of his contention, or at least that he should be honestly convinced that its justice is still in doubt. The same may be said of his lawyer.

When such is the lawyer's conviction, he may not only undertake the defence, but also on the trial withhold the evidence in question. The reason is that his duty is not to throw all possible light on the point at issue, but only to present his client's interests in the best possible light. He has no obligation to give a decision. That belongs to the jury and judge. Nor is he bound to bring forward anything that favors the plaintiff. To do so is the exclusive duty of the counsel for the plaintiff. In fact moralists are of the opinion that he would fail in fidelity to his client were he to divulge, either in the court-room or elsewhere, any secret of the defendant which might in any way prove prejudicial to his cause. So that not only would he not do wrong, if he withheld evidence that would be damaging to his client, but he would do wrong if he divulged it. Another consideration should be remembered. Besides being the counsel for the defence, a lawyer is also a sworn officer of the law. It is his duty, therefore, not to allow the plaintiff to prove his claim by illegal evidence, but to compel him to prove it according to the law of the land and the rules of evidence.

One other point remains to be stated. A judicial decision does not change the nature of the claim nor its real foundation in justice. A verdict for the defendant means no more than that the plaintiff has not made good his cause in court. If the claim be really just, it persists, and in spite of the pronouncement of the judge, it cries for liquidation at a higher tribunal than that of short-sighted human justice. No man is fully freed from an obligation in justice, unless he has also been freed by God at the bar of his own conscience. Should new evidence, therefore, be forthcoming after the trial which demonstrates that the plaintiff's claim was just, the defendant would be bound in conscience to make good that claim. Similarly, if the defendant should discover that his counsel, without his knowledge, by suppressing evidence which would have shown clearly that his case was unjust, won for him a decision that was not in accordance with justice, he would be obliged in conscience to satisfy the plaintiff's claim. J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Young Man and Music*

GRANTING talent, temperament, energy, perseverance and a thorough musical education, general as well as special, there are many opportunities open to a young man for a successful career as a musician in this country. If he be possessed of a good voice, he may become a public singer. Lacking voice, he may acquire mastery over one or more musical instruments and become an orchestra player, a member of one of the large instrumental aggregations for the performance, chiefly, of symphonies, which have, in our day, become part of the life of almost every large community. Then, again, he may, always taking the necessary gifts for granted, concentrate his energies upon some particular instrument and become a virtuoso solo player. He may also aspire to the higher functions of conductor of chorus or orchestra or of both, teaching large numbers of people in the interpretation of the creations of the masters. He may even become a creator or composer himself. Lastly, and best of all, he may become a master of ecclesiastical music and devote his talents and activities to the service of the Church and her liturgy. In any of these fields, owing to the rôle music plays in the lives of our people, the possibilities for success will be commensurate with the young man's talent, ability, energy and opportunism. When I say success, I use the word in its ordinary worldly sense, not in the ethical and ideal meaning.

The fact that there is in this country no authoritative or official protection or promotion of music as an art, either by the general Government or the municipality, as in the case of other nations, not only has an important bearing on the social and artistic status of the musician at his début in public life, but it also affects him, more or less, throughout his career. While there are many private schools and excellent individual teachers under whom the aspiring musician may acquire skill and proficiency, they will not give him, except in very rare cases, the prestige which goes with graduation from an institution, authoritatively established by the nation, or endowed by individuals or associations for the purpose of upholding the ideals and maintaining the standards in accordance with which the young disciples in the art are to be formed, a prestige which is most desirable and important at the beginning of a young man's public activity. This circumstance not only deprives him of many material advantages at a time when he needs them most, but it also affects his attitude toward his art as well as toward the public and tends to increase certain dangers which are inseparable from the career of a secular musician.

The young musician must have employment in order to subsist. To secure this employment, unless he possess such talent and superior attainment as immediately to command it by sheer superior worth, it is necessary to please his patrons. This frequently implies, especially in our day, acceptance of their standards in taste and, occasionally, their principles; thus the musician has no opportunity to impose his standards and principles on them. If, as a singer, the young man becomes a member of an opera company, he is required to sing the rôles assigned to him, no matter what may be the character and tendency of the work in hand. The same holds good of the orchestra player. Like the singer, he participates in the performance of any and every work in the company's repertoire. This may be lofty and fill the imagitation with high ideals and stir the will to high purposes, or it may be frivolous, trivial and vicious both as to music and text. But he has no choice: either he must lend his skill to the work before him or withdraw from the company. Many singers and players yield to the allurement and glitter of the opera, ignore its dangers, voluntarily become cogs in a huge wheel, either on the plea of having to make a living or because they think such service is part of the exigencies of their profession. The moral effect produced upon singers and players by such concessions and compromises, by the sensuous nature of most of the music performed by them and by the generally deleterious atmosphere in which they live is too notorious to need description.

The singer, gifted with voice, temperament and intelligence, who devotes his talent to the interpretation of that which is highest and best in song literature, the cantata or oratorio, moves in a nobler sphere and enjoys many opportunities for influencing his hearers in an ideal direction. He has it in his power to choose his own repertoire. The same holds good with the virtuoso on any instrument and in a higher degree still with the conductor of large choral bodies or oratorio societies. To the latter it is given to occupy a position more responsible than that of other musicians except church musicians. He draws his numerous personnel for the rendering of works of art, inferior in importance to liturgical music only, from every rank of society, initiates them into the truths and ideas expressed in the text and familiarizes them with the musical splendor which the text has received at the hands of the composer and then invites the whole community to come and share in the feast which has been prepared for it. Not only has he the privilege of exercising this ennobling influence over so many people, but his sphere and the nature of his activity also removes him from the dangers of the compromises described above. He is very seldom confronted with a proposal to perform anything trivial, inferior or unworthy. Before leaving the secular field we must not forget the important, arduous and often ungrateful task of the private teacher. While the singer, player and conductor address themselves to the public at large and *en bloc,* the conscientious private teacher forms the taste and artistic mentality of the individual. He has the power to form people properly equipped to spread sound taste and to resist the musical heresies of our day.

*The thirty-second of a series of vocational articles.

While the young Catholic musician may, by adherence to principle, strength of character and constant vigilance, manage to carve out a career for himself in the secular domain of his art without grave compromise, his logical and real field of activity lies in the music of the Church. Instead of having to steer his way cautiously between the rocks and shoals of secularism and sensationalism, as expressed in the music of the world, he has but to place himself under the ægis of the Church, follow the plan laid out for him only recently by Pope Pius X and reaffirmed in unmistakable terms by Benedict XV, in order to be not only on safe ground ethically, but also to find the means for his highest development artistically. The fact that his path is clearly traced by no means implies that he will find it easy to travel. In view of present-day conditions in this country, in the matter of church music—with an exception here and there—the young man embracing this, the highest calling in musical activity, needs in addition to a formation in the various kinds of church music, *i.e.*, Gregorian chant, sacred polyphony, figured liturgical music—to have a knowledge of the liturgy. He must live the life of the Church. Without her spirit he can not realize the nature, spiritual power and beauty of Gregorian chant, nor will he realize the mission which the Church has assigned to its use in her liturgy. Above all he must possess a never-flagging zeal, determination and perseverance if he would resist the surging tide of secular tendencies and the bad taste which obtains on all sides.

It must reluctantly be admitted that the temporal reward to which church musicians of the right caliber are entitled is not generally bestowed on them. Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* on Church music has given directions on this point which will, it is to be hoped, be gradually translated into practice. In the meantime, gifted and generous young Catholic musicians may console themselves with the knowledge that their calling is an apostolate.

JOSEPH OTTEN.

European Alcoholism

IT is a common notion among amateurs in social science that, if our people would suppress the use of distilled alcoholic liquors and substitute the drinking of wine or beer, we should happily solve the intemperance question at once, and at the same time keep up the revenue for governmental needs. Italy and France, they say, drink wine and are sober; Germany and Austria drink beer and are sober. They are not sober; they are all chronically pickled in alcohol. France is twice as drunken as England. In these States, as everywhere else the expenditure by the Government because of the results of alcoholism immeasurably exceed the revenue from the tax on alcoholic beverages.

Luigi Luzzatti, who was the Italian premier, in submitting a bill recently for the reduction of intemperance, brought together evidence which proves that while the general death-rate in Italy is falling, the mortality from alcoholism is increasing; and, secondly, that the drinking of wine and beer has not decreased drunkenness, lessened crime and poverty, or the insanity brought on by alcoholism.

Dr. Antonini, a superintendent of one of the leading Italian insane asylums, said, a few years ago [*Archivio di Psichiatria*]: "The hospitals and insane asylums (of Italy) are filled with alcoholic patients; tuberculosis worsened by alcoholism is spreading everywhere; pellagra is spread by alcoholic degeneracy; crime is becoming more frequent among the young; the suicides are countless; the people are steadily growing weaker physically and morally." This sounds like oratorical exaggeration, but several other Italian delegates at the International Congress on Alcoholism in Milan, in 1913, gave the same testimony. Falconi, the Italian Minister of State, said that deaths from alcoholism in Italy had trebled since 1889.

Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Mechlin, is one of the most zealous antialcoholic workers of Europe, because his own people in Belgium suffer so much from alcoholism. His address on this subject, delivered at Liège, December 20, 1908, is one of the best articles of its kind written. Another address, delivered before the Belgian National Antialcoholic Congress in Brussels, June 26, 1910, is supplementary to his conference at Liège. He gives some notable statistics: in 1910 there were 211,617 liquor shops in Belgium—one for every thirty-four inhabitants in the nation. One blessing of the war is that very many of these have been destroyed. The Belgians spent daily 550,000 francs for alcoholic liquor. There were annually 20,000 deaths and 800,000 cases of pauperism from alcoholism in that little kingdom; seventy-five per cent. of the judicial convictions and fifty per cent. of the suicides were caused by alcohol. The Cardinal says the Danes drink relatively more distilled liquors than any people in Europe, and the Belgians come next; but the Belgians drink more beer proportionately than any other nation in Europe.

The French consume more alcohol in general than any other people in the world—they drink twice as much distilled liquor per capita as the people of Great Britain [*Brewing Trades Review*, 1911]. There were 355,000 liquor shops in France in 1881, and 480,000 in 1911—three saloons to one bake-shop. "But one half-penny's worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" In a stationary population French insanity has increased from 47,000 to 700,000 cases. There is a strong antialcoholic national league in France, and sad need for it. Bishop Turinez, of Nancy; Bishop Latty, of Avignon, and Fathers Ract, Gibier, Perrot and others have written vigorous pastorals or books on the subject of French alcoholism.

Dr. M. G. Bunge, professor of physiological chemistry at Basle, in 1893, estimated from Government statistics, that *one-fifth* of the commercial activity of the entire German people was at that time totally expended in the production and sale of alcoholic beverages. A great many officers in the German army and navy are total abstainers, owing to the Kaiser's urging. Russia has prohibited the sale of distilled liquors during the war; France has stopped the use of absinthe, and England has been threatening to tear herself away from her whiskey and soda. When, however, the Emperor William's address against alcohol, delivered at Mürvik, in 1910, was sent by a temperance league of Germany to 2,400 newspapers, less than 350 noticed it at all, some of these doubted its genuineness, and others altered its meaning.

Professor Adolph von Strümpfell, of Leipzig, holds that "Nothing is more erroneous, from the physician's standpoint, than to think of diminishing the destructive effects of alcoholism by substituting beer for other alcoholic drinks." In Munich one hospital death in every sixteen is from beer-drinker's heart, yet Lord Beaconsfield called beer "liquid bread." One loaf of bread has the food value of exactly one yard of filled beer steins, and the cost in many ways is much less.

These statistics, which do not scratch the surface, make

it doubtful that Germans, Italians and other Europeans may drink alcohol at meals because "they have always been accustomed to do so." No matter what they may be able to do, it is certain that northern European races in America may not drink alcohol habitually. All investigators are unanimous in holding that *half* the crime of the civilized world is due to alcohol, and it is worth while to cut down this toll to hell, no matter what braying is on the wind from those who "know when to leave drink alone."

The only way to leave it alone is to leave it out, as Cardinal Mercier said; and this holds for Germans and Italians as well as for Irishmen. Wars start in avarice, but the sins of peace are also alcoholic. Here in the United States just now there is not a little fanaticism mixed with the attack on alcoholism, but the attack itself is good. It is to be regretted that Catholics are inclined to hold aloof in this fight, not through love for alcohol, but because bigots and canting preachers have made a new religion, that consists in twisting the tail of the "Demon Rum." If we will vote for the gang, we should at least spread the devotion instituted by Pius X, of holy memory, who in 1904 granted an indulgence to any one who abstains from alcoholic drink for the present day and says the prayer:

> God, my Father, to show my love for Thee, to repair Thine injured honor, to obtain the salvation of souls, I firmly determine not to drink wine, beer, or any inebriating drink today. I offer Thee this mortification in union with the sacrifice of Thy Son Jesus Christ, Who daily to Thy glory immolates Himself on the altar. Amen.

Pius X was an Italian who did not think alcohol good for the people, and Leo XIII was of the same opinion, as he wrote to Archbishop Ireland.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The Circus

AN entertaining little essay on the circus appeared lately in one of the weekly papers, from the pen of Mr. Joyce Kilmer. Among his interesting reflections the essayist drew attention to the blind, unquestioning faith of the various performers in their trapezes and galloping steeds, and of the audience in its calm expectation that the actors will go through all their impossible feats without hitch or accident. And all this, observe, merely on a basis of precedent and the authority of the press-agent. Although the atmosphere of the circus is full of wonders, it is no place for doubts. The phenomenon is respectfully submitted to the notice of ultramodern gentlemen who maintain that an attitude of deliberate doubt is better than prudent belief. Various other profound phases of the circus were touched upon lightly by Mr. Kilmer; but, except for a slight reference, he ignored what to the present writer seems to be the primary significance of a circus, considered merely as a text.

Hazlitt forestalled us in discovering the main lesson of a circus. We shall allow him to state it:

> The hearing a speech in parliament, drawled or stammered out by the Honourable Member or the Noble Lord; the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labor and pains? Or have I passed all my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection in which others can not find a flaw?

Now this was a most salutary mental state to be brought to. Who would think that a ferocious literary critic could be so impressed by an exhibition of Indian jugglers! It is to be regretted that Hazlitt did not patronize their shows oftener. He would have got along with his friends more swimmingly, made fewer enemies, and been less convinced of his own infallibility of judgment *de omni scibili*. What if, instead of a few Indian jugglers, the "greatest show on earth" was spread out before his astonished gaze, with its three arenas and its stages filled with "countless wonders," the "world's greatest aerialists," "notable galaxies of absolutely unequaled lady and gentlemen riders," "more extraordinary acrobats than were ever before seen together at one time," "a prodigious presentation of various and vigorous arenic acts of deftness and dexterity," "an entertaining number of trained horses and high-school acts, including the great troupe of musical horses," what, we say, would Hazlitt have felt in the presence of these and a hundred more ocular demonstrations of fine perfection arrived at by toilsome training? I fancy he would be ready, no doubt, to crawl on all fours in the lowest depths of self-abasement.

I do not make fun of Hazlitt. Nor in quoting the glowing phrases of the press-agent is any burlesque propensity indulged in. With Mr. Kilmer I believe the apparent hyperboles of press-agents understate the matter. The limitations of language are defined, as a rule, by ordinary occurrences, ordinary usages, ordinary excellences and vices, ordinary accomplishments. The circus is a place for the extraordinary. The perfection of training displayed in the circus transcends a vocabulary that has been called into existence by the ordinary haps and mishaps of life. It is a species of perfection that belongs, so to speaek, to the ultra-violet band of the human spectrum, beyond the reach of language. Pity the poor press-agent who works with the inadequate tools of everyday speech.

Would not Shakespere himself despair of giving us an idea of how much patience and perseverance went into the making of the bare-back rider who can eat and drink and lie down, and stand either on one foot or on his head, all on the back of a powerful steed galloping like mad round and round in a circle? Think of it! How safe that man would feel in an earthquake! While you and I risk our lives if we stand on anything less stable than eternal hills! Do not shrug your shoulders with the dull reflection that it is all a matter of practice. That's just it. Is there anything in the world you can do, as a result of practice, with the same ease and perfection? Surely there must be something which you are supposed to be able to do with some degree of perfection, if only for the reason that you have been given opportunities and facilities for acquiring perfection in it. Are you as expert in law, or medicine, or theology, or oratory, or writing, or engineering, or teaching, or in whatever your calling is, as the circus-rider is in his? I grant, a disconcerting question. Perhaps you have not taken your calling so seriously as the horse-back rider. Perhaps you have not given your specialty your undivided attention. Perhaps indolence has made you resigned to an amateurish mediocrity, satisfied to be a little better skilled than the laity. This is painful. I shall not press my inquiries farther. The circus-performer, it is clear, can humiliate us and put us through the same agonies which Hazlitt experienced from his Indian jugglers.

"Let us salute capacity wherever we may find it," said Stevenson, speaking of François Villon and his dexterous fellow-thieves. The circus, it is true, may not afford the most elevating influences imaginable. The fastidious eye will quiver at the frankness of its intention to win an honest,

simple and childish approval. It is all color and movement and saw-dust. There may not be any great spiritual depth beneath its shining surface of tawdry tinsel, and we may find ourselves wondering what manner of a man he is who devotes an existence, which comes to us but once, to the rather uninspiring task of keeping, by highly-developed manual adroitness, a dozen china-plates, a set of cutlery, and half a score of lamps with their glass chimneys, revolving in a circle, without hurting himself. But let us salute capacity and we shall not go away unrewarded.

Behold that commonplace-looking man putting a pig through its paces! The animal is actually sitting at a table full of viands, with a napkin before him, and exercising preternatural self-restraint. What is that trainer doing here? Why is he not at the head of armies? Or manager of a world-wide corporation? Think of the obstinate material he has victoriously overcome! Who can form a remotely true conception of the vast mountains of patience, quiet persistence, self-control, quickness of perception, sagacity and alertness required to change the unregenerate pig of the farm-yard into this model of etiquette? *Messieurs et mesdames, pueri, virginesque,* if we could only bring half of that systematic industry and persistence to the training of ourselves, what a happy world we should find ourselves in! How many of us are helpless before the difficult material of our habits and temperaments! And yet, pardon me, we are not, I am sure, such unpliant subjects as the circus pig. How many parents and teachers are in despair over the perversity of children. And yet the common circus-trainer—but why carry the comparison to the last extreme of expression? "Let us salute capacity wherever we may find it." It shows an humble frame of mind. And we learn only when we are humble. Perhaps it is the humbling effects of the dexterities in the circus that make it more popular with children than with adults.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholics and the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The stand taken by Mr. Farrell in calling Mr. Hume to order for the article he wrote in reply to a letter asking for proof that the Y. M. C. A. is hostile to the best interests of the Catholic young man, is rather startling. A general thesis is laid down in the words of our Holy Father Benedict XV: "Let no private person, either by the publication of books or journals, or by delivering discourses, publicly assume the position of a master in the Church." Mr. Farrell immediately jumps to the conclusion that "Mr. Hume has pronounced sentence where the Church is silent." After four or five readings of Mr. Hume's article I can not agree with his critic. It seems, in replying to the challenge of Mr. McCloskey, that the writer has not exceeded the liberty given to every Catholic by the very words of the Encyclical:

> Concerning matters in which, since the Church has not pronounced judgment, saving faith and discipline, discussion may take place pro and contra, it is certainly lawful for everybody to say what he thinks and to uphold his opinion.

Would Mr. Farrell kindly be a little more specific, and show just how and in what part of his letter Mr. Hume pronounces sentence against Mr. McCloskey and condemns him for his opinions. The arguments used by Mr. Hume have a strong objective value. They are set down as principles. The application of the principles is left to individuals themselves. The author has made the cap. He leaves to whomsoever it may fit to wear it or to tear it.

Mr. Farrell is hardly fair in summing up what he calls Mr. Hume's chief argument. He says: "Stated universally it would read, 'No Catholic can be loyal to his faith and retain his self-respect who joins a voluntary organization or society from the higher offices of which Catholics are excluded.'" Why put in *higher* offices? Does Mr. Farrell consider athletic trainers and captains of teams as officers exerting an influence on the destiny of the Y. M. C. A.? Mr. Hume does not limit the exclusion of Catholics to the higher offices. He claims that Catholics are denied both active and passive voice in the real, substantial direction of the organization, and this on religious grounds. In his own words: " . . . It refuses Catholic members the right to vote for trustees who control the destinies of the Y. M. C. A., and, naturally, does not permit them to hold places on this board." What is called Mr. Hume's chief argument—and we might question whether it be his chief argument—seems different when seen in the writer's own words. The critic throws the argument overboard by showing how absurd a parallel case might be. But alas for the parity! It has weak legs and broken crutches. The comparison limps just where it should be strongest. In the governing body of the Y. M. C. A. not a single Catholic representative is allowed to voice the sentiments of the nearly 150,000 Catholic members. There is no such total exclusion in the English Government. In that country Catholic citizens have a vote. There are Catholic judges on the benches; there are Catholic generals in the army; there are Catholic members of Parliament; there are Catholic lords. Catholics have a voice in the government of the land. A Catholic is not a mere protegé, a sort of governmental parasite, fostered simply because his presence, when aid is needed, lends help to the ruling inner circle.

Mr. Hume has a sentence to the following effect: "A Catholic can not accept these terms" *sc.*, a total ignoring of his religious opinions, and on account of them an exclusion from all active influence, "without sacrificing loyalty and self respect." This sentence seems to be the wedge used to break up the whole argument of the letter. Taken, however, in its spirit and context, I think it ought to be understood as applicable to those Catholics only who realize the real state of the case and willfully accept the conditions imposed. If Mr. Farrell can show that the dictum in this sense, is in any way against the real spirit of our Holy Father's loving words, let him do so.

New York. L. RONALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Farrell is to be congratulated on the first fruits of his earnest, sympathetic defence of the Y. M. C. A. as a club for Catholic young men. Leo Paul McCloskey has written a second letter. Not satisfied with publicly boasting of and defending his allegiance to a recognized and confessed opponent of the Catholic Church, he is now bold and daring enough to launch a direct and snobbish attack against Catholic laymen, from whom, be it noted, he is always careful to distinguish his athletic self. His bad logic is its own best answer. But, it would be interesting to know how many athletic Catholics have been encouraged by Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell to cast aside, as founded on second-hand knowledge or empty, narrow fear, the advice of Catholic pulpits. Surely, the Y. M. C. A. need not urge its Catholic members to bring around their Catholic friends, and Mr. McCloskey says it never does so, so long as it has such zealous Catholic members and devoted defenders as Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell.

Out of fairness to the educational Order to which you belong, and from which so many of your readers have received their training, may I urge that you let all your readers know that Mr. Nelson Hume, too, is a graduate of a Jesuit college? He is the type of graduate to which your Order may point with pride and honor. While your colleges turn out such men, the Catholic

Church may feel secure in the loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion of her laity; and, perhaps, in the near future, such generous laymen will be able to provide gymnasiums, not second-hand ones, where athletic Catholics can also manifest their loyalty to dear Mother Church.

Yonkers, N. Y. JOHN E. MCCLOSKEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have followed with interest the controversy on the subject of Catholics in the Y. M. C. A. The discussion seems now to be drawing to a close with arguments to show that the Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant religious body, and that in consequence it must exert at least an indirect influence on the Catholic members of the gymnasium under its control. I consider these points well established. Yet the full truth has not been told. I am convinced that the Y. M. C. A. conducts its gymnasiums, libraries and reading rooms largely for the purpose of exerting a direct religious influence upon its associate members. And while I am not unwilling to exonerate Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell from any wilful fault, I fancy that I can see in their state of mind, as portrayed in their letters, a partial success of the Y. M. C. A.'s plan of campaign.

An exponent of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Herbert N. Casson, who speaks "as one having authority," published an article some years ago which lays bare the root of the evil. The article appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for September, 1905. After intimating that the Y. M. C. A., as looked at from different viewpoints, may be regarded as a real estate corporation, a gymnasium, a university, *a church,* a hotel or a recreation club, he discusses each phase of its work separately, and says:

> A fourth twist, and it is transformed into a church for men only. "Why don't men go to church?" is the plaint of many a preacher. In many cases the answer is, "Because they go to the services of the Young Men's Christian Association." Here we find a Bible class of thirty-eight thousand, and an annual attendance at religious meetings of more than three millions. If the men will not come to it, it goes to the men. It holds short dinner-hour meetings for workmen in the quarries of Vermont, in the lumber-camps and cotton-mills of the South, and in the mines and steel plants of Pennsylvania. Not long ago, in a blaze of missionary enthusiasm, it took forty of its young men and sent them as advance agents into ten foreign countries. . . .
>
> It would not be correct to say that it has no creed. It is definitely Protestant. There is nothing uncertain about its religious purpose. But it says, "The way to influence a young man's opinion is by becoming his friend." And so it opens its doors wide to Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, believer and unbeliever. Whether a young man's beliefs are shaped in the Young Men's Christian Association mold or not, he is welcome. To use the well-known phrase of Herbert Spencer's, "If it can effect the change it aims at—well; if not—well also, though not *so* well."

Here is an open avowal that the Y. M. C. A. has donned the sheep's clothing of broad-minded philanthropy for the express purpose of making proselytes to Protestantism. They become the *friend* of the young man by catering to his need for gymnastic exercise; they *wish* to influence his opinions, to shape his beliefs in their mold; they *hope* to effect the change at which they aim. They are wise in their generation, and the basis of their hope is the substance of our danger. If a young man is strong enough to resist their influence and to preserve his faith—"well also, though not *so* well." At least he is no longer antagonistic to the Y. M. C. A., and he serves as a decoy to lure his weaker brethren into the trap set for them.

As some of your correspondents have pointed out, the remedy seems to lie in the establishment of Catholic gymnasiums and reading rooms. Statistics given by the editor of the *Queen's Work* go to show that as much as one-fifth, perhaps one-fourth, of the Y. M. C. A. membership is made up of Catholics. Here is the nucleus of a splendid Catholic organization. If these young men would unite in their own defence, they could make a strong appeal to Catholic men of means, and their appeal would not be disregarded. Let us thank Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell for directing our attention to this need, and let us ask them to take the initiative in leading back a large portion of our flock to safer pastures.

Detroit. JAMES MONAGHAN, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The lengthy letter signed by the gentleman of Baltimore is most interesting. He is unmerciful in his impeachment of the gentlemen who dare assert that "any affiliation with the Y. M. C. A. is prohibited to Catholics by the natural and divine positive law." He then proceeds to delineate at great length the real *ens* known as the Y. M. C. A., which he characterizes as a true Cerberus. He seems to defeat his own purpose, for any one who knows the real character, as described by him, and still has part with the "monster," would not be so much in danger of losing his Faith as in the greater danger of having already lost it. "He who is not with me is against me" seems to apply here.

It is not my purpose to prove that the natural and divine positive law enters into the question of the debate, as to whether or not a Catholic should affiliate himself with the Y. M. C. A., yet, working on the hypothesis furnished by his characterization of that organization, I should feel pretty safe in declaring it did, most emphatically. If not, then, to what purpose did St. Paul write: "Bear not the yoke with unbelievers, for what participation hath justice with injustice?" "For many walk, of whom I have told you often (and now tell you weeping) that they are enemies of the Cross of Christ. Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." He might also read the second epistle of St. John (vs. 8-11), and if he can reconcile his pronunciamento against the Messrs. Hume, Jones and Ryan with his delineation of this "living, monstrous organism," then he proves himself, as he did in his first letter, a better sophist than casuist.

Montpelier. ROBERT HUGH.

Governor Opposes Capital Punishment

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Governor of one of our States has recently declared himself opposed to capital punishment. As the State in which the Governor holds office has, up to the present, used capital punishment, he doubtless felt himself in duty bound to speak out his mind. Accordingly, in his message to the State Legislature during the present session, he endeavored to prove by statistics that capital punishment has not served a deterrent to murder and hence should be abolished. The statistics, however, are, as one paper puts it, "neither conclusive nor satisfying." But worse than this, the Governor has been unfortunate in the figures and comparisons he has chosen. For instance, he tells us that, "in this State of ours 651 homicides were committed in 1910, after nearly a century's enforcement of this law; while in a neighboring State, where capital punishment has been abolished, the percentage of homicides has not been much over fifty per cent. per capita of those committed in our State." Now, in the first place even though the law had been enforced (and we shall presently show that such has not been the case), the comparison between the two States is not a fair one, for the following reason: in the Governor's State the population of one city falls little short of the entire population of the neighboring State, and criminologists tell us that cities where men are constantly rubbing elbows with their fellows

are special haunts of wickedness and crime. Indeed, it stands to reason there can be no satisfactory standard of comparison in the percentage of crimes committed between a population spread out over a large area and another of equal numbers confined to the congested limits of a city.

The Governor says he has gathered his statistics "after nearly a century's *enforcement* of this law" (*i. e.*, capital punishment); and, in another place, that "such punishment has been *duly enforced*" in his own State. But the fact of the matter is that capital punishment has not been duly enforced either in the Governor's State in particular or in the United States as a whole. It is precisely because it has not been duly enforced that homicide in our country has grown to such appalling proportions. According to statistics furnished by the Chicago *Tribune,* one out of every seventeen murderers was put to death in the United States thirty years ago, whereas one out of every seventy-six was put to death ten years ago. The number of murderers during that same period, from 1885 to 1906, has steadily increased from 1,808 to 9,350. In Germany things are different. For instance, in 1906, when we had 9,350 murderers, Germany, with a population about two-thirds as large as our own, had 567. In Germany the convictions average over ninety-five per cent.; in our country, under two per cent. Again, in Canada, where the Government executes about nine out of every ten, the proportionate number of murders is many times less than our own. Baron Garofolo, who is, as Dr. Walsh has already said, a recognized authority, tells us in his book entitled "Criminology" that, "in country after country, where the death penalty has been eliminated or become rare because of abuse of the pardon and reprieve, the number of murders has constantly increased." So much for the "due enforcement" of the capital law in the country as a whole. Now a word on the law's "enforcement" in the Governor's State. "In this State of ours, 651 homicides were committed in 1910." We have no statistics at hand to show how many executions there were in that State that year. But we have statistics for three other years before and after that time. They are as follows: In 1908, one paid for his crime with his life; again in 1911, only one; in 1913, none at all. Every allowance being made for error in the light of these statistics, we shall not be thought unreasonable if we declare our unwillingness to accept the statement that the law of capital punishment has been duly enforced in the Governor's State.

We could have wished that the Governor had confined his attention to statistics in his message to the Legislature. Had he done so, he would have saved himself several assertions which are ethically incorrect. He would not, for example, have said that the carrying out of the law of capital punishment is brutal. Here are his own words: "The cold-blooded enforcement of this awful penalty under the form of law is brutal." It is difficult to understand how any one can declare lawful capital punishment brutal. To be brutal is to debase man's rational nature to the level of the dumb animal, the brute. But there is no brutality if the State, after satisfying itself as to the guilt of the suspect through a jury of twelve of his peers, declares his life forfeited, for reason tells us that the State has a right to use just means to secure the protection of its subjects. Perhaps the Governor will not admit that capital punishment is a just means of protecting its subjects. We quote his own words: "Taking human life is only justifiable in self-defence." The natural law, however, teaches that there are two other cases in which homicide is justifiable, namely, just war and capital punishment. Ethicists tell us that homicide is not intrinsically evil, and the Governor has virtually acknowledged this by granting that homicide is justifiable in self-defence. It is no less justifiable in the case of capital punishment, because it is a necessary means for attaining the end of the State.

We quote from the message once more: "'Thou shalt not kill' is the law of Christianity, and should be the law of twentieth century humanity." Be it so. But then, let Christianity and not twentieth century abolitionists be the interpreter of this law. How Christianity has interpreted it is clear from the usage of Christian nations and the teaching of Christianity itself.

St. Louis. JOHN J. KEEFE.

"C. C." Answered

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The inquiry of "C. C." in AMERICA (March 6, 1915) calls attention to the "Life of St. Catherine of Genoa" in English, with a preface by the late Father Hecker, in which he praised the translator without giving her name, though at that time, in 1873, she had already gone to her reward. The translation was made by Mrs. George Ripley. Like her distinguished husband, she was prominent among the Transcendentalists of Boston and one of the chief promoters of the Brook Farm Movement. After becoming a Catholic she lived many years in New York City, where she had the opportunity to consult Father Hecker frequently in regard to spiritual matters.

Her life after conversion was altogether heroic, both in good works for the poor and the sick and in patient suffering. So far as can be ascertained, her husband was well disposed toward the Catholic Church at the time of his death in 1880. He held a leading place as a critic and a scholar in New York, where he was chosen by the Appleton Company as joint editor with Charles A. Dana of the "New American Encyclopedia."

New York City. THOMAS MCMILLAN, C.S.P.

Absurdities About Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Another object lesson emphasizing the absurdity of discussing a matter about which one knows nothing is offered by Mr. Lincoln Steffens' article, "The Sunny Side of Mexico," in the May number of the *Metropolitan.* Mr. Steffens' entire stock in trade appears to be a lavish use of glittering generalities, of accusations unsupported by any proof whatever, and of imaginary conversations with fictitious characters. His ignorance of Mexico is on a par with that of the artist, Mr. John Sloan, whose pictures of Mexican scenes proclaim at once that Mr. Sloan has never been near that country. To people who really know our southern neighbor, some of Mr. Steffens' remarks will be a distinct revelation. Here are some of his assertions and the answer thereto:

> (1) One day's light labor a week, or an hour or two a day brings forth all the fruit, fish and flowers, all the food, shelter and clothing, they have to have.

No one with even a rudimentary knowledge of Mexico would be guilty of so preposterous an exaggeration. There are a few strips of land along the coast in Mexico where Mr. Steffens' remarks hold approximately true, but one glimpse of the barren deserts of the north, of the bleak mountain sides of many of the central States, or of the alkaline flats and marshes of the Valley of Mexico will dispel at once the idea that a living can be wrung from the soil with greater ease in Mexico than elsewhere.

> (2) The rest of the time they [the Mexicans] may loaf and play, make love, or war, or a useful tool beautiful, and they are willing and they are able to do such things happily.

All this as the result of the profound observation conducted from under the Portales at Vera Cruz during a period of perhaps two weeks. How much "happiness" has Mexico known during any part of her history? Has Mr. Steffens studied the annals of that unfortunate land? If so, he should know that the Spaniards on their arrival found the various tribes slaughtering one another and indulging in human sacrifices and cannibalism; that the Spaniards wrought much evil, together with the good they did, and that, when Spain relinquished her sovereignty, Mexico relapsed into utter anarchy; that revolution succeeded revolution for over fifty years; that occasionally there were no fewer than three individuals simultaneously claiming the presidency, and that an end to these conditions was brought about by the "despotism" of Porfirio Diaz, who gave the country thirty years of peace.

(3) Mr. Steffens says: "There are foreigners there; they see the fruit of the tree and the ore in the ground. . . . Hence the Mexican war," and then proceeds to tell that "Diaz sold lands, mines and natural resources generally to foreigners." He might have added that many of the properties acquired by foreigners were bought from private owners, and that, if Government land were sold under the Diaz Administration, at least the Mexican treasury was full, and her foreign credit stood high; that when Diaz retired, in 1911, the national treasury contained sixty-odd million pesos, which quickly disappeared before the onslaught of the Madero faction. Our observer also notes the fact that women and children accompany the army. "It was the people at war; at a people's war." Evidently Mr. Steffens does not know that this has been the custom in Mexico from time immemorial, and that women and children followed the armies of Diaz and of Huerta, just as they follow the forces of the present leaders.

(4) Mr. Steffens refers to Mexico City as the "foreign capital" of Mexico. It has been the national capital and recognized as such, ever since the country has had a national existence, so that we are left to guess just what is meant by that profound remark.

(5) "Carranza has been 'seen.'" The "'interests' that corrupted the Mexico of Diaz financed the murder of Madero and the revolutions against the revolution, these are dead against him." Vague statements, which may mean anything or nothing. Is it at all surprising that, in a country where all political differences are settled by force, the political opponents of Madero should have employed against him the same tactics he used against Diaz?

(6) "But," we learn, "Carranza was aroused to rage by the atrocities of Diaz. He joined Madero. And he saw Madero victorious, 'fooled' and finally killed." And, incidentally, during the "tragic ten days" in Mexico City, when Madero was still alive and in a position to profit by assistance, one of the many persons who did nothing to help him was Venustiano Carranza.

(7) Carranza's program is magnificently simple: "We will fight on and on for all that we want; all. It's a people that's fighting." It is safe to say that not more than two hundred thousand men, at the outside, are to-day under arms in Mexico, or a trifle more than one per cent. of the population of the republic. This does not look much like a "people's war" or a "people that is fighting."

(8) Finally, Mr. Steffens tells us, Carranza and the men about him are trying to prevent in Mexico the social evils the United States and the rest of the world are trying so gingerly, so vainly, to cure. "Being young and primitive." says Carranza, "we have not yet built up the terrible industrial system under which you have woman-labor and child-labor and hard labor for most people; riches and luxury for the few; prostitution, disease and crime." Words fail me. I can not conceive that any one, even a man so utterly devoid of humor as Carranza, should issue a statement to the effect that in Mexico there is no woman-labor, nor child-labor, nor hard labor for most of the people. No "luxuries for the few," indeed! For the last four years the American public has been assured that it was to abolish class-privilege that the revolution was being waged, and now Carranza tells us that this evil does not exist in Mexico! No prostitution! Ye gods and little fishes! Did Carranza say this of Mexico, and did Mr. Steffens believe it? "No diseases," of a country ravaged by smallpox, tifo, and venereal disorders! No crime! no, certainly not. No one ever heard of rape, murder or pillage in Mexico, least of all in territory occupied by Carranza's troops.

"We think we can avoid that system." Unfortunately, the world is skeptical, and it is to be feared that before Mr. Carranza can put into operation his Utopian schemes, which, to use his own words, "will provide less thrift and more joyousness, less misery and more, much more, general leisure and culture and happiness (than exist in the United States)" the heavy hand of justice will rudely awaken him from his pleasant dreams. Such is the sober judgment of a former resident in Mexico.

New York. A. K.

A Governor Who Believes in Fair Play

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your able editorial, "Black and White," in the issue of April 3, you referred to the efforts made in various States to pass the convent inspection bill, and incidentally you mentioned that a committee appointed by Governor Ferguson, of Texas, to report on such a bill respectfully recommended that it be not passed, giving among other reasons, "that this particular bill is a veiled and unprovoked effort, whether wittingly or unwittingly, to encourage a vicious and unwarranted anti-Catholic sentiment in the American State." And the most pleasing feature of this agitation is that the pernicious bill died in the committee-room. That speaks volumes for Texas, where Catholics are in the minority. Having lived in Texas for thirty years, this makes me feel proud. The average Texan is not only fair-minded but our Legislature is likewise, for the above committee was largely composed of non-Catholics.

However, we have one man in our Lone Star State whose thought and actions are preeminently characterized by fairness and impartiality toward the Catholics, although not one himself, and that is our esteemed Governor, James E. Ferguson. During the campaign of last summer Mr. Ferguson was assailed, even by non-Catholic preachers, on the stump, in the pulpit and otherwise, all because he was a friend of Father Heckman, the priest of Temple, Texas, the home city of the Governor. It was learned during this heated campaign that Governor Ferguson had aided, in a financial manner, the priest's work, teaching a free night-school for the so-called "bad" boys, the boys on the street, and had also given aid to his church work. In a veiled manner it was even asserted that Mr. Ferguson was a Catholic.

Listen to his manly and brave words, that were thunderingly uttered in his many campaign speeches:

"They say I am a Catholic. Suppose I were one, would I not have the right, according to the Constitution of the United States, to run for Governor? But I am not a Catholic. Then they say I am friendly to the priest in Temple, and have helped him in his great work. To this I say unhesitatingly: yes, and I am proud of it; for I would sooner

have the friendship of Father Heckman than be President of the United States."

Mr. Ferguson, when first announced as a candidate for Governor, was very little known throughout the State, the politicians were lined up against him, the leading papers were for the other candidate, who was widely known, but in spite of all this, for his fearless and fair-minded policies he was elected by over 40,000 majority.

Our hat is off to the average Texas voter, its Legislature and, above all, to the Governor who believes in fair play.

Galveston. A TEXAN.

Grace, not Information

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Not so very long ago, the writer was moved to give a copy of the "Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer, Priest of the Society of Jesus," to a man who believes himself to be a "devout Catholic" of the Anglican persuasion. As the consequences involve some vital points on subjects of general misunderstanding, they are here given. The usual acknowledgment by courtesy contained these words: "But how could you be induced to give away a book which you so much value? In the hope of making a convert of me, I suppose? You must have given me up long ago, as a bad job." Now there flashed into the writer's mind at these words, one of Mgr. Benson's very strong epigrams, and the following reply was given to the "bad job":

It is not at all surprising that the attitude of Catholics in this matter is so universally misunderstood outside of the Church. I wish, therefore, to explain it to you. No well-instructed Catholic ever tries to "make converts" in the sense you mean. Proselytizing is the uglier name for it. St. Paul himself did not do that. What he did was to preach the Gospel, leaving the Holy Ghost to make the converts. Paul might indeed plant, then as now, and others might water, but God alone giveth the increase. Now, as in the first days of the Church every Catholic is bound to spread the light of Catholic truth wherever the darkness of error prevails. When the Apostles saw their Lord and Master reviled and falsely accused; when even one of the Household shamefully betrayed His cause and that of the infant Church—to a man, they rallied around Him and spent themselves in His glorification. Thus inflamed they were also, to a man, crucified, boiled in oil, given to beasts and torn asunder in the unflagging performance of this duty.

A readiness for such improbable extremes is the obligation of every loyal, not to say "devout," Catholic to-day. In occasionally giving a Protestant a book containing Catholic truth, we merely imitate the first apostolic work. Ours is a war of defence more than of aggression. With Our Lord and His Church bound, stripped, and held naked before scoffing natives and governments, we must seek to wipe the bloody sweat from His Holy Face, as did St. Veronica with the napkin of love for Him besought in the Gospel.

Robert Hugh Benson was once asked why he did not try to make converts of some of his old Anglican friends. His reply, above mentioned, was this: "Because they do not need information; what they need is grace—which God alone can bestow." You, my friend, are also well supplied with information of a sort, though, if you will pardon me, not yet the right sort. With a very deliberate discourtesy, which a well-born man like yourself would never permit on another subject, you frequently speak to me of "Romanists" and the "corruptions" of my holy faith. Now you know perfectly well when you use these expressions that, like yourself, I was born in the United States, and not in Rome: that I am not, therefore, a Roman, nor even a "Romanist," which is a word of Protestant invention. When you and your friends tell me, either directly or by implication, that "nearly all converts undergo a moral and intellectual deterioration" by reason of that grace, I send you a life-story like that of Father Van Rensselaer, Mgr. Benson, Paul Bourget, Newman, as a drop out of the bucket of inexhaustible names. I am not trying to "make a convert" of you, who are as you admit a rather bad job, if one regarded such things from the human standpoint. St. Augustine was a bad job, and even St. Paul, yet grace, not information, converted them. No human being ever made a convert, although human beings are of necessity instruments of grace. Therefore, I politely request you and all non-Catholic friends of your state of mind to accept or reject a gift purely as a matter of free-will, as the world did when Our Lord first came to proclaim His truth and His justice. I am solemnly bound by my conscience, not by "Roman tyranny," to spread religious truth whenever social decorum allows it; by example, by correction of falsehood, by joyous and zealous defence of the Holy Maligned One. Such is the "proselytizing" fervor of any instructed Catholic. I use the word instructed, not educated, because an instructed Catholic does not always imply an educated person in the world's sense. Jeanne d'Arc was an instructed Catholic. She was not an educated person. Grace, and not information, directed her.

Chester Springs, Pa. E. S. CHESTER.

How One Found the Church

To the Editor of AMERICA:

H. F. D., whose inquiry appeared in your issue of January 2, may be interested in knowing that it was a mistranslation in the Protestant Bible that started me "on the road to Rome."

Years ago, I translated the New Testament from the Greek. In translating the passage about the marriage in Cana, I was greatly surprised to find that, in the Greek, Christ said to His mother, "Woman, what is that to thee and to me?" In the Protestant version, the passage reads, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—a question that had always made me shudder, for it was not only un-Christlike, but unfilial.

Many years passed by before I learned, through a discussion with my doctor, who is a devout Catholic, that the Catholic Bible had the translation as I had rendered it. The thought came to me then, that, if the Catholics had the right translation, they might be right in other ways as well.

After following a tortuous path for a few years I, at last, realized that if ever I was to fulfil the end for which the Great Sacrifice was made, I must enter the Church that Our Lord instituted. So to-day, I am very thankful that I found that error in the Protestant translation, and I thank Him every day for making me a Christian and a Catholic.

Milwaukee. M. L. B.

Free Lectures on Catholic Subjects

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following plan, which I have been discussing with some zealous Catholics of this city, may prove to be of interest to your readers, and even helpful in solving the knotty problem of how we shall successfully offset and undo the evil that has been done and is still being done by the *Menace* and kindred publications. The Knights of Columbus are showing most commendable and practical zeal at no little expense to themselves in combating this great evil. This is evident from the fact that they have set aside $50,000 to cover the expenses of hunting down and exposing calumnies against the Church. Since they are so willing to do their share in this fight against bigotry and prejudice, why could not the Church put at their disposal a number of lecturers, both churchmen and laymen, who would deliver lectures under the auspices of the Knights on controverted points of Catholic doctrine and Church history? These

lectures could be given in large halls or theaters. They should be free, at least for non-Catholics, and the Knights would see to it that as many as possible of their non-Catholic friends and acquaintances were present. Needless to say, many who could never be persuaded to hear a sermon or lecture in a Catholic church would gladly attend a free lecture in a public hall or theater. If this plan were carried out in all our cities and towns throughout the country it would remove prejudice in a way nothing else can remove or destroy it. I think this is evident to any thinking man. Of course the distribution of Catholic Truth Society publications, the "Faith of our Fathers" and similar literature would go hand in hand with the above plan as a natural adjunct and auxiliary.

The objection may be raised that this project is not feasible owing to the lack of a sufficient number of capable lecturers. The objection is groundless. There are many priests throughout the land who are good speakers and who could readily prepare two or three lectures to be delivered in all the cities and towns in their vicinity. Our numerous, eloquent missionary priests have just the experience necessary for lectures of this kind. Then there are our distinguished Catholic laymen, to mention off hand only three, Dr. James J. Walsh, the Hon. Bourke Cockran and Professor J. C. Monaghan, whose words, perhaps, would weigh more with many non-Catholics than those of a member of the clergy. And last, but best of all, on "state occasions," so to speak, our distinguished orators of the hierarchy could be relied on to lead the way in this work of spreading the light of truth which alone can scatter the darkness of ignorance and prejudice. What is said here regarding the K. of C. is of course also applicable, with due modifications, to other Catholic societies, like the A. O. H., Central Verein, Catholic Foresters. In fact circumstances may be such in many places as to make it necessary for two or more of these societies to share among them the responsibility of the undertaking. Finally, if the above plan were carried out, not only would the end proposed be in great measure attained, but what may be of even greater importance, a well-informed Catholic laity would be ready on all occasions to give a reason for the Faith that is in them and an invincible defence of the same.

St. Louis, Mo. F. L.

Circulating Catholic Publications

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am one of ten thousand or more parishioners of a city parish served by a religious congregation and working to erect a million-dollar church building. The parishioners are workingmen and their families. Great as is the opportunity to sell popular-priced Catholic literature to instruct and fortify the parishioners, not a piece of Catholic literature is ever on sale in or about the church buildings, and this—alas for Catholic organization—in spite of the fact that this same religious congregation, at its headquarters in another Eastern city, is engaged in the praiseworthy work of printing and attempting to circulate a good series of Catholic pamphlet publications. The parishioners, as they leave the church on Sundays, may be seen buying the yellow secular newspapers in which they will read unfair and garbled presentations of news relating to the Catholic Church, cabled across the Atlantic by the anti-Christian and Jew-owned news agencies of Europe. Within sight of this parish is a small colony of Finns, socialists to a man—and woman. Although poor without exception, their power of organization is such as should put Catholics to shame. Out of the small savings of their men, married and single, and of their single women, practically all of whom are domestic servants, they have built a thirty-thousand-dollar socialist hall containing a large and fully equipped theater, meeting rooms, and a cooperative restaurant. On week nights socialist meetings are held, also gymnasium classes, and on Sundays there is a socialist Sunday school in which children are taught to scoff at Jesus Christ and every form of religion. Every Sunday evening there is staged some socialist play, usually replete with attacks on religion and existing society. To enter the door of the building is to be solicited to buy socialist literature, a large supply of which is always on display. These people know the power of literature for organization purposes. Proof of this is furnished by the fact (it is one that should interest those of us who dream of a Catholic daily) that their subscriptions make possible the continued success of a socialist *daily,* printed in Finnish in an Eastern city some three hundred miles distant, and with a total circulation of *less than ten thousand.* Why not learn from the enemy? Did we exercise like energy in the ten thousand Catholic churches, schools, halls, society rooms, etc., of the United States, the difficulties of our publishers and writers were solved long ago.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JEROME D. GILLEN.

Vestments and Ecclesiastical Art

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is good to see the comments in AMERICA on Gothic vestments. Matters of ecclesiastical art have been left entirely too much in the hands of commercial producers. We welcome the day when Gothic vestments will be more generally used, because they will bring in their train other sister arts in the service of the Church, and this movement may ultimately restore the mother art, architecture, to its former prestige. A priest of our diocese has none other than Gothic vestments. The members of his altar society have recently finished a chasuble, forming part of a complete set of vestments which were designed by an architect along the lines recommended by Madame Stummel, an authority on this subject. The vestments are made entirely by hand by members of the altar gild, the orphreys and borders being worked in silk embroidery. The interest thus aroused has a triple benefit. It encourages creative work, stimulates an interest in art and produces work worthy of the Lord. I have often wondered why altar societies confine their labors to keeping the altars clean and providing them with flowers. In the good old days, the designing and making of vestments was the chief occupation of such a society. The revival of the arts and crafts, now going on outside the Church, is a standing reproach to our indifference in allowing the gild idea of artistic service to go into hands which are far removed from the original source and inspiration.

Pittsburgh. JOHN T. COMES.

Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If your letters on Prohibition are not closed, may I add, from Father Bridgett's book, "The Discipline of Drink," these words of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster (Manning):

> Now, my dear friends, listen: I will go to my grave without tasting intoxicating liquors; but I repeat distinctly that any man who should say that the use of wine or any other like thing is sinful when it does not lead to drunkenness—that man is a heretic condemned by the Catholic Church. With that man I will never work. Now, I desire to promote total abstinence in every way that I can; I will encourage all societies of total abstainers. But the moment I see men not charitable, attempting to trample down those who do not belong to the total abstainers—from that moment I do not work with those men.

Sudbury, Ont. HUGH J. MCNENLY.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Daily Paper

THE controversy on the daily paper is now over. As usual in such cases, there were many opinions, variously expressed. It is certain, however, that the majority of the disputants were discontented with present conditions. The corrective is another matter. Some clamored for a distinctively Catholic daily; others for a clean paper fair to all; still others for a press bureau which would supply reliable news and refute calumnies. Here are the favorite remedies. Which will be chosen? All three are possible: two are comparatively easy. It is easy for Catholics of our great cities to choose the cleanest and fairest of the daily papers and throw their support to them, using all legitimate influence to make them cleaner and fairer. This is a partial solution of a vexed problem which, to our discredit, remains not only unsolved, but even untouched. It is easy, too, to found a press bureau; proper management would not be difficult, nor expenses great. Some brains, a great deal of interest and much good-will are requisite. There are brains in plenty; there is little interest and less good-will. This is a strange phenomenon, too. Our people are virtuous; they are generous and quick to respond to appeals. They have made astounding sacrifices to build and support churches and schools; they are helping missionary societies at home and abroad; they are doing little or nothing for the Catholic press.

There is a reason for this neglect: on second thought, it does not appear so strange after all. The people do not understand the importance of the Catholic paper; its value has never been brought home to them; our press holds no place in their lives; they care nothing for it because they know nothing about it. Here is the reason of our present deplorable condition, the reason why the great, vigorous American Church, 16,000,000 strong, second to none in holiness, is left without such important instruments for good as daily papers in the English language. The very confession of our deficiency is a humiliation; the deficiency itself is a monstrous shame.

Those who are pleading this cause are "voices crying in the wilderness," but they will not always be such. Below the horizon clouds are gathering; some day they will rise high and burst; the storm will be on. Our churches and our schools, especially the latter, will be in its path. Catholics will be given the consolation of picking up the pieces. History repeats itself.

Somewhere there rests the great responsibility of arousing the people to the necessity of a strong Catholic press which knows no fear except of God alone. In this is safety for the present and hope for the future.

A little interest will cause Catholics to influence some papers in every city to become cleaner and fairer; a little more interest will give rise to a Catholic press bureau; more interest still, and there will be Catholic daily papers, in the English language, in a few of our greatest cities. The first two are good: the last is best of all. Interest alone is lacking.

Poland's Great Sorrow

THE history of Poland for almost one hundred and fifty years is written in the tears of her people. Partition after partition has followed in ruthless succession, with the consequence that one of the noblest peoples of Europe, in spite of preeminent gifts of mind and heart, has been repressed and persecuted and kept almost in the position of serfs. And yet the Poles have not been crushed. On the eve of the present war, Polish names ranked high in science, in literature and in art, while the steadfastness of their adherence to the Catholic faith was acknowledged wherever Poland was known. If this has been the case, the reason may be traced largely to the character of the Polish women. Their love of country, their devotion to the home, their passion for high ideals, have kept alive both the fire of patriotism and the lamp of purity.

The lot of Poland, always hard, has been made even harder by the war. Innocent and without responsibility for its outbreak, Poland, by the very fact of its geographical situation, has had to bear an altogether disproportionate share in its effects. Over other countries the scourge of war has passed but once, but over Poland it has swung back and forth like a pendulum, and every time it has left in its wake new desolation and suffering. On the women, however, has its cruel hand been heaviest. The men are in the armies; they have at least a blanket to cover them, rations to eat, and their virtue is not exposed. Not so with the Polish women.

The lot of the daughters of Poland is especially piteous. Heroism comes as a grace of state to wives and mothers. But what of the young girls, who are without homes, without food, and without a roof over their head? Who is to save them? The Central International Cath-

olic Association for the Protection of Young Girls (16, rue St. Pierre, Fribourg, Switzerland) is trying to protect them, but it finds itself without the necessary funds to do efficient work. And yet it sees a very great danger threatening both the health and morals of these innocent victims, unless contributions of money put it into its power to cope with present conditions. Oh, for a generous giver to snatch back souls that are being forced to the brink of hell!

Motherhood

ON earth there are many things sacred: motherhood is among them. In it marriage finds its chiefest justification and a vindication, too, because motherhood places the state of matrimony on a plane where woman is glorified and noble emotions replace sordid passions, causing men to bow in reverence before the mother and the clinging infant which she has brought forth for God and the State. A noble group it is, the mother and her children, God-given and God-blessed, the support at once of civilization and the body politic. There is no place for flippancy in a mother's regard; in her presence thought, word and action should be as lofty as man can make them. She is holy unto God, holy unto the State, holy unto her family, and the spirit of reverence should be poured out round about her, even as sweet-scented oil and precious wine. What, then, is to be thought of those "advanced" women who, this week, have been clamoring, now on the highway, now on the housetop, speaking of mothers in a brutal fashion, unworthy of the shambles, as "breeders"! One thing only: they were born some centuries too late: at least their sentiments would seem to indicate that they would make fit leaders of a bygone people whose god was not our God, but rather a thing of earth too vile for mention.

"Euntes Ibant et Flebant"

WHEN the Greeks of Xenophon, fatigued after long months of weary marching, saw afar off the thin blue line which they knew was the sea, they broke ranks and, casting discipline aside, cried out with joy, "*Thalassa, thalassa!* The sea, the sea!" But the *anabasis* of Sing Sing was no such thing of joy, even though the waters of the Hudson sparkled right up to its walls. None of its compulsory inhabitants were minded to say with Goldsmith, "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain"; yet to Auburn sixty-three of them had to go to lessen the congestion in Sing Sing, for one gaol differeth from another in reputation, and "going, they went and wept." The thing that caused them the greatest pang of regret was the thought that they would lose their Sunday baseball.

Warden Osborne's views on capital punishment and some details of prison reform are unsound, to say the least, but that does not lessen the praiseworthiness of his plan to make imprisonment effect a reformation and not a degradation. The reason why most persons are in prison is that, in some way or other, they have not "played fair"; and, apart from the moral truths of religion and ethics, there is no greater factor in instilling the idea of fair play than sport. And so, one of the best lessons in give and take, in honest and manly striving for excellency, that Mr. Osborne could impose upon the prisoners under his care was a legitimate interest in sport.

The credit of this discovery is not, of course, due to Mr. Osborne. The English Government discovered it a number of centuries ago, when the Catholic religion was proscribed and Protestantism brought in with itself a spirit of dourness and disaffection. By orders of the Council the authorities of each parish were to see that the young men engaged in archery and other manly sports. The day and the hour being at the choice of the Council, they chose Sunday, and the time after divine service as the hour for the young men to engage in sports on the village greens, hoping to bring back somewhat of the joy of life which had apparently flickered out with the Faith.

But English Puritanism would have none of the Sunday sports and, after the same manner, the Puritans of Ossining will have none of the Sunday baseball for prisoners, and their protest against Sunday games for the prisoners has received the blessing of the Baptist minister. The Sunday recreations of the average citizen are commonly reckoned to be his own affair, though not infrequently they bring him into conflict with the law. But the law has tried many ways of reforming the outcasts of society which have been attended by a success more or less indifferent; and it is not beyond the bounds of probability that, having had recourse to the natural means of Sunday baseball, it may be led to the spiritual means of the fear of God—which is sound Pauline theology and practical common sense. The crusaders allege that crowds of girls, who flirt with the inmates, watch the games outside the prison walls. Here is the opportunity for the Ossining Village Board to take in hand their regular parishioners before tackling mere transients; for charity, so we are told, begins at home.

Bearing Witness

THE last recorded words of Our Lord were those addressed to His followers just before He ascended into heaven: "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you and you shall be witnesses unto me . . . to the uttermost parts of the earth." The promise was kept. Ten days later the Paraclete descended on the Apostles and they began to speak in divers tongues of the wonderful works of God, thus becoming Christ's "witnesses." The testimony the Apostles thus began to give, Catholics have to this day continued to offer even in "the uttermost parts of the earth." But

what does being a "witness" mean? To be a witness of Christ is to be a warrior of Christ. "Martyr" is derived from the Greek word for witness and all the world knows how the martyrs bore testimony to their faith.

A good witness too, is one who knows the truth thoroughly and tells it exactly. Fear or favor can not keep him from testifying to the truth as he sees it. As Christ wishes all His followers to be fearless and veracious witnesses of their faith in Him He instituted a Sacrament that would make them so. That Sacrament is Confirmation, the prime object of which is to keep the Church's sons and daughters good witnesses of Christ. Among us the Catholic is assumed to become "of age" on his Confirmation day. After receiving that Sacrament he is expected to use his soul's powers for the benefit of others. A child no longer, he is reckoned a citizen of God's kingdom, and a soldier of Christ's army, so he must do his share in furthering the interests of his country, and in defending the rights of his King. These duties those confirmed discharge efficiently by always making in word and deed a courageous profession of their faith: by fearlessly witnessing Christ.

"If age but could, if youth but knew," is the plaint of the poets. In the things of the soul, both young and old, labor under the double disability of ignorance and weakness. It is only when the intellect is illumined with light from heaven, and the will is fortified by power from God, that the soul has a "right judgment" and can put into practice with joy and consolation the guidance that is given. If the children of the Church would awake to action the counsel and fortitude they received in Confirmation we should doubtless have fewer Catholics nowadays who are ignorant of their religion, and whose lives give the lie to the faith they profess. Then, perhaps, our age would behold a renewal of the wonders that made the Church's early days so glorious and throngs of unbelievers would enter her fold.

Comparisons Are —

IT was at a concert. His woman companions enjoyed the singing and were eager to say so, but he swamped their praises before they were fairly launched. His air was severely professional; his nonchalance was slightly accentuated; his judgments had a ring of hopeless finality. "The singing was good," he admitted, and felt himself aglow with his large generosity in bestowing the faint praise of the positive "good," yet, checked by the consciousness of superior experience, he hastened to add: "But I have heard better." You have all made the acquaintance of such a bird of ill-omen croaking hoarsely as you left the play, "I have seen better." Your favorite book or friend or place is accepted by him with an air of tolerance. "Yes, yes! But I have known better."

If he were really a connoisseur, you would not mind so much, but as he is a mere amateur or rather one who is just one week ahead of you in his information, or one night ahead of you in seeing the play, you submit with ill grace to the superiority which he has conferred upon himself, not by ability, but by agility. Your true critic will not strive to impress you by his conceit. He will have a high ideal, but he will make of it for others an incentive rather than a deterrent. He will not force the scalers to slide despairingly to the bottom because they have not reached his lofty heights. At his altitude the true connoisseur sees so many higher ridges rising before him, that he welcomes with cheering encouragement those who are perched upon lower peaks than himself. He is not so prompt to triumph and cry: "I have seen better," when he is humbled by the vision of a bewildering succession of towering eminences still unscaled.

But to come back to the self-satisfied superiority of your concert friend. He has the narrow conceit of a collector of bric-à-brac. He is delighted to be able to say that he has the only stamp of its kind. "Here is the only ring of this make in existence." "After blowing this bottle, the glass-maker breathed his last." Take a man with such a narrow outlook and send him out to visit his neighbors. He will inevitably take the special smiles and special dishes and special attentions he receives, as continuous performances instead of a particular benefit for himself, and then go home to brandish threateningly that bit of superior information above the heads of his own household. It is bad enough to have the ghost of the "cake mother used to bake," haunting unhappy tables, without importing "better smiles," "better chairs," "better pictures," "better whatnots" like so many specters to haunt and terrify a poor housewife all the rest of her days. Of course, there are limitations and shortcomings everywhere, but they become very malodorous as well as odious, should the critic make comparisons. Yet if every rose has a thorn, why will the critic insist upon pressing his nose upon the point of the thorn instead of smothering it in the fragrant softness of the fair petals? The friends of one of these "seen better" critics tied some ripe, golden pumpkins to an apple tree and asked the critic if he had seen better apples than those; "They would make good crab-apples in Ireland, where I have seen better," replied he, nothing daunted.

It is such comparative critics who like a thing just when they haven't it, who will not see progress where they can not see perfection, who refuse to recognize a man that has stepped from the gutter because he has not at once mounted to a tall pedestal, who admit no good unless it is the best and only, who divide the universe into two classes, their experiences and zeros. They would root up the blade because they do not find that the grain has sprouted up over night and has presented to them a self-cooked, predigested breakfast food all ready for their fastidious tastes. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear," but many a modest blade has been withered to barrenness by the supercilious condescension of those who have seen, known, felt or experienced better blades.

LITERATURE

How to Reach the Medieval Mind

THE following letter was recently written to Ernest MacEdon, an undergraduate of London University, under interesting circumstances: His friend, Hereward Golighty, son of a successful Sheffield cutler, is taking out his degree in history. To his secret delight he has to occupy himself with the Middle Ages, which he finds very different from Sheffield, and with medieval faith, which he finds more exciting than knife-grinding. His history professor insists on all students throwing themselves into scientific sympathy with the people and the ages studied. "History," he says, "is not a matter of reason, any more than men's actions are matters of reason. A good historian must be a man of strong prejudices—for the truth." One day, under stress of this thirst for scientific sympathy with the Middle Ages, Golighty interrupted his outline luncheon at a "beanery" by saying to MacEdon: "Could you give me some hints for getting the Medieval Mind?" The result of this question is the following letter which I wrote to my friend. I withhold the mere personal equation:

Your friend Hereward Golighty is minded to undertake a noble enterprise. Deal nobly by him. Do not expect too much from the son of a successful Sheffield cutler. Very likely the finer parts of the man have been ground away. I send you fifteen ways of reaching the Medieval Mind. I might have given fifty-five; but I chose fifteen in honor of the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary; and because fifteen is a mystical number, being five times three, that is, a man's whole devotion to the Blessed Trinity. I have set them down as they came to me. No logical order has been thought out; because logic is not life; because in matters of life men hesitate and say, "Where shall I begin?" when they can begin anywhere. To reach the Medieval Mind, try one or more, or all of the following:

1. Study *one* book. Read many. This will give breadth. Hobbes, in a mood of medievalism, said: "I should be as ignorant as other men if I had read as much."

2. Spend a night watching in church. This is more exciting and desperate than to spend a night boating on the river. It gives the mind the noble power of going to sleep, when sleep is the only scientific attitude toward rubbish, written or spoken.

3. Give away all your money. There is no need to sell your best books. Most of them are not fit to be bought. The best books you could read are not yet on your bookshelf.

4. By having nothing of your own, you become possessor of the sun and the stars. Franciscans say, "A monk should carry about nothing but his lyre." As I don't know what this means, I can not tell you. But ask a Franciscan: for it means something fine, and means it furiously.

5. Believe in God. Not otherwise can you become a real rationalist and a thorough-going agnostic. If intelligence did not cause the world, then the world is not an intelligent unity. For if the First Cause of the world is Infinite Intelligence, there are infinite reasons for everything. Moreover, only the infinite can never be wholly known. Now, an agnostic is not a person who knows nothing: otherwise he would be a log, or a wooden head. An agnostic is a conscientious person who knows something, and does not know it all. When he knows it all he ceases to be an agnostic. Believe in an infinite, intelligent First Cause and your rationalism and agnosticism will have infinite play. You can go on reasoning and being ignorant for ever.

6. Walk across Europe five times in six years, as Dominic did. This is "the living picture" method of acquiring the sense of history. Every day read a chapter or two from the Gospels. This will bring you into living contact with the only founders of the historical method.

7. Scourge yourself to blood thrice a night, once for yourself, once for sinners, of whom you are the chief, once for the souls in purgatory, which you will be sure to believe in when you get there. In hot, tropical weather this will keep you cool. In all periods of great political unrest this will enable you to be detached.

8. Walk to Jerusalem begging your way. You will come back with leprosy or ague or some other wide gateway into reality. You will also understand the Jews. This will help you to understand the Christians—a much more unintelligible people.

9. Take Jesus of Nazareth seriously as a Leader to be followed; Jesus of Capharnaum as a Master to be obeyed; Jesus of Thabor as a consolation to be drunk sparingly; Jesus of Golgotha as a model to be copied doggedly. Never mention Him, save in protest, on the same page as evolution.

10. Say a hundred Our Fathers every night between 11 p. m. and 2 a. m. At each Our Father, genuflect. You do not know what a genuflection is? It is severe physical drill. But do not ask a Swedish gymnast. Ask any small Catholic child you see coming out of a slum school. I mean any one that has reached "the age of reason."

11. Believe possible everything that does not contain a self-contradiction. This quickly puts an end to the "village pump" type of mind which thinks miracles impossible. It may also lead to new inventions; something as astounding as Lincoln Minster or a flying buttress.

12. Talk little or nothing about art. Make something. Make anything (except money). If you want to make a useful thing, say a boot or cartwheel, make it as useful as you can. If you want to make a beautiful thing, like a chalice, a brooch or a poem, make it as beautiful as you can. Most of the great medieval artists who made beautiful things are unknown. People did not know they were artists; neither did they.

13. Be merry. A man who never laughs almost certainly is a fool. A man who nearly always laughs may be a saint. The only serious way of taking most of our sorrow is with a little laughter.

14. Learn the metaphysics of Aristotle off by heart, like Aquinas. He did it to while away the time in prison. You can do it to make you modern. A man who does not know Greek thought is hopelessly antediluvian. It is a question whether he can be a Christian mystic. Learn the Decretals of Gratian off by heart, like Antonino of Florence. He did it to earn his way into his Eden of the cloister. You do it in order to earn your way into Roman law. A man who does not know Roman law should not be a mystic. He will run amuck spiritually.

15. Have great respect for the devil. Don't believe him when he tells you he does not exist. The lie subtle is his specialty. The devil is very intelligent. I have been told that he is also a gentleman. This does not make him the devil, but makes him dangerous.

16. Learn to sing great songs like *Credo* and *Veni Creator,* in a great tongue like Latin. Die hard like the Crusaders to the noble war song, "Hail, Holy Queen!"

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

REVIEWS

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. With Introductions and Commentary. By Rev. JOSEPH MACRORY, D.D., Vice-President and Professor of Sacred Scripture, Maynooth College. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. The New Testament. Vol. IV, Part III. The Apocalypse of St. John. By the Rev. FRANCIS GIGOT, S.T.D., Professor of Sacred Scriptures, Yonkers, New York. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $0.30.

This study of the Epistles to the Corinthians was prepared principally for students, and therefore has kept steadily in

view the needs and limitations of the classroom; but it will be found no less useful for the reference library of the seminary and the desk of the priest on the mission. For although of set purpose it is brief, at least comparatively so, it is at the same time thorough, comprehensive and illuminating. The great texts on grace, the indissolubility of marriage, the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and the Resurrection are satisfactorily and adequately discussed; although it is a question whether their treatment would not have been still more useful, if more insistence had been laid on their dogmatic value. Could the seminaries find place in the curriculum for one at least of the Epistles to the Corinthians, preferably the first, with Dr. MacRory's book as the text, they would supply the seminarians with an introduction to an accurate and detailed study of the Scripture that would amply repay the time and effort expended, and in all probability would give the impetus to future work of a similar kind to many a young priest.

Dr. Gigot's translation of the Apocalypse is well done. It is a distinctly "readable" version of the mysterious revelation made to St. John, translated into English directly from the original, and presented to the eye by a typographical arrangement that keeps before the mind the general divisions and subdivisions, and the particular topic of each separate group of verses. A rapid but scholarly introduction precedes the translation and concise notes accompany the text.

J. H. F.

America and the New World-State. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Road toward Peace. By CHARLES W. ELIOT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $1.00.

The present titanic war is teaching the world the inestimable benefits of peace. And in order to guard effectually against another such upheaval, thoughtful minds have been looking into the motives and causes of the present struggle. Mr. Norman Angell's most recent contribution on this subject is scholarly and suggestive. Although he is convinced of the ultimate triumph of the Allies, still he is satisfied that a mere military victory over Germany will mean, not peace, but at most a truce. Hence, his chief concern is about the principle underlying the present crisis. This latter, he believes, is the logical outcome of the desire for political dominion, and of the belief in the value of military power. Consequently, if peace is to be lasting, this false principle must be utterly exploded, and the nations must be brought to realize that the struggle for world-empire is a barren and evil thing, and that the attainment of political dominion adds neither to the moral nor to the material welfare of those who achieve it. However much America may attempt to hold aloof from Europe, she can not but feel deeply the effects of upheavals like that which is now shaking the Old World. To avoid all such dangers, to secure her own safety and free development and at the same time to confer the greatest of blessings on the world, America should use her potent influence to bring about the abandonment by the Powers of Christendom of rival groups of alliances, and the creation instead of an alliance of all the civilized Powers, having as its aim some common action, preferably not military, which will constitute a collective guarantee of each nation against aggression. The present situation furnishes to America an opportunity to take a real world-leadership by organizing a real world-state, and especially by introducing as sanctions economic, social and moral forces.

"The Road toward Peace" is a collection of detached addresses, and letters recently printed in the New York *Times*. The book contains much needless repetition. The author wisely maintains that competitive arming of the nations will not bring peace, while at the same time he admits that reduction of armament is impossible until there exists an international court and a force behind that court. Hence the road to peace, if we accept Dr. Eliot's judgment, is through the reduction of national armaments, the creation of a federal council of the most powerful States, and the establishment of a federal force competent to impose peace. The volume is so bitterly anti-German that even the good things it contains will fail to influence many honest-minded readers. The author's viewpoint is very much narrower than that of Mr. Angell. For constructive purposes the latter's work will be much more helpful. But neither writer seems to go to the root of the difficulty. Concord among nations, no less than among individuals, can not be divorced from religion, and if God, justice and charity be omitted from our calculations, no abiding peace is feasible.

D. J. C.

What of To-day? By FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2.00.

Into this volume of nearly 400 pages Father Vaughan has gathered thirty-eight papers, beginning with "The New Spirit," which he deplores, ending with "The Old Spirit," which he admires, and having in between essays or addresses on such varied themes as the Present War, England's Christianity, Marriage, "The Woman Movement," "The Superman," "Modern Ideals," and sermons on "The Weapon of Prayer," "A Message from Bethlehem," etc. The author makes his appeal not merely to English Catholics but to all British Christians. As was to be expected from him in these critical times, Father Vaughan is burning with patriotism and fans vigorously the war spirit of his countrymen. He considers that one result of the present conflict will be the regeneration of England. When he addresses the soldiers he speaks as if they were crusaders and pays warm tributes to the thousands of "Tommies" who assisted at his open-air Masses.

From an examination of the library, the platform, the press, the stage, and the drawing-room of England he reaches a rather pessimistic conclusion regarding the vitality of her Christianity. He maintains that there was never a time when the upper classes so profligately wasted their energies in the pursuit of pleasure. Their environment he considers as bad as that of the poverty-stricken, and he shows how closely the vices of the rich are copied by the poor. The author proves how untenable the position is of the Christian socialist and attacks the lax morality of the woman movement. His paper on "Satanic Spiritism" is a particularly good one. Father Vaughan's prescription for the maladies of the age is the union of the Old Spirit's motto, "Never too late to mend," with the New Spirit's watchword, "Do it now." "What of To-day?" is dedicated to the King of Belgium.

W. D.

The Spell of Southern Shores; or, From Sea to Sea in Italy. By CAROLINE ATWATER MASON. Illustrated. Boston: The Page Company. $2.50.

It has been said that the reading of history makes some amends for the shortness of life; it might be added that the reading of books of travel makes some amends for the shortness of funds. For the untraveled, "The Spell of Southern Shores" will be enlightening; for the traveled, it will be reminiscent, and for those about to travel it will prove suggestive. The "Southern Shores" are, for the most part, those of Italy; and Genoa, Viterbo, Taormina, Syracuse, Girgenti, Palermo, Rimini, Ravenna, Padua, Venice, produce much of the spell. Geography, history, art, literature, are blended interestingly together, and a romance,

skilfully interjected acts as a magnet to lift the weight of pedantry which so easily attaches to a work of this nature.

A character in the book believes that one who admittedly has never been a good Catholic will be made a good Protestant, but this statement must be part of the fiction in "The Spell." In apparent contradiction, the author admits the donations of Constantine, Charlemagne, Pepin and Matilda to the Popes, yet seems to resent Clement IV's antagonism to the Hohenstaufens, because of their attempt to wrest from him what was papal dominion. As for Clement's consent to the judicial murder of Conradin, last of the Hohenstaufens, conclusive evidence has shown that he not only opposed it, but pleaded hard for the life of the boy, and sternly rebuked Charles of Anjou after the cruel deed had been done. But the mistake is a common one and the author's "sincerity of intention," which she pleads in the foreword, will surely prompt its correction, should another edition of the book be forthcoming. "The Spell of Southern Shores" is provided with a large map, an adequate index and fifty-three fine illustrations, some of them in color. C. F. B.

The Whole Year Round. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00.

The author of this charming account of wild life for young people has cunningly captured the good-will of grown-ups by saying right away in his introduction that he has four children of his own. Having, then, a love for children and a love for the wild creatures, it were but to be expected that Mr. Sharp should have produced the most sympathetic story of what two observant eyes may see and two quick ears may hear from January to December. From the time of the first messenger of spring, which for Mr. Sharp is the shadbush, until Christmas Day, when the 'possum took his dinner high up in the top of a persimmon tree—the author claims that he was there, so he should know—more wonderful adventures and romances take place in the fields, the woods, the swamps and rivers than any town dweller could possibly imagine. But the country folk are not to have it all their own way. Mr. Sharp assures us town-people of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc., that we have a surprisingly good chance to watch the ways of wild things, and even to come near to the heart of Nature: for we have our rivers, our wharves and our parks, and life is there, only waiting to be seen. Mr. Sharp gives a terribly exciting account of how Mr. Jenks, of Middleboro, went hunting for turtle's eggs for the great naturalist, Agassiz, and how he got them to Cambridge just in the nick of time. There is also a very interesting chapter on things to do this spring, which may urge parents and other kind relations to get this book for the young people before the spring has passed. The excellent printing and instructive illustrations make this one of the best books for the young (and also the not-young) we have seen for a considerable time.

H. C. W.

Essays, Political and Historical. By CHARLEMAGNE TOWER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Tower's latest volume is a collection of seven essays. They cover a wide range of subjects, from Europe's attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine to General Howe's management of the English forces during the earlier stages of the Revolutionary War. The author is a warm admirer of Grotius, of whom he writes: "The world owes it to a single man that an end should be put to the barbarity of warfare, while war itself was not to be entered upon for pretexts that were neither worthy nor sincere." Rather a hard saying to one mindful of Saint Thomas and of his words found in the 2^a, 2^{ae}, 40, 1. But the Angelical wrote in the thirteenth century. Mayhap his teaching was forgotten in the seventeenth, and no less glory attaches to the rediscoverer of truth than to a more ancient elaborator. But Saint Thomas had not been forgotten, for in Grotius' own time the Dominicans had in the lecture halls of Europe such men as Soto and Cano. Nor is it likely that Grotius himself was entirely unaware of their existence and doctrines, for in the 1735 edition of his work, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," reference is made not a few times to Francis de Vittoria. Now Vittoria was a member of the Order of Preachers, the theologians mentioned above had been among his pupils and the "Summa" had been his text. Again, Suarez had died only in 1617, a few years before the appearance of Grotius' book, and Suarez was not an altogether unknown commentator on the works of the "Doctor Angelicus." So Grotius hardly deserves the sweeping praise that Mr. Tower gives him.

But if this undiscerning praise be found hard reading, what shall be said of another of Mr. Tower's statements, to wit: "The duties it (international law) imposes are enforced by moral sanction—by fear on the part of sovereigns of provoking general hostility and incurring its probable evils in case they should violate maxims generally received and respected." Therefore if a sovereign thinks himself powerful enough to disregard these "probable evils," if only the strength of his army and navy be such as to remove any fear of provoking "general hostility," if the acumen of his generals and the training of his troops be such as to render it improbable that he will incur any evil in "violating maxims generally received and respected," then for this sovereign there will no longer be in international law any "moral sanction." To a powerful sovereign is a treaty in reality but a "scrap of paper"? R. R. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

We welcome heartily the *Little Missionary,* a children's journal, just issued from the Mission Press of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. It is bright, well illustrated and full of instruction, and will appear ten times annually, at the reasonable price of twenty-five cents a year or twenty-five subscriptions for twenty cents each. As Protestants are supporting generously a number of children's mission journals, certainly every Catholic school should welcome this new messenger of the Little Missionary of Bethlehem. Mission stories about foreign lands are full of fascination and will likewise arouse zeal for apostolic work at home. One of the great blessings the war should bring to us, in making the missions dependent upon our support, is the awakening of the missionary spirit in our schools.

That excellent series of books, "The Catholic Library," which some months ago discontinued publication because of the war, has begun to appear again. The sixteenth number of the series is the continuation of Blessed Cardinal Fisher's "Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms" (Herder, $0.30), which Professor J. S. Phillimore has edited so capably. The first volume of this valuable work was favorably reviewed in our issue of December 12, 1914, and the present volume contains the author's reflections on the fifth, sixth and seventh Psalms for the repentant. The quaint and virile English in Cardinal Fisher's exposition of the *De Profundis* is an admirable example of his style and method.

If Napoleon had only had the opportunity of reading Vance Thompson's "Eat and Grow Thin" (Dutton, $1.00), perhaps the history of Europe would have been quite different.

Brillat-Savarin, at any rate, believes that the Emperor's corpulency cost him his throne. The author advises very rotund persons who wish to lose, without impairing their health, some twenty-five pounds in a few weeks, to observe these "Don'ts":

> Don't sleep too much. Don't take naps. Don't over-eat, even of lean dishes. Don't eat unless you are hungry. Don't drink with your meals. Don't drink alcoholic beverages. Don't eat bread, except gluten bread, toasted, and this in moderation. Don't take a cab—*walk*.

And don't fail, it should be added, to con well the kinds of food Mr. Thompson forbids the man who would keep graceful and slender. Milk, with its four per cent. fat and its five per cent. carbohydrate, for example, he must shun carefully; olive oil, with its 100 per cent. fat he must not even think of, while sugar, with its 100 per cent. carbohydrate, is little better than poison. Sheer starvation, however, need not be the fate of the author's disciples, for he suggests a good variety of "Mahdah menus" that are not fattening. Mr. Thompson is a writer who can even make statistics interesting.

Katherine Tynan's "Men, Not Angels, and Other Tales Told to Girls" (Kenedy, $1.00) consists of twelve stories of varying degrees of merit. "Wine that Maketh Glad," a tale of the persecution of Catholics in France; "But for England," treating of the return of the Friars to England, and "The Schooling of the Schoolmaster," with its references to reformatories, are the best stories in the volume, and might form, each one, for its distinct novelty, the ground-plan of a book. "Voices in the Night" and "The Gift of God" are trite in plot, and only a rather clever treatment saves them from being commonplace. "The Child to Whom Everybody Was Kind" is interesting but falls below its classic prototype by Father Faber. There is an air of the supernatural in the book lent, no doubt, by the presence of so many priests and nuns as characters. The pictures are rather crude and the price of the book is too high.

"Within the Cloister's Shadow" (Richard G. Badger, Boston) is a little book of verses, quite varied in theme, by Hamilton Schuyler. The earlier ones are devotional in character, then come others, inspired by the author's patriotism, and last, some he entitles "Flotsam and Jetsam," containing selections in a lighter vein, which many will prefer to Mr. Schuyler's more serious verses. In "The Heroes of Old Romance" he has amusingly expressed what many a boy has felt.——Rev. H. B. Tierney, of Trenton, Mo., is one of the many priests who, amid the multitudinous cares of parochial life find time to devote to the Muses. In the volume of his collected "Poems" (Neale Publishing Co., $1.00) Father Tierney has given to the world his published and hitherto unpublished verse. At the age of twenty-five years he received a gold medal from King Christian of Denmark, as a prize for his poem entered in an international literary contest. The volume is handsomely printed on high-grade paper and excellently bound in scarlet morocco.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has taken upon himself to explore "The World of H. G. Wells" (Mitchell Kennerley, $1.25), which he does with a certain brilliancy and a fervor savoring of the methods of the American school of literary criticism, though it is doubtful whether even Wells would take himself quite so seriously as does Mr. Brooks. The fact is that this popular novelist in himself is all very well, as a product of the modern English university, but critics, such as Mr. Brooks, are all too apt to assign to him a greater prominence than he is wont to enjoy in his native atmosphere. That Mr. Brooks should have determined upon Wells' philosophy of life is, in itself, a stroke of genius, for the subject of his criticism has shown in his more recent writings a tendency to alter his philosophy of life, and to make an appreciable advance toward more conservative ideals than those shown in his earlier works.

The volume of "Selected Letters," which Stella Stewart Center has made up as a recent number of "Merrill's English Texts" series, contains specimens of the epistolary style of three dozen authors, ranging from Madame de Sévigné to Lafcadio Hearn, whose father, by the way, Miss Center calls an Englishman, though he has hitherto been so successfully masquerading as an Irish Catholic as to deceive his son's biographers. The selections from Charles Lamb, that prince of letter-writers, are particularly good, but Robert Louis Stevenson is inadequately represented, while there is too much of James Russell Lowell. The introduction, notes and suggestions for study and composition increase the volume's usefulness as a text-book.

The Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., the author of "The New World Religion" (Doubleday, $1.50), is a Congregationalist minister with ideas as vague as those of his coreligionist, the late Dr. Fairbairn, President of Mansfield College, Oxford. The only really clear insight into the religious tendencies of Dr. Strong is given us when he writes of the Catholic Church. He hates Rome; and his hatred blinds him completely to anything good in that department of "institutional" Christianity. He believes in neither the divinity nor the Christhood of the Saviour. The author's Christianity is not a definite creed, but an organism. But the trouble is, no one can tell what kind of an organism. It is ever changing, ever seeking expression in the language of such widely different minds as Frederick Harrison, Rudolph Eucken, Immanuel Kant, St Augustine and others.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
A Book of Answered Prayers. By Olive Katherine Parr. $0.45; Roma. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., Part IX. $0.35.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopedia. Volumes IX-XII. Glacé-Jouy.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Eagle of the Empire. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. $1.35.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Life of Cervantes. By Robinson Smith. $1.00.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Johnny Appleseed. By Eleanor Atkinson. $1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Doodles. By Emma C. Dowd. $1.00; The Nutrition of a Household. By Edwin Tenney and Lilian Brewster. $1.00.

B. W. Huebsch, New York:
The Other Kind of Girl. Anon. $1.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Civilization and Culture. By Ernest Hull, S.J. $0.30.

John Lane Co., New York:
Panama and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. $1.25; Grocer Greatheart. By Arthur H. Adams. $1.25; Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Strettell. $1.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium. By Charles Morris. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
What Should I Believe? By George Trumbull Ladd. $1.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Getting a Wrong Start. Anon. $1.00; Rabindranath Tagore: a Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. $1.00.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:
The Song. By George P. Upton. $1.00; Favorite Fairy Tales Retold. By Julia Darrow Cowles. $0.75.

The Page Co., Boston:
The Spell of Flanders. By Edward Neville Vose. $2.50.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston:
Shall I Drink? By Joseph H. Crooker. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Anglo-German Problem. By Charles Sarolea. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Muckraking the Public Schools

IN the year of grace, 1913, Kansas, once bleeding, but now wind-swept and prosperous, presented an admiring world with eight hundred and fifty million bushels of corn. Confronted with these unguaranteed figures, the casual reader of the Government Agricultural Bulletin may reecho the sentiment of Dominie Sampson, "prodigious!" and pass on to observe the artistic plates which picture the diseases to which corn is heir. The figures do not hold his attention. They are too vast to be impressive. Doubtless you can shut your eyes and visualize the three grains of corn which, in the old song, stood between starvation and a mother with her daughter; but the outlines of these three grains may waver and flow, if you try to add a fourth. Most of us are accustomed to think in small numbers, and this is why large figures are apt to be mere sound and fury, signifying nothing in particular. Hence, the greatness of the corn crop of Kansas is not brought home impressively, by saying that it exceeded eight hundred and fifty million bushels.

PICTURESQUE CALCULATIONS

The story were better told, had the Government statistician awakened his dormant imagination. "For a cup," one may hear him say, "I will take the dome of the Capitol, and dipping into the bins of Kansas, I will pour the golden flood into the Woolworth Building. I dip again, and watch the wealth of Kansas overflow in great ripples into Park Row. Measure the tide as it surges up Broadway and down to the Battery, until all the happy Island of Manhattan is knee deep in corn. Like a flash of light, I transport myself to Chicago. I will pave the length of Michigan Boulevard with corn, and fill the elevators, and load the ships in the port, and feed the hungry for a day and a night." And as he dips again with the dome of the Capitol, he begins to believe, with you and me, that the granaries of Kansas are inexhaustible. Very likely, this estimate is somewhat exaggerated. But if Kansas did produce that amount of corn, these loose and picturesque calculations would express its vastness more accurately than precise statements in cold terms of homely bushels.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SCHOOLS?

These remarks on the corn crop of Kansas are but preliminary to a few reflections on the hoary and venerable question, "What is wrong with public secondary education in America, and why?" Speaking a few weeks ago at Columbia University, the President of the New York Board of Education said that as a system the public schools were perfect, but that in practice, "they are doing very badly the work of equipping children to play their part in life." Not only are the graduates of grammar schools lacking in knowledge that they should possess, the President continued, but they are lacking in "energy and the will to succeed." Business men have made these charges for some time, and there is now a general demand that the schools be reorganized.

Nor are these shortcomings confined to the schools of the metropolis. An editorial writer in the Chicago *Tribune* for January 17, refers to "the solemn futility and waste of the elaborate process which we call education. . . . It is time for all of us to draw conclusions on our educational routine. Our youth spend from ten to sixteen years in the schools, and the time and effort expended should net us a good deal more than it does." More recently, in an editorial statement, the New York *Times*, while defending the value of a college education, frankly admitted that "a large proportion of the graduates of the public schools seem to have learned too little from their schooling." Similar testimony is offered by other cities. Whatever be the cause, there is reason to believe that our public schools are not giving a fair return for the capital invested.

ABUNDANT FINANCIAL SUPPORT

Colleges and universities sometimes excuse and tolerate a weak department on the ground that the funds necessary for its complete development are not available. The public school can not, at least in New York, and probably in no populous center, offer this excuse, since the typical American city is even generous in its appropriations for public education. For the current year, to cite a ready example, the allotment for the Department of Education in New York City is $39,840,349.90, a sum exceeding by $1,636,942.98, the appropriation for 1914. An unofficial estimate fixes the appropriations for the public schools in New York City during the last twenty-five years at something less than five hundred million dollars, and this calculation probably underestimates the real total. These are large sums, and like the figures of the Kansas corn crop, may not mean much to the average mind. While in discussing what might be done with this vast sum, the picturesque paragrapher would have a subject made to his hand, to outline what these millions have actually accomplished in New York, would restrict him considerably.

UNSATISFACTORY RESULTS

Among the critics who are not satisfied with the results, is Mr. Michael Friedsam, for thirty-five years a member of a large New York department store. "In that period," he is quoted in the New York *Times,* "I have observed from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand boys and girls from the elementary schools who have entered the establishment as employees. From this observation, I am in a position, I believe, to draw some deductions as to the practical value of elementary school education." These deductions, summed up in an editorial in the New York *Sun,* are not flattering. "It is almost impossible to get competent boys and girls from the public schools to-day. I do not speak of children who leave school before they finish their course, but of those who have their grammar school certificates."

But is not Mr. Friedsam expecting too much from these children? After all, one does not expect every boy and girl with a grammar school certificate to be an admirable Crichton. But that Mr. Friedsam has not pitched the standard too high is obvious from his criticism that "It is frequently the case that the average products of the elementary schools to-day can not write legibly, spell or read correctly, or solve easy problems in arithmetic. A knowledge of simple fractions is too fanciful an accomplishment to contemplate. Large employers of labor find that the public schools are not doing the effective work they once did in the fundamental subjects of education. The average graduate of the public schools has a smattering of many subjects, but a thorough grounding in none."

THE FUNDAMENTAL DEFECT

It is not fair to charge these shortcomings upon the teachers. The fault lies in the system which they are obliged to administer. For half a century, secondary education in America, to a greater degree than elsewhere, has been the subject of almost countless pedagogical experiments. It is perfectly true that the unusual conditions of American life called for an adaptation of old methods, and it is to their praise that American educators were guided by a sincere desire to admit only the best of the newer processes in education. But sincerity of purpose does not guard against serious mistakes of judgment. Seeking new methods, they did not realize that they were forgetting old, well-established principles. When the times seemed to require "a knowledge of many things," the school program was, by degrees, so enlarged, that the old principle, according to which mere knowledge is not education, was practically abandoned. The fruit of this unwariness is the present-day overloaded curriculum, from which a child may emerge after eight or ten years of "study," nearly as untrained and undisciplined, mentally, as he was before this

process of "education" began. He has acquired, it may be, although even this may not be counted upon, a superficial knowledge of many things, with "a thorough knowledge of nothing in particular," but in the words of the President of the New York Board of Education, "he is found lacking in energy and the will to succeed."

The fundamental defect of modern secondary education, is not that it does not educate, but, since it is founded on principles pedagogically unsound, that it can not educate. It strives, first and foremost, to impart knowledge. Therefore its programs are overloaded. The result, by a natural consequence, is not concentration of mind, but mental dissipation. "Our children," comments Mr. Friedsam, "lack energy, perseverance, driving power, seriousness, the sense of responsibility." In view of their defective training, it would be very like a miracle, were these qualities found in them.

SUGAR-PLUM METHODS

Adding to the evils fostered by the overloaded program, are the sugar-plum methods which of late are finding their way into many secondary schools. To falsify, within limits, the ancient saw that knowledge makes a bloody entrance, is a praiseworthy act, but to falsify it utterly, is to destroy the possibility of education. No one believes that a given subject is a mind developer simply because it is difficult, but it is absurd to deny that certain exceedingly difficult subjects are valuable developers of both mind and character. Huxley once said that education was a training that gives a man the ability to do the thing when it ought to be done, regardless of whether he felt like doing it or not. The method which relieves a child of the burden of thinking will surely prove attractive. But if a result contemplated in education is the power to do even unpleasant things when these should be done and done at once, it may be thought that we are not notably providing for that result by allowing the child to "smatter," and to smatter moreover, just as he likes, when he likes, and upon what subjects he may please to elect. To provide for the child's individuality, to assist him in "working out his educational destiny along natural lines," does not mean that he is to be permitted to do as he wishes. Quite as often, it will mean that he is to be induced, or even compelled, to do what he does not wish. Training has always included repression, reticence, control, just as order has, and morality, and civilization and power. The process which never corrects, never suppresses, never burns like a cauterizing iron, nor cuts like the surgeon's scalpel, may deserve any name you may be pleased to bestow upon it. But it is certainly not education.

PRUDENCE AND PROGRESS

What is needed in our secondary schools, writes the Chicago *Tribune,* is not reorganization, but revolution. Perhaps. In the meantime, our conservative Catholic schools, ever slow to exchange old lamps for new, may be congratulated upon their prudence. It is better to be real than brilliant, wiser to hold back than to be progressive, if progress means that we are to pursue every will o' the wisp that beckons the unwary sciolist in education to his destruction.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

A New Religious Order

A FEW decades ago, a sodality for young men grew and prospered exceedingly in the congenial soil of a parish administered by a religious Order. In a happy moment, some unsung genius suggested the building of a home for all the parish societies. The idea was rather new then but, in spite of its novelty, appealed favorably to the Elder Statesmen of the various organizations. Happy circumstances allowed the purchase of a suitable site at a low figure, and within a year fifty thousand dollars had been expended in furtherance of the plan. After this period, the aged relics of the days "when Father Dan, God rest him, was here," could rub their eyes and gaze at "that new-fangled thing, a parish hall! What are we coming to, at all?" You see, the idea was really very new in those days, somewhat akin, indeed, to heresy.

THE GYMNASTIC MODERNIST

In erecting this structure by a few strokes of the pen, we have proceeded too rapidly and too smoothly. As the plans were being considered, a daring young person, a Modernist, no doubt, suggested that the architect be instructed to allow for a gymnasium and an entertainment hall, as well as a chapel and a library. Since this is a tale of thirty years ago, need it be said that this soaring young person was promptly and permanently put down? Monsignor Benson has suggested the incongruity inherent in the picture of a man riding a bicycle on Judgment Day. No less incongruous did the idea of a gymnasium in a sodality hall appear to the venerable fathers of those days. They seem to have discerned in it some recrudescence of the pagan phases of the later Renaissance.

To return to our building. When completed, even the most unfriendly critic admitted it to be an eminently respectable pile. There were sundry board rooms in it, a chapel of a transition style of architecture, and several parlors. The library was filled with tall bookcases, containing, under lock and key, such excellent works as Rodriguez, Scaramelli, the Spiritual Combat, a complete set of Furniss' Tracts, a number of catechetical works, and Butler's Lives of the Saints. It was a chamber strongly reminiscent, as indeed was the whole interior, of the Four Last Things.

MEETING A CRISIS

The solemn opening of this parish hall was befittingly solemn. But after a year even the most enthusiastic began to wonder if it were really worth all the toil and sacrifice it had imposed upon its founders. True, it was an admirable place for sodality meetings, but not much better, after all, than the parish church. The wonderment grew apace, until some ten years later, viewing with concern a dwindling membership among the young men, the sodality officers decided to heighten the parish hall's attractiveness, by adding a gymnasium. This was located in the cellar, and occupied a groundspace fully twenty-five by thirty feet in extent. For light, air and cheerfulness, it rivaled the remoter reaches of the Catacombs, and for gymnastic purposes was fully as suitable. After this effort, at which, indeed, not a few of the older members shook deprecating heads, the officers felt that they had risen admirably to a difficult crisis. But for some reason, the gymnasium was not greatly patronized, and it is now used partly as a store-room for coal, partly as a sleeping apartment for the janitor of the parochial school. The nightly visitor to the parish hall will find perhaps a score of the more aged pillars of the parish, grouped about the library table, reading to improve their minds. The younger people of the parish, the *spes optima gregis,* are working off their surplus energy in places where the bright lights gleam, or the movies flicker.

AN OFT-TOLD TALE

This story of the parish house is, doubtless, an oft-told tale. There have been notable exceptions, it is true, and these gathering places for the tender members of the flock have proven themselves exceedingly valuable in withdrawing our young people from the influence of improper amusement, by providing them with recreation of a suitable and *acceptable* nature. The obliging linotyper will kindly stress the second adjective.

Looking back on some of the failures, the reason of the collapse seems fairly plain. Burdened with the multifarious duties

of the sacred ministry, our clergy, even were they otherwise fitted for the task, can not give the time and constant attention which a project of this nature requires. A social center is quite as automatic as a theater, *i.e.*, it needs unremitting care and much advertising. If those in charge of it are inexperienced, if they are unequal to the demands made upon their time, patience, or limited financial resources, the novelty soon wears off, and by degrees the plan is abandoned. It does not attract the young people. It is "slow," it is "strict," "there is nothing new in it," is their verdict. At any rate, in their judgment it has the fatal quality of dullness, and that is enough to destroy its usefulness. Small wonder, then, that in countless cases, financial loss and new jewels in the pastor's heavenly crown have been the net results of these parish organizations.

The truth seems to be, that a live and vigorous social center can not be supported save by the exceptionally large and active parish. It costs money at the outset for equipment, and, after this has been secured, for the salaries of those who promote it; and more than money, it requires constant care to keep it bright and attractive as well as clean. If it lacks these qualities, it may be a pious sodality, exercising a benign influence upon the young people who are in need of no particular care, but it will not engage the interest of those who need guidance and protection.

UNION OR DISSIPATION?

In an able article in the *Catholic World* for April, Dr. Kerby shows the need of a closer union of our many charitable organizations. These, for the most part, are accomplishing their difficult task admirably, but if they are to reach their full efficiency, there must be a "closer coordination among our religious charities themselves," and more definite cooperation between our religious and Catholic lay charities. Lacking this coordination, constructive work either will be done inefficiently, or it will not be done at all.

What Dr. Kerby says of Catholic charities is equally true of the parish social agencies. Taken singly, these agencies may seem and in reality may be, thoroughly inefficient. They do not reach the classes for which they are intended, simply because they can not offer what these classes want. In a given city of fifty parishes, perhaps two can maintain fairly attractive social centers. For the other forty-eight, success is practically out of the question. But it would seem that the united efforts of fifty parishes could, when properly directed, support an organization which would present all the attractions now sought and found by our young people in clubs and societies not under Catholic influence. At the present moment, success seems to be founded on union with similar interests and on the ability to cooperate with all helpful agencies. Churches cooperate with employment bureaus, medical faculties with hospitals, business houses with associations of their employees, schools and colleges with libraries, museums, and even with factories and mercantile establishments. The results are mutually beneficial. The fear, that a "pooling of interests" to establish an association offering to our young people greater advantages than those held out by non-Catholic organizations, would withdraw their interest from the parish activities, does not seem well founded. Even should this tendency exist in a particular locality, suitable provision could be made to counteract it. At any rate such an association would not withdraw the young people from the Church, a danger always present in the non-Catholic organization.

DO WE NEED IT?

To retain our hold upon the young people, is it necessary that we not merely supervise their amusements, but provide them with suitable means of recreation? In these days, when even the children clamor for amusement, and in the centers of population too often find it in circumstances that are ruinous to body and soul, the answer is an emphatic "yes." Would that God might raise up a saint with the unconquerable zeal of the great human-hearted Apostle of the Gentiles, blended with the gentle courtesy of Philip of Neri who drew the Roman youth to God through their love of music, to found a religious Order for lay folk, whose main work would be to occupy the recreation time of our young people with wholesome amusement. We build penitentiaries to last generations. Boys and girls now playing on our streets, frequenting our uninspected dance-halls, hanging about our saloons, forming vile acquaintances in our low theaters, will one day occupy those gloomy cells. In a single year, fifteen thousand Chicago boys and girls, under the age of twenty, were arraigned for violations of the common law of the land. In New York these numbers are doubled. According to an authority, the whole machinery of our grand juries and criminal courts is operated for the benefit of youths between fifteen and twenty-five years of age. How can we get a hold on these young people before it is too late? Will a pious society attract the boy or the girl eager to see what is fondly imagined to be "life"? Or will the denunciations thundered forth in sermons which they never hear, convert them?

The problem of catching by a hook baited with amusement the boys and girls who are slipping away from us into hell, is fully as important as the holy work of converting the Indians in Alaska and Tierra del Fuego. Not that we can not, and should not, provide for both to the extent of our means. But in view of the lethargy evinced by many Catholics of means and position, when zealous Catholic social workers bring to the fore the question of amusement for our young people, the exaggeration may be pardoned.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association for the North Atlantic States was held at Clark College, Worcester, Massachusetts, on April 30. Each of the contestants had won the first place both in a local contest at his own college and in a State intercollegiate contest. The speakers were E. A. Burtt of Yale, representing Connecticut, M. J. Cohen of the College of the City of New York, representing New York, P. W. Lane of Bates College, representing Maine, F. W. Wennerberg of Boston College, representing Massachusetts and C. G. Fenerty of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, representing Pennsylvania. It will be noted that two States, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were represented by students of Catholic Colleges, and the fact that the decision of the judges gave Mr. Wennerberg of Boston College the first place in this interstate contest, indicates that something may be said for the value of the training imparted in Catholic educational institutions. Mr. Wennerberg will represent the North Atlantic States in the final contest to be held at Lake Mohonk on May 19.

American educators are beginning to question whether it is possible for a high school student to carry profitably, Latin, French and German, in addition to the other subjects required. It is high time the inquiry was made. Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, thinks that as the typical curriculum is now arranged, the student may get a smattering of the languages, but nothing more. "In America," is his opinion, "we have too much smattering in foreign languages, and thoroughness in none." Very few American children, he thinks, should be induced to study more than one foreign language, and in the languages chosen, instruction should be given for at least six or eight years. A question clamoring for solution is how to unload the overloaded high school curriculum. The spectacle of adolescent boys and girls applying themselves to three or four languages in addition to history, mathematics, elementary science and perhaps other branches, would be ridiculous were it not sad. The result is not usually even information,

and it is certainly not education. Instead of concentrating the student's energies and leading him to think, it is little better than a course of mental dissipation.

Under the presidency of Cardinal Bégin and Archbishop Bruchesi, the National Canadian Eucharistic League will meet in Montreal on July 13. Sessions will be held during three days, and papers will be presented both in French and English. The Congress is not international but Canadian, and while intended chiefly for the clergy, an invitation has also been issued to the laity. The Holy Father has written a beautiful letter expressing his approval of the Congress and conveying his best wishes for its fullest success. In the English sections, the opening address will be made by Rev. Thomas Burke, C.S.P., of Toronto, and among the speakers will be Bishop McDonald of Victoria, Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, Bishop O'Brien of Peterboro, Bishop O'Leary of Charlottetown and Bishop Ryan of Pembroke. No doubt the Congress will do much to oppose the spread of modern irreligion by directing the thoughts of all to the Tabernacle.

In the *New Witness,* Katharine Tynan speaks her opinion plainly, of the pagan and worse than pagan spirit which is dictating "styles for women." "When did this evil thing appear, and who is responsible for it?" she asks:

> What mockery is it, what evil jest, that takes this high moment, to present our women in every paper one takes up, not as mænads, not bacchantes—for these may be beautiful—but as leering devils? Their attitudes, their figures, are those of the cake walk, the turkey trot and other uncleannesses; their faces wicked as Aubrey Beardsley's nightmares, when they are not specimens from an idiot asylum.

"Who is responsible?" is a question that every Catholic woman may with profit to herself and others put and answer. It is bad enough when these disgraceful styles are adopted by women who, as Mrs. Hinkson says, "are content not to have a soul." But it is far worse when Catholic women join with the mob, to perpetuate modes of dress which can not be excused from gross impropriety.

The Governor of Illinois is urging the legislature to abolish capital punishment. The Governor stops short of saying that a legal execution is a "legal murder," but what precisely he expects his reform to reform, is not quite clear. In an able editorial, the Chicago *Tribune* suggests that the law-makers consider, in their deliberations, not sentiment, but public policy. It is admitted that hanging a man by the neck until he be dead, is "odious to thought and hateful to sentiment," just as a surgical operation is to some people, or vivisection, or even medical treatment. But what does capital punishment do for the protection of society? The *Tribune* thus states its opinion, instancing a local condition:

> A good many of the worst crimes committed hereabouts are by young fellows of a criminally egoistic class who are ready to take a reasonable chance. They pride themselves upon their shrewdness. They consider themselves wise guys as well as tough guys, and it is a part of their vanity to be both. A wise guy might accept one chance in ten, but not nine in ten. If Cook County had a record of prompt discovery and prompt punishment of every cold-blooded murderer, we believe that the thought of the hazard would enter the mind at the very moment that temptation was pointing out a method and an opportunity to commit a crime.

No doubt the penal methods now in vogue are needlessly crude. But it should be remembered that any reform which tends to lessen the sanction of law, by making the way of the transgressor easy, is equivalent in principle to anarchy. The rights of the peaceable citizen must be preserved, even if this protection means the perpetuation of the penal system which the modern uplifter is pleased to term "medieval." Just at present New York, or a certain coterie in New York, is lavishing a good deal of sentimentality upon the woes of the imprisoned gunman, bank-wrecker and thug. This altruism is touching; but what of the innocent victims of these gentry behind the bars?

Several prominent Presbyterian clergyman have issued an appeal, asking that the Presbyterian General Assembly investigate the presbytery of the city of New York. These gentlemen protest strongly against the rationalizing influence of the Union Theological Seminary:

> Is the Bible still to be our rule of faith and the law of the Church, or are we to be dominated by an institution which has dethroned the Bible and put in its place, the discordant guesses of fashionable rationalism? . . . Every Spring a new class of Union students enter the ministry, taught by their professors to blue-pencil the Bible and punctuate its most sacred passages with interrogation marks.

The protesting clergymen further charge, that Union graduates call in question the virgin birth and the miracles of the Gospels, while admitting that did He choose, Christ might suspend the operations of the laws governing the physical universe. On critical grounds, some refuse to accept the fact of the resurrection of the Saviour, while one denied the existence of hell. If these charges be true, there is but little Christianity in some of the graduates of this institution, once a stronghold of Presbyterianism. In a reply to this protest, signed by Dr. Coffin, it is said that "while scholars are divided on their interpretation of this part of the scripture narrative, they could not affirm the historic fact of the virgin birth, with the same positiveness with which they affirmed the historicity of the other events of the Gospel." This reply, since it admits that the text of Holy Scripture is subject to the revision of those modern "scholars," who have long since ceased to admit its sacred origin, seems to confirm the objections set forth in the original protest.

The Right Reverend Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, died in his episcopal city on May 9. The bishop was born in New York City in 1848. After his classical course at the College of St. Francis Xavier, in that city, he entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, and was ordained priest in 1876. Ten years later he became pastor of St. Stephen's Church in New York, where he built the splendid schools of the parish. New honors came to him in 1894, when he was appointed chancellor of the archdiocese. His ardent zeal and deep piety marked him as an ecclesiastic destined for great work in the Church, and in 1903 he was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo. In his new field of labor the bishop's efforts in promoting education and charity were blessed with unusual success. The great Cathedral which he erected in Buffalo will be his monument in the eyes of the world, but he will long live in the hearts of the thousands for whom he unselfishly gave his life.——According to the cable the Rev. Basil W. Maturin lost his life in the sinking of the Lusitania. His death will be mourned in America as well as in his native country. Father Maturin was the Lenten preacher in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, this present year. He was born in Ireland in 1847 of old Huguenot stock, long settled in that country. After his graduation at Trinity, he repaired to England, where he was engaged for some years in the ministry of the Church of England. In 1873 he came under the influence of the famous "Cowley" Benson, and sought admission into the Anglican community popularly known as the Cowley Fathers. Three years later, he was sent to Philadelphia, where his sermons at St. Clement's were received with much favor. In his last public address in New York, Father Maturin referred briefly to his own conversion, which took place in 1897. After his reception into the Church, Father Maturin wrote a number of works, all of which evince a remarkable insight into the religious problems of the times. For some years past he had been acting as chaplain to the Catholic students at Oxford.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Very important events have taken place during the week in both the western and eastern theaters of the war, the advantage being with the Allies in Flanders and with the Austro-Germans in Poland and Galicia. The situation, however, in the west has undergone no vital change, whereas the state of affairs in the east has been essentially modified.

Bulletin, May 11, p. m.-May 18, a. m.

Along many portions of the line in Belgium, France and Alsace there have been engagements, without having produced notable results; but it is in the north that the fiercest fighting has been going on. The Germans have been making efforts near the coast to drive back the Belgians; but whatever little advantage there has been gained, has been on the side of the defenders. Further south, near Ypres, the British and Germans have been keeping up a series of determined and costly assaults on each others' positions, but neither side has made permanent progress. The Germans in particular have been on the offensive most of the time, but have not succeeded in advancing their lines. The main event of the week in the west has been the French offensive, which began at Carency, apparently on a small scale, but finding the Germans unprepared, soon developed to a forward movement on a front of twenty-five miles to the north of Arras. Here the French, supported by the British, have pushed forward from St. Eloi and Carency as far as Souchez, Givency, and beyond Nouvelle St. Vaast. At the point of their farthest advance the Allies have gained about two and a half miles. From Givency as a center the territory gained tapers off to about half a mile on a front of about four miles. The movement, therefore, has resulted in a gain for the Allies that is only a little less than that won by the Germans some weeks ago in the vicinity of Ypres. It has not yet spent its force, and has for its objective the important center of Lens.

Ypres and Carency

By far the most important event in the week has been the progress of the Austro-German armies in southern Poland and Galicia. The Russian defeat is assuming larger proportions, and the victory of their opponents already ranks with the greatest victories of the war. The Austrians and Germans have been operating on a front of more than one hundred and fifty miles and have driven back the Russians with great loss. Starting at Nowe Miasto, on the river Pilica in central Poland, they have been successful all the way to Dolina, which lies almost due south of Lemberg, in Galicia. Their main efforts, however, have been confined to Galicia. Here the Germans, after occupying Mielec and Dembica, have advanced to the river San and are now in possession of Rudnik, Lezasyk and Jaraslau. Further south, the Austrians are to the north, west, and south of Przemysl, and are predicting the recapture of their stronghold in the near future. Still further south the Austrians, after taking Dynow, Sanok and Lisko, on the upper San, have crossed that river and have captured Dobromil, Stary Sambor, Borislau and Dolina. Just what has happened in the mountain passes, especially at Lupkow and Uzsok, is not very clear. Naturally the precipitate retreat of the Russians has resulted in large losses in men, guns and ammunition; but the Austrians and Germans are also reported to have suffered heavily.

Austro-German Victory in Galicia

As an offset and a check to this reverse, the Russians have inaugurated and partially carried out a drive to-

ward the passes in Bukowina. They report extensive victories gained over the Austrians near the Dniester, with a consequent advance over the river Pruth. Fighting is now going on north of Kolomea and near Czernowitz, but its outcome is as yet uncertain. The invasion of the Baltic provinces by the Germans seems to have been halted, but it has carried them far into Russian territory to Shavli. It has had the additional advantage of keeping in the north Russian troops that were and are much needed in Galicia. The British Admiralty reports the sinking in the Dardanelles, by a torpedo, of the British predreadnaught Goliath.

Other Items

As was foreseen, the United States Government has addressed to the American Ambassador at Berlin a note to be communicated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Imperial German Government. It begins by enumerating the Thrasher incident, the attack on the Cushing, the torpedoing of the Gulflight, and the sinking of the Lusitania, and says that these acts "constitute a series of events which the Government of the United States has observed with growing concern, distress and amazement." In view of the attitude Germany has hitherto maintained with regard to "international right and the freedom of the seas," and of the fact that she has always been "engaged upon the side of justice and humanity," it declares that the "Government of the United States was loath to believe—it can not now bring itself to believe—that these acts, so absolutely contrary to the rules, the practices, and the spirit of modern warfare, could have the countenance or sanction of that great Government." It expresses the hope that the German Government will once more "vindicate its position with regard to the sacred freedom of the sea."

American Note to Germany

Recalling the warning given by the German Government to neutral ships to avoid the war zone, and our own Government's formal refusal to allow "in any degree an abbreviation of the rights of American shipmasters or of American passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality," and its determination to hold the German Government "to a strict accountability for any infringement of these rights, intentional or accidental": the document asserts that the United States assumes that the Imperial German Government does not "question those rights," but accepts

> as a rule that the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, can not lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman, and recognize also, as other nations do, the obligation to take the usual precaution of visit and search to ascertain whether a suspected merchantman is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband of war under a neutral flag.

After pointing out "the practical impossibility of employing submarines in the destruction of commerce without disregarding those rules of fairness, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative," the note commits the United States to the general principle that "manifestly submarines can not be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity."

Then follows a most important paragraph in which are asserted (1) the indisputable right of American citizens to take their ships and to travel wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas; (2) the fact that they are justified in being confident that their lives will not be endangered while exercising those rights "by acts done in clear violation of universally acknowledged international obligations"; and (3) the additional fact that they can "certainly" be confident "that their own Government will sustain them in the exercise of those rights." The note calls attention in passing to the "surprising irregularity of a communication from the Imperial German Embassy at Washington addressed to the people of the United States through the newspapers," and goes on to point out that "no warning that an unlawful and inhumane act will be committed can possibly be accepted as an excuse or palliation for that act or as an abatement of the responsibility for its commission." It declares that "the Government of the United States can not believe that the commanders of the vessels which committed these acts of lawlessness did so except under a misapprehension of the orders issued by the Imperial German Government."

The last part of the document is the most serious of all. Basing its position on the fact that "the commanders even of submarines were expected to do nothing that would involve the lives of non-combatants or the safety of neutral ships, even at the cost of failing in their object of capture or destruction," the United States confidently expects (1) "that the Imperial German Government will disavow the acts of which the Government of the United States complains" (2) "that they will make reparation, so far as reparation is possible, for injuries which are without measure," and (3) "that they will take immediate steps to prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare for which the Imperial German Government have in the past so wisely and so firmly contended.

The document closes (1) with an appeal "to the special ties of friendship and the explicit stipulations of the treaty of 1828 between the United States and the Kingdom of Prussia"; (2) with a declaration that "expressions of regret and offers of reparation . . . can not justify or excuse a practice the natural and necessary effect of which is to subject neutral nations and neutral persons to new and immeasurable risks"; and (3) with the statement that "The Imperial German Government will not expect the Government of the United States to omit any word or act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens, and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

Germany.—The American note with reference to the sinking of the Lusitania has become the subject of much unofficial comment. General regret for the loss of the lives of Americans is expressed; but the destruction of the ship itself is defended. A prominent writer in *Der Tag* says:

American Note, Bryce Commission

The English press and the American press, bought up with English gold, have begun already to exploit the Lusitania incident against Germany to stir up America against us. The sober-minded American Government, however, will hardly be able to draw serious conclusions from the destruction of the Lusitania and the loss of American passengers. Americans entrusted themselves and their goods to an auxiliary cruiser of a belligerent power. The passengers on the Lusitania knowingly entered a war zone, and there is no reason to treat a war zone on sea differently from a war zone on land.

The *Vossische Zeitung* argues that the ship took no care to avoid danger but thought that her protection lay in a "living American rampart," which was utilized to ensure the safety of the 5,000 cases of ammunition aboard. The paper asserts that our Government must take this phase of the question into consideration, and consider whether it can allow the allied nations to stake the lives of American citizens in order to facilitate the conveyance of contraband. In a further discussion of the problem the *Zeitung* contends that after the declaration of a war zone on February 4, the American Government should have prevented citizens from sailing on British vessels, thus obviating present difficulties. The report of the Bryce commission has called forth two comments: the first is to the effect that the charges have all been made before; the second denies that the atrocities were committed.

Great Britain.—Following the destruction of the Lusitania, rioting broke out in the East End of London, in which German shopkeepers were the principal sufferers. Boycotts have been instituted, and at the Royal Exchange, a notice was posted stating that the presence of persons of Austrian and German origin was not desired. Public feeling has been deeply stirred by rumors, fostered by a few newspapers, that, should London be attacked by Zeppelins, aliens would assist the raid by starting conflagrations throughout the city. "One unhappy result," said Mr. Asquith, speaking before the House of Commons, "is that innocent and unoffending persons are being made to pay the penalty for the crimes of others." Lord Beresford and others have presented petitions to the Commons, asking that the House decree the internment of all male aliens of military age, and the removal of all others to places thirty miles or more from the coast. About twenty thousand Germans are now at liberty in London, and while accurate figures are lacking, it is estimated that about eighty thousand are in the entire country. It is stated that in London several thousand have presented themselves voluntarily for internment, and that the Home Secretary is now considering plans to repatriate aliens who are beyond the military age. This order may be extended to include women and children.

Rioting and Internment

The Bryce Commission published its report on May 13. This Commission, appointed by Mr. Asquith last December, consists of Viscount Bryce as chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, H. A. L. Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield, and Mr. Harold Cox. The general findings of the Commission, based, it is said, upon more than a thousand depositions obtained from Belgian, French and English civilians and soldiers, charge that the "rules and usages of civilized war were frequently broken" by the German military forces in Belgium. The Commission expresses the hope that at the conclusion of the war an international council may be convened, to adopt means whereby the repetition of the alleged violations of civilized warfare may be made forever impossible.

The Bryce Commission

The seriousness of the engagements about Ypres and in the Dardanelles is indicated by the great mortality among the officers. During the fortnight ending May 8, 285 officers were reported killed, 649 wounded, and 24 missing. Three brigadier-generals and twelve lieutenant-colonels are among the slain. Since the outbreak of the war, 2,246 officers of the army have been killed, 4,177 wounded, while 762 are missing. This brings the total to 7,185.

Mortality Among the Officers

Ireland.—The Irish press of all political affiliations is unanimous in condemnation of Lloyd George's liquor measures, and both sections of the Nationalist Members were united in their opposition. "Because," writes the Dublin *Independent,* "there is excessive drinking among a section of munition workers in Great Britain Irish industries are to be crushed by a ruinous impost. The new taxation seems to have been deliberately graduated so that Irish breweries would be compelled to shut down whilst English concerns would be left practically untouched." The projected taxation, affecting only the heavier or Irish beers, would, it was contended, put thousands out of employment and ruin the allied industries. Mr. Healy pointed out that it would make the Home Rule Bill a farce, inasmuch as it would eliminate the chief source of the little taxation that Ireland was permitted to control under that Bill. In Guinness' alone it would pauperize 8,000 heads of families, unless they choose to enlist. Its effect would be, said Mr. O'Brien, not only to destroy one of the few flourishing Irish industries, but to "usurp the authority of the Irish Parliament before you have brought it into existence." The united remonstrances induced the Chancellor again to modify his measure, but its incidence on Ireland is still

The Liquor Taxation

considered disproportionate. Most of the temperance advocates welcome it; and not a few, like the *Leader,* who view it from the standpoint of commercial prosperity, hold that, whatever the object, any measure that diminishes the sale and consumption of liquor will ultimately benefit the country; but Bishop Fogarty of Killaloe, a vigorous temperance advocate, has denounced the new taxes as destructive of the economic conditions of the whole nation, particularly of the malt and barley industries, which affected every county and province in Ireland. "It was the old story again, Ireland was to be sacrificed, her industries crushed under the heavy wheel of English interests."

Italy.—During the week Italy's troubles were increased by the resignation of the Salandra ministry. The King invited Marcora, President of the Chamber of Deputies, to head a Cabinet and, on his refusal,

Doubt and Disorder

Paolo Carcano, Minister of the Treasury under Salandra, was called upon for the same purpose; he, too, refused to act. Newspapers and orators complicated the situation by their fierce denunciations. The *Messaggero* declared that a Cabinet under Marcora would be a farce, for Marcora was Giolitti's lieutenant and as such a pacificist. The *Tribuna,* the organ of Giolitti, aserted that the reported denunciation of the *Dreibund* by Italy was false, whereupon d'Annunzio declared on his word of honor that the *Dreibund* had been denounced May 4. Dante Garibaldi, speaking in Milan, said: "If the Government refuses to go to war against Austria my family will lead the people on the barricades." Serious rioting has taken place in Rome; the German Emperor has been burned in effigy; troops are guarding the streets leading to the Chamber of Deputies, and to the German and Austrian legations. The rioting has spread to Milan, where a general strike has been proclaimed to protest against the course of political events. It would appear that the more orderly part of Italy's population shrink from war, while the turbulent element is much in favor of it.

Mexico.—Mexico, north and south, is still in a chaotic condition. The capital is under the control of Zapata: Garza is provisional president. The relations between these two men are far from amicable.

Survey of Conditions

The first breach, brought about by Garza's denunciation of the southern bandit to the convention, was never closed; moreover, the president was forced to place some Zapatistas in his cabinet; among those selected was Palafox. This firebrand was later forced from office and Zapata demanded his immediate reinstatement. A riot ensued and General Estrada, Garza's chief of staff, was shot by Barona, a Zapatista; this led to further fighting during which Barona shot General Banderas, a fellow officer; in the shooting that ensued fifty men were killed. On the following day another riot took place and Barona's brother was killed. A late despatch says that Zapata's troops have retired from the city, leaving it unguarded; this, however, is unconfirmed. Meantime a party of Americans who "bought their way" out of Mexico City arrived in Vera Cruz on May 13. They report great scarcity of food, an insufficient supply of water, and the continued presence of smallpox and typhoid. News from the north is scanty and unreliable. Villa and Obregon have, it appears, engaged in skirmishes; but the reports thereof, sent out by the Villista agency, are promptly contradicted by Carranza's bureau. This latter announced recently that Huerta was compelled to leave Spain and now, at the request of the Spanish Government, the Spanish ambassador to the United States pronounces the report untrue. During the week an uprising of Yaqui Indians took place in the State of Sonora; Americans were attacked and one at least was killed. Thus the country is still in the grip of war, hunger and disease.

Portugal.—Since the overthrow of the monarchy in Portugal there has been much political unrest due principally to the incompetence and tyranny of those in power. Several times during the last

The New Revolt

year or so the dissatisfaction became serious; the Government was characterized as tyrannous; the President and the advisers were called outlaws; assassinations were frequent; bread riots took place; people of position were arrested and confined in dungeons: martial law was often proclaimed, and a new republic was set up in the north under the presidency of one General Barreto. When the European war broke out, the strain became great; intervention was the bone of contention. By a treaty drawn up shortly after the Boer war, Portugal was committed to give aid to England, in case of need. Intervention, however, was unpopular with that wing of the republican party which was under the power of Costa. Manoel, the exiled King, had declared for the Allies and Costa feared he was seeking to regain power through England and France. On the other hand the military party clamored for intervention; their insistence became so great that on January 11 Costa ordered the arrest and dismissal of many officers of the army; the army became truculent and a committee of public safety was formed to protect the republic. This proved a fiasco and the Government resigned. Since then affairs have gone from bad to worse and at last popular dissatisfaction culminated in a new revolution, entirely republican in origin. At this writing details are meager enough; but it seems certain that the crews of some warships slew their officers and then bombarded Lisbon, killing many people and causing much damage to property. There was also serious fighting in the streets, and the outbreak spread to Oporto and the Provinces. The revolutionary committee issued a proclamation that the object of the revolt was to restore a real republic; and counseled the people not to indulge in reprisals, but to trust the "National Government, which will act vigorously but generously toward the vanquished."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Mrs. Nickleby and the Crozer Professor

MRS. NICKLEBY once remarked that a fine day in summer, with the birds singing in every direction, always put her in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce, and made gravy. This worthy, and wordy lady, as is well known, was wont to give utterance to statements at once unique and startling, defending them by further remarks which made the original observation seem as dull and uninteresting as a day at Coney Island in November. But she has a parallel in Professor Henry C. Vedder, who indeed gives signs of eclipsing this famous lady in both procedures.

This gentleman is a Professor in the Crozer Theological Seminary, a respectable institution adorning the quiet town of Chester, Pennsylvania. He writes books, too, but for all that he reminds me uncommonly of Mrs. Nickleby. In a learned volume, "The Reformation in Germany," he strives to win a niche in the temple of fame by the following striking, though not unique statement:

> The impression is general among Protestants that, since the Reformation the Roman Church has done away with the sale of indulgences. That such is not the case, but that she has in modern times, when not actively opposed by Protestantism, not only preserved this abuse, but managed ingeniously to join it with an appeal to the passion for gambling, so strong in many races; let this extract testify. . . .

This is fully equal to any utterance ever attributed to Mrs. Nickleby, though it lacks the charity which usually characterized that lady's remarks. As a Christian gentleman, Mr. Vedder is not in the habit of making odious accusations; as a student and teacher of history, it is unthinkable that he should repeat a charge which can not be fully proven. He does offer proof, but it is remarkably like one of Mrs. Nickleby's "explanations."

> . . . Let this extract testify, from an advertisement in a Brazilian newspaper of 1910: "Raffle of Souls. During the last Raffle of Souls the following numbers gained the prize and those that have had the good luck to draw these numbers may be certain that their dead loved ones are liberated from the flames of purgatory."

On reading these remarkable passages, Mr. James L. Tobin, of Brooklyn, addressed himself on November 28, 1914, to the erudite Professor. After the customary preliminaries, Mr. Tobin proceeds:

> As this reference (a Brazilian newspaper of 1910) lacks definiteness, I beg leave to ask you for the name, date, and place of publication of the paper in question. I shall be further indebted to you if you will let me know of any place in this vicinity where files of such a paper may be seen.

Professor Vedder's answer, as giving an insight into the manufacture of history, will repay careful study:

> CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
> DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
>
> MY DEAR SIR: DECEMBER 2, 1914.
>
> The Brazilian newspaper in question was sent me shortly after its publication by a graduate of our institution who was and is a missionary in Brazil. I can only assure you now that I saw the advertisement and copied it into my MS. which I was then using in lecturing to my classes, not having at that time begun its preparation for the press. For some time I preserved the paper, but do not find it now among my collections of material. It is very improbable that files of Brazilian newspapers are kept anywhere in the United States. If you are really interested in verifying such a reference, I can give you the name and address of a man who can doubtless procure you Brazilian newspapers containing such advertisements. I am assured they are no rarity.
>
> Very truly yours,
> HENRY C. VEDDER.

Mr. Tobin was "really interested" in securing a copy of this Brazilian newspaper, which seemed to be a decided "rarity," although, according to the Professor, advertisements for the sale of indulgences were not. On December 3, he wrote to thank Mr. Vedder for his prompt reply, adding in the spirit of the gentleman from Missouri, "As I have a keen interest in the matter, I would appreciate any assistance you may choose to give me." A fortnight sped by. The silence maintained by the Professor was tense, or perhaps, prudent. It may be that along with the original indulgence-advertisement he had likewise lost the name and address of the expert on Brazilian newspapers. By December 16, Mr. Tobin began to fear that the unlucky Professor had also lost his previous communication *in re* the expert. Instead of putting up a candle to St. Antony, Mr. Tobin again resumed the labors of the pen:

> In your note of December 3, you expressed a willingness to give me the name and address of a man who could procure some Brazilian newspapers containing the advertisement to which your book refers. On receipt of this offer I wrote you requesting the proffered information, but as I have not heard from you since, I fear that my letter has failed to reach you, or that you have overlooked the matter. I would be indebted to you if you would refer me to some such person as your letter suggests.

But the Professor having stated the loss of the original proof of the Church's passion for selling indulgences, declined to give the matter further thought. Carlyle says somewhere that silence is eternity. So far as Mr. Tobin is concerned, during the last four months the Professor has been adding to eternity.

The whole matter might be here dismissed simply as a common specimen of crude anti-Catholic bigotry, did it not afford an example of the disreputable methods into which Protestant teachers of repute are occasionally, but too often, betrayed when discussing Catholic subjects. In the present instance, Mr. Vedder's charge is, briefly, that the Roman Church sells indulgences. His proof is, briefly, that some unnamed person once said so in an advertisement in a Brazilian newspaper which can not be found. Now one need not be an expert on the rules of

evidence or of historical composition, to point out that Mr. Vedder's proof is worthless. Nor is Mr. Vedder's case advanced one whit by granting, what he has not proved, that such an advertisement actually appeared in a Brazilian newspaper. It is still incumbent upon the learned Professor to show that this proceeding was authorized, not by a private individual, no matter of what ecclesiastical rank, but by the Church herself. The charge, be it remembered, is preferred against the Church, and Mr. Vedder must surely be aware that no association can be held responsible for the private acts of unauthorized individuals. Failing to show this authorization, the only inference which may logically be drawn from this supposititious advertisement is that an individual, name and residence unknown, makes the absurd claim that he has liberated certain souls from purgatory. It does not even follow that the unnamed individual is a Catholic. Indeed, the wording of the advertisement, utterly at variance with Catholic belief and usage, justifies the inference that he is not. So far as it is licit to draw conclusions from unsubmitted and unverified premises, it may be said that the advertiser may be a Jew, or even a member of the Baptist Church. The Professor, however, has not succeeded in fixing the crime even upon an individual. He has offered precisely nothing to substantiate his odious charge against the most venerable Church in Christendom, for when challenged to produce the one small shred of alleged proof referred to in the offending paragraph, he was obliged to confess that he had lost it! Surely, this eclipses any absurdity ever attributed to the hapless Mrs. Nickleby.

The written word remains, unless Professor Vedder is pleased to expunge it from the next edition of his work. But in the interval, does the Professor continue to teach his cloistered classes at Crozer that, except where opposed by an active Protestantism, the Catholic Church sells indulgences, joining the traffic with "an appeal to the passion for gambling"? If so, Mr. Vedder is a modern proof of the saying of Demosthenes, that a man readily believes what he wishes, but that "this belief is frequently in opposition to the facts."

JOHN WILTBYE.

Athletics in Our Schools

LATE years have seen a rapid growth of interest in athletics in our schools and colleges and above all a great development of competitive athletics. The universities began with their competitions in rowing and baseball; football and track athletics were added; then the colleges took up the matter; now the high schools and even the upper classes of the primary schools are competing in various ways, in baseball or football, or in relay races or track athletics in some form. In recent years there has been a great extension in the variety of the competitive sports. Tennis, basket ball, indoor athletic contests, hockey on the ice and even golf with other games are now indulged in competitively, and all these sports are supported at many of the universities. The element of competition enters in as an important factor for developing and maintaining the interest both of students and the public in these games. So great is the enthusiasm over them that at present there is no season of the year that is not occupied with one or other form of contest.

I have occasion several times each year to attend high school and public school commencements or closing exercises. One feature that comes home to me with a great deal of force on these occasions is that whenever athletic trophies or prizes are publicly awarded, the receivers of them always attract much more attention than do winners of class prizes. If the school team in any sport has beaten the team of a rival school, then the small boys and the large girls greet the successful athletes with thunders of applause, while a little trickle of hand clapping, here and there, in the hall is quite enough to express the feelings of the school with regard to success in intellectual contests. We certainly are creating an ideal of physical prowess in this country and one wonders just where it is all going to end.

I am not sure whether most people realize the extent to which this interest in physical prowess has gone in this country. I had occasion some weeks ago to talk to the Republican Club of New York City, the general subject assigned to all the speakers being "American Ideals." I found it just a little difficult to be sure what were our American ideals. A prominent American literary man who sat close to me at lunch, confessed that one might easily be a bit uncertain about the nature of American ideals. There were some contrasts that suggested themselves as a possible introduction to a talk on this subject, so I told the members of the club that I had recently been reading once more the story of Cimabue's Madonna and the reception accorded it by his enthusiastic fellow-citizens in Florence. Cimabue had dared to paint a perfectly natural mother and child, venturing greatly away from the Byzantine formalism which had produced such stiff pictures before this time. When the Florentines saw the new Madonna and child they literally went into ecstacies over it. All the people who lived in the quarter of the city where the picture was painted, accompanied it in joyful procession to the church, where it was deposited, and where it may be seen at this day. Timothy Cole, who made the beautiful woodcut of it for the *Century* years ago, declared that it was one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. Evidently the Florentines had good taste.

I ventured to ask my audience at the club what would turn out a quarter of the city in such wild joyousness in our time, as to stop business and make a date in history that would always be remembered. Of course we would not turn out for a picture no matter how beautiful it might be. Certain very modern pictures might attract a great deal of attention, but a picture of a mother and child,

even of the Madonna and the Christ, no matter how beautiful, would be carried by on the streets almost unheeded. My auditors at the club smiled a little bit knowingly, as if with the feeling that life is so strenuous in our time that there is practically nothing that would be able to turn our people out of their business ways and occupations as the Florentines had been turned seven centuries ago. Our ideals of attention to business are entirely too rigorous to be affected by anything extraneous in quite that fashion.

I suggested, however, that I had asked an elderly friend, a man whose long years in association with a great newspaper has given him the opportunity to have his finger on the pulse of our time and its interests, much more than most people, what he thought might possibly create such a commotion in a quarter of one of our American cities as that caused by Cimabue's picture seven centuries ago. He said without any hesitation:

I'll tell you! (this was before the recent affair of honor at Havana). If the new "white hope" "licks" Jack Johnson, any quarter of any of our American cities in which it is announced that he is going to make his appearance on the streets will surely have a stoppage of business for a time, and if the police allow it a procession will be formed and there will be a great deal of popular enthusiasm let loose.

Of course my elderly friend is a cynic or must be considered as such. Perhaps the necessity for constant attention to the uglinesses of the news for many years has soured the milk of human kindness in his heart.

So I put my question as to what would cause a corresponding turnout to that of Cimabue's day in our time to a young man, a recent graduate of one of our universities. He, too, had no hesitation in answering. He said:

If the Giants bring back the pennant this year—though I am beginning to fear that they will not—the city authorities of New York will have to place a cordon of policemen around the railway station to which they return to keep the rising generation in this "burg" from stopping business on the day that they come home to us as victors.

I fear my young friend is an enthusiast. Perhaps both my old and young friends have been coming to appreciate better than most of us, the fact that our American ideals have a tendency to follow after physical, rather than esthetic prowess in our day, and perhaps just possibly they judge our generation better and from more direct information than the rest of us. My audience of the Republican Club smiled a little at this thought, and I ventured to ask them if we were all laughing at ourselves, and I fear that the laugh in response indicated that that was what they felt.

Whatever may be the response to the question as to the meaning of present day interest in athletic contests and its relation to American ideals, there is a very general impression that our deep interest in athletics in recent generations and especially in contests and competitions of all kinds is a good thing, because it makes for better health for the rising generation and more abundant vitality. There is a thorough persuasion that indulgence in athletic sports tends to give not only longer life, but greater capability of resisting disease and therefore reasonable assurance of good health and consequently the efficiency that comes with a hale and vigorous body. The stoop shouldered, near sighted student of caricature, is no longer to be the ideal. The vigorous athletic student is the admiration of all observers. No wonder then, that he is cheered to the echo when he takes prizes on commencement day for athletic contests, and that in high school or college or university he is the ideal of the younger students around him. If he has helped to maintain the honor of the school in an intercollegiate or interscholastic contest by some striking feat of personal prowess, he is almost the idol of the younger boys and of all his girl friends.

Besides its value for health, athletics is supposed to be of immense value for morality. Even the most strenuous advocates of college athletics in the present day exaggerated form, confess that it hurts scholarship, but the advantages for health and character are supposed to outweigh this disadvantage entirely. This is a day of experts, and it would seem to be only fair to take the opinion of physicians with regard to the relation of athletics to health. Now the most interesting feature of present day medical literature in what concerns school life is that physicians who have had any experience are practically agreed in declaring that competitive athletics in youth at school or college, far from making health better has a definite tendency to impair health. They maintain on the strength of observation and statistics that many athletes die younger than their fellow-students of reasonably good constitution, who did not take any strenuous part in athletics while at college, and that in after life the college athletes have distinctly more tendencies to be ailing, are oftener absent from their occupations because of ill health, are forced to take more and longer vacations, and are not at all the beings of perfect health and strength they are often supposed to be by those who know nothing about the matter from actual facts. Besides it is physicians who point out that the ethical value of athletics is very dubious. Some of these questions I propose to discuss in a subsequent article.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Looking Forward

DURING the next few weeks every Catholic college and university in the land will be sending forth into the world a company of chosen young men, its graduates. They are the happy few, though their numbers are by no means small, who have been called forth from out the world of Catholics of their own age to receive the priceless gift of a complete Catholic education. They are this year's first-fruits of the joint labors of the Catholic homes and the Catholic schools of America. They are new recruits joining the colors, and

being gladly welcomed to the ranks of the educated Catholic manhood of our country.

The seals of their colleges, deeply pressed upon the parchment of their degrees, are but a symbol of the fact that during all the years of their training both at home and at school, loving hands have been endeavoring to impress a special character deeply on their minds and hearts. The gift that has been given to them is precious beyond pearls and rubies; it is hidden and closely interwoven among the very fibers of their being; it can never by any power be taken away from them; and it can be lost or made void only by their own treason to themselves. On that glad day on which this great gift is finally wrought to completion in them, they should know, and understand, and acknowledge that they have accepted not only a great gift, but also a great responsibility. It is for this reason that older men who have felt the stress of life and know the power of the world, seeing these young men light-heartedly accepting the gift and the responsibility together, can not but temper rejoicing that at length the entire gift has been given to them, with some fond fears about their use of it, and how they are going to discharge the responsibility they have accepted.

The chief responsibility resting on them is that they, a comparatively small number, have been chosen from among so many others to receive this gift. For them it is the five talents. Much has been given to them, and from them much will be required. Many of them, answering a special vocation, will become priests, and their further training will be in able hands; but most of them, whether they intend to make extended professional studies or not, will find that their further training as Catholics can rest in no hands but their own, even though to be an educated Catholic layman, as the world goes to-day, is a special vocation too. This process of self-training, self-development, self-discipline must begin the very day they leave their college halls. There is a great task awaiting them for which they can not fit themselves too soon. They may take five, ten, fifteen years to complete their equipment, but they must not take one day to begin it. If they have been chosen, it is for service: to act as exemplars and guides to their fellow-Catholic laymen in the practical application of Christianity to the conduct of every day life. Among their fellows, less richly gifted than themselves, they will be the best equipped to apply Catholic standards, to understand and explain the Catholic point of view on all questions affecting the life of their country; and if they owe the devoted doing of this work to their fellow Catholics as a Christian duty, they owe it no less to their fellow Americans as a patriotic duty.

Amid the hurly-burly of the life they are about to enter, their great temptation will be to lay aside as being unpractical the Catholic ideals now glowing in their hearts and minds, and to adopt the standards of the world. They may be urged sometimes by the words, and more often by the example, even of some men who are themselves graduates of Catholic colleges to believe that "no man can look at things consistently from the Catholic view-point, and hope to get anywhere in this great land of ours." Such words have been spoken by Catholic lips, and enforced by eloquence learned in a Catholic college; but they are a libel both upon Catholic ideals, Catholic standards, Catholic view-points, and upon American liberty, American opportunity, and the soundness and goodness of American life. Upon the pages of the *Menace* they are the words of calumny and hate; upon Catholic lips they are the words of surrender to false worldly ambition. They are the voice of the tempter in the desert place saying: "All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me." Into the ear of each of this gallant company of Catholic youth one day such words in some attractive form may be whispered. May their hearts and lips not falter upon the word, "Begone!"

These young men go forth courageously into the spacious days that now are dawning. The great war is but the travail and agony preceding the birth of a new era. This new era is theirs to live in, theirs to labor in, theirs to impress with the noble ideals they have learned in their Catholic colleges. The present sorry, material scheme of things is being shattered to bits. Theirs it is to remold it nearer to heart's desire.

NELSON HUME.

The Bombardment of Hell

ONCE a Protestant Bishop remonstrated with his clergy on their too cautious references to the place of final punishment and represented their preaching of it thus: "Dearly beloved, were a man wilfully to indulge in mendacity and profanity and inebriety and theft and other such sinful abominations, and were he really to depart this life clothed in the garments of his iniquity, he would, methinks, be consigned to that place or state which the ancient Christian writers were wont to denominate—ah-h—hell, as it were—after a manner of speaking." That was three decades ago. Now that Protestant ministers usually mention hell only to deny it and bishops admit candidates to the ministry who openly repudiate it, the good man would hardly dare or care to rebuke them ever so mildly. The Protestant pulpit has ostracized hell, following, as is its wont, in the trail of magazine and newspaper and such like peddlers of "scientific" haberdashery, which have branded it with the "dark-age" label, translated it to hades, and reserved it for their joke-column fillings.

Occasionally revivalists will ring the changes on hell, and should they rouse in a notable degree that sense of future punishment for sin, which, however dormant, is always inherent in the human soul, the paragraphers are up in arms and hell is bombarded with countless bombs of asphyxiating ink. A fair sample of the Protestant mind in this matter may be found in the New York *Evening Sun*. It has a column called the "Sun Dial,"

which is intended to be and usually is humorous, and is also wont to exhibit good taste and good sense. But Mr. Sunday's clanging tocsin has transmuted the sunny humorist into an angry and un-sun-baked theologian, solely because the evangelist implants in his hearers' minds "the sense of hell as a waiting, reaching, creeping, enveloping, concrete thing." Nor is it only the excess of emphasis that angers. Hell itself must go: "It is the last gabbling echo of the silly tales we gibbered when we were blue-lipped apes back yonder in the gray dawn of time; and one day there will come a language in which the thing is not. As skulls grow broader so do creeds."

This is not merely the ebullition of an irate scribe who finds the daily torture of grinding out a column-full of humor, punishment enough. It is typical of the literary pabulum that is fed daily, weekly, monthly, in Gargantuan dishes to the general public; and the blue-lipped apes and broadening skulls supply just the right "scientific" flavor for the banqueters that are catered to. These busy purveyors of exploded theories know not or ignore that real scientists now are agreed there are no scientific grounds for placing blue-lipped or any other kind of apes on our family tree; that the theory of broadening skulls has gone by the board, the oldest skulls discovered proving broader than the modern average, and that if the latest evaluations of Egyptian, Hittite and Ninevite civilization do not establish that "we were always decent," as an acquaintance justly claimed for his family, they do verify his further contention that "the farther you go back the more decent we were." Nor would it matter to the argument at what period of his physical development God breathed on man and gave him reason and free will. From this twofold gift flows responsibility and responsibility entails a sanction. What the sanction is, is revealed in the Scriptures: heaven is awarded the good: hell, the wicked. To escape hell the shallow shirkers of reponsibility are willing to forfeit heaven. Hence their attachment to the ape theory. To condemn an ape, they argue, improved or unimproved, blue-lipped or red-lipped, to hell, were ridiculous and brutal; therefore, hell is not.

The dictum of the immortal "John William Walshe" that "modern men of science lost half their usefulness and wasted half their energies through not having been properly grounded in logic," applies with multiplied force to the journalistic jugglers of scientific fallacies. After all their tricks are tried, reason continues to insist inexorably that a future sanction ought to be, and is. Every violation of law has its penalty, and even though the law of men should not exact it, the law of nature does, with a constancy as inevitable as the laws of life and death. Nature's law is that which God has implanted in the human heart, and the penalties that men must pay in this life for having "rebelled against the law of their minds" is plainly set forth by St. Paul. One can see his description realized in every-day experience, even without visiting prisons, hospitals and insane asylums, and the illogical ravings of agnostic professors, university ex-presidents and their journalistic claquers are among its commonest manifestations. But in this life the penalties for rebelliousness, as the rewards of loyalty, are partial. The good often suffer and the wicked prosper. The infinity of God's mercy is stretched to the farthest limit finite nature sets; but there its scope is ended. Beyond there is justice only; not the failing and often mawkish judgments of human courts, but the infallible and inexorable justice of God, which apportions its due, adequately and finally, to right and to wrong. And the due of those who, knowingly and to the end, shut their eyes against God, is that they shall never see Him. Cut off from the distractions of earth, their nature's yearnings for all good, which is God, shall, by their own act, remain unsated forever. Their own unceasing sense of loss of the God they wilfully repudiated shall be their torture. This in the main is hell. It is in a sense infinite loss, for it is the loss of the Infinite.

Revelation affirms what reason justifies. Christ came not to condemn but to save, and words and deeds of mercy make the story of His life; yet against the hypocrites, the unmerciful, the scandalizers, the persistent and unrepentant pursuers of evil, He, the embodiment of Divine Mercy, hurled the terrors of hell in terms unmistakable. When St. Matthew records the Baptist's threat to the Pharisees, "Ye brood of vipers who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come?" and, "the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire," he immediately adds: "Then cometh Jesus unto John to be baptized by him." The same evangelist sets down the Saviour's twice repeated judgment on those who aided not the poor and needy: "Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Referring in St. Mark to scandal-givers, Christ reiterates thrice that it is better to maim one's body "than to go into hell, into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished." The same, uncompromising doctrine is found in the other New Testament writers and runs through many of the parables, particularly those of our Lord's last days, in which He warns the Jews of the penalties their obstinacy shall entail. St. Jude's statement that "the punishment of eternal fire," after the manner of Sodom and Gomorrha, awaits those also "who defile the flesh, and despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty," sets down together the cause and the effect. It is obvious, then, that the doctrine of hell is an integral part of Revelation and that to reject it is to reject Scripture, Christianity and Christ.

But "fear," says our philosopher, "is the most base and ignoble of motives." Again is evident the lack of that logical training which precludes the equivocal usage of words. Fear may be prudential, reverential and servile, salutary and destructive. Is it ignoble fear that causes a man to take out a life or fire insurance policy, or induces a scribe to do his work faithfully and well lest the blue envelope of dismissal should affright him? There are

many temptations, within and without, to swerve from what one knows to be right; and it is not ignoble to be steadied in right by realization of the penalties for wrong, be these imprisonment or death, whether in time or eternity. When the knowledge that hell is the fitting penalty set upon sin by an all-good and all-just God makes a man recoil from evil and return to virtue, the fear engendered is not ignoble but a stimulus to nobleness of life. This is the fear of hell that suffices for sacramental absolution, the same that Christ spoke of when He said: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body . . . but I shall show you whom you shall fear; fear ye Him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say to you, fear Him." (Luke, xii: 4.)

The Catholic Church, like her Author and Master, incites men to shun evil and practise virtue primarily for the love of God; to do good because it is the teaching of Christ and the reflex of the All-Good, the purpose of man's life here and the condition of its happy completion hereafter; but she also preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, precisely as Christ preached it, for the same purpose, and to the same degree. Hence we need not be surprised that the people of our time, witnessing her uncompromising teachings on hell, as on every other doctrine taught by her Founder, regard her precisely as His hearers regarded Him: "They were astonished at His doctrine; for He was teaching them as one having power, and not as the scribes." (Mark i, 22.)

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

The Irish in Argentina

THE Irish are so ubiquitous that every one takes for granted their presence in the Argentine Republic. Few, however, seem to know to what high distinction in every department of our national life, though not numerous, they have made their way. The history of this country before and after its independence furnishes excellent proof of that gift of assimilation with the natives among whom their lot is cast that has been the traditional genius of the sons of St. Patrick.

The first Irishman who came to this country was Father Thomas O'Fihily, S.J., a native of Limerick, better known under the Anglicized form of Fields. He arrived in Argentina in 1586 and with the aid of Father Ortega, a Spaniard, started the first of the Paraguay Reductions. According to Father Charlevoix the number of the Indian converts made by these two Fathers reached 200,000. The Irish Jesuit lived to the ripe old age of seventy-seven, having been in the mission field for over thirty years. Another Irish missionary, Father Mahony also labored in this country during the first half of the eighteenth century.

The period of independence found a small but strenuous colony of Irish residents in Buenos Aires. Among them was one of the greatest warriors our history registers, William Brown, whose exploits may be ranked like those of Nelson "above Greek, above all Roman fame." Born at Foxford, County Mayo, in 1777, he came to this country in 1810, and by his naval campaigns against Spain (1814-16) and against Brazil (1826-28) made his name a household word with all Argentinians. Among his companions in arms were enrolled many of his own race. Peter Sheridan of Cavan, who arrived early in the eighteenth century, and Thomas Armstrong of Kings County were among the founders of Argentina's wool industry. It is to them and to other Irishmen that Mr. Cooper, the British consul at Buenos Aires, referred to when he said, in an official report that "the progress of Buenos Aires is mainly due to the industrious Irish sheep farmers." Dr. Hugh Sheridan, Peter Sheridan's brother, served under Admiral Brown. His son, who died here in 1861, was a famous painter of South American landscapes. A friend of his, Bernard Kiernan, a native of Derry, discovered a comet in the Magellan clouds, on March 13, 1830.

A remarkable group of immigrants came from Ireland during and after the famine years, among them the Rev. Anthony D. Fahy, who was born at Loughrea, County Galway. No Hiberno-Argentinian will ever forget the apostolic zeal and paternal solicitude of this great Dominican priest. His memory holds a hallowed place in every heart, while those who knew him personally still speak of him after many years with emotion. To him is due in large measure the present prosperous condition of his countrymen. "Take care first of all of your souls," he would say to the immigrant, "then learn the ways and language of the country, and save your money to buy land, for this is going to be one of the greatest nations of the world." Many who followed his advice now own large tracts of pasture land in the best parts of the country, such as Santa Fé, Buenos Aires and Córdoba. I have never traveled in the Argentine rural provinces without hearing of rich *estacieros* with Celtic names. Some of their ancestors came to this country in the coffin ships during the famine years, but already they have acquired much of the richest pasture land, and rank high in the progressive movement of the country. The Duggan banking company some years ago was said to be the fifth wealthiest banking company in the world. The Irish have been conspicuous in other fields. Michael G. Mulhall, who in his day was acknowledged to be the greatest living statistician, started the *Daily Standard* of Buenos Aires which is still the most influential English paper on the Southern Continent. William Bulfin also attained prominence as a writer of short stories. In 1832 he was associated in literary work with Michael Dineen and later became a member of the staff of the *Southern Cross*, a weekly review founded in 1874. Since 1905 another weekly, the *Hiberno-Argentine Review* has been published. In the military world General Donovan is considered one of the ablest commanders of the modern Argentine army; Vice-Admiral O'Connor, by his tactful and diplomatic management of the Argentine fleet in Paraguayan waters, earned for himself a most enthusiastic ovation from his countrymen, and Doctor Santiago O'Farrell is distinguished among many who have risen to an honorable place in the walks of political, commercial, professional and social life.

The interests of religion among the Irish have not been neglected. They were first looked after by Father Burke, a Dominican, who is mentioned, in 1820, as "over seventy years of age, and much esteemed by the British as well as by the natives." During the second half of the past century, as the Hiberno-Argentine flock was greatly increasing, many priests were brought from Ireland to take care of the Irish colonies. Among them were the Irish Passionists who erected two monasteries; Mgr. O'Reilly, who has been working in this country for over forty-eight years, and the Reverend John Sheehy, who has been in charge of the Irish colony at Rosario since 1887. Other names are equally beloved and suggest a clue to the material and spiritual prosperity of the Irish in this country. To these men must be given the credit for keeping the Irish here intensely Catholic, intensely attached to "the old sod," and, at the same time, intensely loyal and devoted to the land of their adoption. In proof of this it suffices to state that they have Irish academies and colleges for the education of their children, Irish homes for their orphans, and their own Irish papers and their own Irish churches.

Buenos Aires. WILLIAM J. FURLONG.

Converts' Leagues

A DISCUSSION on the subject of "Converts' Leagues" may well begin by noting the objections which are commonly brought against them. Most of the opposition or criticism comes from converts themselves, who take the ground that they wish to blot out the past. It is much better, they say, for one who has been on the outside most of his life to lose sight of his former self when he comes into the Church and merge, as soon and as completely as possible, with the general Catholic body. There are some who make a point of concealing the fact that they are converts and dodge the question when put to them as much as they can. They are against converts' associations because they suspect that these are intended to keep converts in a class apart.

Objections of this sort are partly due to misunderstanding of the real nature and purpose of a converts' league. The New York organization, with a record of twenty years' existence and members' roll of 1,200, is probably the most important of the various leagues throughout the country. It does not restrict its membership to converts; on the contrary, it welcomes other Catholics to its ranks, with the express idea that the meeting of the two will hasten the fusion of the convert with his new surroundings. This social feature is, of course, subordinate to the rest, but it does make clear that there is no "segregation" of converts aimed at in the Converts' League. The average new-comer leaves most of his friends behind him when he crosses the threshold of the Church. He is anxious to meet Catholics, new and old, and the League gives him an opportunity to do so.

There would, however, be no great principle behind a converts' league which did not aim to take its part in the general conversion movement. The League in New York frankly says that while its local lectures and meetings are all very well, its chief reason for existence is to contribute to the growth of the Catholic faith among the non-Catholic people of America.

It has begun publication quite recently of a quarterly called the *Catholic Convert*, and has sent this paper through the country widely, with special attention to the districts where the struggle against ignorance and bigotry is hardest to wage. This paper keeps these central thoughts in mind: that every conversion is a very striking thing, that the numerical extent and importance of the conversion movement among the educated classes of America is not appreciated by the public at large, and that the relation of the life stories of converts and the discussion of Catholicism by people who were once in the opposing camp should be a contribution worth making in the non-Catholic missionary field.

The response to the first number of the *Catholic Convert*, which appeared in March, has been most gratifying. From all over the country letters of encouragement and accompanying subscriptions have poured in. Pastors of churches have been particularly kind in sending the names of the converts in their localities for entry on the sample-mailing list. There is plainly disclosed a sentiment favorable to the formation of converts' leagues in other cities and towns, in affiliation with the organization in New York. This is a big project which may easily come some day, although its development must be slow and more or less experimental at the start.

So far as the League in New York is concerned, much depends upon the financial results of the little magazine. Every fifty cents which comes in for a year's subscription, every dollar which is sent in for subscription and membership in the League combined, goes to swell the fund for two great purposes: one, the relief of needy converts, more particularly former Protestant ministers who have abandoned all when they entered the Church; the other, the necessary equipment of preachers and speakers who will go out on the non-Catholic missions, sent by and representing the Converts' League.

Much has been done in the past; and is being done now, in the way of relief work. But the League's resources have never been large enough to accomplish all that it should be able to accomplish in tiding minister-converts over their period of stress. The success in dollars and cents of the new paper enterprise is, therefore, essential for the proper carrying out of relief and employment bureau work, and for ultimately cooperating with the other agencies in the missionary field.

Whether there is enough in all this to constitute a *raison d'être* for the converts' leagues, as against the convert with the "disappearing" point of view, is a question which may perhaps be safely left to the reader to decide.

STUART P. WEST,
President, Converts' League of New York.

Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco*

LIKE Rome, San Francisco is a city of hills; but, unlike the Eternal City, she is a creature of yesterday. Though it is true that for nearly two hundred years there has been human life astir under the cross of Mission Dolores, still, as a city, San Francisco is little more than half a century old: in the very infancy of civic existence. And yet, there is hardly an American city about which there is such a flavor of historic interest; such an atmosphere of old, forgotten things; such romance, also; such legendary lore and verifiable adventure together. If her life has not been long, it has been most full, most varied, and strange as a fable. Her fair young face is eloquent of character, suggesting many singular experiences. More things have happened to her than happen to commonplace, humdrum cities in all their tedious centuries of mediocrity. Whether she be rich or poor; whether she be tattered and torn, fleeing, a queenly refugee, from tragic disaster, or whether she stand before the world adorned and made magnificent, San Francisco wears the purple cloak of romance. And—though at times it may seem negligently borne, or even put aside—she bears the Cross; she is one of the most Catholic of American cities: by birth, inheritance, tradition and present strength of the Faith.

From one of her many hills you may see the Cross upon a score of churches. If you stroll about her streets and ways, Catholic landmarks meet you on every side. Only a few days ago her people celebrated the ninth anniversary of the great earthquake and fire. "Strange," said an Eastern visitor, "that San Francisco should care to remind itself so vividly of such a terrible thing." Well, that's a note of this blithe city: its gay spirit is even debonair in the remembrance of trouble, and that's a singular trait. Most of us, as individuals as well as communities of folk, may put forth a brave front to pain or peril, but few of us can recall our woes with cheerfulness. But San Francisco throws the emphasis of its remembrance of 1906 upon the renewal of its life, not upon its threatened extinction, or its loss. Instead of pointing out the ruins which still dot the city, it indicates, with a graceful gesture, what has been restored and rebuilt. And of the most wonderful relic of its titanic disaster, this artistic city has made a thing of elegiac and romantic beauty—I mean the "portals of the past," the fine

*Third of a "Catholic Landmarks" series.

arch which was all that remained of a building on Nob Hill, and which was removed to a place by a placid pool in Golden Gate Park. It throws a dim, serene shadow upon the still water—an image of the place occupied by the memory of trouble in the San Franciscan's mind.

Save for the loss sustained by the city as a whole, no one institution suffered anything like the damage inflicted upon the Church. And no other institution, again except the city as a unit, so wonderfully demonstrates the San Franciscan ability to recuperate from weakness, regain lost ground, and make of trouble a point of departure for new successes, as does the Catholic Church in this vigorous and virile city. In a sense, every church in the city, from Van Ness avenue—with St. Mary's Cathedral as the central one—to the water front, is a landmark of the new San Francisco, as all are rebuilt either wholly or in part, and thus recall the greatest disaster of its kind in modern history and the wonderful recovery which this cheerful people made.

Aside from this special interest, and opening vistas into the adventurous and romantic eras of San Francisco—which appear so preposterously remote, though most of the things which we recall as appertaining to those times happened only yesterday—there are a number of historic Catholic landmarks, to be acquainted with which is to realize how fundamentally and intrinsically the story of the Church is the story of the city. As Father Brennan recently remarked, in a splendid summary of the loss and the recovery of the Church from the 1906 disaster, it may be said of America in general that the city comes first and the Church follows, but that the contrary is true of San Francisco. The city was at last built about a place sanctified by the Church and established for that purpose which transcends all others, and which, if any city ignores, it has failed in the true sense of the word failure, no matter how glorious its apparent success may be—I mean, of course, the saving of souls.

When the first house of the modern San Francisco was built on what is now Clay street, by Jacob P. Leese, in 1836, the Mission Dolores, or *La Mision De Nuestro Serafico Padre San Francisco,* as at first it seems to have been named, was three or four miles "out in the country," a country so difficult to traverse, because of the rolling sandhills, that three miles was a great distance. Now, however, the old Mission, with the quaint cemetery nearby, the two chief Catholic landmarks of San Francisco, historically speaking, are in the heart of the most populous portion of the city. Partly restored, after long neglect, to something of its original proportions and character, the Mission is one of the most potent attractions to all visitors. And let it be said to the credit of the Catholic laity that it was the devotion and pious persistence of a humble Catholic lay-woman, the late Norah Fennell, which brought about the saving and restoration of this cradle of Catholicism in northern California. She drew up a petition for funds on a piece of paper, and went out with it herself to start the movement which had such a splendid and worthy result.

The twin towers, each surmounted with the Cross, of the new St. Ignatius Church, which dominate so large a portion of the city and are used by seamen in laying their courses, recall the fact that the first Jesuit missionary in this city, which owes so much to his Order, Father Langlois, was the one who is responsible for the fact that many writers attribute to San Francisco, the city, and even to the Mission, the special patronage of St. Francis Xavier instead of St. Francis of Assisi. Father Langlois entered the Order from the secular priesthood, and was a most zealous member. Believing that, though the bay had been named after the great Poor Man of Assisi, he, as the first regularly constituted ecclesiastical authority of the city—his authority being given him by the administrator of the diocese in 1848—had a right to name the city's patron saint, and having a great devotion to the patron of missionaries, St. Francis Xavier, he placed the city under that saint's protection. Well, we may be sure that in heaven the two saints do not dispute the point; so we on earth may rejoice in their joint patronage of our city by the Golden Gate.

Another shining landmark of Catholicism, literally so, is the illuminated cross on old St. Mary's, the Paulist church in the heart of Chinatown, with joss houses and Oriental gambling halls around it. This, with the original walls still strong and intact, is the first Cathedral, founded by Archbishop Alemany in the early fifties.

Not far away is the cross on the tower of St. Francis d' Assisi on the dangerous verge of the "Barbary Coast," that place of unspeakable vice and vulgarity which, though nowadays held in some partial restraint, is still smouldering with the volcanic energy of darksome evil. This marks the place where the first Catholic church was erected in the modern San Francisco.

Where the Palace Hotel now invites you to partake of its world-renowned hospitality, stood originally the Church of St. Patrick, now on Mission street, some blocks away, with its musical chimes that ring the hours when the church is in festival. The first St. Patrick's Church, a wooden building, now stands out on Eddy street, by the Church of the Holy Cross. It was sawn in two and hauled away to its present position many years ago, and is used as a church building by the parish authorities of Holy Cross. Its identity with the first St. Patrick's is not known to most people, even among Catholics.

There is no space left to linger over the many other Catholic landmarks which make San Francisco so rich in reminders and relics of the Faith—such as the statue of Serra, in Golden Gate Park; the Cross, on Lone Mountain, and all the others. Let it be said, however, that few American cities are so rich in these signs and symbols of living religion, and none, perhaps, is more strong and fertile in that which produces these landmarks: the Faith itself.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Lady Mackenzie's Contribution to Science.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On Thursday, May 6, in the New York *Tribune,* on its page devoted to "Woman's Varied Interests," we find an "interview" with Lady Grace Mackenzie, the interviewer being Lucy Huffaker. From this interview we extract a few sentences. It opens as follows:

> Now comes a woman who has done things which few women or men either for that matter have done. She has made real contributions to science the while she has proved the strength and resourcefulness of woman.

It appears that Lady Grace is a mighty huntress of "big game" and an explorer, having spent several years in both pastimes. She has recently returned from Africa. Hear now the interview:

> In the Masi (*sic*) tribe with which she has just spent months in Africa she is especially interested. They are, she says, a primitive people with no religion and no morality. They are prosperous and peaceful and lead happy, useful lives.
>
> The Masi disprove the old statement then that all people have some form of religion? I asked Lady MacKenzie.
>
> "Absolutely," she answered, "I came to know them very well. I could speak to them in their tongue. And I found

they had nothing which could be called a religion. They seem to have no idea whatever of worship and they have no prayers. There have been other explorers among the Masis, although I am the first white woman they have ever seen. The white men who have been among them will bear me out when I say that they seem to have no religion whatsoever. They are a brave people, much less superstitious than most primitive peoples."

Lady Mackenzie further along describes the peculiarities of the tribe. It appears that they have no "sex morality," being both polygamous and polyandrous in their practices, but "jealousy" is the "unpardonable sin" among them. They do not drink and deliberately limit the size of their families because they foresee the invasion of their country by the white man and the ultimate enslavement of their race, and so forth.

The name being spelled *Masi* throughout the entire "interview," it is, of course, possible that Lady Mackenzie is not speaking of the *Masai,* although this is the only African tribe with a name at all similar to Masi. But if it be the *Masai* tribe to which her remarks apply, then indeed she has made a "discovery." Whether it be a real "contribution to science," however, may be judged in the light of the following:

Father Cathrein, S.J., has recently published an important ethnological work (Herder, 3 vols. 1980 pages) entitled "Die Einheit des rittlichen Bewusstseins der Menschheit," which is an encyclopedic review of the religion and morals of the savage tribes of the entire world. An account of the Masai tribe is given in Vol. II p. 84, from which I take the following:

According to Merker, who dwelt many years among the Masai, and who has published a notable work about them, their religion is plain, simple monotheism. Bishop Le Roy, who traversed the Masai country in 1890 gives the same testimony. "Their God," says Merker, "is called *'ngai* and is an incorporeal being, a spirit. To make pictures or images of God is by divine decree a sin. God is the Creator of the world and all in it. He rules all by His will. God is almighty, omnipresent, all-knowing, infinite, eternal. 'God knows,' 'God gives man good things,' 'it is the will of God' are expressions that one hears daily, and they are not thoughtlessly used, for religiousness is a quality of the Masai."

Merker, who was with the German "Schutztruppe" in German East Africa, wrote a monograph on the Masai (Berlin, 1904) the very title of which is interesting, for he called them a "Semitenvolk." In this monograph he points out the extraordinary parallelism between the Masai religion and that of the Israelites. The Masai have a tradition of the Creation, Paradise, the Fall, the Deluge and the Ten Commandments, the latter having been received on a mountain through an angel in thunder and lightning! They practise circumcision also by divine command. In case of hunger, danger, sickness and so on, all pray to God. The women pray morning and evening. In some districts the children do not pray, in others girls only pray and in others all children pray. Many men pray twice daily.

Of course Lady Mackenzie *may* be right and Merker and Bishop Le Roy *may* be wrong. Besides she *may* not have meant the Masai at all. And maybe the interviewer got it wrong. And in one or other of these events it *may* be a "contribution to science." And then again on the other hand it may not.

Why didn't the *Tribune* save it for its Sunday edition? Has any one ever thought of compiling an "Encyclopedia of Sunday Science"?

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A priest ought not to proclaim to the world that he does not defend drunkenness, but stands for temperance. It is a reflection on the priesthood and unnecessary, since reason demands temperance of the heathen. I have written nothing that called for such a statement from your Mannington correspondent. What I complained of and protested against are the inconsiderate utterances, particularly of priests and others in positions of influence, which are naturally taken as a defence of drinking, encourage it, and cause the Spouse of Christ to be ill-spoken of by those outside the Church. They have done her much harm, and it is high time they ceased. He wants to know whether we cater to not-well-informed Protestant minds. Most assuredly we must. That is what Christ called us to and shared His priesthood with us for. He died for every soul within the limits of our parishes, and wills them to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. "Go teach all nations" is His command; teach them to "hear the Church" even when she admonishes them to keep out of the dangerous liquor business and tells us to get them out of it. We are to see to it that as many as possible of those other sheep, for whom the Good Shepherd laid down His life, hear His voice and enter the One Fold. To every one of them, whether Catholic or well or ill informed non-Catholic, we are debtors. As the Good Shepherd laid down His life for them, so we must spend and be spent for them or take the consequences.

He need not go to Turkey nor send any one there to see what would be the effect of country-wide prohibition in the United States; it can be learned from Mr. Fitzgerald's able article in the column next to his own in AMERICA. The Church does indeed command her priests, as he says, to use intoxicating wine (Why "intoxicating"? Who ever heard of any other kind?) in the Mass. She does not, however, command them to use or to defend and encourage the use of wine or any other intoxicating liquor outside of the Mass. If none but what she commands were used, there would be no drink problem to solve.

Yes, God made the grape, but leaves to man the use to which it is to be put. Man may make it into wine, raisins, butter, jelly or whatever else he likes. Your correspondent never used nor saw any wine, not even an ounce, not made by man, and if he ever got any that was not good, it was some man that he blamed for it. But we know what value to put on his statements, when he asserts that for every person that dies from the abuse of alcoholic drinks five thousand die from contaminated water. Bishop Canevin, who is very careful in his statements, said in an address in Cleveland some few years ago that sixty thousand die from drink every year in the United States. I feel sure he will not suspend me if I cut down his figures three-fourths, not from any mistrust but to have a few victims left for tuberculosis and cancer. Now 15,000 x 5,000 is 75,000,000, and that many die every year in the United States from contaminated water! Whew! Who would have imagined the water in this country so deadly? However, Mannington is in a "dry" State, and fibbing may be one of the vices increased by prohibition.

Scottdale. M. A. LAMBING.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In regard to prohibition, a statement of Victor McKee in a recent issue deserves comment. "There are fewer wife-beaters in dry than in wet territory according to statistics," says Mr. McKee. According to whose statistics, Mr. McKee? Did you read the following from the *Congressional Record,* December 29, 1914, page 6,942? "Divorces granted to wives because of the drunkenness of their husbands: . . . During this time the State of Kansas granted more divorces on account of the drunkenness of the husband than twenty-five States in which liquor was lawfully sold."

Cicero, Ill. A. KNOFF.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like space for a few words on prohibition, for I see your columns have been opened to the question. To take a drink of alcoholic beverage is either right or wrong. If it is wrong, then Christ and the saints as well as most of the popes, bishops, priests and a large number of other holy men and women of the

Church have committed a moral infraction through drinking. We can not hold that they did. Therefore we must hold that in drinking they did no wrong. If it was right for them, it is right for us; since the moral code of the Church does not change, as has been charged against her by her enemies. If the Church has sanctioned the drinking of alcoholic beverage it must sanction the making of it.

Total abstinence, as well as any other ascetic work, will do for those who wish to mortify themselves for the sake of God, their own or their neighbors' welfare. To force it upon others is unchristian. We teach in the Church the virtues of patience, fortitude, justice and temperance. But our Puritanical Catholics, some even of considerable standing, would change these century-old virtues to patience, fortitude, justice and total abstinence. The Church will condemn this, we hope, thus frustrating an attempt to change the Church into a total abstinence society. Let our prohibitionists try to enforce our present moral code. The Church was the same yesterday as she is to-day and will be to-morrow and to the end of time. She will change to suit no new creed.

Winona. JOHN A. JOHNSON.

Schools in the Philippines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To the article, "Religious Conditions in the Philippines," that appeared in your number of November 28, 1914, I have something to add. For the lamentable state of religion three causes have been assigned by the reverend writer. They are: The lack of priests, the activity of the American Protestant ministers and the public school. I should like to insist on the third. The province of Surigao does not suffer from the lack of priests, nor from the propaganda of Protestant ministers, but we do suffer from the public school. It constantly spreads Protestant ideas among the people, and it is the great promoter of indifferentism in religion.

When the Philippines were under Spain all the public schools were under the supervision of the parish priest. Under the present régime all these schools have passed into the hands of our adversaries and become destroyers of religion, with this consequence: that everywhere we are obliged to build new schools. Here in Cantilan we have more than 300 children, for the most part housed, who attend school in the parish house. We have to pay our teachers, moreover we must build little Catholic schools on the plantations, because the public school in the plantation is a continuous temptation to the children there to shirk going to the Catholic school in the town. Owing to the lack of money the arms of the workers here are paralyzed. What a fine field for their zeal then lies open to American Catholics!

Cantilan, Prov. of Surigao, P. I. G. POINVELS, M.S.C.

More Instruction Needed

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The reason why we American Catholics lack backbone and organization is due to the fact that most of our people are ignorant of just where the Church stands on various subjects. We should have fifteen or twenty minutes a week devoted to instructing the people on such things as the Mass, the Sacraments, indulgences, sacramentals, etc. You may say, "Why, the children are all instructed at home on these vital topics." Not so, for just as a test I recently asked one hundred average Catholics these five questions which have been put to me by enquiring Protestants:

"What is an indulgence? What authority have priests for claiming to forgive sins? Why is a nuptial Mass the proper or rather the preferred ceremony for those entering into marriage? Why does a priest wear green vestments? Why does the Church oppose socialism?" The replies to these questions were in many cases, "I am not quite sure," or "I don't know."

If American Catholics can't answer questions like these can we blame the non-Catholics if they believe the lies in the *Menace?*

San Francisco. JOS. A. GARFIELD.

Catholic Lecture Courses

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After many years of experience perhaps my opinion with regard to the way of making Catholic lectures successful may be worth while for your readers who have been interested in the discussion. The American people generally have lost interest to a considerable extent in lectures. At least there is much less interest in serious lectures than there was in the halcyon days of the Lyceum at the middle of the nineteenth century. People still attend Chautauquas; not for the message, however, but to have it to say that they have heard certain men, and very often too because there are singing and musical numbers and short plays and other amusements on the program.

Our Catholic people generally do not measure up to the serious lecture standard even when the lectures are given humanly and relieved by flashes of humor and good stories. At least they feel that a lecture is almost sure to be a bore and so they are not tempted to come, though many who do come find that they have so much interest that it is easy to form the habit of attending them. At bottom our people are much more serious and seriously interested than they themselves think they are, and a great many of them thoroughly enjoy a good lecture.

The one thing of supreme importance is to get them to come. Besides for Catholic lectures a sprinkling of Protestants is particularly good both for the Protestants themselves and to arouse indifferent Catholics. Now there is just one way to get such people into the audiences. Don't announce the lecture or the lecture course merely as such. Do not give it solely for the education or information that may come from it. Arrange the lecture for charity or some social purpose. Sell the tickets for charity. Nineteen out of every twenty people who buy a ticket, Protestants or Catholics, will come to the lecture. I know this from absolute experience even in towns that were not lecture towns.

The object of the charity then should be something to which all are willing to contribute, be they Catholics or non-Catholics. The most successful lecture course I have ever given was in Albany, except perhaps the Lenten lectures on the war here in New York last winter. I was told by the Albany committee that they were dubious about the numbers who would come. They said, 'You know Albany is no 'lecture town.'" They added, "We have sold $1,500 worth of tickets so that the lecture course will be a success anyhow, and we are hoping that you will not have scanty audiences." The object was a boys' summer camp. The hall would seat about seven hundred and fifty. It rained a little the first night and we had six hundred. We never had less than seven hundred after that, though it rained twice, and once we had to have extra seats.

Now that Catholic interest is waking up and doing things for the boys and the young men why not have lecture courses to help out the cause? Our people are growing tired of euchres, they are unworthy anyhow; vaudeville and minstrels can scarcely be kept up to the standard of taste that ought to mark a Church function. A musical program of members in the parish can be given in conjunction with the lecture, and success is quite assured if the committee only take a real interest. JAMES J. WALSH.

A Catholic Correspondence School

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA one of your correspondents, suggested that Dr. J. J. Walsh should publish in your paper a course

of reading which would be the means whereby an average man might acquire a polemic acquaintance with the subjects usually considered an approach to a liberal education for men who have not had the advantages of university training. I wish to second this request of your former correspondent, and as the publishers of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" have announced that they intend taking up other lines of educational work, I suggest that they undertake the preparation and introduction of a sound collegiate course of studies to be given by correspondence. There are many young men and women who desire Catholic education, yet can not obtain it because they lack the money or the leisure for attending college. Many priestly and religious vocations, moreover, would thus be fostered.

New York. W. J. B.

Saving the Boy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article in AMERICA of April 10, under the caption of "Your 'Kid' Brother," by Nelson Hume, certainly makes a convincing appeal. No sociologist can overlook the truth, that the welfare of the future generation depends to a great extent on the moral conduct of the youth of this generation. Our large cities, and our smaller ones for that matter, are constantly confronted with the problem of reforming the young lives of incipient criminals. The juvenile court is indeed a blessing, but the sphere of its influence is necessarily limited. What then, is to become of the boy of the street, who is being taught much evil in the school of his environment? Must he join the ranks of crime? What of the Catholic boy who, because of poverty, of parental neglect, of dangerous influences and surroundings, has perhaps been already initiated into the first classes of crime? Unless he is safeguarded, examples of evil are very likely to lead him into ways that end in perverted manhood. This might be prevented if a Big Brother would take an interest in him and set before him ideals of Catholic citizenship which, when developed into the fulness of manhood, would be a credit to the state, an honor to the Church and a glory to God. The boy himself is certainly worth saving. Although the rough-and-ready urchin of the street may at times appear to be vicious, yet those who understand him, know him to be at heart a true American boy. It is this American boy that needs the help and example and interest (for this is most potent) of a big, clean-living American brother.

The Big Brother movement it is true is being carried on by non-Catholics, but nowhere has it met with such success as in the Ozanam Association of New York City. This association, with its endowed club-houses and its efficient organization, with its athletics and other activities, is doing a world of good for the spiritual and material interests of many a boy. Why should such an institution be confined to New York? Its need is nation-wide. Why not have it spread to other cities as well? There are many men, Catholics of deep sympathy with the difficulties of their younger brothers, who would be glad to enlist their services in so good a cause, if it were properly presented to them. The experience of the New York branch would facilitate pioneer work elsewhere, and eventually there might be developed an Ozanam Association on a national basis. Should this come to pass, it would go far toward solving one of the most pressing problems of Catholic sociology.

St. Paul. L. J. W.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One of your correspondents, believing membership in the Y. M. C. A. a proximate danger of sin, claimed that association therewith is forbidden by the natural and positive divine law. A second correspondent remarked that confessors have sometimes given penitents permission for limited membership. In these remarks Messrs. More and Farrell appear to find a contradiction. But why? Surely the proximate danger of sin, against which both the natural and positive divine law are directed, may depend on circumstances against which a prudent confessor may guard an obedient penitent, by insisting on the observance of certain conditions, thus causing a proximate danger to become remote. Your first and second correspondent appear right, Messrs. More and Farrell wrong.

New York. A. L. DOWNS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have followed with great interest the controversy commenced by Mr. Leo Paul McCloskey of Philadelphia and pursued by Mr. Hume and other correspondents, anent the membership of Catholic young men in the Y. M. C. A. From somewhat painful personal experience I learned the truth of the attitude of the Y. M. C. A. toward the Church, for I once tried to vote for directors of our local Association and had the extreme pleasure of being refused the privilege after my religion had been ascertained. For certain reasons I found it convenient to attend the law school conducted by the Y. M. C. A. in Cincinnati and it was during my professional course that I was compelled to be a member of the Association. During that time I had ample opportunities to observe the objects and aims of the Y. M. C. A. and my observations compel me to be in hearty accord with the sentiments of Mr. Hume and to second sincerely his warnings against Catholics joining the Association.

Yet, valid as Mr. Hume's objections are, Mr. McCloskey has very pertinently suggested the sad lack of Catholic institutions where a Catholic young man may find innocent amusement and beneficial physical development. Outside of a few inadequate local organizations, in most cities there is nothing to supply this much-needed want, and criticism and controversy do not answer his question: "Should not something be done for Catholic young men who are fond of athletics?" Mr. Hume seems to indicate that the blame for this deficiency is to be laid at the door of the Catholic laity. Perhaps so. But, investigation may lead us to even higher realms than those out in the world.

About seven years ago, recognizing the dire necessity of a Catholic athletic and social organization, a certain religious community founded in this city what is known as the "Friars." This religious order kindly donated to the use of the "Friars" a large building within ten minutes of the heart of the city. By supreme efforts sufficient funds were raised to equip this building with a library, pool and billiard rooms, a lounging room and one of the finest and largest gymnasiums in the city. It was also planned to inaugurate lecture courses and eventually evening classes so that we might offer to the Catholic boys every facility for mental, physical and social development which was presented by the local Y. M. C. A. Invitations were issued to the young men of the city to join this organization. Its dues are only eight dollars per year. One would have thought that the Catholic population as a unit would have zealously supported this movement. But how sorely disappointing was the attitude, firstly of the people and secondly of others, to whom I shall refer shortly.

About a year ago it was determined to construct a swimming pool, which was all that was needed to make this club thoroughly up-to-date and modern in every respect. Of course, money was needed to accomplish this, and with our low dues we had not been able to accumulate a surplus. A committee appointed for the purpose approached the wealthy Catholics of this community for assistance. Advice was plentiful, but money unusually scarce and instead of donations excuses were received; and such dismal excuses they were. One Catholic opined that a Catholic institution was unnecessary and only served to develop clannishness among our young men; another thought that if our young men wanted a gymnasium and swimming pool they should pay for it, while another declared that as he had enjoyed no such luxuries

in his youth, they were not required to-day. Invariably it was the worn-out argument of *sicut erat*. Finally by dogged persistency the amount, namely, $3,000 was realized. The largest donation, however, from the laity was $50, while about one-tenth of the entire sum was donated by non-Catholics. It would make quite an interesting comparison to place the "Friars'" list of donors beside that of the contributors to the Y. M. C. A. building fund, which reached the enormous sum of $500,000. Doubtless it was "a matter of business policy" which prompted prominent Catholics to place their names among the Y. M. C. A. benefactors.

This, however, was an obstacle which in a measure had been anticipated and was not quite as discouraging as another far more serious drawback. No sooner was the "Friars" organized, when similar movements were set on foot by the heads of parishes in nearly every parish of the city, although there are not half a dozen who are in a position to afford their young men anything bearing a semblance of a real athletic club. The motive underlying this activity was the fear that the young man might be weaned away from his home parish. In their zeal to hold intact their little flock of young men, they forgot that for more than a quarter of a century the Y. M. C. A. had been doing unmolested its utmost to wean the young men, not only from their home parishes, but from their faith. In spite of all this opposition, though, the "Friars" live and are flourishing and will continue to combat the forces of the Y. M. C. A. and endeavor to shield from the pernicious influence of this Association the coming generation of Catholic men.

It is a crying outrage that such an arraignment as this should be possible, especially in view of the fact that we Catholics are so firmly established in these United States. It is a severe indictment of the sixteen millions of which we are so justly proud, that we can not meet this most serious problem, so simple of solution, yet affecting so vitally the future generation of Catholic men. Let us hope that good may come of this controversy and that the evil may be remedied. In the mean time we shall continue our humble efforts in patience and find what solace we can in saying, "But we number sixteen millions and that is consoling."

Cincinnati. ALFRED T. GEISLER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My candid opinion is that Leo McCloskey has so far fallen a victim to the Y. M. C. A. plan of campaign as to become one of the many, who, it seems, have received some inducement from the hands of that organization to propagate its disguised but Protestant doctrines. I say Protestant, for the Y. M. C. A. has proved without a doubt that its aim is Protestant. It not only admits Protestant young men, but it offers its advantages to Catholic youths if they but submit to its rules and gradually to its beliefs; otherwise they are not wanted, and they are soon made to feel the chill of an unwelcome guest.

Mr. McCloskey states that he derives from the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium great physical benefits, but one can read between the lines of his statement that, as a Catholic, he has weakened if not entirely destroyed his proper attitude of mind towards things Catholic. The Y. M. C. A.'s marvelous equipment of pools and gymnasia play the right hand's part in alluring youths to its doors. They first work upon the human elements of the man by pleasing the senses and gratifying innocent pleasures, and then play upon the inner man who, overcome by the worldly gifts offered, forgets duty.

I know whereof I speak. In one large city, inducements of every kind are offered to draw the young men into the Association. Y. M. C. A. schemes are many: it proposes to the athletic youth special rates for the six months of summer; it opens night schools for the studious youth; it has a summer camp for the pleasure seeker; talks, whose under-current is religion, on Sunday afternoons by men of position. Announcements of these are posted on small billboards near street corners under an alluring headline; these are for the young men who have no place to go on Sundays.

In a large department store a Y. M. C. A. clerk distributes on Saturday afternoons, during the winter months, small cards to the male clerks, inviting them to these Sunday lectures. In one office a Catholic youth was called from his duties three different times by Y. M. C. A. agents offering him all the advantages of that organization if he would cast his lot with them at the low rates then current.

I do not wonder at McCloskey's step, but I do wonder exceedingly on what grounds of Catholic principle he stands when he insists, with seeming pleasure, that he sees no harm in the Y. M. C. A. Surely his Jesuit education has produced a broader sense of duty than that which he manifests. However, let us not despair, but rather pray that as the prodigal son he may see his error and regain in a stronger degree his Catholic faith so that he may make amends by his actions for the scandal he has caused by his words.

Prairie Du Chien. M. T. LAMBILLATTE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A great deal has been said in AMERICA lately about that "Protestant Swimming Pool," not more than one per cent. of which is directly to the point. The Church does not forbid her children to take baths at swimming pools in connection with Protestant church denominations any more than she forbids them to get shaved in barber shops owned and run by Protestants or Free Masons. So long as there is no proximate danger of loss of faith, she does not even forbid her younger children to be educated in the public schools. This is a matter to be left to the confessor. This puts the Protestant church swimming pool and the public school on a par. The question is thus reduced to the question of atmosphere, which is undoubtedly very dangerous to the Faith. It should be carefully avoided as far as possible, and must be avoided where the danger is proximate. During my ministry I have met with a great many of both types of the young man who are taking different sides in the controversy; and while it has always seemed to me a pity that we Catholics can not get our lawful share in the natural good things enjoyed by non-Catholics, and our share of the fruit of our taxes, nevertheless, the longer I live and observe, the more I see the baneful effect of a non-Catholic, and even in many cases, a non-Christian atmosphere.

St. James, Minn. JAMES DURWARD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Being a reader of your review I have become deeply interested in your discussion of the standing of the Y. M. C. A. in regard to Catholics. Mr. McCloskey's article has a point that every young Catholic man should see. He clearly shows the method of dragging Catholics into such a society by means of a swimming pool to wash off their religion in order that they may become members of such a society.

However, I agree with Mr. McCloskey when he states that there is no inducement in our present Catholic societies which will give a young man a chance to enjoy a summer-winter swim, but he should remember that the K. of C. is not an athletic society nor are some of the others he mentioned in his communication to AMERICA. The time is now ripe for the starting of such a society which will cause Catholics to forget that there is such a thing as the Y. M. C. A. in existence. I am one who has always taken part in athletic work, having been a college baseball and football player, but I would rather do without exercise than join the Y. M. C. A. I like to engage in sports as well as Mr. McCloskey, but I think he does not see the dangerous side of the Association, as it is not so polished as the other side. Many Catholics have joined the Y. M. C. A. in the same way

as Mr. McCloskey and would be the first ones to welcome an athletic society throughout the United States among Catholics if a national movement were inaugurated.

Let all Catholics think this over and start the ball rolling for a Roman Catholic Athletic Association.

Hartford. T. J. DELAINE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for April 24 there is an article written by one K. More, in which he says he is forced to defend the Y. M. C. A. on account of the very poor arguments against it. In the very beginning of his article he says, "I hesitate to appear as a devil's advocate." Does Mr. More really know what this sentence means? Does he really intend to defend one against whom the Church has prayed, against whom the Catholic Church has always prayed? It may be that Mr. More thinks the faith of those who frequent the Y. M. C. A. is perfectly safe. To the present time this has not been proved. On the contrary it has been shown many times that the Catholic young man who frequents the Y. M. C. A. has placed himself in a very dangerous position. Mr. More appears to think that those who attend this organization are not submitting themselves to the proximate danger of sin. Does he really know who the companions are of a Catholic young man who attends this organization? Because one person may be able to attend this place and still continue to keep his faith, surely it does not follow that all young men can do so. The one who has the faith ought to thank God earnestly for it, and pray for grace to keep it; for no one knows what temptations are in store for him. Mr. More is of the opinion that because some confessors have given their penitents permission to attend these places, every Catholic young man should have permission. Surely no one knows better than the confessor the condition of the soul of the penitent. For the one who is permitted to attend these places may be much stronger in his faith than another; no two souls are alike. Would it not be a terrible thing if the frequenting of one of these places should prove to be the means of one losing his faith and probably his soul? Mr. More does not know how many persons may read his article, and it would be a dreadful thing if through it scandal were given; for we all know what Our Lord himself said of one giving scandal.

Again Mr. More says, to study a certain thing at the Y. M. C. A. does not seem to him to be a proximate danger to one's faith. No. The studying itself is no danger; but who knows when things might arise which would be dangers and very serious and proximate ones? The immortal soul is not a thing with which to trifle; and one indeed has a great deal to answer for, who takes upon himself the responsibility of another's soul either directly or indirectly.

New York. T. A. KEANE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In view of the very enlightening letter of your Detroit correspondent, signed, "James Monaghan, S. J.," in AMERICA of May 15, which should settle absolutely the question as to the religious character of the Y. M. C. A., may we indulge the hope that both Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell will take to heart the last paragraph of that letter?

> The remedy seems to lie in the establishment of Catholic gymnasiums and reading rooms. Statistics given by the editor of the *Queen's Work* go to show that as much as one-fifth, perhaps one-fourth, of the Y. M. C. A. membership is made up of Catholics. Here is the nucleus of a splendid Catholic organization. If these young men would unite in their own defence, they could make a strong appeal to Catholic men of means, and their appeal would not be disregarded.

Will Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Farrell become the leaders in this worthy undertaking, and may we indulge the further hope that they will inform us in the near future, not only that they have tendered their own resignations to the Y. M. C. A., but have taken "the initiative in leading back a large portion of our flock to safer pastures," and have started a movement for the solid establishment of Catholic gymnasiums, where they may have all the advantages which they have relinquished, in organizations under the protecting influence of old Mother Church?

Brooklyn. ROSALIND SHIEL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The new "International Encyclopedia" is an authoritative reference work. In its articles on the Catholic Church it shows an evident intent of fairness, and in many cases the articles seem to have come from official or semi-official sources. I think we may feel the same confidence in its treatment of the Y. M. C. A. Its article on that organization opens as follows:

> Societies of young men composed of an active controlling membership identified with evangelical churches and of a more numerous associate membership not yet connected with the churches. All their work seeks to promote the physical, social, mental and spiritual welfare of their members.

In that significant little word "yet," and in the statement that *all* their work has a religious purpose, may be found sufficient reason why no conscientious Catholic can justify his membership in what is for others a very useful organization.

Boston. FOSTER STEARNS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wonder how many of your correspondents who denounce the Y. M. C. A. have ever been members of that organization? I joined the Y. M. C. A. three years ago. Unlike many other club houses, it does not sell intoxicants; unlike many Catholic lyceums, its members are not forced to recreate in dirty, ill-ventilated basements. For three years I was proud to associate with Y. M. C. A. men and glad to join in their sports and social life. In that time not once did the slightest evidence of proselyting come to my notice.

However, I am no longer a member, because by membership I would be supporting a non-Catholic institution: in itself wrong.

Of course I lost much of my self-respect as a Catholic when I entered a Y. M. C. A. building. Invariably I felt ashamed when I realized that our Church, with all its opportunities, had done nothing that approached the Y. M. C. A., and was making no effort to supply the deficiency.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JOHN D. FLYNN.

[This controversy is now closed.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Anglican Terminology

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Just now my Anglican friends who are at all interested in religious matters are talking about the old six points and the new six points. Can you tell me what these terms mean?

New York. A. L. K.

[The old "six points" were: (1) The "Eastern Position," which means that the minister should stand at the center of the communion table, back to the people, and not at the north end. (2) Two lighted candles should be on the table at communion time. (3) The minister should wear the chasuble, etc. (4) Water should be mixed with the wine in the chalice. (5) Unleavened bread should be used for communion instead of leavened bread. (6) Incense should be offered during the service. The new "six points" are: (1) The reservation of the blessed sacrament (*sic*) for the purpose of adoration. (2) Restoration of devotions to Our Lady, with the intention of teaching "dogmatic truths" about her. (3) The privilege of using Latin in the Mass (*sic*) instead of English (4) The restoration of contemplative Orders. (5) A celibate clergy. (6) A restatement of relations to the Holy See.—Editor AMERICA.]

AMERICA

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Food for Thought

THE following amendments introduced into the New York State constitutional assembly offer food for thought:

The Delegates of the People of the State of New York, in Convention assembled, do propose as follows:

Section 1. *Education of the children of this state shall be forever a function of this state and under the control of the state, and* [T]the legislature shall provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein all the children of this state may be educated.

The Delegates of the People of the State of New York, in Convention assembled, do propose as follows:

ARTICLE III.

Section —. No tax exemption on real estate shall be granted to any church, society, or school under church direction or ownership, nor to any cemetery association, or public or private institution of any character not owned by the federal, state, county or municipal government, but all such property shall be taxed proportionately to its assessed valuation, the said tax to be applied to the general fund of the city, county or state, by which it is levied. The legislature shall enact such statutes as are necessary for the enforcement of the foregoing provisions.

Both these documents give rise to many questions. Some of the most pertinent of these are: Is New York State to take precedence of parents in the matter of education of children? Are the properties of societies not under church direction or ownership, such as Masonic temples and Odd Fellows halls, to be exempt from taxation, while the homes of the Little Sisters of the Poor who gather in cast off old men and women from the highways and byways, and support them until death, without pecuniary assistance or aid of any kind from the State, are penalized by taxation for conferring a moral and material benefit on the aforesaid State? These and many other questions are worthy of consideration. For, after all, to prevent a great State from erecting a monument to injustice is an act of mercy.

American "Punch"

THAT widely admired American quality for which we have no name but the slang word "punch" is thus described by a writer in the New York *Nation:*

It is a quality which can be known truly only by its works, and they are mighty and innumerable. It is the ability to achieve the end without the means, the whole without the parts. It makes railways without money, churches without religion, literature without art, newspapers without news, and educational institutions without educated men.

Well said. So "punch" translated into the concrete would seem to give us "Mergers," "Billy-Sundayism," "Best Sellers," "Yellow Journalism" and "Carnegie Foundations." But this highly desirable quality of punch which all wide-awake Americans are now expected to impart to everything they do, say or think, is not easy of attainment. Though all strive for it, comparatively few are successful in the quest. Instances innumerable, therefore, of plays without plot, verses without meter, pictures without meaning, songs without sense, dances without grace, fashions without modesty, music without beauty, diction without taste, jests without point, language without refinement, and thought without order, are met with at every turn on the highways and byways of modern life. This only indicates how often the punch has failed to be achieved.

It is in the field of education, however, that a passion for the punch works the greatest havoc. To be able to read, write and cipher well, used to be considered a very ordinary accomplishment in a child finishing the eighth grade of the grammar school. But nowadays the public schools are devoting so much time to showy branches like basket-making, clay-molding, folk-dancing, "nature study" and what-not: branches that may be said to "have the punch," that boys and girls have neither time nor inclination for mastering even the highly useful, but quite punchless gift of spelling correctly. So when these children, diploma in hand, find work in commercial houses where there are no baskets to make, no movements to dance, and no birds to distinguish from flowers, employers soon begin writing to the papers cruel and cynical letters about the defects of our public school system, letters which seldom lack, indeed, the striking quality of punch.

Bibles Here and There

THE American Bible Society has just published its annual report: The work achieved is marvelous: 6,370,465 copies of the Scriptures were scattered broadcast over the earth. This is an increase of 1,119,289 volumes over last year, so that now after almost a century of existence, the society has distributed 108,890,356 bibles. The books have gone to Mexico and Central America and South America, to all parts of Europe, to China, Japan and the Philippines and to most other parts

of the earth. The people to whom the volume is sold or given are exhorted to read it prayerfully, for it is the word of God and contains salvation for the many. This is one side of the shield: the other side is not so bright: on it is written the sad and ominous fact that some few years since there were but two prominent ministers in one of our largest cities who believed that the Bible was the inspired word of God. Here the Bible is a human book, replete with errors; then it is a divine book, man's only hope. Thus the temple is erected with the left hand and pulled down with the right, and confusion worse confounded gradually replaces the peace and light that come from the reading of the true Scriptures, under the proper guidances. Some day Japanese and Chinese, and others too, hearing the discordant sounds from out this Babylon will realize that altars are toppling and shrines crashing down, and smiling complacently they will conclude that "paganism is not so bad after all." Figs can not be gathered from thorns nor grapes from thistles.

Freemen of the Universe

"GOD has made you one of the freemen of the universe. How could I forge shackles for you?" This is a quotation taken from one of the clever modern stories. In this particular case the freedom advocated is not reprehensible, but it is an example of the growing use of a good word, that of late has been getting into bad repute. It is the old story of evil associations. Freedom, it is needless to remark, is of itself irreproachable. But the new freedom, the larger freedom, the freedom that opens the door to life, has connotations that are by no means blameless. Freedom as the term is used to-day has ceased to be unequivocal, and in this there is a danger and a snare.

A new race of prophets is preaching to a delighted world the ancient message of the worldling, which, if not frankly pagan, is really pagan at the core. Only the veneer is Christian, and even this is gradually being worn away. The new preachers do not ascend the pulpit in dim-lighted churches, nor stand within the sanctuary near the steps that lead to the altar. Their lesson is given in a subtler way. They preach vicariously. They employ the glamor of the daring stage, and the enchantment of the "problem novel"; and so cleverly is their poison concealed by the charm of the characters whom they make their spokesmen, that there is danger of even the elect being deceived.

We can not take our principles from such men. Of them St. John said in his day: "They are of the world; therefore of the world they speak. And the world heareth them." But we must not hear them. Our teacher is "the Spirit of Truth, whom the world can not receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him." "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He will teach you all things." Here is our teacher. He speaks to us through the Church. Woe, therefore, to those who consider and call the Church old-fashioned, strait-laced, out of touch with the times! They are speaking the language of the world and its votaries, they have not the Spirit of Truth. "Knowledge will make you free. Taste and eat of the forbidden fruit." Thus the plea for false freedom has come from the garden of Eden. Unfortunately many do taste and eat, and knowledge of sin does give them freedom, but it is the freedom that leads to death. Not freedom from the laws of God, not freedom from restraint of passion, not freedom from the teaching of the Beatitudes, makes men free. Such freedom, in spite of its lure, is only bondage. The only freedom that breaks our fetters, is the freedom of the sons of God.

The Ladies Wept

QUITE recently a sometime United States senator from Utah gave a lecture on Mormonism—and the ladies present wept. So the report runs: and it is to be hoped that the report is true. It is fitting that ladies should weep over a system which degrades women in an unspeakable fashion. This Mormonism does: it is a blot on our civilization, a wretched thing more worthy of the bush than a Christian country. But after all, bad as it is, in certain respects at least, it is no worse than divorce as practised in America. Mormonism respects certain fundamental rights which divorce flouts in a dastardly fashion. Mormon men care for their wives and children. Mormon mothers do not desert their offspring for the sake of a scoundrel who has cast off his wife as if she were an outworn chattel. Mormonism and divorce with remarriage are both repulsive and dangerous to the State, but the latter is probably more dangerous than the former. Some kind of a society can be built up on Mormonism; unlimited divorce tends to eat the heart out of every society. The uncontrolled whim and passion which breaks up the family, the unit of society, with little or no hindrance, tends to do far more harm than the sordid passion which is so curbed that it does not blind a man either to the need of some kind of stable family life, or to the recognition of certain rights of the "plural wives" and their progeny. Well-placed tears are good: especially when the emotion which prompts them becomes the mainspring of reasonable action. Is there no sometime senator able to make the ladies weep over divorce and then take action on divorce? He would be a benefactor of our country.

What Are Curmudgeons?

SCIENTISTS have some difficulty about the proper classification of the curmudgeon. Those who say it is a marsupial and to be classed with the wombats, the kangaroos and the bandicoots, point triumphantly to the purse which every curmudgeon carries close to the heart, and mention the fact that marsupials belong to the

lowest existing mammals, down into which they have no hesitation in dropping the curmudgeon. On the other hand scientists equally competent put the curmudgeon with the turtles, and assert that they have close kinship with the snapping variety. To establish their views those zoologists bring forward the curmudgeons' well-known proclivities for pouncing swiftly on their prey and then instantly closing up tight beneath a hard, impenetrable shell. Like the turtle, too, the curmudgeons, as observers have not failed to note, hide their eggs in banks, but strangely enough no one has seen any eggs of the curmudgeon hatch out. Curmudgeon's eggs are like cold-storage eggs, no doubt; intended to increase one's capital, not one's chickens.

Because of this uncertainty in scientific circles, a further study of the curmudgeon's habits and habitat seems desirable at this time. The creature has long been known to the world. The most noticeable peculiarity of the curmudgeon is the propensity to hoard. Other animals store away for a rainy day. With the curmudgeon every day is a rainy day, and there is never a stop to hoarding. The hoard is never lessened by consumption. The only pleasure the curmudgeon seems to take in what is stored up is to look at it and feel it. A special delight is shown for green paper with odds and ends of silk thread in it. The rustle of these rectangular papers and perhaps too, the pictures on them give intense delight to the curmudgeons. They also love the sight and clink of gold and silver coin. Some of these habits would denote that curmudgeons are an evolution of the bird family, some of whom like to line their nests well with showy comforts. Other habits, however, denote some kinship with the boa-constrictor, whose veracious appetite survives in the curmudgeons.

The curmudgeons avoid bright, joyous places, but love banks where they are often seen retiring into dark, mysterious recesses, hiding away their hoards. It is easier to get a bone from the jaws of a bull-dog than to induce curmudgeons to let go of anything they have picked up. They make a bone look like a billiard-ball, so clean do they scrape it. They are said to draw blood from a stone. At all events, it is a well-authenticated fact that they are skinflints, and any stones near the curmudgeons have no necessity to roll in order to lose their green moss. The curmudgeons will see to that. Outstretched hands elicit deep growls from them, and orphans and widows are a special abomination, driving the curmudgeons into frenzied apprehension for their hoards, which occasionally in the lone history of their race have been known to melt before the tears of the poor and outcast.

Young curmudgeons offer interesting fields for study. They are usually male and very hard to tame. It was a young curmudgeon's mother who begged her offspring, "Be polite, now Johnny, and give your sister the larger piece of cake." "Ah, let her be polite," growled the young curmudgeon. Another when requested to give his sister the lion's share of the bananas, made a curmudgeonly answer, "Lions don't eat bananas," and his sister got the lion's share.

Are there any church curmudgeons? Everybody knows there are church mice and they are a poor set. The church curmudgeons are almost extinct. They have to practise what is called in the animal kingdom, protective mimicry, putting on a mask which causes them to merge into their surroundings and elude detection. They must pretend to be poor. It was the first church curmudgeon who growled out, "This might have been sold and given to the poor." He was a marsupial, a bearer of the purse.

LITERATURE

Dante's Six Hundred and Fiftieth Birthday

SOMETIME during this month of May, 1915, we are not quite certain when, occurs the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Dante, who was born in 1265. There have been periods during those years, though never for long, when the great Tuscan poet was neglected. There was a time in the eighteenth century when the literary authorities of Europe even affected to contemn him. This was due to the fact that the precious eighteenth century had lost touch with the realities of life and was weaving fine-spun theories for itself as to the significance of human existence. But for the most part Dante's fame has been so constantly growing all over the world that he is now acknowledged to be probably the greatest poet that ever lived. Homer and Shakespere are the only men that are mentioned quite in the same breath with him and it is felt that these three immortals are far ahead of any poets that may be placed second to them. If a plebiscite of the great literary men and critics of the last one hundred years were taken in every country in the world, Dante would undoubtedly have the majority of votes for supremacy as a poet.

Dante greatly dared to write his sublime epic not merely about man as we know him in this world, but also as poetic fancy illuminating faith might picture him in the world to come. In this matter it is easy to understand how near the sublime is to the ridiculous, and that Dante has succeeded in always keeping his immortal poem on the plane of the highest sublimity, even while venturing very close to the edge of the inevitably ridiculous, is the best possible demonstration of his genius. It is because of their appreciation of this marvelous intellectual power that in recent years the keenest critics in every land have greeted this medieval poet as the greatest seer that the world has known, and have recognized in him a man of the most penetrating vision regarding the meaning of human life and gifted with a wonderful power of expressing his vision in absolutely explicit and intelligible ways.

In spite of this universal harmony of critical judgment, to most people Dante, it must be confessed, is little more than a name, and to not a few he is but the shadow of a name. A great many even of those who do considerable reading and think themselves quite well informed, could tell scarcely anything about Dante's times and nothing about his poem except that it had some gruesome details regarding the torments inflicted on the sinners in hell. It is a matter of common knowledge that most of those who, tempted by the poet's great reputation, have ventured to dip into his book, have not as a rule been much impressed by what they found there, and often have returned from their little literary excursion confessing that Dante is utterly beyond them. Needless to say, however, "The Divine Comedy" is not a work to open for light reading, or for the purpose of learning, in an hour or two of leisure, a good deal about the author. Only prolonged and serious study rewards the Dante lover with the

supreme satisfaction of sympathy with one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. Dante is well worth while, but the reader must pay the price. Dante fulfils to an eminent degree that well-known definition of a classic: "A book that every one praises but no one reads." It is to the quality and not to the quantity of his audience that Dante owes his place in the world of letters. So much is heard nowadays of "best sellers" and "most read books," it should be owned that Dante was never a "best seller." He has been brought out, however, in more editions than any poet that ever lived, and far from being the "most read" he is perhaps a "least read" author. But what readers he has!

"The average man" is doubtless inclined to think that Dante has become a sort of tradition among the "high brows," but that he by no means possesses the human and universal interest which certain perfervid admirers of his proclaim they find in him. Many of those who praise Dante are believed to affect their admiration for him. To be among the Danteists is considered a high distinction. The general public's attitude of mind toward enthusiastic Dante students is like that non-musical people have toward music lovers. They conclude that this enthusiasm over music can not be genuine since *they* do not feel it, and likewise those who have read a few lines or a few pages of Dante but have then laid down the book with a keen sense of dissatisfaction because of their failure to find him interesting, infer that the admiration of others for the poet is misplaced, whereas the fault is really in themselves.

Here in America even those who read a great deal are likely to feel that Dante, in his political philosophy, in his practical point of view, in his sense of life's significance and in his concern for the trivial doings of his little Florentine Republic, is so "out of date" that his writings can have little interest for us. They think that a man living in Dante's narrow environment could not have had the opportunity for such profound experience of life, and such deep knowledge of mankind as would make him a real immortal in literature. They feel further that the mass of information, historical, political, social and educational, required to understand Dante properly, makes it impossible for a modern twentieth century person to be much interested in Dante. But the most eminent literary men of the last two generations have exhausted the vocabulary of panegyric in speaking of him. Poets, critics, historians, churchmen, philosophers and statesmen have for years devoted many hours to the study of Dante, and some of them have published their opinions of his work. Each finds new beauties and new points of view. Dante proves to have a message for them all and to give each reader a new insight into the meaning of some phase of life.

An American poet, Henry W. Longfellow set himself the task of writing a translation of "The Divine Comedy" and spent many years at the work. In order to help him a group of men used to meet, discuss passages with him, offer suggestions and bring their store of erudition to his aid. Thus simply was the Dante Club of Cambridge organized. Even before this, however, there had been a definite exhibition of interest in Dante by Americans. The earliest translation into English of the "Vita Nuova" under the title of "The Early Life of Dante Alighieri" was made in 1846 by Mr. J. Garrow, an American, and some twenty years later Charles Eliot Norton brought out his version of the same book.

The most discerning American appreciation of Dante, however, comes from one of our leading critics, James Russell Lowell. His essay on Dante, as published in the first volume of "Among My Books," is a fine piece of literary criticism. After years of sympathetic study, prolonged meditations and frequent recurrence to his author in varying moods, and after the experiences of long periods, passed in different posts of responsibility in various parts of the world, Lowell succeeded in writing an essay that is itself probably destined to live for ever.

Dante will doubtless continue to be, so far as the great mass of mankind is concerned, "a book that everyone praises but no one reads," but that will not dim the luster of the genius of this great man. Perhaps the celebration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth may bring to him a new sheaf of readers and true lovers, and thus there will be added to the world of our time another band of men and women who enjoy a source of satisfaction in life and a poignant stimulus to thought which are denied to most people. Dante is really the touchstone of literary and artistic criticism at any time in the world's history. Whenever Italy has neglected Dante, or for a time thought little of him, her art and her literature have degenerated. The awakening of an interst in Dante anywhere in the world is the sign of a new efflorescence of art and literature among the people. He is Literature's proudest boast. He is one of the few men whose work no one with even the slightest pretensions to scholarship and literary culture can possibly ignore.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

REVIEWS

Thomas Addis Emmet and Robert Emmet. Two Volumes. By THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Emmet Press. $10.00.

The distinguished author modestly calls these massive volumes of some 1,300 octave pages a memoir; they are rather the thrilling and for the first time finished story of the illustrious Emmet brothers, of their character, writings, achievements and family traditions, their relations with the events, States, statesmen and celebrities of two continents in the period they illustrated, their understanding of the conditions and principles of Irish liberty, and the influence they have continued to exercise on the centuried struggle to which both consecrated their energies and fortunes and one of them sacrificed his life. The younger brother's dying speech has struck a chord in the heart of the world and kept the memory of both alive; but had that elegy been never uttered, his nobility of character, the magnetism of his influence and the solidity as well as brilliancy of his genius would challenge the admiration of men; and had the '98 revolution succeeded, Thomas Addis Emmet, who was its brains and its pen, who rejected high office in his own country and won it in ours, would have ranked among the ablest and worthiest of the liberators of nations. Their writings and deeds and unselfish aims, the historical and romantic interest interwoven with their lives, and the rare distinction that no blemish, public or private, ever attached to either, demanded an adequate biography. It is fortunate for literature and history that at last they have found it.

Dr. Emmet inherited the versatility and Irish sympathies of his family. Distinguished in his own profession by medical works of international repute, he found time and energy for laborious original research into Ireland's history and especially the not inconsiderable part of it which his family had made. His "Incidents of My Life," published in 1911, evidence not only a vivid interest in all the affairs of humanity and a marvelous memory stretching over a period of sixty years, but also the gift of weaving fact, incident and anecdote into an historic and entertaining narrative. His two volumes, "Ireland under English Rule," the result of indefatigable research and now considered a standard authority, provided the background, and his previous memoir of "The Emmet Family" supplied the details of the present work, which is the consummate epitome of a life-long labor of love.

The first volume, having traced the Emmet genealogy, and particularly the Tipperary progenitors of the patriots, who, it appears, had a good sprinkling of Gaelic blood and spoke Gaelic in their daily intercourse as well as Latin and French,

presents the career of Thomas Addis Emmet in Ireland and America. A lawyer by profession and sharing with every member of his family his father's brilliant gifts and purity of patriotic endeavor, he rejected, in his twenty-ninth year, the Solicitor-Generalship of Ireland, by which Pitt and Castlereagh would buy off his opposition, and having labored in vain for Irish and Catholic rights through parliamentary reform, reached the conviction, which later experience confirmed, that Ireland's salvation lay in complete independence from England. Like his brother, he had no illusion about the danger of French cooperation. His writings, which are perhaps the most valuable portion of the work, show him an able organizer, and a cool, logical, well-informed thinker.

The second volume throws many a new light on Robert Emmet, heightening the general conception of him as the ideal patriot, and revealing that from friend and foe he received the tribute paid by Anthony to Brutus, and deserved it better. His writings, like those of his father, brothers and sisters in these volumes, are of high merit and exclusively devoted to Ireland. The song, "Erin's Call," written in his twelfth year, might well serve as her anthem now. The impression one gathers from contemporary records and correspondence, state documents and descriptive matter is summed up in the estimate of Rev. Dr. Douglas, a schoolmate: "So gifted a creature does not appear in a thousand years. The whole family were distinguished for talent of the highest order." The interest is not confined to the Emmets. Pitt, Castlereagh, Napoleon, Sarah Curran and that loftier heroine, Anne Devlin, American politics of a hundred years ago, England's dealings with Ireland and countless incidental facts and personages pass in review, illuminated by many details of striking interest from unknown or forgotten records. Emmet's speech, accepted from Dr. Madden's compilation, does not appear as genuine as the usual version.

Dr. Emmet's introduction is a valuable contribution to the philosophy of Irish history, supplementing T. A. Emmet's remarkable review, and the "aphorisms" scattered through the volumes summarize the views of nearly every competent authority. The bibliography is complete, as is the index to each volume, which, with the general setting, is the work of Miss B. M. Kelly, who prepared the index volume of the "Catholic Encyclopedia." Over one hundred artistic illustrations, judiciously selected and sumptuously produced, complete a work of monumental value to the students and writers of Irish history, and of an interest transcending romance.

M. K.

The California Padres and Their Missions. By CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS and J. SMEATON CHASE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

This work excites mingled feelings in the Catholic reader. Its authors are to be praised greatly for their sympathy with the Padres and the neophytes, and for the respect with which they treat our holy religion. They have taken the measure of such writers as Bancroft, and have learned to rely upon Fr. Zephyrin Englehardt and men of his stamp. One will not find here any fables of the Padres' avarice, of their brutality to converts, of their wealth secretly conveyed to Mexico, such as we have had to blame in other books on the subject. On the contrary our authors take occasion, when it offers itself, to show the absurdity of such tales.

Now for the other side. Like all Protestants who have fallen under the spell, the authors have enveloped the California Missions with a romance having no foundation in reality. This is seen especially in the stories they have interwoven with their history. These, of course, are the fruit of the writers' imagination, and in many of them a Catholic will detect at once the false note. Two or three times the Catholic Church is taken roundly to task for not having cared for the Missions according to the ideas of the Landmarks Club. But this is the way of the world. First, rob the Church of nearly all her possessions, and then rail at her because the little left is in ruins; first tie her hand and foot, and then rebuke gravely her inactivity. We notice also one or two references to a freedom of manners in a couple of friars, on the authority of such persons as Vallejo and Alvarado. Since elsewhere the authors give a fair notion of such characters, they would have been more consistent had they sought better testimony in that matter.

We are glad to say that this book is the work of gentlemen. If Catholics will find it somewhat unreal, if here and there it may ruffle their feelings just a little, they will never see in it any deliberate misrepresentation, still less anything that could be construed by the touchiest of minds as offensive. Its Spanish and Latin are not above reproach. There was a time when publishers of any name held it a reflection upon themselves if any book issuing from their press was not faultless in such matters, but that time seems to have passed. On one thing we must congratulate the authors absolutely. We read: "Welcome, then, Fray Luis Antonio Martinez, of San Luis Obispo, Fray Luis of that ilk, as one may call thee," from which we gather with pleasure that they are among the few living to-day who understand the meaning of the much-abused phrase, "of that ilk." We need no other proof that they are not only gentlemen, but also scholars, and for that almost singular virtue we overlook their venial faults in the matter of Spanish and Latin.

H. W.

The Solitaries of the Sambuca. By DANIEL MAULDSLEY. With a Prefatory Note by MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

A Cloistered Romance. By FLORENCE OLMSTEAD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Whatever Mr. Carmichael writes, whether his subject be old paintings, old towns, old tapestries, or the old spirit of religion in its modern manifestations, is sure to be an artistic delight. Mr. Carmichael, we think, has practised at least some of the sixteen ways, lately explained in AMERICA by Prior M'Nabb, of getting at the medieval mind. But he knows the modern mind quite as well, with its adaptability to take on medieval forms of sanctity which, after all, are medieval only because a great many medieval persons exhibited them very perfectly and very winningly. Essentially they are Catholic, both in origin and in their fitness for all men and all times. Those who remember Mr. Carmichael's "Life of John William Walshe" need not be told that to seek the name of Daniel Mauldsley in any extant "Who's Who" would be a fruitless task. But with the aid of Montgomery Carmichael, whose bodying forth he may be held to be, he writes like a very real person, and the biography of Paul Casauban, which he produces, is a charming and much-needed explanation of the spirit and purpose of the contemplative life. It would be too much to expect that the vast amount of quaint and sometimes exceedingly amusing monastic erudition which one finds in this volume should be wholly free from error. The statement, for instance, that "subjects of all Religious Orders, whether Monastic or Mendicant, have the right secured to them by Papal privilege of quitting their Order and entering a Camaldolese Hermit's cell" is not true of the Society of Jesus, nor, perhaps, of other religious Orders. Nor will all agree with Paul Casauban's contention, that to advance all choir-monks to the priesthood is a "weakness of modern monasticism." It is true that this was not contemplated in the original rule of St. Benedict, but it must be remembered that this innovation is not precisely modern, and that, gradually introduced by competent authority, it has contributed to the remarkable spread of monasticism, and has been of

immense advantage to the Church. These, however, are but blemishes, in no way affecting Mr. Mauldsley's thesis.

Instead of solitaries, hermits and friars—and if you wish to know the distinction between the three, consult Mr. Carmichael's book—the main figures in Miss Olmstead's volume are nuns and their charges, the inmates of a home for the aged. Miss Olmstead does not conceal her admiration for the self-sacrifice of these religious women, but as she lacks all real insight into the meaning of the religious life, her nuns are mere puppets. Mike, Mr. Samuel, Mr. Cashdollar and the convent Bucephalus are capitally drawn, and while Mary, an inmate of the home, is most unpleasantly real, Alethea, the beautiful heroine, and Paget, the hero, are rather dull and of a familiar type. It is to be regretted that Miss Olmstead has spoiled a good story by dragging in the "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart" variety of nun, and the Mother Superioress, ever loved of fiction writers, who, when not playing the tyrant over the Sisters, is playing the fool by meddling with affairs which do not concern her.

P. L. B.

Chaucer and His Poetry. Lectures delivered in 1914 on the Percy Trumbull Memorial Foundation in Johns Hopkins University. By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

The College Chaucer. With Introduction, Notes and Glossary by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

Here is a volume containing six charming essays on Chaucer, his times, and four of his principal works. In the opening essay particularly we have a good illustration of the saner and more sympathetic view that is coming to be held regarding the Middle Ages. Chaucer himself has never lacked sympathetic readers and critics, still his works, particularly the "Canterbury Tales," have suffered at the hands of those who saw in them texts on which to preach their own distorted views of their medieval ancestors and especially of the medieval Church. Ever since the early Reformers in England thought they saw in Chaucer a willing and conscious ally of Wyclif, almost every commentator from Speght to Skeat has thought it his duty to depict Chaucer as the satirist of his Church, appending hostile if not outrageous notes lest any reader should miss the argument. It is therefore gratifying to find in Mr. Kittredge, whose other works show scholarship combined with great breadth of sympathy, a more intelligent grasp not only of the times of Chaucer, but of the very idea of his masterpiece, the "Canterbury Tales." In his interpretation, as just as it is ingenious, Chaucer no longer appears as the rabid satirist, or even the mere story-teller depicting the life, the types he saw around him, but rather as the consummate dramatic artist painting, in a wonderful "human comedy," characters true indeed to life—else he were no true artist—yet not necessarily typical of the times, but, like Shakespere's men and women, universally true, and therefore no longer a theme of pious disquisitions on medieval iniquity. The more literary and less historical essays of the volume, though narrower in their interest, manifest the same high ideal of the author's scholarship.

In the ordinary Chaucer for school and college use, so much space and attention are devoted to the editor's notes and critical apparatus that but a small portion of the text can be given. So the student can see but little Chaucer owing to the profusion of editorial comment. In his "College Chaucer" Professor MacCracken aims at giving the maximum amount of Chaucer that can be contained in a handy volume, and that, too, in the spelling of the original MSS. and not as revised to fit the ideas of what modern scholars think the medieval orthographist should consistently have written. The notes are extremely brief but excellent and the glossary is sufficiently full.

J. F. X. M.

A Historical Introduction to Ethics. By THOMAS VERNER MOORE, Ph.D., Instructor in Psychology at the Catholic University of America, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. THOMAS JOSEPH SHAHAN, S.T.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America. New York: American Book Co. $0.80.

In this little volume we have a product of the modern spirit of specialization in its latest development. For Dr. Moore's book is neither a history of ethics nor a text-book of ethics, but is intended to "clear a path of approach" and present a preliminary survey of the most important of the philosophical disciplines. Such an introduction will surely prove of great value to the investigator who hopes to treat adequately the basic problem of ethics; the determination of a norm of morality. It will give him a propitious start in his search for ultimate moral truth not only by acquainting him with those fundamental truths regarding the nature and destiny of man which are styled the "preambles," "the postulates" or "the presumption" of ethics, but also by familiarizing him with the various solutions, proposed by ancient and modern thinkers, to these and kindred questions. For this purpose, Dr. Moore has divided his presentation into three parts: "The Ethics of Conditionate Morality," "The Ethics of Absolute Morality" and "Criticism of Moral Systems." In the first two parts the systems of such philosophers as Epicurus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Rousseau, Bentham, St. Thomas, Mill, Adam Smith, Spencer and others are concisely explained and analyzed, a short life of the philosopher being appended in each instance. In his choice, the author had, necessarily, to be selective; types consequently are chosen, and the systems are presented impartially and accurately, frequently in the moralist's own words. Dr. Moore is laudably objective in this portion of his work; criticism is not interwoven with the exposition, but is reserved for special treatment in part three. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle are well depicted in their true relation to St. Thomas as the successive beacon-lights of paganism, heralding the dawn of Christian morality.

One might have welcomed in this volume some specific reference to the more pronounced misconceptions of life's meaning that are holding the public ear to-day and for a day; but the author doubtless intends that they are best studied in their sources, as most modern vagaries are but rediscoveries of defunct systems. Dr. Moore should be gently chidden for allowing his printer to use such small type in the footnotes.

E. A. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The general observance this month of Dante's six hundred and fiftieth birthday makes timely Dr. Walsh's paper on the great Tuscan poet, which is published in the current *Catholic Mind*. A portion of the article appears in this number of AMERICA. Father M'Nabb's delightful recipe for reaching the medieval mind follows appropriately the Dante paper, and the number ends with the striking sermon Father Patrick H. Casey, S.J., delivered last Lent, at "Old St. Joseph's," Philadelphia, on "The Catholic Working Girl."

Happily, the war has not kept the May *Month* from reaching us. The contents of the number is as follows:

"The Ethics of Prohibition," by the Editor; "A Cruce ad Crucem" (verse), by Armel O'Connor; "The Origin of the Appellant Controversy, 1598," by the Rev. J. H. Pollen; "Monsieur L'Abbé," by E. K. S.; "Archbishop Lanfranc—a Medieval Study," by the Rev. John Baptist Reeves, O.P.; "The Capitulation" (verse), by G. M. Hart; "Notes on Familiar

Prayers VII. The 'Anima Christi,'" by the Rev. Herbert Thurston; "The Saints from Without and Within," by S. E. S., and "A Village Symphony," by Mary Samuel Daniel.

The "Miscellanea" and "Topics of the Month," which follow, contain very temperate, sensible reflections on the war, prohibition, etc.

Father J. S. Ricard, S.J., who has charge of the observatory of Santa Clara University, California, has started a little monthly magazine called the *Sun Spot*. He explains in language not too learned for the layman and yet scientific enough to interest the astronomer, his ideas about sun spots and weather. There are also papers bearing on meteorology, the mathematics of the sun, general astronomy, etc. What a fearless weather seer Father Ricard is may be inferred from the answer he gave an Iowa college that asked, on April 8, whether it would be safe, from a purely meteorological point of view, to give "As You Like It" in the open air, on June 9. "You may depend on tolerably fair weather on June 9," was the response. The new periodical is ten cents a copy or one dollar a year, and should be brought to the attention of the astronomy classes in Catholic colleges.

"Under Which Flag?" (Herder, $1.00) by Edith Staniforth, is a story of the interesting period of the Bourbon restoration. The intricacies of relationship in the opening chapters present rather a tangled skein, but the clearer thread of narrative follows in the rest of the book. Against the historic background of Napoleon's first downfall, Louis XVIII's accession to the throne, and the exile's escape from Elba, are thrown romantic scenes of love and daring, in which the characters own allegiance to the changing powers.——E. Gallienne Robin's "Golden Lights" (Herder, $0.75) are those of love and faith, which the heroine of the novel strives to keep aflame amid storms of difficulties. The suspense of the story is well sustained and Anglicanism is discerningly described. The present-day part of the book brings in a Cambridge "coach" who writes books on "New Thought," an actress who figures in a divorce case, and a minister who is converted to Catholicism. Both these books deserve many readers.

"Golgotha" (The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco) is a little book containing the ten discourses on the Passion which Father Dennis J. Kavanagh, S.J., delivered at St. Ignatius' Church, in that city, last Lent. "Genuine Christian Science," says the author, is taught from the Cross, and his Ignatian contemplations of the scenes on Calvary abound in striking applications of that science's postulates to the modern world's maladies. "Golgotha" is fittingly dedicated "to the young men and young women of San Francisco who inaugurated the movement for the 'Reverent Observance of Good Friday.'"——"The Holy Eucharist in the Scriptures," "The Holy Eucharist in the Church," "Some Thoughts for Each Day During the Octave of Corpus Christi" and "Eucharistic Aspirations and Meditations on Psalm XLI" are the chapter-heads in "The Mystery of Faith" (Herder, $0.75), a little book which Father Kenelm Digby Best, the Oratorian, has written in the evening of his days. The volume will increase its readers' love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Here are five recent novels: An ardent disciple of Swedenborg, "Johnny Appleseed" (Harper's, $1.25), "half mystic, half poet," travels through the Ohio valley in the early days of immigration. His mission is to plant appleseeds in the homes of the early settlers. He is a lover of nature, but just what he learns from nature the author, Eleanor Atkinson, fails to tell us. His life is one of devotion to his fellow-men, but the story is not skilfully told: there are too many loose ends of incident and the plot is insipid.——"Getting a Wrong Start" (Macmillan, $1.00) is called the "truthful autobiography" of a writer of "best sellers." The anonymous author tells how he failed at everything he undertook until, at forty, he produced a successful novel. He means his book to be a guide and inspiration for young men, so he gives them principles like these: "In my philosophy, my wife is free to leave me when she finds a better man"; "Good normal physical health is the best of all blessings." He owns that man feels at times a longing to rest "upon Someone or Something larger than himself," so he becomes either religious or bibulous.——"Still Jim," by Honoré Willsie (Stokes, $1.35), is a story built up on the usual lines of engineering tales, so we have a number of risks to be run, a flood to be beaten back and a "toll of human lives." The novel's plot is conventional and, while the minor characters are fairly well drawn, the principal ones are weak and uninteresting.——H. G. Wells' "Bealby" (Macmillan, $1.35) is disappointing. Though liberal touches of British humor are used in telling the episodes of the first week's service of a gardener's step-son in the manor-house, the book is by no means irresistibly funny. Filled first with rebellion, then with terror of its consequences, the boy involves in his troubles the Chancellor of the realm, the other guests of a week-end at Shonts, as well as the whole household; and even the countryside has reason to remember the passing through of Bealby. What merit the book possesses is in the bits of description and sketches of English character. Unless Mr. Wells' name were on the title page, very probably we should have heard little of this book.——Meg Villars' "Betty-All-Alone" (Glode, $1.25) tells in a series of letters the deliberate fluttering of a moth who, in search of the flames of love and fortune, seeks to escape from the dull commonplace life to which her father's improvidence condemned her. The novel is not fit to read.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Baker & Taylor Co., New York:
By Right of Sword. By Leigh H. Irvine. $1.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Conduct of Life. By Viscount Haldane. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Fits and Starts. By Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. $1.00; History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. 2 Volumes. $3.50; The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. XI, Vol. XII. 1198-1216. Innocent III. $6.00; Pulpit Themes. Translation of Schoupe's Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri. By Rev. P. A. Beecher. $2.75.

James Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow:
Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVIth Century. By W. Forbes Leith, S.J. Six shillings net.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Alfred the Great. By Beatrice Adelaide Rees. $2.50.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
The God of Battles and Other Verses. By Ambrose Leo McGreevy. $1.00.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
The Greek Spirit. Phases of Its Progression in Religion, Polity, Philosophy and Art. By Kate Stephens. $1.50.

Survey Associates, Inc., New York:
The Normal Life. By Edward T. Devine. $1.00.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
New Cosmopolis. By James Huneker. $1.50; Daybreak. By Elizabeth Miller. $1.35; The Christ of the Men of Art. By J. R. Aitken. $6.00.

R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., London:
On the Papacy. A Pastoral Letter by His Eminence Cardinal Mercier. Twopence; Cardinal Mercier: His Philosophic and Pastoral Work. Sixpence.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
The College Chaucer. By Henry Noble MacCracken. $1.50; The Divine Comedy. Translated by Henry Johnson. $2.50; Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare. By Charles D. Stewart. $1.35; Yale Yesterdays. By Clarence Deming. With a Foreword by Henry Walcott Farnum. $2.25.

EDUCATION

A Disciple of McMurry

"TRUTH," said the speaker, as one bowed with the wisdom of the centuries, "truth does not exist. What is true to-day is false to-morrow." And he drank a glass of water, as twenty auditors of the fair and impressible sex sat silent as on so many peaks of Darien in the presence of this genius, new-swum into their ken. Seven of the twenty were Catholics, dark and benighted papists, enemies of the light. These, like Alice in Wonderland, thought that the eloquence might possibly mean something, but that, somehow, it was not very clear. They wondered, in short, why the learned speaker insisted with such vehemence upon the truth that truth does not exist. Truly, life is full of puzzles, and this is one of them.

HARRYING A SUPERINTENDENT

The orator was the superintendent of public instruction in a large Pennsylvania city; the audience, a score of school-teachers, sitting at his feet, powdering themselves in the dust of the wise. These ladies had been haled before the superintendent to "say their lesson," from McMurry's "How to Study," and to receive instruction on the succeeding chapter. "Haled" is a picked phrase, chosen out of many. For these ladies, with the ingratitude common to their sex and state in life, wanted none of McMurry, even though enriched with the classic comments of the superintendent. But so convinced was this pundit that in McMurry's book one might find a well of truth, pure and undefiled, that he compelled his teachers to attend these classes, although, when assembled, he told them that truth did not exist. Perhaps he would say that truth does not exist outside of McMurry's book or his own glosses upon this valuable work. At any rate, the harassed superintendent has lately addressed a remonstrance to the Board of Education, in which, despite his assertion that truth does not exist, he proposes the truth that McMurry's work is "the most widely-read pedagogical text-book in the United States." Since, however, the superintendent can not in logic claim that his assertion is true, the point of his argument is somewhat blunted.

"HOW TO STUDY"

It would seem, then, that Professor McMurry, of Columbia University, is the cause or occasion of this sadly disedifying pother. His text-book "How to Study" is a slender volume truly to raise so strong a wind of controversy, and is, indeed, except in one important section, so obvious and colorless that the disinterested spectator wonders what there is in it to quarrel about. The obvious character of its contents may be judged from the sounding title of the initial chapter: "Indications That Young People Do Not Learn to Study Properly: the Seriousness of the Evil." Few are the individuals, especially of the teaching fraternity, who need a book, or even a chapter, to stir their consciousness of this unfortunate fact. The truth gradually dawns even upon the author, for, on page five, he remarks, "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to collect proofs that young people do not learn to study," and for the next six pages he shifts the emphasis by showing that many of their teachers are in the same ill plight.

Professor McMurry does not assume the rôle of a path-finder. He is content to saunter along familiar and well-frequented paths, and his advice, pleasantly worded, on ways and means of teaching the young idea how to shoot with accuracy and dispatch will no doubt prove acceptable and profitable to scores of budding teachers. But the Professor is more at home in suggesting these familiar methods than in explaining the philosophy which underlies them.

A MUDDLED PHILOSOPHER

In common with many a modern writer on philosophy, Professor McMurry would have profited by a course in Aristotelian logic. He sadly lacks a consistent terminology. He can not define his subject, or will not, but prefers to talk about it and around it. Even after fifteen pages of discussion on the "nature of study," he fails to leave the student with a clear idea of what study is. In a text-book, these are serious faults. The critic hesitates either to reject or to approve much of what Professor McMurry writes, on the ground that, perhaps, he really does not mean what his words imply. But, after a careful study, it does not seem overstating the case, to say that no one who accepts Profesor McMurry's theories of knowledge can accept the dogma of the existence of God. This is not claiming that the author is a professor of atheism or of religious indifference. It is merely stating that his theories, so far as they can be gathered from his "How to Study," are incompatible with the acceptance of a divine revelation. Possibly the Professor is not loath to admit this indictment.

"SO-CALLED KNOWLEDGE"

Professor McMurry's theory is, briefly, that "perfect reliability is attached to very little of our knowledge. . . . Probably some things are true for all time, such, for example, as the facts of the multiplication table, propositions in geometry, and some of the laws of physics." But "even our statements of scientific law, instead of being final . . . are subject to error. . . . Our so-called knowledge ranges all the way from ideas that possess a very high degree of probability to those that are a product of faith and hope, the greater portion of them approximating the latter. . . . The highest wisdom represents only a rough approximation of the truth." "Since, therefore, so few ideas are fully reliable and unalterably fixed, a settled attitude toward them is undesirable, not only because it is opposed to utility, growth and knowledge, but because it finds no warrant in the real nature of knowledge."

TANGLED TERMS

This is wild and loose language for a philosopher. If "perfect reliability is attached to very little of our knowledge," it follows that of some knowledge perfect reliability may be predicated. But of what knowledge? We are nowhere told. It is not the multiplication table, for this is only "probably" true, and the philosopher passes the same judgment upon geometry. Yet, on the other hand, the range of "knowledge" is said to extend from "probability" to "faith and hope," and "the highest wisdom" is not truth but merely an "approximation" to truth. What, then, has become of that small field of knowledge to which, by implication, the Professor allows "perfect reliability"? To add to this Babel of ideas, we are finally informed that a "few" ideas are "fully reliable and unalterably fixed."

A teacher who expresses himself after this contradictory fashion is misnamed. Within the compass of a few pages, he teaches that no knowledge is certain and that some knowledge is certain, but nowhere does he point out the truths which we may accept. It is strongly to be suspected that the learned Professor is too modest to indicate the one undisputed and indisputable truth in all this universe. It is summed up in a counsel frequently inculcated by the Professor of Elementary Education at Columbia: "Let us preserve an open mind on all things": except, of course, on the truth of the sentiment just uttered.

TRUTH AND REVELATION

If by this welter of loosely-chosen phrases and contradictory statements, Professor McMurry means to teach that, beyond the range of those truths, settled for all time by the authority of God, it is the part of wisdom to keep one's mind open for the reception of new truths, naturally acquired by the operation of the human intellect, it can only be said that the Columbia Professor is singularly unfortunate in his mode of self-expression. Whether or not this is his position, can not be gathered with finality from the phantasmagoric ninth chapter of "How to Study," in which the author undertakes to set forth his theory of knowledge. Some truths, he admits, are "certain." Are these the truths of revelation? We are not told. But, in his public utterances, Professor McMurry has not been slow to apply his "open-mind" theory to religious belief. In his eyes, faith is not supernatural and can not be. Revelation, the certain communication of unchanging truth by an infinitely truthful Being, is a myth. Our acceptance of the existence of God, even as our acceptance of the truth of the multiplication table, is, at best, "probable," provisional, subject to unending change, as evolution brings us nearer to the goal of perfect knowledge, set on the hills that our feet shall never tread.

IRRESPONSIBLE PROPHECY

"Truth does not exist. What is true to-day is false to-morrow." This is the lesson drawn by many a half-baked superintendent of public instruction from Professor McMurry's "How to Study." Much cry and little wool, and a parlous small pennyworth of bread for so much muddy sack. The first statement refutes itself; the second is not a proof but an unfounded and irresponsible prophecy, incapable, by its very nature, of reasonable proof. But irresponsible prophecy is as easy as lying and, in the long run, equally worthless as an argument. Yet if truth does not exist, it is unreasonable to ask for valid argument.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Annual Conference of the St. Louis Catholic Charities

FOR years Catholic Charity has had the almost fatal habit of silence. Charity is so much a part of Catholic life that it was taken for granted. No one thought of talking about it, and the people who were doing the work were quite too busy to find time for playing press agent. The result, however, has been a delightful division by non-Catholic sociologists of all charity into Organized Charity and Catholic Charity; that is, when these gentlemen condescended to admit that there was such a thing as Catholic Charity. Another result is a regrettable lack of knowledge among Catholics themselves of what the Church is accomplishing in social and charitable work. But of late it has been thought well to adopt, in part at least, the "publicity program."

INVITING INSPECTION

The Annual Conference of Catholic Charities, of which the present is the fourth, is the St. Louis expression of this new attitude of publicity. Fifteen hundred friends, well-wishers and patrons, organizers and workers of thirty-five charitable institutions and societies, greeted Archbishop Glennon when he rose to open the meeting.

"Catholic charity," he said, "has nothing to hide. We not only do not resent, but we hereby invite, public inspection of our institutions by Catholics and non-Catholics alike, regardless of their faith or even of their prejudices." One wonders if the archbishop's invitation was loud enough to sound above the snarl of the presses at Aurora, Missouri.

There was an expectant stir, a sudden darkening of the auditorium, and upon the screen, in rapid succession, passed the projected pictures of some thirty buildings devoted to Catholic charity in St. Louis. As each familiar scene was flung on the curtain, a volley of applause, more thrilling than the rattle of musketry, rose in greeting. There were seven hospitals, five orphanages, seven homes for the destitute, three settlements, two hotels, with a dozen more buildings of varied character, ranging from a deaf-mute institute to the inevitable and sadly undervalued House of the Good Shepherd, each a real monument to the heroic sacrifices and a tribute to the open-handedness of the least wealthy body of Christians.

INVESTING HALF A MILLION

The institutions passing so rapidly before the eye provided for every age and every condition of destitution, from the foundling thrown helpless on the mercy of strangers to the tottering man or woman whose next step would be the grave. This is no hyperbole, but the soberest truth. Infancy is sheltered in a foundling home and three nurseries; youth grows up within the wall of Catholic orphanages; young womanhood is trained and shielded in a Catholic technical school; homeless boys, on the highroad toward manhood, learn something of the meaning of home under the protection of a Catholic priest. Independent women of small means find Catholic homes, three in number, eager to make life pleasanter for them; one Catholic hotel for workmen opens its doors yearly to six thousand guests. The outcast colored girl, the sick, the insane, the consumptive, those whose ears are shut, the woman whose place in life has been irretrievably lost, all find Catholic arms open to receive them, provided they have the passport to Catholic charity: poverty and want. Catholic settlements have grown up in the heart of St. Louis slums; Catholic men and women search the highways and byways for the blind, the maimed and those fallen among thieves. And Catholic charity closes the eyes which for the last time have looked out upon a world that had so little to make it attractive.

When the lights were flashed on again, a hasty examination of the Conference report explained in part this systematic development of St. Louis charitable institutions. Catholics of St. Louis, in the year just closing, spent in charity, independently of all investment in buildings or equipment or salaries, $536,682.38. I say it explained in part, for the additional $178,000 put down as the estimated salary due the Catholic nuns who were giving their services without recompense, no more represented the real value of their devoted sacrifice than a like sum would have been capable of securing such self-forgetfulness. The only coin in which the wonderful charity of our Catholic Sisterhoods can be reckoned is the coin current in a kingdom beyond this world.

THE CHILDREN AND THE SCHOOLS

From that moment the Conference ceased to be statistical, and became as delightfully personal as only the presence of children could make it. The curtain rose with slow solemnity, and the audience rose with sheer joy as twenty little tots, the eldest about five plus, spread their starched dresses, shook their multicolored bows and bowed a deep and unsteady bow. If the nun who had trained them to sing, with gestures, of course, about the doll with "a dreffful pain in its sawdust," had been asked whence these foundlings had come or whose they were, she probably could not have answered, unless, perhaps, with simple faith, she had said: "They come from God, and they call their Mother, Mary."

Catholic charity had snatched these innocents from everywhere and nowhere, before the black waves closed over them. And there was not a heart among us that did not bless the institution that had harbored their pitiful weakness, nor an eye but was misty at thought of what they might have been.

Catholic charity has always been interested first and foremost in the children. That fact the Rev. A. V. Garthoeffner, who brought out in his address the work of the St. Louis parochial schools, strongly accentuated. Catholics, he said, spent in this one city the annual sum of $780,000 to educate their twenty-six thousand children. So it was not surprising that, with one exception, the program represented the work done among the city's orphans and destitute children.

THE WRONG FLAG

From the male orphanage came a troop of boys who executed a lightning drill with a speed and precision that made the pulse beat with new vitality. At first, as they trotted onto the stage at double quick, it seemed like dangerous copy for anti-Catholic papers; for who knew but those wooden guns might at any moment be turned against the rights and liberties of American citizens? But when the American flag was suddenly hoisted, and the lads formed a solid protecting square about it, and the audience cheered to the echo, somehow the thought of anti-Catholic copy evaporated like alcohol in the sun or in a prohibition State. These Catholics are always spoiling good copy; the proper cue was to have hoisted the papal colors.

Colored Catholics of St. Louis are given more than ordinary care; that we knew; but the sight of the forty and more colored girls in their neat blue frocks, dancing and singing with taste and delicacy, made concrete a rather hazy knowledge. The Oblate Sisters of Providence are caring annually for one hundred and twenty colored orphans, and rearing them in the Catholic Faith. Were it not for the Charity Conference, many a Catholic would never have heard of the colored Sisters who are doing such splendid work for the unfortunate of their own race. Catholic charity transcends all bounds of race or color.

So number followed number, each a revelation of the completeness and comprehensiveness of Catholic training. A group of girls in yachting costumes plied vigorous and rhythmical oars in a delightful boat drill. A rainbow dance engaged the activities of a second group. A touch of pathos surrounded the exhibition given by Catholic deaf mutes, one of whom, a blind-deaf girl, had within the year increased her vocabulary from twenty-five to five hundred spoken words. A choral club of young ladies from one of the Settlements sang with appreciation Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?" And throughout it all, audience and actors were united in one large-hearted feeling of friendliness.

RESULTS AND PLANS

When Judge O'Neill Ryan came forward to map out the work of the Conference for the coming year, his appeal for personal cooperation aroused in the ever-responsive audience spontaneous enthusiasm. The plans for the future were expansive, but with the record of past years to cheer him on, there was not one present but felt that no hopes could exceed possibilities.

The curtain fell; the gathering, every member of which seemed personally interested in all the rest, moved slowly out into the May sunshine. Groups of children, weary but smiling, were convoyed by vigilant Sisters through the crowd that made their way a triumphal march, and packed into autos and carriages and into one large open van. The Fourth Annual Charity Conference had become a tradition. But its purpose was served. Catholic charities had stood forth, not vauntingly, but honestly and frankly, to challenge friendly as well as hostile investigation. Another wabbly prop had been knocked from under bigotry's structure of lies. Isolated Catholic activities had been welded closer together and strengthened with a sense of comradeship in a great and enduring work. And not least, Catholics themselves, as they turned back to their homes, carried with them a new sense of the immense good being done here in a busy, forgetful twentieth century world by that Church that has ever befriended the friendless; and unless their hearts were completely riveted with the steel of selfishness, they had acquired a new sense of their duty toward the poor and suffering of Christ.

One thought has been troubling me ever since. Who first coined the phrase, "Organized Charity"? At any rate, it looks as if non-Catholic sociologists had invented the name, and Catholics had invented the thing itself.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Away off in Jersey there live a woman and a monkey; at least there did; but the monkey died. The woman is alive, however, and that is passing strange, for her heart was wrapped up in that monkey. Her love and grief and a' that took shape in a monument: a monkey's monument over a monkey's grave. Poor creature: not the monkey, he is dead; but the lady, she is alive. Her motive would be hard to analyze. Maybe she is an evolutionist and knows on what branch of her ancestral tree monkeys stood; maybe she had no children on whom to pour out her love; rich ladies are often in this plight. Be that as it may, monuments to monkeys and coffins for dogs are a sore commentary on the trend of modern thought and action. The cycle is well turned toward pagan times. Christian children with pinched, hungry faces are pleading for bread, while "milady" is buying a coffin for her dog and erecting a monument to her monkey. The old paganism is taking slightly new forms, that is all. God will have His day later.

The Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, is planning a campaign for the spread of Catholic literature which, it is hoped, will meet with great success. In a pamphlet recently issued the Society states that it is in receipt of many letters from priests in the South and West, and even in Canada, Alaska and Panama, asking for Catholic newspapers and magazines for the thousands of scattered Catholic families under their charge. Many of these families are located in sparsely settled districts or in communities where anti-Catholic bigotry is strong. Priests are few in these regions; hence the people can be visited only from time to time throughout the year. "Some word of doctrine, some consolation of religion, some explanation of the puzzling news items and anti-Catholic comments of the press, some idea, in a word, of God and the Church should be brought into their lives during the months in which there is no Mass, sermon or sacraments." This can be done by distributing Catholic newspapers and magazines. If you do not keep a file of your Catholic magazine, you are asked to send it regularly to some Catholic family whose address will be furnished on application to the Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn. Much good will undoubtedly follow this plan, and it is earnestly requested that all cooperate with the Society.

The *Spectator* is gravely exercised over the downfall of papal infallibility. This is but natural, since the *Spectator* is also infallible, and that in a degree never claimed even by the most ardent supporters of the See of Rome. The *Spectator* has issued an infallible Bull, accurately measuring the guilt incurred by the

respective nations now at war. Even the United States is not beyond the *Spectator's* purview, although it is only by implication that this country is censured for adhering to a policy which it "thinks" to be neutral. Having thus exercised its own prerogative of infallibility, the *Spectator* calls upon the Roman Pontiff to adopt a similar course, threatening, in case of refusal, to issue a second infallible decree, wherein it will be set forth that the infallibility of the Pope has been found to be "illogical and unworkable, in a vortex of human suffering produced by intricate international politics." But since the infallibility of the *Spectator* has guided it safely through this vortex, and has laid bare before its piercing eyes the intricacies of international politics, why should this smug journal trouble itself about the downfall of papal infallibility? One infallible authority in the world is sufficient, and this journal confesses that its seat is in the office of the *Spectator*. Infallible the *Spectator* may be, but only the overwrought feelings natural in time of war can excuse the insincerity with which the *Spectator* gravely calls upon the Holy See to issue an infallible pronouncement, while it openly proclaims that it does not believe the Holy See to be infallible.

The Bishop of Zanzibar has recently excommunicated the Bishop of Hereford. This prelate had appointed to a canonry in his cathedral a gentleman named Streeter, the author of a treatise which is said to be frankly rationalistic. Whereupon in a "Letter given under Our Hand and Seal in Our Cathedral City of Zanzibar," a sentence of excommunication was decreed:

> Therefore do We, Frank, Lord Bishop of Zanzibar, hereby declare and pronounce that, so long as the ground of Our complaint set forth above remains, there can be, and from this day forward there is, no Communion in Sacred Things between Ourselves and the Right Reverend John, Lord Bishop of Hereford, nor between Ourselves and any Priest within his jurisdiction who shall make known his approval of the false doctrines now officially authorized within the Diocese of Hereford.

The Bishop of Hereford may be pardoned for regarding this sudden and unexpected fulmination as "hasty and ill-considered." Last year, it will be remembered, the Bishop of Zanzibar threatened to leave the Church of England, unless certain doctrines held by his episcopal brother of Mombasa were officially rejected by the Mother Church. It need not be said that the Church, which as Dean Hodges has recently said, glories in her comprehensiveness, has not rejected, nor is likely to repudiate the interesting varieties in doctrine and practice championed by the Ordinary of Mombasa. An interesting sequence is that though Zanzibar has excommunicated Hereford, and Hereford has told Zanzibar to mind his own business, yet both remain in communion with Canterbury!

The French correspondent of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for May 8, gives the following quotation from the report of the Academy of Moral and Political Science at Paris:

> Considering that the lowering of the birth rate can not be attributed solely to economic causes but to moral causes, and that the measures taken by the law will run the risk of being inefficacious without acting on the ideas and morals, the Academy expresses its opinion that (1) the most energetic effort should be given to measures whose purpose is to preserve the morality of youth, the stability of the family, to facilitate marriage among young people, and that these efforts should be favored by the care of public authorities; (2) all the forces of religion, intellectual or moral, churches, schools and popular educational societies should combat by an energetic propaganda, the social curse which threatens the existence even of the nation.

France knows what it means to suffer the effects of a criminal policy which misguided enthusiasts and men and women, wanting in all sense of their duty to God and human society, are trying to introduce into this country, giving it the sanction of law. God struck Onan and he died. Such too is the fate of the nation which would make a lie and a mockery of God's law in sanctifying "the social curse which threatens the existence even of the nation."

A writer in the current *Month* thus eulogizes the zeal shown by the priests of Paris:

> The work done by Paris clergy is nearly unbelievable. They work as I never saw priests work anywhere (though I have no doubt they do in all great cities). They go to bed often in the small hours of the morning, and are up at five or six. They fast and give retreats all Lent, besides extra sermons, and a continuous attendance in the confessionals. The number of Masses said and Communions made daily at a big Paris church is enormous, in addition to which there are confraternities to be run, *œuvres paroissiales* of all sorts, schools, marriages, baptisms, consultations. . . .
>
> Monsieur l'Abbé, then, was up at five every Sunday morning, retreat or no retreat, and preaching to his *Travailleurs* at six. Sometimes he would say his Mass then. By seven he was in his confessional, and before 8.30 he had hurried off to a chapel of ease in the parish to give an instruction to boys and young men,—*Le Catéchisme de Persévérance*. I have heard some of these instructions, a set on "The Bases of the Catholic Religion," I think it was. They showed me that the Abbé had a mind as well as a soul, that lucid, reasonable, versatile, illuminated mind of the educated Frenchman, with a philosophical and theological training that rendered him nearly irrefutable. I wished often as I listened to these instructions of his, that he could give them himself, in his own incomparable tongue, to the non-Catholic students of our universities. After this work with the boys he was back at ten at the *paroisse*, where sometimes, if he had not said his Mass already, the High Mass fell to him. Or at least he must make the *quête*—an arduous work this pilgrimage round the crowded church, his arm stretched out with the little red bag for *sous*, saying *merci* for every solitary one.

This was last summer. In August the war broke out and that zealous priest was ordered to the front. "I did not hear from him again, and I never shall," are the significant words with which the writer ends.

Two more American Sees were vacated on May 10 by the death of the Right Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, Bishop of Salt Lake City, and of the Right Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, Bishop of Covington. Bishop Scanlan was born in Ireland in 1843, and studied at All Hallows College, where he was ordained priest in 1868. In 1870 he was made pastor of the Cathedral in San Francisco, but left three years later for Utah, the entire Territory being his parish. In 1887, he was consecrated Bishop of Laranda in Asia Minor and Vicar-Apostolic of Utah, and when the diocese was created in 1891, became first Bishop of Salt Lake City. Bishop Maes had borne the episcopal dignity for thirty years. Born in Courtrai, Belgium, in 1846, he was educated at the College of Courtrai and at the University of Louvain. Here he was ordained priest in 1868. Coming to the United States in 1869, he was attached to the diocese of Detroit until 1885, when he was consecrated Bishop of Covington. Bishop Maes was a member of the Board of Directors of the Catholic University and of the Catholic Extension Society, permanent president of the American Eucharistic Congresses and founder of *Emmanuel*, the monthly organ of the Eucharistic League. Besides the "Life of Father Nerinckx," Bishop Maes was the author of a number of articles on history and philosophy contributed to the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and to learned journals in America and in Europe. A man of the most winning personality, and a true priest of God, Bishop Maes will long be remembered with deep affection by his people. A third death is that of Very Reverend F. M. L. Dumont, S.S., S.T.D., president of St. Austin's College, Catholic University, Washington. The venerable Sulpician, who was a native of Lyons, France, had labored for more than forty years in the United States, endearing himself to hundreds of priests by his sanctity and strenuous work in the vineyard of the Lord.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The advantage of the week's fighting in the west, while it has not been very great, has been almost entirely on the side of the Allies. North and east of Ypres the Germans have been making continuous efforts in mass formation to break the British lines, but apparently have had but little permanent success. Heavy losses are reported from both sides. Further south the British have retaliated and driven back the Germans toward La Bassée a distance of one mile on a front of two miles. North of Arras the French have added to their former gains and are now said to be in complete possession of the Lorette heights. At other points also the French claim successes, though not of an important nature. In the Champagne district and at Ailly indecisive engagements have taken place.

Bulletin, May 18, p. m.-May 25, a. m.

In the east the Russians have been trying to stem the victorious Austro-German advance. Battles have been raging throughout the two hundred and fifty miles that stretch from the Pilica to Czernowitz. Success is claimed for the Russians at the two wings. For it is said that they have checked the Germans in central Poland, and still further increased the proportions of their victory in Bukowina. Accounts of the disaster suffered by the Austrians south of the Dniester have been exaggerated, but their defeat has been serious, as they have fallen back from the Dniester and been forced across the river Pruth. Czernowitz itself is said to be under bombardment. In Galicia, however, the Austro-Germans are still pressing home their overwhelming victory. The Russians are endeavoring to make a stand on the river San and for the time being have been able to hold their own, but already their lines between Jaraslau and Przemysl have been pierced, though not broken, in several places. The large concentration of troops by the Austrians and Germans along the river, the active assault on the fortress of Przemysl and the fall of the strong fortress of Jaraslau, together with reports from Petrograd that hint at the possibility of strategic reasons counseling the further retirement of the Russians, make it not unlikely that the Russians will fall back to the vicinity of Lemberg. This move, it has been pointed out, might involve a Russian retirement to the Vistula in southern Poland, and another assault on Ivangorod and Warsaw. In the Baltic provinces success is claimed by both sides, but the Germans seem to have strengthened their hold on the territory already gained.

Events in the East

Other Items

The American note to Germany has as yet received no answer, nor has any official hint been given as to what will be its tenor beyond the resumption by Germany of the submarine activity which was suspended for a time after the sinking of the Lusitania. Switzerland also has decided to address a note to the German Government protesting against the loss of three Swiss lives when the great Cunarder was torpedoed. Switzerland is also mobilizing her army for the purpose of maintaining her neutrality. No very marked progress has been made by the Allies in the land attack on the peninsula of Gallipóli, although operations have not been discontinued. Fresh bodies of British and French troops have been landed on both sides of the Dardanelles, and some success has been gained in the southern portion of the peninsula. Maitos also, on the European side of the strait, is reported to have been captured by the Allies.

Italy has declared war on Austria. The events of the last week have followed one another with great rapidity.

A few days ago peace was still a possibility, now the hope of the continuance of Italian neutrality has gone forever. What precipitated the crisis was the tendering of his resignation to the King by Premier Salandra. Giolitti had been called to Rome by the peace party to use his influence against the war movement. Salandra urged on the King the acceptance of his resignation and the forming of a new Government. Popular demonstrations of protest of a violent character followed in many parts of Italy, proving conclusively that Salandra, and not Giolitti, had the confidence of the nation. Accordingly the King, having failed to induce either of his two choices to form a Ministry, announced, after forty-eight hours of suspense, that Salandra and his Cabinet, with Baron Sonnino as Foreign Minister, would continue in office. Although it is difficult to estimate accurately how far the popular demonstrations were spontaneous, they have effectively committed the people to responsibility for the war.

Italy and Austria

The Italian Cabinet at once proceeded to reject the concessions submitted by Austria on the grounds that they were both tardy and inadequate. Italy's demands, as appears from the Green Book, which was published on May 20 and contains the Italian account of the negotiations that have been going on between the two powers, were formulated at the request of the Austro-Hungarian Premier, Baron von Burian, by the Italian Foreign Minister Baron Sonnino in the beginning of April. They are as follows: 1. Cession of the Trentino with the identical boundaries of 1811. 2. Rectification of the eastern frontier in Italy's favor, including the cession of Gradisca and Goritz. 3. Trieste, including Nabresina, Capo d'Istria and Pireno, to be proclaimed an autonomous, independent State, Austria to withdraw her troops and renounce her sovereignty. 4. Cession of a group of the Curzolari Islands, including Lissa, Lesina, Curzola, Lagosta, Cazza, Meleda and Pelagosa. 5. Immediate occupation by Italy of the territories ceded and the evacuation by Austria of Trieste. 6. Austria to recognize Italian sovereignty in Avlona and sufficient of the hinterland for its defence. 7. Austria to declare its complete disinterestedness in Albania. 8. Austria to pardon and release political and military prisoners who are citizens of the ceded territories. 9. Italy to pay 200,000,000 lire (about $40,000,000) toward the refund of the national debt of the crown lands, etc., of the ceded territories. 10. Italy to promise neutrality throughout the war toward Austria and Germany. 11. Italy to renounce further invocation of Article VII of the Triple Alliance and likewise Austria's connection with the Ægean Islands.

Demands and Concessions

The Austrian concessions, the loyal fulfilment of which, had been guaranteed by Germany, were explained in detail by the Imperial Chancellor of Germany, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg at the opening of the Reichstag to be the following: 1. Part of the Tyrol inhabited by Italians was to be ceded to Italy. 2. The western bank of the Isonzo, in so far as the population was purely Italian, and the town of Gradisca likewise was to be ceded to Italy. 3. Trieste was to be made an imperial free city, receiving an administration which would insure the Italian character of the city, and to have an Italian university. 4. Italian sovereignty over Avlona (a seaport of Albania) and a sphere of interest belonging thereto to be recognized. 5. Austro-Hungary declared her political disinterestedness in Albania. 6. The national interests of Italians in Austria to be particularly respected. 7. Austria-Hungary to grant amnesty to political military prisoners belonging to the ceded territory. 8. The further wishes of Italy regarding the general question to be assured every consideration. 9. Austria-Hungary, after the conclusion of the agreement, to give a solemn declaration concerning the concessions. 10. Mixed committee for the regulation of the details of the concessions to be appointed. 11. After the conclusion of the agreement, Austro-Hungarian soldiers, natives of the occupied territories, shall not further participate in the war.

After the rejection of Austria's concessions, developments came quickly. A law was readily passed in both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, authorizing the Cabinet to declare war, which afterwards received the sanction of the King. The same day the Council decided to promulgate an edict calling all soldiers born between the years 1878 and 1895 to the colors. This edict, signed by the King, has been posted throughout Italy. It is expected that some 3,000,000 men will respond. All northern Italy was then put under martial law, also all the Adriatic coast, and the Adriatic Sea was declared closed to all vessels except warships. This did not, indeed, amount to a declaration of war, but it was the last preliminary step to such a declaration. Both Austria and Italy asked the United States to look after their interests in their opponent's country, and Germany made the same request of Switzerland. Everywhere matters were believed to have got beyond recall, but the German and Austrian Ambassadors refused to ask for their passports, although even they regarded the situation as hopeless. Austria hastily destroyed bridges at Ponte Caffaro and Ladrone, and skirmishes took place between Austrian patrols and Italian Alpine chasseurs along the frontier, especially at Montosso.

War Declared

At last Italy took the decisive step. On the afternoon of May 23, the Italian Ambassador to the Austro-Hungarian Government, the Duke of Avarna, handed to Baron von Burian, the Austrian Premier, a declaration to the effect that Italy considered herself in a state of war with Austria-Hungary. At the same time the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Rome was handed his passport. Shortly after the German Ambassador at Rome received instructions from Berlin to "leave Rome

conjointly with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador." Austria at once raided the Adriatic coast by air and sea, while Italy attacked Porto Buso. A good deal of interest attaches to the course Rumania will take, for it has been current rumor that an understanding had been reached between Rumania and Italy and that they would enter on hostilities together.

Germany.—For the present at least there seems absolutely no danger of a deficit in food. Not only are foodstuffs plentiful, but they may be had at reasonable prices. Hamburg restaurants, for instance, still offer a variety of dishes. For one mark 20 pf. (29 cents), a dinner can be had, consisting of soup, meat or fish, vegetables, salad and dessert; for one mark 80 pf. (43 cents), both meat and fish can be had. The "war" bill of fare differs from that of times of peace only in as much as foreign names for dishes are either eliminated or bracketed after the German terms. Thus *Mayonaise* has become *Oelerirturke, Chateaubriand à la Jardinière* has been changed into *Rindlender Stück nach Gartnerart*, beefsteak has become *Ochsenstück*, and sandwich has been converted into *Herschaftliches Butterbrot*. Berlin is not less original and patriotic than Petrograd. A recent bulletin of the American Association of Trade and Commerce gives important statistics concerning Germany's trade. In 1875 there were 4,568 merchantmen with 1,066,900 net registered tonnage; in 1914, 3,968 vessels with 3,257,981 net registered tonnage. The merchant marine has therefore decreased by 594 units—due principally to the elemination of fishing vessels, tugs, etc., from the class of merchantmen—but has increased by 2.2 million net registered tons. The average tonnage of the vessels has increased from 234 in 1875 to 821 in 1914. The period from 1875 to 1914 spans the time of frequent changes from sailing to steam vessels. In 1875 there were 299 steamships with a tonnage of 189,998; in 1914 there were 2,170, with a tonnage of 2,832,312; the tonnage of sailing vessels has decreased from 878,385 to 487,759. Six ports figure prominently as home ports for the merchant marine :

Food Problem

Trade

Port	Number of Ships	Total Gross Reg. Tons
Hamburg	1,466	2,969,700
Bremen	713	1,494,790
Stettin	156	150,675
Flensburg	90	112,250
Lübeck	54	78,892
Rostock	63	72,441

Thus these six cities are ports of ships aggregating approximately 4.9 million gross registered tonnage, while the total gross tonnage of the entire merchant marine reaches only 5,238,937 tons. The steel market has been suffering on account of the absence of skilled workers at the front. The majority of the plants are not able to continue operations in two shifts; arangements, however, have been made to add to the workers by recalling some men from the front. There is an added difficulty in a shortage of coal. The coal syndicate is making only sixty per cent. of the regular shipments; the demand for coke has increased, causing a reduction of the two million tons that were stored. Further difficulty is expected after September. General trade in glasses is brisk; in some departments of the clothing trade there has been a decrease, in others an increase; men pressers and cutters have been replaced by women, and there is no lack of workers. Cotton prices are rising; good cotton is now bringing 22 cents a pound. There has been a great increase in German made cosmetics. In 1901, Germany imported from France perfumes worth about $2,000,000. This importation has ceased and home-made products are now supplied in abundance to the market.

Great Britain.—What part of the clamor raised against the Ministry originates with men who have an axe to grind, and what part really expresses the conviction of the country that the Ministry has blundered and blundered badly, is not at present an easy matter to decide. There has been dissatisfaction, ill-founded, perhaps, but expressed in influential quarters, with the navy, and in particular with the recent operations in the Dardanelles. Given a dissatisfied and influential faction, it is but natural that Mr. Churchill, the Minister technically responsible for the conduct of naval affairs, should be marked for removal. Lord Fisher, against whose counsel, it is said, certain recent naval movements have been originated, has tendered his resignation as First Sea Lord, but there seems to be little probability that it will be accepted. Furthermore, if Lord Northcliffe and his party organs are to be given credence, Kitchener, the once popular hero, has proven himself unequal to the burden imposed upon him by the Government, or, as it is hinted, to the multitude of minor tasks assumed in the face of opposition by this noted destroyer of red-tape methods. The *Times*, while admitting "that reinforcements and shells of the right kind" were not provided, or at least not provided at the time when both were most needed, says that "the whole trouble arose because Lord Kitchener assumed a burden to which no man could be equal," and urges that, for the future, many of Lord Kitchener's activities be transferred to other agencies. Commenting upon the attacks made on Lord Kitchener, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes, "We must stamp out this thing, even if a dictatorship has to be set up to do it." Mr. Garvin's language, probably, is purposely hyperbolic, and while England under a dictatorship strikes one as slightly humorous, there is no doubt, that should she come to this need, England has a dictator ready at hand in Kitchener of Khartoum. Speaking in Parliament, Mr. Asquith has announced, first, that no change in the Ministry would affect either himself or the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey; next, that the

Ministerial Difficulties

policy of the Government to prosecute the war "with all possible energy and by means of every available resource" would be retained; and finally, that any reconstruction of the Cabinet would be made "for the purpose of the war alone," and not as a political overture or compromise. "This," said the Premier, "is as far as I can now go." Rumor, however, has gone much further, and while dropping Mr. Churchill from consideration, has constructed several Cabinets, using the names of the Marquis of Crewe, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Reginald McKenna, Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, and Lord Reading. It is now reported that the personnel of the new Cabinet has been definitely settled, and that the names of the new Ministers will be published after Whitsuntide.

Labor difficulties, besides giving rise to local disturbances, have, it is thought, seriously hampered the Government in its conduct of the war. In the opinion of many, by being too ready to listen to the clamor of the professional labor agitator, even in time of serious national peril, organized labor has not strengthened its cause. What with enlistment and strikes, the number of ordinary laborers has been reduced; others, however, hitherto unused to toil of this kind, have loyally offered their services. The Industrial Reserve, formed to assist in meeting the demand for laborers in the armament factories, has proved exceedingly useful. Few members of the Reserve merit the name of skilled workmen; many are frankly unskilled; but the majority have an aptitude for the work, which will soon make their services valuable. Oddly enough, the unskilled workmen are recruited from a higher social grade; the more useful or semi-skilled class being men who received some training in mechanical work in factories in their younger days. Women, too, are doing their part to relieve the scarcity of laborers. According to a report issued by the British Board of Trade, by the week ending April 16, forty-seven thousand women had expressed their willingness to engage in "special war service." About eight thousand have agreed to undertake work in the armament factories. The immediate demand for women in this work is not great, but from estimates submitted by some of the principal factories, it is thought that within the course of the next few months the required number of women employees will be upward of fourteen thousand. An apprehended scarcity of coal has caused the appointment, by Order of Council, of a special Commission to deal with this serious contingency.

Recruiting Laborers

Mexico.—During the week popular dissatisfaction over shortage of food culminated in several riots. Two thousand men, women and children joined in an outbreak in Hermosilla Sonora, and helped in the looting of shops. The middle class is now feeling the pinch of hunger acutely, the poor are crowding the streets of Mexico City begging for food. The International Relief Committee has purchased large quantities of cereals for distribution, but at this writing no satisfactory arrangements for transportation had been made. On May 21, when corn was being distributed to 8,000 people, the supply gave out before all were satisfied and in the scramble that ensued 250 people fainted. Meantime general conditions continue to grow worse; one despatch reads, "undescribably loathsome conditions prevail and the Government is powerless against bandits." On May 18 the German Chargé d'Affaires was attacked by outlaws and further troubles feared. Americans arriving at Vera Cruz from the capital confirm the worst reports, and predict greater evils. The chiefs are still battling furiously; first one, now another, announces a "decisive victory" over the enemy. Mexico's crucifixion is one of the great tragedies of history.

Food Riots

The Netherlands.—Important facts affecting Europe's present political conditions must have been met with recently to warrant the Dutch Government's sudden change of attitude regarding its official representation at the Vatican. Last February, the question of reestablishing the embassy to the Holy See was discussed in the Upper House of the National Legislature. The Dutch Hierarchy was reestablished by Pius IX in 1853, three years after this action had been made possible by laws passed under the leadership of the Liberal Premier, Dr. Thorbeck. In 1871, after the fall of the Papal States, the anti-clerical forces, under the plea that diplomats are sent to represent their countries at temporal courts only, withdrew the Dutch Minister at the Vatican. The Holy See, however, with the exception of a few years immediately after the Peace Conference, from which at the instance of the Italian Government, the sole representative of the Prince of Peace was excluded, has maintained a chargé d'affaires at the Hague. When, a few months ago, the matter was again brought to the attention of the Government, Dr. Loudon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, explained the position of the Administration. He declared that conditions then existing were not such, in his opinion, as to make the matter urgent. The motives actuating other Governments were not applicable to the Netherlands, while precipitate action in sending an envoy to the Vatican might expose the Government's policy to misinterpretation. He added, however, that should changed conditions seem to call for a representative at Rome, the Government would interpose no objection. Toward the end of April, Monsignor Nolens was entrusted by the Government with an official mission to the Holy See, for the purpose, it would seem, of reestablishing diplomatic relations. Dr. Nolens is the leader of the Catholic party in the Dutch Parliament. Should his mission prove successful, Dr. Nolens, according to diplomatic usage, will be accredited as Dutch Ambassador to the Holy See.

Resuming Relations with the Vatican

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Athletics and Health

I SAID in the previous article on "Athletics in Our Schools" that the main reason alleged why educators are willing to accept and even encourage competitive athletics in our colleges and do much to stimulate their development in our high schools and even grammar schools is that they are claimed to be of great value for health. Everyone concedes that they distract the youthful mind from study, tire out the muscular system and therefore for an interval at least make mental application very difficult and besides take up precious time that used to be devoted to more serious purposes. Because of the advantage to health, however, all these disadvantages are overlooked or are supposed to be more than made up for; as a consequence we are in the midst of a wave of enthusiasm over school and college and university athletics.

Now the very curiously interesting reflection on this state of mind in educators or at least in educational authorities who have the right to regulate school policies in these matters, is that physicians not only do not agree with this claim of the benefit for health to be derived from athletics as at present practised, but actually condemn them as positively harmful to health. A typical summary of medical opinion may be found for instance in an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published a year ago at the beginning of the spring athletic season (March 21, 1914). The *Journal of The American Medical Association* is the representative medical periodical of nearly 100,000 physicians in this country and they are our best educated and most progressive physicians. The *Journal* is known to be very conservatively edited and would not take the position outlined in the editorial unless it was felt that this represented the opinion of those who had the best opportunity to know most about the subject. The opening paragraph of that editorial will give an excellent idea of what physicians think of athletics:

> It is one of the numerous paradoxical facts encountered in every-day life that the problems of athletics rarely receive the attention of those who are most concerned with health, the supposed ultimate purpose of bodily exercise. The management of athletics is rarely found in the hands of a physician, by whose scientific guidance one might reasonably expect that the various sports would be enabled to effect the best of which they are capable and would be freed from the unconcealed dangers attending some of the present athletic practices. Athletics have, for the most part, to-day become the province of the people at large. It is the uneducated trainer rather than the physician, the hero-worshiper rather than the hygienist, who directs and inspires the performance of the physical exercises which ought to be undertaken primarily in the interests of a sound body and a sound mind. Games have developed into contests in which victory is sought at any human price. The "manager" is the foremost adviser, and the physician is called on as a last resource to mend the damage that may have been done in an ill-advised struggle for athletic supremacy.

The *Journal* then goes on to review certain recent investigations of the effects of athletics on the system. As everyone knows the heart is particularly likely to be affected, and there is the "athletic heart" with its increase in size so often likely to be followed by degeneration later in life. What few know, however, is that physicians have now found an "athletic kidney." The mechanical jarring and vibration of certain kinds of leg exercises—bicycling in the older days, running and football in the modern time, and particularly hurdling, high jump and the like cause kidney symptoms that are serious in their outlook. Needless to say anything that affects this organ is extremely important. Medical investigation seems to be just leading up to a like find with regard to "athletic arteries" which are noted in those who have taken part in exercises calling for extreme exertion. "An enormous volume of blood may be driven into the arteries in a very brief period. In contests of long endurance the final outcome is a prolonged and unrelieved fall in blood pressure, with an increasing relaxation of the fatigued cardiac musculature. Heart, kidneys, arteries, these three constitute the vital tripod, yet athletics seem to affect all of these three supports of vitality unfavorably.

The Surgeon General of the Navy has for some years now constructed tables with regard to the effect of athletics upon the men of the navy. Here the statistics ought to be reasonably accurate and significant. All the men that enter the Naval Academy are prime as regards health and strength, and comparison between selected groups of them is fair to all. After their entrance a further selection of the very healthiest and most active is made and these become members of the various teams. They represent the flower of the health and strength of the cadets. After their years of training, if athletics made for health, it might be expected that these naval athletes would in subsequent life have almost perfect health. The Surgeon General has found, however, that on the average the athletes die younger; during the twenty years after their graduation they have to have more sick leave; they sooner become less capable of doing the ordinary every day duties of the navy than the non-athletes. In every way though this group of men started with a decided physical advantage over others that advantage is not only lost, but a distinct disadvantage to health results from their attention to athletics.

Above all, competitive athletics are hard on the heart. There is first, the immediate effects of severe muscular strain on the heart; second, the effects of training and a series of severe athletic contests on the heart mechanism, and third the ultimate effects in the subsequent life of an individual, of alterations brought about in the heart through athletic contests in early life. These manifold effects were studied recently by two physicians of

Madison, Wisconsin, as the result of the frequency of disturbing heart conditions, and even serious pathological changes among the men participating in the competitive sports at the University of Wisconsin. Their conclusions are that athletic training leads at first to physiologic hypertrophy or enlargement of the heart. but when prolonged and marked by severer athletic contests it leads commonly to dilatation as well as hypertrophy and this is often accompanied by insufficiency of the valves. The reason for this is that the over-stretched muscle structure is larger than the valves. They even found that such a distended heart seemed actually to be more of an advantage in carrying a man through a severe athletic contest than a normal heart would be. A slightly leaky heart seems actually to accommodate itself to the very severe strains put on it by athletics better than one of which every valve holds tight. The only trouble is that acute cardiac dilatation with serious and even fatal conseqences occurs more frequently in athletes and men used to severe muscular strain than in normal men, and the ultimate effects are more prolonged and severe.

No wonder then that their final conclusion is *that there is reason to believe that for normal human activities an athletic heart is distinctly disadvantageous.*

There are other phases of athletics in the schools and colleges which have recently been discussed by physicians. It is pointed out for instance that the moral advantages of athletics are much exaggerated. Sometimes men are kept from gross indulgences by their fidelity to training, but the motive of their fidelity is low and the end of training is sometimes marked by an orgy of excess. It is also pointed out that in reformatories, athletics often do good for the weak, badly nourished young fellows who come from cities without ever having had proper exercise. Exercise, however, does no good in modifying the character or the conduct of lusty youths, especially those of the second generation in this country who have good physical constitutions and yet exhibit such a lack of control that commitment to reformatories is often necessary.

It is evident then that whatever else may be the reason for which athletics are being encouraged in our schools and colleges it can no longer be said to be for health. Health is but an excuse. The real reasons remain to be seen. Undoubtedly that itching for publicity which is such a typical characteristic, but such an unfortunate tendency of our time is the principal reason. There is no easier way to get into the public prints than by means of athletic contests. The same amount of publicity in any other way is very costly. Educational authorities, however, seem to be ashamed to confess openly—they often do so privately I know—this itch for publicity, however, and so other excuses are offered. After health the principal reason given for athletics is the moral advantage or the ethical gain to be obtained from athletics. As education is or ought to be meant quite as much for the development of character as for the instruction of the intellect this should be an eminently appropriate reason. It is never so much emphasized as the health excuse, however, and I think it is rather easy to show that athletics are even less calculated to give manly standards of conduct than to improve health. On the contrary they emphasize some of the most undesirable traits of the modern spirit of success at all costs as the one object in life. That subject will be discussed with some citations from authorities in a subsequent article.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The Young Man and Steamship Transportation *

IN the several departments of great modern steamship companies, there are positions to meet the tastes and talents of a variety of young men, positions which are interesting in the constant novelty of the work, refreshing in their daily variety and fascinating in the large interests involved. Opportunities for congenial employment are limited solely by a young man's taste; his success solely by his energy and ambition.

In the financial department, of course, he will be expected to understand bookkeeping and the auditing of accounts. In the legal department, he will become familiar with unique forms of admiralty jurisprudence unknown to the Common Law, with international treaties and regulations, insurance policies, collision claims, salvage and "general average" adjustments. In the passenger and freight traffic departments, the study of customs revenues and tariffs will interest him, embracing the transportation of men and merchandise from one end of the earth to the other. In the engineering department he will, while the ships are in port, live "on board," or in the repair yards, being closely associated with that consummate product of technical skill and manufacturing efficiency, the modern steamship, with its problems in naval architecture and marine engineering as to hulls, engines and boilers. In the operating department, he may choose to learn, and then to superintend, the stevedoring and stowage of cargoes; or to assist the port captain in providing crews, stores and supplies for the succeeding voyage. Or, if he care for the invigorating life at sea, he may wish to work up on shipboard in five years' time, from quartermaster to captain and commodore, studying seamanship, navigation, astronomy and geography. Or, if his penchant is mechanical, he may desire to 'go-below' in the engineroom and advance, in the same period of time, from oiler to chief engineer.

Into whatever branch of the service he may enter, the novice will soon find his environment is in itself educating in the sense, *inter alia,* that travel and association with travelers and with fellow-workers engaged with him in a variety of occupations, are said to be educating. And, too, it may be said that, if the religious and military orders be excepted, no other kind of organization de-

*The thirty-third of a series of vocational articles.

mands of its subordinates such exacting discipline. "Ship discipline" is proverbial; and, generally, it is carried, along with the ship's papers, into the office.

Naturally, in such work, the personal requirements are as varied as the posts filled. But perhaps the predominating essentials are those of an administrator and an executive, although there is little of any sort of talent that is not utilized somewhere in the different departments of these large and strenuous public-service enterprises. In particular, however, must a successful steamship manager possess energy, and be ready to labor long and hard at odd hours, for there is no telling at what time of the day or night a ship may be prevented by *force majeure* from arriving or departing on schedule. Also, he should possess an accurate fund of information regarding public needs, ability to feel the commercial pulse on the particular trade-route of his "Line." He should have breadth of view which, in large transactions is able to gauge future contingencies; a deep sense of responsibility which duly regards the extremely valuable property and the many interests at stake; and quick judgment in the sudden emergencies which frequently arise, making necessary the readjustment of best-laid plans gone "aft-agley." Invariably will the novice find his directors and managers real masters of men, of wide and ripe experience who, after long training, have unconsciously come to a habit of thinking and acting "subject to authority" and who quite realize the importance and magnitude of the stewardship of which they are accountable to hundreds of stockholders and thousands of employees.

GEORGE RUSSELL DILKES, JR.

Murder and Sentimentality

THE great revolt of the sixteenth century turned not alone from authority to license; it left reason for sentimentality. Now whether a murderess is hanged or fitted for the variety stage depends on her face, and the male cut-throat that goes to the chair has been utterly neglectful of the primary elections. A man who is hanged in the United States now is a fool, or his friends are careless.

God created man with a natural tendency to civil society, and He therefore gives him all the requisite powers for the preservation of that society; if, then, the preservation of society depends on the slaying of certain criminals, society has the right to slay them. In the opinion of most moralists the preservation of society does depend on the killing of criminals guilty of homicide; for homicide if unchecked will leave no security to the members of civil society and such society will disintegrate, and the only effective punishment either in threat or execution to prevent murder is the death of the criminal.

Those who favor the abolition of capital punishment cite statistics which show, they say, that after the abolition of capital punishment in various states homicides were less frequent. Capital punishment was abolished in Belgium in 1863; in Rumania in 1864; in Portugal in 1867; in Holland in 1870; in Switzerland in 1879 (in fifteen of the twenty-two cantons); in Italy in 1889 (in Tuscany in 1859). There is no capital punishment in the following states of the German Empire: Prussia, Saxony, Oldenburg, Weimar, Baden, Anhalt, Brunswick, Nassau, Würtemburg, and Bremen. It is not inflicted in Venezuela, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, and Costa Rica; and it was abolished in Michigan in 1847; Rhode Island in 1852; Wisconsin in 1853; Maine in 1857; Kansas in 1907, and in Minnesota and Washington. In the Minnesota legislature last year bills were introduced to prevent the catching of frogs and to provide that lumberjacks be furnished with individual bathtubs; the Kansas legislature considered bills prohibiting the use of face powder, hair dye or bleach, the piercing of ears and the wearing of earrings; this kind of mean shallowness is common in American legislatures, and legislators capable of it can be made very sentimental by a speech against capital punishment.

Those opposed to capital punishment tell us that in Italy during the decade before the death penalty was abolished there were 16.7 murders to the 100,000 inhabitants, but in the decade after the abolition there were 11.2 murders per 100,000. Belgium had 921 murders from 1853 to 1863; then capital punishment was abolished, and from 1863 to 1873 there were only 703 murders. Rhode Island without capital punishment had only 7 murders between 1866 and 1875; while Connecticut, with capital punishment, had 28. Maine had 253 murders between 1867 and 1887, the year in which that State ceased to inflict death, but between 1887 and 1907 she had only 162 murders.

These statistics, however, do not take into account even a part of the factors that should be included. The United States, with capital punishment for eleven crimes, but which is not enforced, has an annual murder rate of 6,597; Italy with no capital punishment in 1906 had 3,606 murderers to try, and if she had as many inhabitants as the United States, Italy would have had over 8,000 murders in that year. Italy and England have the same number of inhabitants, yet in 1906 Italy had 26 times the number of murders England had. England has twice as many inhabitants as Spain, but Spain has four time as many murders as England, and both have capital punishment. Race, geographical position, and other factors enter into these differences. The Belgian murder rate may have been higher from 1853 to 1863 than in the succeeding decade because in the first decade Europe was nearer the social upheaval of 1847. Italy from 1878 to 1889 was nearer the disorder of 1870; today Italy next to Hungary is the Cain of the human family, and the abolition of capital punishment has not blunted her stiletto. The reason Connecticut has more murders than Rhode Island is largely due to the fact that Connecticut has two and a half times as many in-

habitants as Rhode Island, and several more large towns. Maine has relatively more murders than Connecticut.

The murder rate in the United States for the decade ending in 1911 was for 11 eastern cities, 4.5; for 7 central cities, 8.1; for 3 western cities, 9.6; for 9 southern cities, 15.7. The murder rate for Milwaukee was 1.9; for Philadelphia, 3.9; for Boston, 4.7; for Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City, 5.4; for Chicago, 8.8; for San Francisco, 11.3; for Louisville, 16; for New Orleans, 23.1; for Memphis, 52.7. In 1908 the relative murder rate for the North Atlantic States was .04 per cent., for the South Atlantic States 4.3 per cent; for the North Central States, 1.4; but for the South Central States. 9.2 per cent. The relative suicide curve in the norther hemisphere is always this:

	U. States per cent.	Russia per cent.	Europe per cent.	Japan per cent.
Spring and summer	62	60	59	59
Autumn and winter	39	40	41	41

The homicides follow a similar curve. Sun irritation is a cause for these curves, and for the increase in the homicide rate as we go south in the United States.

A lax application of the laws in the United States is adduced as a reason for the high murder rate here. In 1908 there were 247 murders in Chicago and 145 in St. Louis, but only two of the 392 murderers were put to death. For the past twenty years in New York State of every 500 murderers 5 were executed, 90 were sent to prison, and 405 were acquitted. It is difficult to secure conviction where there is question of the death of the criminal. England in 1891 convicted 76 per cent. of its non-capital cases, but only 33 per cent. of its capital cases. Holland with no death penalty convicted 80 per cent. of its murderers during the past decade, Belgium 76 per cent. In 1911, in London, where they have the death penalty, 27 per cent. of the murder cases were convicted; in Manhattan Borough of the City of New York only 8 per cent. were convicted; London had 22 murders, Manhattan Borough, not a third as large, had 148.

The death penalty in itself has in certain conditions signally failed to prevent crime. Between 1749 and 1771 England hanged 109 men and women for shop-lifting alone. For six centuries England inflicted death for almost every crime in the code, in 1820 there were 222 capital crimes in the red list. Men and women were hanged for draining a fishpond; for stealing a shilling; for chopping down a tree; for cutting a hop-bind. Under Edward I a man was hanged for burning coal within the limits of London, and 103 hangings followed the Lent Assizes of 1783; yet England had as many criminals as any nation in Europe. Desperation from oppression, and familiarity with death, as in war, breed contempt for all punishment.

This is really not an argument against capital punishment. Executions inflicted even as weakly as they are in the United States are certainly preventive of many murders; and if the judgment were left to a board of competent men instead of the present ignorant, emotional, jury, doubtless capital punishment would be a more effective deterrent. The term *effective* is gravely misused of late. The deterrent effect of the sanction of a law should not be effective in a physical sense, but only in an emotive sense. It needs to be deterrent only in so far as it is in itself sufficient to induce a rational will to observe the law; and secondly, in the sense that there is a teleological proportion between the reward or pain consequent on the observance or violation of the law and that observance or violation. A sanction is not to be effective in the sense that it inhibits impulse, or overwhelms voluntary action. Within the last half-century we have lost a clear notion of volitional action, and substituted therefore what is erroneously called a scientific view. This scientific notion is that motives and sanctions are supposed to be inefficient, false, useless, if they do not infallibly produce a physical effect. All causality is now likely to be interpreted in term of mere physical causality. Christianity, for example, is called a failure because its appeals do not coerce the human will into subjection. A number of grave gentlemen, who should be wearing motley, have so discoursed since this present war overwhelmed the world. Christianity that *forced* men into subjection would not be religion at all. Man's chief merit as man is in his power of volitional activity; only brutes are effectively moved in the scientific sense.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

More Anglican Misrepresentations

THE *Church Times* of London, informs its readers that "it has just been decided at Rome that soldiers at the front may make their communions without being fasting"; that "priests who are acting as stretcher-bearers or hospital attendants, may say Mass daily in any decent place or even in the open air," and that "soldiers who have not time to confess, may receive the absolution collectively and be admitted at once to Communion, on the understanding that they shall confess later when they have the time. But the validity of the collective absolution is not conditioned by the fulfilment of this duty."

Thus the *Church Times*. Let us see now what Rome said on the matter. With regard to the soldiers its words are: "They may be admitted, *servatis servandis* to the Holy Eucharistic table *per modum Viatici.*" It is true that those who so receive Holy Communion need not be fasting; but it is equally true, that the idea underlying the permission to receive in the way that the Holy Viaticum is received, is something very different from that which would be implied in a general concession of non-fasting communion.

As to the Masses to be celebrated by the priests in the hospital service, it is required that the place be, not only decent but also safe, and that there shall be no possible danger of irreverence.

Concerning the collective absolution, these conditions

are required. Each one so absolved must make the act of contrition duly; the chaplains must explain to the soldiers that the absolution is valid only for those who have the proper dispositions, and that each is bound to make a full and complete confession should he come out of battle alive. This is something more than a mere "*understanding* that they shall confess." As for the words: "The validity of the collective absolution is not conditioned by the fulfilment of this duty." They are not to be found in the declaration of the Sacred Penitentiary. They are an addition of the *Church Times,* and an absurd one at that. The notion that the existence of an effect in the present moment can depend upon the fulfilment of a condition in the future, is incomprehensible. When the priest pronounces the words of absolution, the soldiers are either absolved, or they are not. If they fulfil all the necessary conditions at the moment, the absolution is effective; and the failure to carry out any resolution in the future can not possibly change that fact. *Factum infectum fieri nequit.* This is so obvious that we are compelled to suspect that once more the *Church Times* has been betrayed by its ignorance of Catholic matters it presumes to handle. What it had in its mind and would convey to its readers was, we suspect, the false notion, that once the soldiers are absolved from their sins in a collective absolution, the telling of those sins in an individual confession is no longer essential to the retaining of the state of grace. Should one determine to omit it, he would fail in fidelity only, but would not commit a grievous sin; and this false conception of the matter is apparently the origin of the substitution of "the *understanding* that they shall *confess later*" for the very definite words of the declaration of the Sacred Penitentiary.

But if the *Church Times* slips into blunders, its American counterpart, the *Living Church,* plunges into them with cheerful alacrity, quoting the *Church Times* under the heading, "Anglican Precedents Followed," and then adding these remarks:

> What is this but the application of Anglican principles in place of traditional Roman hardness?
>
> Fasting communion is much to be preferred; but where the choice must be between unfasting communion and no communion, choose the first.
>
> The accessories of worship are good; but the idea that there can be no celebration without precisely arranged altar and candles is—well, not Anglican.
>
> Collective absolution was legitimatized among Anglicans four centuries ago. If it is *valid* under one condition it must be valid under all.
>
> This new Roman rule does not mean a preference for unfasting communion nor for Eucharists in the open air, nor yet does it mean that private confession is hereafter to be tabooed. But by it Rome is simply following the tradition that was set by the English provinces four hundred years ago. It has not altered doctrine one whit; it has simply corrected a perspective.

Anglican principles in the matter of fasting communion are clear enough. Communicants receive into their mouths bread and wine and nothing else. They receive Christ in a heavenly and spiritual manner only, and the means by which they receive Him is faith. There is no reasonable connection between fasting and the receiving of bread and wine; nor can any be discerned between it and the faith by which the communicant lays hold of Christ. Fasting is a disposition of the body very suitable for those who are to receive Christ corporally into their bodies. The act of faith is in the intellect and the will, it is spiritual, and whatever union with Christ it produces is only spiritual. Hence the true Church of England has always looked upon fasting communion as superstitious, savoring of popery. Moreover, the principles of the *Living Church* and its party leave the choice in the matter to the communicants themselves. Not so the chaplains at the front. Catholics in such matters are accustomed to consult the supreme authority in the Church. Lastly, the soldiers who receive while not fasting, do so as if they were receiving the Holy Viaticum; as the *Living Church* would have seen, had it consulted the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* instead of trusting blindly to the *Church Times.* Holy Viaticum is not familiar to the Church of England mind; but should a clergyman of *Church Times* and *Living Church* principles after explaining it to a well-fed congregation, say: "Those who are fasting, will now receive communion in the ordinary way; while those who are not, will do so as if in preparation for death," we suspect there would be a shudder; there would be a general whisper: "What a dreadful man! How can he say such shocking things?" and the number of communicants would certainly be very small.

The *Living Church* has its own views as to decency and reverence in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. It says very truly that "the idea that there can be no celebration without precisely arranged altar and candles, is not Anglican"; but it does not seem to be aware that the idea is, notwithstanding the decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments, very Roman, and that no priest would consider himself free by that decree from the obligation of having a proper altar, and of having lighted candles during the celebration of Mass. As to the "collective absolution legitimatized among Anglicans four centuries ago," leaving aside the questions, whether it was capable of legitimatization, and whether there was in the Church of England an authority able to legitimatize anything, we will merely point out that the so-called collective absolutions of the Book of Common Prayer are utterly different from that given to the soldiers. Besides the clergyman is yet to be found who, after "Dearly beloved brethren," for instance, admonishes the congregation of the dispositions necessary for the valid reception of absolution, and informs them that the absolution he is about to impart leaves intact the obligation, under pain of mortal sin, of confessing in detail all their grievous sins in the tribunal of penance.

The "new Roman rule," therefore, is anything but a following of "the tradition that was set by the English

provinces four hundred years ago." One need not write to Rome to be assured that the Congregations in settling the matters submitted to them did not bestow a single thought on the Church of England. Moreover, their answers do not constitute a "rule," since they are concerned only with a particular case, neither do they give anything essentially "new," because they do no more than apply to the case in question, principles already venerable in the Catholic Church and the Roman Curia. If the *Church Times* and the *Living Church* are in good faith, one must conclude that the Anglican mind is singularly dense; if in bad faith, it is clear that High Church Anglicanism must be on its deathbed, since such means are used to keep a spark of life in it.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

In the Midst of Life

IN the midst of life?

Read the following entries from the diary of Abbé Felix Klein, Chaplain to the American Hospital Ambulance:

> Very few deaths just now; only two or three a week. One this morning from that awful tetanus, from which we have been spared awhile, thanks to injections of serum. The soldier who died to-day was a poor lad of twenty. His kind American nurse always called him by his Christian name. I followed her example. The parents came from the country, arriving two hours late. They were set on seeing him again, and so we gave way, after telling them that they must on no account kiss him. I held the poor mother by the arm as the sheet was lifted. Thank God he still looked cheerful, even happy: *Mon pauvre petit, dire que c'est toi! mon pauvre petit, mon pauvre petit!* We knelt down and recited the Our Father. I could add nothing to "Thy will be done." The father tried to slip two francs into the nurse's hand, while the mother told of her last gift to her child, "a beautiful waistcoat which I had knitted myself, and which he wrote kept him nice and warm." They had expected the worst, and so they had brought a linen sheet from their home, a fine new sheet, in which to take him home. But that, of course, could not be allowed. Poor people—they understood and submitted at once, both of them, first to the inscrutable will of God, and then to the man-made rule.

This is one of a hundred moving-picture vignettes written from day to day by the kindly, large-hearted priest, who possesses what is so rare in a Frenchman of his type, an excellent working knowledge of English. Again and again he says kind words of the British soldier and the British officer. Thus one of the early entries in his book, that made on September 7, 1914, runs:

> At last our work has begun. We received this afternoon ten English wounded. One of them had been shot in the throat, another had a foot crushed. Others were wounded everywhere—in their arms, in their legs, in their bodies. Every one of them, with the exception of a poor wretch who was suffering from acute appendicitis, was gay and light-hearted. Some of them complained laughingly that they had not had their clothes off for weeks, or a good wash since they left England!

And a few days later:

> I was called up to an English soldier. They called me too late. He was already dead; also he was an Anglican. I saw that from his identification token (C. E., Church of England). But I blessed his poor body and accompanied it, praying for his soul, to the mortuary chapel with the nurse and the night watchman. As we went along, they put out the lights so as not to distress the other patients. But in the corridors the lights were turned up, and I was glad of it, for the passing of a human soul is not a leap from the light into darkness. When we reached the chapel we found another Englishman there, who had died during an operation. He was there alone, and I prayed for his soul also.
>
> This morning I gave absolution to a poor fellow from Lyons. He has very little of life, for his brain is bare and half his body is paralyzed. But he still has all his wits, and he can answer "yes" and "no" to questions put to him. His face lit up when I came to him and tears came into his eyes. . . . In the afternoon I administered Extreme Unction to an unconscious dying Irishman. In his pocket-book was a letter fully addressed to his mother; we shall add a line or two, telling her that he received the Last Sacraments. That will perhaps soften the awful news.

The Abbé's diary gives many glimpses of the early days of the war, and one reads with intense interest the testimony, gathered in many cases from the lips of many since dead, as to the general behavior of the enemy. The writer is evidently trying to be entirely fair, and he gives the good which he hears as well as the bad. His first entry of the kind is very favorable:

> Several of our wounded speak of the honorable conduct of the German officers. One man said, "I was in a ditch wounded, incapable of moving. A German major came up and gave me some bread and coffee. He promised to come back in the evening, or, if he could not do that, the next day. But the night and the next day passed by. He never came back, and the time seemed very long. In the evening, however, he did come back. 'I did not forget you,' he said, 'but I was too busy.' Then he had me taken up and looked after properly." There are, however, other stories. There are pitiful tales like this: "My arm was broken. I was losing a lot of blood, and I crawled out of the trench as it were on three legs. They came along and stripped and robbed me."

By the first of November, All Saints' Day, there was gathered together in the chapel of the American Ambulance a congregation which, as the Abbé well says, typified the passage in the Gospel for that day, which speaks of "all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues." In addition to the French, English and American nurses, there were present English soldiers, Scotch soldiers, Irish soldiers and Turcos, clothed, where possible, in their uniforms. Some had been carried in still in their bedclothes, others wearing dressing-gowns; some came on crutches. They had come from every part of the entrenched line; from Dixmude, at the one end, had come an Irishman; from the Vosges, on the other, a *Chausseur Alpine*.

> Contrary to what we have always thought in France, we found the English very lively and animated. Perhaps because the war is so very close to each one of us, and to those we love, we can not force ourselves to be more than resigned and brave. They go further, and are positively gay. What is that young officer over there, who has just jammed down on his head a French infantryman's cap? He is an English lieutenant. Who are those soldiers, who are hopping about the corridor on their crutches and their wooden legs? Englishmen too. La Bruyère once said, sadly enough, that one must learn to laugh without being happy, or one may come to die without having laughed.
>
> When I ask these wounded Englishmen how they are, they always say, "Getting on splendidly." Yesterday I spoke to a man who had just had his leg amputated: How are you this morning? "Splendid, thank you!" Have you any news from home? "Yes, a letter from my mother." Does she know that they have had to take off your leg? "Yes, and like me, she thanks God that my life has been saved."

Many of the most interesting passages of the diary would only lose by being summarized. They include a most striking series of letters written by young Frenchmen, describing the first sight of mobilization in a French garrison town, together with accounts taken from combatants of more than one famous engagement. All these make most interesting and, indeed, pathetic reading.

B. BELLOC LOWNDES.

Corpus Christi

THE difference between Corpus Christi and all the other feasts of the liturgical year surely must be that in this festival heaven has come down to us, and we think of God not as dwelling afar off, or invisible to us, but as abiding with us; the Heavenly King throned day and night in the tabernacle; the Friend, the intimate, ever-waiting near: "My delight is to be with the sons of men." This must be the predominant thought of Corpus Christi, a thought that moves the faithful in some parts of Ireland to sing during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the Christmas hymn "Adeste, Fideles," "Come and behold Him," for the veil that hides the reality is but a slight thing,

Faith our outward sense befriending
Makes the inward vision clear.

This divine condescension as of another Christmas is a note that is sounded throughout the whole Solemnity of Corpus Christi, and gives to the hymn at the canonical hours the tone of that tabernacling at Bethlehem.

All honor, laud and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

If the Purification is the festival of the poor and aged, Corpus Christi is no less the festival of the children of the family. Nowhere is this more strikingly or more beautifully shown than in the antiphon to the Magnificat at First Vespers, a prayer which is unsurpassed in the profundity of its devotion and its child-like simplicity:

> O how sweet, Lord, is thy Spirit; for that thou mightest show forth the tenderness thou bearest for thy children, thou, with the most sweet Bread given from heaven, fillest the hungry with good things, and the rich, proud in the imagination of their hearts, thou sendest empty away.

So are gathered together the children of the Church around the Table of the Lord, *sicut novellæ olivarum,* "like the young olive trees;" so is heaven set down in the midst of a land of exile and a place of pilgrimage, from which there goes up daily, throughout the Pentecost season, the cry to Mary:

Lo, through a vale of tears we roam,
Sighing, we weep, oft-times we moan,
Eve's children exiled from their home.

The office of Matins, which is celebrated publicly only in collegiate and conventual churches, is one of the incomparable gems of the Roman Liturgy. The Invitatory is, so to speak, the *motif* of the feast. "Let us adore Christ, the King, who ruleth the nations: Who giveth fatness of spirit to them which eat of Him." In the hymn that follows, which is ascribed to St. Thomas, is a song of triumph.

Let this our solemn feast
With holy joys be crowned,
And from each loving breast
The voice of gladness sound;
Let ancient things depart,
And all be new around,
In every act and voice and heart.

The antiphons, the psalms and the lessons which follow are chosen to show the harmony between the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, regarding the mystery of the Eucharist, and in the sermon of the Angelical Doctor is summed up in one short sentence the thought of the whole Catholic world on this festival. "There is not, and never was, so great a nation, which had its gods drawing so near to it, as our God is to us." The whole office of Lauds is one song of praise, an exquisite blending of ancient psalmody with the poetry of the Catholic Church, extolling that Wisdom which came forth from the Most High. *Sapientia ædificavit sibi domum:* "Wisdom hath builded herself an house, she hath mingled her wine, and hath furnished forth her table, alleluia."

But it is in the Mass that the wondrous imagery and skill with which the Church has fashioned her liturgy are most striking. In the Mass the sacred chant combines with the liturgical words of praise to make a complete and perfect act of worship unknown before or since in the history of the world. As silver trumpets piercing to the limits of the universe there rings out the Introit: "He fed them with the fat of wheat, alleluia: and filled them with honey out of the stony rock, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia." And the choir takes up the refrain, as ripple after ripple spreads over the surface of a pool: "Rejoice unto God, our helper: sing joyfully unto the God of Jacob." In the Gradual and Alleluia-Verse there is again seen the parallel between the Old and New Testaments:

> The eyes of all hope in thee, O Lord, and thou givest them food in due season.
> V. Thou openest thy hand, and fillest with thy blessing every living creature. Alleluia, alleluia.
> V. My flesh is truly meat, and my blood is truly drink; he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him.

The Sequence, composed by St. Thomas Aquinas himself, is one of the noblest poems in the Church's treasury of sacred Latin verse:

Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor,
Praise thy Saviour and thy Master,
High the choral anthems raise;
All thy utmost might it needeth,
For he all thy praise exceedeth,
Thou canst ne'er express his praise.
. . . . . .

Loud and solemn be our chanting,
Nor let joy nor grace be wanting,
In the gladness of the breast;
Let a solemn chant be raised,
While the Mystery is praised
Of the Holy Eucharist.
. . . . . .

Here beneath these signs are hidden
Priceless Things to sense forbidden,
Signs, not Things, are all we see;
Blood is poured, and Flesh is broken,
Yet in either wondrous token
Christ entire we know to be.
. . . . . .

Shepherd Good, true Bread and living,
Jesu, be to us forgiving;
Thou protecting, thou relieving,
In the land of all the living
Cause thou us all good to see;
Thou all-ruling, all-espying,
Feed'st us here till hour of dying;
There upon thy Bosom lying,
We with all the saints are sighing,
Fellow-heirs and friends to be.

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament is the crowning act in this solemn homage offered to Eternal Reality veiled beneath the accidents of bread and wine. There is much of unbelief and materialism in the world, and if the Procession is to every Catholic an act of love, it is also a marching forth in battle array against every power of evil that lifts its ugly head against the ancient Catholic Faith. It is a sublime act of faith made in the face of a world that scoffs against every form of a belief in that which can not be evolved from the human consciousness. As an army with banners and spears, so this Christian army gathers itself about the altar. The King rides out beneath his canopy; the spearmen cluster round, while the way of the progress is strewn with scattered flowers. The clinking of the censers is faintly heard and the clouds of smoking incense arise

as the chanters give their battle cry: *Pange, lingua, gloriosi Corporis mysterium.*

Of the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing;
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming
In a generous womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the Gentile's King.

And as this triumphal act of faith passes along on its solemn way the heart of the born Catholic is renewed again in loving memories, and to the convert comes an hour of proud service as of one called to the colors—for he has passed over from the hosts of error into the army of truth: it is a moment for which to live—and one for which to die. "Lauda Sion," "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Magnificat," and many another are the songs that are poured out from grateful hearts on this day when God rides out borne in the arms of the priest. And when the Progress is finished and the King of High Heaven has blessed the children of His kingdom, there remains one last prayer, breathed in company with the great Doctor of the Blessed Sacrament:

Jesu, whom thus veilèd I must see below,
When shall that be given, which I long for so,
That, at last beholding thy uncover'd Face,
Thou wouldst satisfy me with thy fullest grace!

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Wasted Money

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It was my good fortune to be one of the sixty-eight persons who attended the second of the series of Laymen's Retreats given last year by the Jesuit Fathers at the University of Santa Clara, California.

A civil engineer of high standing in his profession, also a prominent officer of engineers in the National Guard of California, a leading physician of the Metropolis of the Pacific, a young legal practitioner and myself occupied seats at the same table in the dining hall. The three first-mentioned persons, as the phrase goes, "liked to talk," but, being men of ripe experience in the outer world, they, very properly, availed themselves but little of the privilege of conversation allowed by the "free time" periods of the Retreat. If they needed example in observing silence, it was given by the young attorney, who, being a devoted sodalist, knew the value of peace and tranquility during a spiritual retreat. Our close attention was given to the instructions, meditations, and other exercises of the Retreat, but following its close we discussed with much pleasure several topics of interest to Catholics, one of which was the extravagant and, from a Catholic standpoint, useless expenditure of money for floral tributes at funerals. Our conversation on this particular subject began while returning from a visit to the cemetery, a couple of miles distant from the University.

At the grave of the late James R. Kelly, for many years president of the Hibernia Bank, and for more than half a century Prefect of the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, we remembered that, on the occasion of his obsequies, deservedly popular and highly-esteemed pioneer citizen that he was, the floral tributes of respect to his memory must have cost hundreds of dollars.

These floral tributes of respect to the memory of a most exemplary, upright citizen came from friends of every denomination, and beautifully symbolized the feelings of the donors and their tender sympathy for the bereaved family of the deceased banker.

But there was one particular token of remembrance presented to the latter, with which all the costliest flowers of the earth bore no comparison! It was an act of faith by the employees of the Hibernia Bank toward the soul of their beloved chief, which we, the engineer, the physician and myself, regarded as worthy of emulation by Catholics everywhere, especially by sodalities or members of other societies organized in the name of religion.

Instead of a costly floral tribute, the beauty and perfume of which would last only for a few hours, the employees of the Hibernia Bank presented to the family of the deceased a letter of condolence with the statement that they had arranged to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered twenty times for the repose of his soul!

What an edifying example! What a sharp contrast with the beautiful but simply pagan custom of piling up expensive floral tributes around the poor dead body that, in a few days, will rest in all the corruption of the grave? Can we Catholics not make an organized effort to amend, to some degree at least, this thoughtless waste of money that the etiquette and social amenities of modern paganism demand? My engineer friend, realizing the difficulties of such an undertaking, suggested that a society be formed with the title "Unknown Donors," and that suitably engrossed cards be presented to the surviving relatives of the deceased Catholic stating the number of Masses that were to be offered for his or her soul. The pastor, or other priest, by whom the Masses were to be celebrated might affix his name to the card before presenting it to the bereaved relatives. This is a subject of profound importance. I would like to see it discussed in your columns.

"Decoration Day" is approaching and, while I admire the custom of placing floral wreaths on the graves of our patriotic dead, the soldiers who fought under "Old Glory" and proved their loyalty to that revered emblem of our liberties, I should be glad to see the true meaning of the celebration expounded, so that the distinction between patriotism, or love of country, displayed in a fine form by the pagan people of Greece and Rome, and Christianity, or the love of Christ and His doctrines, may be shown its strongest and most impressive light.

San Francisco. A LAYMAN.

Some Troubles of the "Defenders of Liberty"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The amusing article on "Mrs. Nickelby and the Crozer Professor" prompts me to send you another specimen of Protestant "enterprise," as shown in the subjoined letter, which speaks for itself:

Syracuse. J.

NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE
ESTABLISHED 1841
$1.50 Per Year

HARRY E. WOOLEVER, *Editor.* 432 University Block Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received notice from the Third Postmaster General of the United States in which he indicates that it is obligatory for us to pay one cent postage on your Northern from now on unless you pay your subscription to at least within a year of the present date.

Under recent Postal regulations, it is necessary that no subscriptions be more than one year in arrears, if we are to enjoy the regular magazine rates of postage. However, we regret to trouble you about this matter. Your subscription has been allowed to run along in the belief that possibly it was not just convenient for you to pay the subscription when due or that it had escaped your attention. We shall be pleased to accommodate you in any way possible, but the Government insists that we observe this law and we believe you understand the circumstances.

You no doubt read the article in which we told of the Catholic attack on Bishop Burt of our Church, and therefore, you have some knowledge of the present attempt of Catholicism to dominate our country and overthrow our religion. You likewise know, without doubt, that the large

daily papers are mainly controlled by the Catholics and that the Protestant religious papers are having trouble to meet the competition at this time. If the Catholics can crush out the church papers they have broken that one means of communication which gives us unity and makes us strong. Therefore, we do not want to lose a subscriber, for each one lost weakens our army. We are trying to make the paper of such interest to you and of such importance to the Church that you will give it your loyal support. An excellent picture of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church is offered free to those paying a year's subscription in advance.

Enclosed you will find a statement of your account and your attention to this will help us in our fight for truth and religious liberty. If you could get some friend to subscribe, you would thus strengthen the forces of the defenders of liberty.

Trusting that we may hear from you by return mail and valuing any suggestions you may make concerning the Northern or that will extend its influence, we are

Yours very sincerely,
NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.
Per ———— *Manager.*

That "Raffle for Souls"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article on the raffle for souls reminds me that I am in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Vedder:

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
CHESTER, PA.
Department of Church History

MR. JAMES L. TOBIN,
505a Kosciusko Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y. JANUARY 29, 1915.

My Dear Sir:—I am sorry that I have been unable to fulfil my promise of giving you that name and address. I found that the man who sent me the paper is taking a furlough at his home, in one of the Southern States, and will not return to the field for several months; and I have been unable to learn of any one else who could supply the information you desire. I will keep the matter in mind, and if possible will put you in the way of obtaining this information.

Very truly yours,
HENRY C. VEDDER.

Nearly four months have passed since this communication reached me, and nothing further has come.

Brooklyn. J. L. TOBIN.

Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his latest communication Father Lambing suggests as a solution of the liquor question, "permitting manufacturers of liquor to sell or deliver to licensed retailers only." In other words this former apologist of prohibition methods would now leave us just where we are, save that he would abolish clubs, and endeavor to prevent intoxicants being carried into homes. What an extraordinary anti-climax!

Your correspondent also thinks that I "may" be too hard on the police and the politicians, etc. This, of course, is a matter of opinion. He harps a good deal on my expression, "a fundamental human right," and evidently imagines that I am inconsistent in at the same time insisting on this "right" and affirming that if anybody particularly desired it I would prohibit altogether the manufacture and sale of the more fiery intoxicants. But let me recall to Father Lambing's memory the admonition of the logicians: *Distingue frequenter.* If he will but distinguish in this instance he will easily see the point. My general proposition may be restated thus: Our Divine Lord changed water into wine, and He chose wine as one of the two creatures by means of which His Presence is perpetuated on earth. Whence it follows that any Christian who holds it to be morally wrong to drink wine is either incapable of reasoning or a Pharisee.

Now, wine is a beverage containing alcohol, in a greater or less degree, whence it follows that there is no moral obliquity associated with the consumption of a beverage just because it contains alcohol. But while this is quite true, yet the State has a right to specify, when the legislature may deem it necessary, that no beverage may contain more than a certain percentage of alcohol, and thus, indirectly, prohibit the manufacture, for example, of the stronger liquors.

There is little in Mr. Fitzgerald's letter to detain us. He admits that in the South prohibition does not prohibit, but adds that it is all right in the West. To which I reply that I shall require more proof of this claim than his mere assertion. The manner in which he misconstrues my quotation relative to Kansas sufficiently demonstrates the desperate lengths to which he will go in search of any sort of defence of an untenable position.

To sum up the entire subject, therefore, and for the last time asking the indulgence of your readers on this subject, I have failed to find in the communications of prohibitionists to AMERICA, during the present discussion, any serious argument against the principle that there is nothing morally blameworthy in the use of alcoholic beverages, whereas, on the other hand, Our Lord's example and the numerous passages of the Sacred Scriptures quoted by those correspondents who adopt my point of view, are conclusive evidence to the contrary. Prohibition, at the present time, is merely the last refuge of the sects which have allowed most of the essential doctrines of Christianity, one by one, to escape them.

Harrisburg. HENRY MAURICE.

Ye of Little Faith

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Having read in your issue of April 17, a short article headed "Ye of Little Faith," which referred to certain persons in America who were advocating the "control of births," it may be interesting to your readers to give them an account of the writer's personal experience of the effects of such unnatural conduct.

About thirty years ago I started life as a shopkeeper, and when about a year in business got married. The "lady next door" displayed the greatest interest in our general welfare and in a confidential conversation with my wife one day informed her that she regarded a large family as a great hardship, at the same time making a certain suggestion. My wife replied indignantly that in our Church we regarded such conduct as murder, and needless to say the suggestion was never again repeated. We lived beside this family for a number of years and were naturally anxious to learn what would be the ultimate result of the extraordinary ideas of marriage held by the worthy couple "next door." Well, they had two children, a boy and a girl, the favorite family I understand with many of their class. We saw those children grow up from childhood to maturity, idolized by their parents and possessing many admirable and attractive qualities. They were also most obedient and attentive to their father and mother. At last they obtained important commercial appointments and were likely to be of great assistance to their parents, but both took suddenly ill and were buried within a few months. Their father died shortly after and their mother is at present a desolate and wretched creature, without any apparent hope or consolation. Seeing all this it occurred to my wife and myself that God's ways are best and that any interference with His eternal decrees is bound to have disastrous results. Well may AMERICA say "Ye of Little Faith," for those only are happiest who place themselves in God's hands, accepting everything with resignation and gratitude which He deems best for their temporal and eternal happiness.

Dublin. P. T. D.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Our Boys

THE challenge has been issued, who will accept it; the gauntlet has been thrown down, who will pick it up? A thousand, ay, ten thousand, one hundred thousand boys throughout the country are awaiting an answer. They have made known their need; they must have exercise and recreation. The congested homes of a great city furnish no opportunity for either; the streets of a metropolis offer no facilities for one or the other; there are few suitable Catholic club houses; non-Catholic associations abound on all sides. What is the boy to do; forego his exercise and recreation? That is a heroic act. Refuse to join a non-Catholic club? He does refuse and falls into greater temptations on the streets or elsewhere. What is the boy to do; join the non-Catholic club? He does so and finds himself in an atmosphere that menaces his faith.

Catholic boys, what a picture many of them present! Needing care most of all, they get the least care of all. Their sisters are surrounded by a thousand and one safeguards, too many at times; the boys are overlooked; they are the pariahs of the flock, disnatured torments to some, puzzles to others, a care to very few of those to whom sheep and lambs without distinction of sex were committed. The consequence is writ large on many a court record. After school days the problematic creature, boy, is left to evolve as best he may; only too often he evolves into a criminal. Scores, more than that, hundreds, of them, Catholic by Baptism at least, are in reformatories and refuges, witnesses not so much of evil as of neglect.

The challenge is issued; the gauntlet is down. What is to be done? Ignore the facts, and the problem grows. Theorize over methods, and still the problem grows; Work for the boy and the problem becomes less acute.

It is an odious thing to fix blame for present conditions. The blame is not on one or two sets of shoulders; fix it, those who care for such work. Ours the task to appeal once again to our Catholic laymen to help our Catholic boys. The boys are willing; they await the outstretched hand, the kindly word. The outstretched hands are few; the kindly words, scarce. Yet the boys are pleading for both, so too is the Ozanam Association. What answer will Catholic laymen give? The challenge is for them; the gauntlet is at their feet.

A Convent Girl and the Paris Fashions

"CONVENT life," confesses Miss Frances Starr on page 174 of a recent number of the *Theatre*, "has always appealed to me. The longing to spend a fortnight in one of them was always strong. When I read the play 'Marie Odile' and Mr. Belasco decided that I should play it, the longing to live for a time in a convent was augmented by what I believed was the actual need for it. I hated to come away and I shall assuredly go back."

"And, the reaction upon yourself?" queried Ann Archibald, the tireless interviewer. "I am sure it gave me a different outlook. It cleared my vision of some of the complexities that dim our eyes and made me see things with the simplicity of concentration."

Doubtless the diction of Ann Archibald is here at fault, for Miss Starr can hardly mean that these dimming complexities made her see things with the simplicity of concentration. However, this may be, among the objects which, after her stay in the convent, Miss Starr beholds with the simplicity of concentration, are frocks and shirtwaists from Paris. "I find them fascinating," she says on page 216 of the *Theatre* for April. "I do really think there were never so many models to have, especially for the young and slender. Here are two frocks from Henri Bendel's. And aren't these French shirtwaists things of beauty?" prattles this lover of concentrated simplicity and convent-life. Miss Starr, it should be noted, is by no means a neutral person, for "one of the duckiest of her frocks is of Belgian blue," and she always purchases her raiment from "those who import from Paris." Defending this custom, "she offered," reports Ann Archibald, "one argument among others, small but telling—the ingenious way in which the long cuffs of one of her shirtwaists were fastened. Buttonholes, six or eight, ran along the edges, links of pearlshaped buttons, joined by twisted strands of silk went through the buttonholes," as is the manner of our most approved convents. "Miss Starr was all enthusiasm for the present trends," concludes the faithful Ann Archibald, "and she did rather point her argument."

If this enthusiasm for Parisian modes is the result of a fortnight in a convent, it is suggested that Messrs. Worth and Bendel add a religious house to their already interesting establishments. From an internment therein, prospective customers might not gain a particularly deep

insight into the religious life, but their eyes would be opened, as were Miss Starr's, to the beauty of ducky frocks of Belgian blue, and of shirtwaists, marvelous confections of Parisian art.

Clean-up Week

ABOUT this time the wise householder will sweep the street before his establishment, for this is "clean-up time." Matter has an unpleasant way of putting itself in the wrong place, and matter out of place, someone has said, is dirt, and dirt is both unsightly and unsanitary. There is nothing vague about clean-up week. It means you; it is a direct appeal to you, to sweep and garnish your own premises, making them a delight to the artistic and to the medical eye. "Never mind your next-door neighbor," is the advice of the clean-up man, "but sweep the ashes from your own hearthstone."

This is the era of the great clean-up. Our social life needs cleaning up, so do our political activities, and our morals, it is thought, would be the better for a good scouring. Hence the rise of the professional reformer, the improvement leagues, the national conventions of allied social and moral agencies, all hot on the trail of public and private iniquity. Their common purpose is admirable, but the methods of many are futile. Men are not reformed in the mass, but as individuals, and they are not reformed at all, except through the power of religion. Yet religion plays no great part in the counsels of a majority of these reformers.

The man who invented clean-up week was a true philosopher. He knew the value of an appeal to the individual. He knew that the mass is reformed by perfecting its constituent units. He knew that sermons on sweetness and light are poor substitutes for soap, water, and elbow grease. Catholics, as well as the professional reformers, may learn wisdom from the clean-up man. The fact that there are sixteen million Catholics in the United States, will not mean very much until, by adopting the method of the clean-up man, each individual has made himself a real not a nominal Catholic. "Sweep the ashes from your own hearthstone." And do it now.

The Cuckoo Controversy

"THE cuckoo came to London yesterday, a full week later than his usual date of arrival," wrote a correspondent of the London *Times* on April 28. An assertion like the foregoing annually starts a heated controversy in the British press. No sooner does some one publish a rash boast of having seen or heard the earliest cuckoo than correspondents from all parts of the United Kingdom bombard the papers with skeptical, reminiscent, statistical, patriotic, ornithological, or indignant letters. From Kent, for example, will arrive a communication throwing doubt on the Londoner's veracity, for the cuckoo has not yet been heard in Kemsing where he invariably appears first. But a Suffolk squire finds the recorded coming of the bird credible enough, for he remembers hearing one singing in the Metropolis on April 16, thirty-nine years ago. Then a Sussex correspondent sends an array of dates indicating the day the cuckoo was first heard in his county each year since 1789. An Isle of Wight sonneteer forthwith contributes some lines attesting that the eyes of all true Englishmen grow wet at the April cuckoo's call, a close observer then writes from Malling Abbey about the delicate shade of difference between the bird's May and July notes, and innumerable letters pour in charging this or that correspondent with inaccuracy, stupidity or worse. After the controversy has gone on for a month or more the editor impatiently announces, "We can publish no more letters on the cuckoo," and writes a leading article reviewing the alleged facts and giving his opinion of their significance. Thus the epistolary quarrel ends for that year, but is sure to start once more the following spring.

In this country, unhappily, we have nothing like the English cuckoo controversy. Though some of our rural weeklies may record in isolated paragraphs that "Mildred Perkins," for instance "found the first pussy-willow of the season yesterday;" or that "Mrs. Stephens gathered a bouquet of arbutus on April 25;" or will even hazard the statement that "a robin appeared in Sunny Valley two weeks earlier than last year," and that the "frogs have been peeping in Miller's Meadow with unusual vigor considering the cold May we have had," nevertheless there is seldom displayed anything like the Englishman's excitement over the arrival of spring's harbingers. As for a long and bitter quarrel starting in our metropolitan papers regarding the date of the bluebird's first appearance in a city park, it is not precisely an annual occurrence. Our lack of contentious enthusiasm for nature-study is perhaps a grave national peril. Let the consuls see that the State take no harm therefrom!

Ancient Carrion

IF Mr. Edwin Davis Schoonmaker has been correctly reported by the New York press, he does not believe in static monogamy. Kinetic monogamy, however, meets his approval, provided each successive choice of a mate be authorized by true "love." This is the morality flowing down from that fountainhead of our civilization, the divorce court; it is likewise the morality attributed by some naturalists, if memory serves, to the elephant and a few other beasts. This comment does Mr. Schoonmaker's alleged principles no injustice. In his eyes, "love" is but a carnal instinct, identical in brute and man. "The one thing we must learn about sex-matters is that the individual must do as he chooses."

This is no new philosophy. Nightly its peripatetic teachers recruit their pupils in the city's purlieus; day by day, pupils and teachers form ghastly schools in our "Morals Courts," our jails, our hospitals, our asylums.

So has it been from the day when veiled Thamar sat in the crossway leading up to Thamnas; and before. So shall it be to the end, with all who open their ears to the cry of the beast within, and work in their bodies, as St. Paul says, that which is filthy.

Mr. Schoonmaker is but serving his readers with ancient carrion; as old as sin and as unwholesome. One wonders why this fetid mass of corruption should be thought so new, so important, so uplifting, by the New York *Tribune* as to be heralded by headlines extending across four columns of the "Woman's Page." Does this vileness appeal to the women who read the *Tribune?* Or does the "Woman's Page" of this journal, along with similar departments in many an American newspaper, need a new editor? The *Tribune* has preached eloquently on the immorality of "tainted advertising," but still conducts its "Woman's Page" on the theory, apparently, that what most women want is carrion.

The Ladies and the Law Court

IN the good old days, before the fox trot happened on us or the womenfolk discovered that it was incumbent on them to live their lives in their own way, it was generally accepted that a woman's place was in the home. The doctrine is open to more than one interpretation, and its application might vary in the degree of its rigidity, but if there is one place more than another the outside of which is the best side for woman to be on it is the law court. For the law court, strange as it may sound, is not run as a species of municipal vaudeville.

In a law court, which might be situated within a hundred mile radius of New York, a particularly unsavory case was up for trial. The judge, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, remarked that some of the evidence might be shocking and said if any of the women or girls present did not wish to hear scandal they might leave the courtroom. The hint, strong as it was, was not acted upon, and the women and girls remained. There is but one inference to be drawn from the incident; the women who attended the court *did* wish to hear scandal, and, if the press reports be correct, they had their desires fulfilled.

Trial by jury in the open court is the most fair and upright method of legal procedure the world has ever witnessed, but that it should be taken advantage of by women, impelled by indecent curiosity, to listen with ears wide open and mouths agape to the unmentionable details of a sordid case, is something to make the "mere man," "sit up and take notice." It is the boast of Americans that their womenfolk exercise a greater influence upon public opinion than do the women of any other nation. But it yet remains to be seen whether any woman has benefited her generation by having her ears tickled with the indecencies of a case which the judge himself felt constrained to call "shocking." If woman cannot be convinced that her place is in the home let her at least be persuaded that it is not on the inside of a law court.

Agreeing to Differ

"I REPEAT and insist on it, and that settles it; 'The number of stars is odd.'" "Well, if you will not listen to reason, I most emphatically disagree with you. Any and every school-boy and school-girl is well aware of the fact that the number of the stars is even." You need no vast amount of experience to tell where this conversation took place and what stage it had reached. Think a moment. Didn't this tremendous discusion upon the exact calculation of the stars happen recently to someone, not known to you? Do you wish to read a *communiqué* on the subsequent history of this famous encounter? The combatants went down into the trenches, surrounded themselves with barbed-wire entanglements and discharged shots at random into the impenetrable darkness that lay between the opposing lines.

Of course, the only purpose of these mobilized disputants was to safeguard and advance astronomy. Imperialism never goes unmasked. It is taking up the white man's burden, or spreading culture or upbuilding civilization or abrogating peonage or nailing up the flag or modestly seeking a place in the sun or obeying the dictates of manifest destiny. These are the inspiring words emblazoned upon the banners which float above the wars of imperialism. So above the conflicts of controversy, truth, science, progress, amelioration of mankind, spread of enlightenment are the heralded mottoes, while all the time, below the clash of man with man, there rages a sub-conscious duel where personalities parry and thrust until after a time the paramount claims of astronomy yield to mutual accusations of asininity.

But why not be content to let insoluble questions remain unsolved? In the realms of fashion, whatever may be said of the monotony and ugly uniformity of men's head-gear, no fault can be found with the beauty and perpetual variety of bonnets. You are rather pleased that the outside of another's head is unlike yours, why should you feel like a submarine, cruising around to discharge a torpedo, because someone has not made the inside of the head like yours? Why should the holding of an opposite opinion constitute a perpetual grievance. To a burglar bars are a challenge, burglar-alarms an insult, and safes a constant menace to his content, but normal individuals pass by a bank without any impairing of their appetites. Who was it that advanced the theory that the complexion of our colored brethren is only an enlarged freckle, become conterminous with the corporal superficies, instead of beautifying the tip of the nose? The imperialistic tendency of freckles was developed in torrid zones. Is it not equally imperialistic to stretch an idea so far as to wish to have all minds draped in the dull hues of that one idea? Would you think of wishing to impose your Ethiopian views on a Caucasian friend

unless you, like the original African freckle, were at the moment inhabiting a torrid zone?

"The number of stars is odd!" "The number of stars is even!" Very well, let them be so! Let the mercury not rise over the difference. Imitate the thrifty farmer who wouldn't allow his son to use the parlor thermometer for taking the outside temperature through fear of wearing out the tube. The wear and tear of human thermometers, subject to variations in heat, is much greater. "We agree to differ" is a phrase which puts its maker among the benefactors of mankind. It supplies a foretaste of the milennium where the lamb lies down beside rather than inside the lion, to which the lamb in rougher days would be assimilated. Bring submarines to the surface; let the snipers climb out of the trench, we agree to differ, instead of trying to reduce one another to the likeness of death and dust. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, man and woman, everybody, have you heard the good news? "We agree to differ." Come in and sit down to dinner. "We agree to differ," is a sweet, melodious, harmonizing dinner-bell.

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON'S "ORTHODOXY"*

PERHAPS the most notable English book of this century is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy." It is notable as a comprehensive epitome and striking arraignment of the anti-religious thought of the day. It is notable as a human document detailing the process of a typically modern mind from agnosticism to Christian truth. In this respect it bears an analogy to Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Newman's work narrates the painful process of a sensitive soul from the defective Christianity of Anglicanism to the fullness of Christian doctrine. Newman's "Apologia" is typical of the nineteenth century. Chesterton's work sketches the process of a militant mind from the darkness of agnosticism to the light of Christianity. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" is typical of the twentieth century.

Both seek the fullness of truth against odds. Education, environment, association, hold and retard them. Newman pushes through cautiously, painfully, fearfully, slowly, in anguish of heart and agony of mind. Chesterton smashes through boldly, combatively, swiftly, exulting in the strife of battle and the satisfaction of the issue. Neither is satisfied with the half truth; both are profoundly avaricious of the whole truth. Newman keenly feels the sacrifice he is making; Chesterton knows no regret; he loses nothing and gains everything. Newman felt the pangs of martyrdom; he was tearing up his life by the roots. Chesterton relishes the shock of conflict; he is glad to tear up his life by the roots.

Another notable characteristic in "Orthodoxy" is its method. In no sense is it scholastic. It eschews any formal treatment. Indeed I imagine that Mr. Chesterton has no sense of scholastic method at all. This is well. If "Orthodoxy" had been written after the manner of a formal treatise, it would have been gathering dust on the booksellers' shelves these several years. It is a popular exposition of truth, and properly follows the popular way of putting its arguments. Mr. Chesterton meets his opponents with their own weapons. It may be said that he is fighting the devil with fire, only in his hands it becomes celestial fire.

The antagonists of Christianity, up to within a few years ago, monopolized the popular field. Paradox, epigram, wit, humor, ridicule, sentiment, passion, audacity, what not, have been the instruments used in propagating their doctrines. Mr. Chesterton jumps into the arena and worsts them at their own game. He is as audacious as they are. He outparadoxes them, flashes epigram after epigram in their dazzled eyes, pours subtle ridicule upon them unsparingly, lashes them with his wit and drenches them with his humor. It has been said that he is too brilliant; a champion of truth should go more soberly. The trouble has been that the champions of truth have gone so soberly and ponderously that the enemy outdistances them. The race may be not always to the swift, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is. In the popular arena the tortoise has no place. Even if Mr. Chesterton be too constantly brilliant, at least he is not open to the charge of ever being dull.

In spite of its brilliancy "Orthodoxy" is a profoundly serious book. It essays to do two things, though Mr. Chesterton modestly declares that it is merely the transcript of his personal adventure in discovering Christianity. It is this and something more; it is a smashing defense of Christianity as a complete philosophy of life against the modern onslaught. Mr. Chesterton pursues with vivacious keenness the various turnings of modern thought to their ultimate lairs, which prove to be dens of utter darkness. The mechanical theory of the universe he traces to the madhouse. The materialist has shut himself up in the dingy dungeon of matter. He reduces all thought in the last analysis to the whirr of cogs, and himself a cog in the fatal clockwork. It is a simple and complete philosophy, as simple and as satisfactory as that of the inmate of Bloomingdale who thinks himself a chicken and goes about crowing. To be a cog is simplicity itself; all you have to do is to keep on cogging; and the universe, a series of cogs, is only an endless reduplication of the same ultimate simplicity.

The naturalistic explanation of the universe is not only lunacy, but it is the suicide of thought. In the name of thought it attacks religion and denies authority to vindicate reason. Having put authority out of the way, reason begins to question itself; the naturalists proceed to doubt the faculty of knowledge and end in the wildest skepticism. We cease to know that we know. The universe a machine, reason strangled by its own doubt, morality collapses in the void. The smash is complete. Modern thought makes the world a madhouse, wrecks reason on the rocks of skepticism and breaks freedom on the wheel of scientific fatalism. Here is the absolute bankruptcy of life, and life is all the time running furiously counter to all these negations. Here is an explanation that not only does not explain but actually ends in the banality that there is no explanation.

Discovering that modern thought constantly led him to a series of barren negations, and realizing all the while that life as constantly demanded fixed and positive foundations, if it were to be lived at all, and seeing that the purpose of these onslaughts was always the destruction of Christianity, Mr. Chesterton began to wonder if there were not perhaps something in Christianity which was fundamental with human needs. For if the assaults upon Christianity were really assaults upon the fundamentals of human living, then Christianity and human living must have some strange affinity or even identification. Christianity was assailed on all sides and for all contradictory reasons. Sifting the contradictions he found that they annihilated each other and

*The second of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

left Christianity intact. In storming the citadel, its enemies destroyed each other. The paradoxes of Christianity he found to be the paradoxes of life. Christianity was the key to the lock and the only key. Human living demanded authority or it was lost. Reason unsupported by authority immediately tottered on its throne. Freedom without reason began at once to be spelled into fatalism. Christianity alone supplied authority, defended reason and safeguarded freedom. In attacking Christianity modern thought found itself driven to attack all three, and in attacking these it swept away the foundations of life. Examining the case from the historical side, he found that Christianity was always on the side of the sanities of life and the heresies on the side of the insanities.

Mr. Chesterton tells us that he set out seeking to discover the truth, and at the beginning of his quest he imagined that he could find the truth as some remote island in the sea, of which he might be the proud and happy discoverer.

> I have often had a fancy, he tells us, for writing a romance about an English yachtsman who slightly miscalculated his course and discovered England, under the impression that it was a new island in the South Seas. . . . I am that man in the yacht. I discovered England. . . . I am the man who, with the utmost daring, discovered what had been discovered before.

He set out to discover the truth and discovered Christianity.

I have said that Mr. Chesterton is brilliant; he has the brilliancy of the adventurer and he has all his courage to boot. He is a man who is unafraid and, like all brave men, he hates a sham. When he fights he fights furiously. His enemy is there to be killed, and he runs him through to the heart as every honest fighter must. He spits him on his weapon without vindictiveness, but heartily. The sham philosophies of the day he calls sham without scruple and proves them so. He is no respecter of follies, even though they be garbed in purple and fine linen. He characteristically declares:

> The vast and shallow philosophies, the huge syntheses of humbug, all talk about ages and evolution and ultimate development. The true philosophy is concerned with the instant. Will a man take this road or that?—that is the only thing to think about, if you enjoy thinking. The æons are easy enough to think about; any one can think of them. The instant is really awful; and it is because our religion has intensely felt the instant that it has in literature dealt much with battle and in theology dealt much with hell.

No book of the age has so summarily, boldly and effectively challenged modern thought with its silly shams, its pitiful absurdities, its crude logic, its sterile negations and its abysmal emptiness. "Orthodoxy" tells us no new truth, but it does set forth the old truth in a splendid way. It is novel in its method. For that we may be thankful. A champion of the truth should not go into the battle with rusty armor or with antique weapons. Mr. Chesterton's is a sword of flame, and the Prince of Darkness is mortally afraid of fire.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

REVIEWS

Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated by HENRY JOHNSON. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

It may be that the ideal translation of the "Divina Commedia" is yet to be written, but that of Henry Johnson, of Bowdoin College, just published by Yale University in commemoration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Dante's birth, is the best that has yet appeared in English. Though in verse, it is almost as literal as that of Norton in prose. And it has this rare quality, that the English is simple, both in choice of words and in construction, so that it reads smoothly and with few of those inversions and complex syntactical knottings that make many literal translations more of a task than a pleasure. Professor Johnson has wisely turned the *terza rima* of the original into blank verse. Dante's hendecasyllabics, with their triple *rimes féminines,* are an exotic in English and, as Cary says, "often totally unmanageable." Prose serves well enough for the student, who cares more for the precise meaning than he does for the form, but it can convey no idea of the beauty of a great poem, and the "Divina Commedia" is, first of all, a poem, a pure work of art, and only secondarily a treatise on theology, philosophy, politics and morals. Blank verse, then, seems to be the medium proper to such a translation.

Professor Johnson handles his blank verse well. It is true that here and there the meter halts a little, but the limping is so rare that it can easily be forgiven. He has rendered the original almost line for line. This accounts for the occasional inversions and involved constructions, for it would be impossible to follow the original, which has many intricate passages that are difficult to unravel, without transferring some of these knots into English. It is, however, astonishing to see how often and with what skill the translator has turned these Dantesque tangles into perfectly clear English. The translation with which it challenges comparison is, naturally, Cary's. Johnson has succeeded, where Cary often failed, in finding just the English word that precisely expresses the Italian. A typical example is in the rendering of Purg. III, 78-85:

> Come le pecorelle escon dal chiuso'
> Ad una, a due, e tre, e l'altre stanno
> Timidette, atterrando l'occhio e il muso;
> E ciò che fa la prima, e l'altre fanno,
> Addossandosi a lei s'ella s' arresta,
> Semplice e quiete, e lo'mperchè non sanno;
> Sì vid'io muovere, etc.

which Johnson renders:

> As sheep that come forth from the fold by ones,
> By twos, by threes, while all the others stand
> Timidly holding eye and nose to earth,
> And what the first one does the others do,
> Huddling so close to her, if she but stop,
> Silly and quiet, and they know not why;
> So saw I move; etc.

Cary's version is:

> As sheep that step forth from their fold, by one,
> Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest
> Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose
> To ground, and what the foremost does, that do
> The others, gathering round her if she stops,
> Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;
> So saw I moving, etc.

The differences are all in Johnson's favor. His "huddling close" is a faithful rendering of *addossandosi,* which Cary's "gathering round" is not. But Johnson, in translating Inf. V 137: *Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse,* has not ventured to do what Bryan and Cary did, try to convey the occult meaning of the name *Galeotto.* He translates: "Gallehaut was the book, and he who wrote it." Byron's "Accursed was the book," etc., will not do at all. Cary's

> ". . . The book and writer
> Both were love's purveyors. . . ."

is nearer the true meaning, but "pander" is the right word if the name is to be translated at all. It is really an untranslatable phrase and needs a note of explanation.

Professor Johnson has abstained from any notes, probably because there is already such a multiplicity of editions copiously annotated. He has done wisely, also, in leaving the Latin quotations untranslated in the text and in giving the translations in an appendix. Yale is to be thanked for publishing this version of the "Divina Commedia" in the language of to-day, for from it the English-speaking world will

get a clearer idea of the beauties of that unsurpassed poem than it has been able to obtain from any of the versions that have gone before. A. B.

The Spell of Flanders. By EDWARD NEVILLE VOSE. Boston: The Page Co. $2.50.

If the rest of the "Spell" series is as good as this it deserves high commendation. Just before the outbreak of the war Mr. Vose and three other Americans were "doing" Flanders, in a more intelligent fashion than is usually followed by tourists. They had planned beforehand to begin with the oldest towns and monuments, making Bruges, the first capital of Flanders, the center from which to visit Ypres, Nieuport, Dixmude and other villages that had been great cities when London was a townlet, and directing their footsteps chronologically, according to the foundation dates of the various objects of interest, to keep their history straight and "trace with their own eyes the gradual development of Flemish architecture and art." As they went along, whether on foot or railroading at will on a fifteen-day forty-franc ticket, they would observe with the interested but easy eyes of conscious amateurs, the towers, churches, bells, paintings, tapestries, sculptures, laces, wood-carvings, town-halls and quaint old houses, and study the people while drinking black coffee on the sidewalks. Happily they followed this admirable program, and what they saw and heard and otherwise acquired the author sets down with the fluent mastery of the born guide who knows both his subject and his audience. The history, arts, literature, industries and people of Bruges, Ypres, Courtrai, Ghent, Tournai, Mechlin, Antwerp and other towns of Flanders proper, from the twelfth century to the twentieth, are spread out in fascinating colors and fine proportion. The pervading good taste is equally notable in reference to Catholic matters, which necessarily figure large in any adequate picture of Belgian life or history, presenting therein a happy contrast to the "Belgium" of the London "Peeps at Many Lands" series, which is a bitter and ignorantly insular anti-Catholic tract. A good bibliography and index, and an excellent map facilitate the student's explorations, and some sixty fine illustrations, including an artistic Flemish cover, render the reader susceptible to "The Spell of Flanders." The text will bring him as completely under it as 500 pages may. M. K.

Prehistoric Man and His Story. By G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT, M.A., B.Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The author of this volume has written a highly entertaining book, in simple language that can be understood by any person of ordinary intelligence. As was to be expected, the book is inconclusive, but not for that reason unsatisfactory. For, after all, the problem of man's origin belongs not to evolution, but to metaphysics and theology. Mr. Elliot appreciates this to some extent at least, and is driven to remark: "Common sense of mankind, whether in civilized or savage communities, draws an unmistakable boundary between the best animal and the worst man. But if we were to attempt to define this limit, we would at once be confused in psychological and metaphysical subtleties which, however diverting they may be, never seem to lead to a definite result." Here is the pith of the problem: the solution of man's origin lies beyond evolution, and evolutionists either will not or can not see their way to the final discussion. There is another admission, too, quite unusual in books of this kind, to the effect that the solution of every question discussed in the volume is always "a matter of probability." Such words disarm criticism and cause even a critical reader to blink at the numerous "might bes" and "may have beens" scattered over the pages. If the author had been more analytic in method he would have set forth many incongruities in the evidence offered for the ascent of man. For instance, on the evolutionary hypothesis, there should be progression in thinking powers, until at last the intellect blossoms full in man. Such, however, is not the case: some of the so-called lower animals show a degree of intelligence far superior to that found in the "higher" animals. It may be pointed out, too, that many a Southern negro, with his enormous feet, side-long shuffling gait, disproportionately long arms, receding forehead and chin and flat nose is physically inferior to the "reconstructed" Combe Capelle, Heidelberg and Galley Hill men, thus indicating that the "reconstructors" have overstepped themselves or else evolution falls down before a great difficulty. Many other lacunæ there are, too, but they have been discussed before in AMERICA. A critical reader lays aside the book more convinced than ever of the truth of the great Wasmann's words: "The higher we ascend in the systematic categories, and the more closely we approach the chief types of the animal world, the scantier becomes the evidence; in fact, it fails so completely that we are finally forced to acknowledge that the *assumption of a monophyletic evolution of the whole animal kingdom of organic life is a delightful dream without any scientific support.*" R. H. T.

The Eagle of the Empire. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

Grocer Greatheart. By ARTHUR ADAMS. New York: The John Lane Co. $1.25.

Daybreak. By ELIZABETH MILLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

"The Eagle of the Empire" is a tale of the last fighting days of the Emperor of the French. The author's picture of the great conqueror is a vivid one, his battle sketches are realistic, and he brings out tellingly not only the brilliance and glory of war, but the unspeakable horror of it all. The hunger, weariness and desperation of the rank and file during march and counter-march, attack and defence, leave on the reader's mind a strong impression not easily forgotten. The interest in the hero Marteau, who is a young officer in the Fifth of the Line, the "Terrible Fifth," as Bonaparte dubbed them, and the heroine, the Countess d'Aumenier, is sustained to the end. The description of the battle of Waterloo, which closes the tale, is very well done.

Arthur Adams in "Grocer Greatheart" tells of the adventures of a shipwrecked quintet in an unknown island of the South Pacific. There are a number of rather improbable situations contributing to form the plot, yet the element of surprise is cleverly kept up. The deciphering of the code that holds the secret to the treasure of the island is a bit far-fetched. Here and there Adams indulges in a deal of nonsense about reversal to the primal type, the cave-man, half-man, half-brute who, in the earth's early age, first "raised himself on his hind legs and knew himself lord of his cousins the beasts."

In "Daybreak" we have a weak story set in strong times. The period of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Spain of the Moorish wars, is poorly pictured by an unsympathetic writer. The spirit of the age, its Catholicism, the author fails to appreciate and, failing in that, there is not enough in the fiction of the narrative to hold any reader who has a passing knowledge of fifteenth century Spain. An inquisitor plays the rôle of "heavy villain," and the conventual life of the country is falsely described. G. C. T.

Bramble-Bees and Others. By J. HENRI FABRE. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

It is decidedly refreshing to turn aside from the wordy noise and hum of extravagant theorizers and tarry awhile with one who calls himself and really is a "translator of

facts." For those acquainted with the works of J. Henri Fabre already published, nothing more need be said save to mention "Bramble-Bees and Others," this latest in the series of his translated essays. Readers of the earlier works will look for a manifestation of the same powers of keen observation, accuracy of description, charm of expression and sober, sane interpretation of facts. They will be in nowise disappointed. Vain, empty speculation he leaves to those who prefer thus to misspend their reasoning energies. He will none of it. His only prejudice seems to be in favor of truth. Everything must be weighed in the balance of facts. It may cost years of patient watching, but the author counts this as nothing, provided he is brought a little nearer the truth. When, after the work of years, his tiny insect friends refuse to answer the troublesome question "why," he is content to say "I do not know" with a frankness which is very engaging. They who seem to make it their chief concern to humanize the brute, elevating to the plane of intelligence the instinct so nicely adjusted by the all-wise Creator to the needs of the lower members of the animal kingdom, would do well to ponder upon the reflections of M. Fabre regarding this matter. They will hardly dare question his judgments, which are based in every instance upon facts extending over a wider range of years of observation and experiment than many of his readers count years of life. The book has been excellently translated.

E. P. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

R. & T. Washbourne, of London, have recently issued two pamphlets that Cardinal Mercier's admirers will be glad to read. The first is the official translation of his Eminence's Pastoral "On the Papacy" (two pence), which he addressed to the priests and people of his archdiocese on his return, last fall, from the conclave which elected the present Pope. The Cardinal writes a eulogy of Pius X, gives a discerning appreciation of Benedict XV, points out to-day's perils to Catholic unity, and shows that they are to be warded off by a general manifestation of greater loyalty to the Holy See. The other pamphlet, entitled "Cardinal Mercier: His Philosophical and Pastoral Work" (six pence), gives a brief sketch of the great Belgian Primate's services to learning and religion, describes the school of Neo-Scholasticism he founded at Louvain, enumerates his writings and furnishes a photograph of his Eminence.

"The Growth of English Drama," by Arnold Wynne (Oxford University Press, $1.15), gives the student details of plot, character and verse of the plays and interludes that led up to the finished Shakesperean plot. He has endeavored to give more complete information than can be found in Symond's well-known "Shakespere's Predecessors." His book presents side by side with criticism enough data to enable the reader to arrive at an independent judgment. Probably this is the only publication in which nearly all the plays of the "University Wits" receive separate treatment. As a result it is quite easy to study carefully here such men as Heywood, Udall, Sackville and Kyd and their influence on the development of the drama, and to follow from the beginning the evolution of the Elizabethan play. Mr. Wynne is at his best in his appreciation of Marlowe the greatest of all the University Wits, who by his poetic power rose above his fellows and touched the pedestal on which Shakespere stands alone.

Many of the essays in "Vanishing Roads" (Putnam, $1.50) give abundant evidence that the author, Richard Le Gallienne, is a hedonistic pagan to whom Christian morality, theoretically at least, seems to be an outworn superstition. He is fond of descanting on the sacredness of "Nature" with a capital "N" and on the folly of renunciation. There is a fair typist in the book whom he describes several times with enthusiasm. The critical and literary papers in "Vanishing Roads" are of more value than the essays on manners and men.——Florence L. Barclay has had published separately "In Hoc Vince" (Putnam, $0.75), a well-told story that appeared originally in "King Albert's Book." The tale, which relates how a Red Cross flag was made, is said to be true in its main details—but it is not worth seventy-five cents.

D. Manuel Cobrera Y. Warleta of the University of Valencia has translated into Spanish the valuable work of Father Vermeersch, S.J., on "Tolerance" (Herder, $1.45). The English version of the book was reviewed in our issue of April 19, 1913.——"Vida Popular San Vicente de Paul" (Herder, $0.50) is Father Pablo Simon's translation into Spanish of Mgr. Debout's little biography of the saint.——"Les Cloches des Morts" (Herder, $0.45) are some well-written reflections on the Church's solicitude for the dead by an anonymous author. The little book was written as a comfort to mourners, and the author died before it was published.——"The Earthly Paradise" (Herder, $0.15) by the Rev. John Henry, C.SS.R., is another of those useful little books on vocation. St. Alphonsus Ligouri's exposition of the advantages of the religious life is given and practical counsels are offered aspirants.

"Doodles" (Houghton, $1.00), a cheerful little lame boy, with a mocking bird for his pet and the famous "Polly" for his friend, is the latest creation of Emma C. Dowd, the author of the "Polly" books. As Doodles' character and adventures are somewhat like Polly's, her admirers will probably become his.——"The Mad Knight" and "Miralda" are new numbers of Benziger's Thirty-Five Cent Library. The first is an adaptation, for children, of a German version of Don Quixote, and the second, which is also from a German original, tells how a Cuban slave girl bought her father's freedom.——"Little Bird Blue" (Houghton, $0.75) is William and Irene Finley's interesting account of how two children reared an orphan bluebird. It was discovered, to the general amazement, that its dinners weighed more than the bird itself. The book is prettily illustrated from photographs.——In "Favorite Fairy Tales Retold" (McClurg, $0.75) Julia Darrow Cowles offers children twenty well-known fairy stories in a simplified form and with their ethical lessons emphasized.

"Vorwärts" (Allyn & Bacon, $0.80) is the significant title of a new German reader by Paul V. Bacon. Accepting the principle that the study of a foreign language should begin with reading, the author has written his "Vorwärts" as the simplest of readers for the youngest beginners of first year German. Simplicity and interest are happily combined with a clear, systematic treatment by example of the German syntax; and the readings are supplemented by "Questions and Exercises" that are well calculated to drive home the point of grammar under study, and impress the pupil's mind with neat, idiomatic phrases. Like "Im Vaterland," "Vorwärts" is a very attractive book, with poems, songs and many illustrations; and is full of interesting, instructive glimpses of every-day life in Germany. There is room for such a book in the schools.

"A Book of Answered Prayers" (Benziger, $0.45) is a naive and edifying account of how sinners, rocks and adamantine publishers have been moved by prayer. The little volume supposes in its readers a keen interest in all the

author's doings.——"The Flower of the Field" (Benziger, $0.60) is a well-written book of meditations for young girls on the life of Our Lady from her birth till the death of St. Joseph. The Gospels, traditions and apocryphal works are drawn on for material, and practical lessons are driven home.——"Guiding Star for Young Men" (Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., $0.50) and "The Child's Communion and Prayer Book" (D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago) are useful prayer-books. The first has, in an appendix, "Instructions for Young Men," by Father Mueller, and the second, which has been prepared by a Boston Sister of St. Joseph, is especially meant for little communicants.

Here are some five-cent pamphlets that have lately come to the reviewer's desk: "Shall I Be a Priest?" (Irish Messenger Office), by the Rev. William Doyle, S.J., which well sets forth to the young the dignity of the priesthood; "Catholic Echoes of America" (Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh), by Agnes Schmidt, who sums up in a sprightly dialogue the achievements of Catholic pioneers and patriots in America; "The Lay Apostolate" (St. Teresa's College, Winona, Minn.), by M. A. Molloy, A.M., Ph.D., a good paper, of which an abridgement appeared in AMERICA for August 22, 1914; "Missal Gems for Children" (Convent of Mercy, Los Angeles, Cal.), by Rev. Joseph O'Reilly; "The Holy Sacrifice of the Altar: Methods of Hearing Holy Mass; prepared for the daily use of school children," and "The Gospel of Pain," a good dissertation with literary embellishment on the mystery of suffering, by the Rev. J. M. Lelen (The Christian Year Publishing Co., Covington, Ky., $0.15 each), and a dozen five-cent pamphlets issued since the year began by the Paulist Press, of West Sixtieth Street, New York, and containing such attractive and varied titles as "The Catholic as Citizen and Apostle," "Philosophy and Belief," "Catholicism and Peace," "Darwin and Darwinism," "Mary, the Mother of God," "The Story of a Conversion" and "The Conventual Life."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
The Smile of Mona Lisa. By Jacinto Benavente. $0.75; Maine in Verse and Story. By George A. Cleveland. $1.50.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York:
A History of Travel in America. By Seymour Dunbar. Four volumes. $10.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Man who Rocked the Earth. By Arthur Train. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Interpretation of History. By L. Cecil Jane. $1.75. Jean Baptiste. By J. E. Le Rossignol. $1.50; Hermaia: A Study in Comparative Esthetics. By Colin McAlpin. $3.50; France in Danger. By Paul Vergnet. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ in Meditations. By Maurice Meschler, S.J. Translated by Sister Margaret, O.S.B. Two volumes. $4.25.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The Limitations of Science. By Louis Trenchard More. $1.50; Home University Library: No. 91. The Negro. By W. E. Burghardt. No. 92. The Ancient East. By D. G. Hogarth. No. 93. An Outline of Russian Literature. By the Hon. Maurice Baring. No. 94. The Navy and Sea Power. By David Hannay. $0.50 each.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Breath of Life. By John Burroughs. $1.15; Whither? Anon. $0.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Alice and a Family. By St. John G. Ervine. $1.25; The Scarlet Plague. By Jack London. $1.00; College Life: Its Conditions and Problems. Edited by Maurice Garland Fulton.

McBride, Nast & Co., New York:
The German Army in War. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. $0.50.

John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia:
The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By J. Grimal, S.M. $1.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861. By Carter Godwin Woodson. $2.00; America to Japan. Edited by Lindsay Russell. $1.25; In Hoc Vince. By Florence L. Barclay. $0.75; Vanishing Roads. By Richard le Gallienne. $1.50.

EDUCATION

The Catholic Summer School

FOUR and twenty years ago a band of earnest men and women met at New London, Connecticut, to inaugurate a movement which has exerted a deep and wide-spread influence upon thought and life in America. This movement was the natural outcome of pre-existing conditions, yet the form which it has assumed presents features unique in our educational life. For years previous lyceums, debating societies, reading circles, had existed in many places. They arose to supply a need for general culture, were encouraged by pastors, given under the protecting shadow of the parish church and were regarded as an integral part of parish life. When, therefore, the suggestion was made that delegates from these various and scattered literary centers should meet at some convenient spot and hold a session in common, the response found expression in the meeting at New London. The session lasted four weeks. Its success was so pronounced that the devoted band determined on perpetuating the new institution by establishing it on a permanent basis. Ground was secured at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, three miles south of Plattsburg. Thus the Catholic Summer School of America came into existence.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY

In origin and development the Summer School is an educational institution, yet it differs from any existing educational institution in nature, purpose and methods. Strictly speaking, our educational system embraces primary, academic, college and university training. Each of these departments fits into the other and prepares for the other, so that the child naturally and progressively passes from one to the other until, as a graduate from the university, he or she takes up the real work of life in the world. In this system so presented the Summer School finds no place; it stands apart. The reason is found in its nature and purpose. Our educational system covers the time of life familiarly known as "school days." Its aim and purpose is to train and develop youth. The Summer School, on the contrary, appeals primarily and directly to men and women who have passed through "school days" and are busied with the various avocations of life. In nature, therefore, it is a university of the people.

VALUE OF THE SCHOOL

That such an institution is a necessity in our times can not be questioned. We live in an age characterized by the remarkable and widespread diffusion of what is commonly termed knowledge. This so-called knowledge is varied in kind and quality. Commonly it is made up of opinions, very often false or misleading, and has little value for the real things of life. Thus an atmosphere is generated which exerts a bad influence on ideals and conduct. The persons who directly suffer are the men and women who live in the world, who read these opinions in the papers or hear them discussed at social gatherings, on the street or in places of business, yet have not the time for a careful and exhaustive examination into their truth or falsehood. Again many have leisure and the inclination to read on questions of the day, and yet are at a loss how to begin or continue a course of the kind. Besides there are many others who find time to continue their studies, who are doing excellent work in their own way, but want the stimulus which comes from contact and association with persons of like tastes and ambitions. For all these the Summer School is the meeting-ground where the right point of view on live questions is presented, the test for a true appreciation of values is pointed out and where intercourse with leaders of thought is an incentive to seek the better things of life.

METHOD OF THE SCHOOL

Hence the Summer School is called a school not in the strict meaning of the word as designating an educational institution where mind and will are trained and disciplined to correct habits of clear and sustained thought and conduct. It is a school in the wider meaning of the word, in that it is a preparation for life. Attendance there is a preparation for a better and more intelligent life as a Catholic and an American citizen. The class system is employed only incidentally. The ordinary methods for imparting knowledge are the lecture course, informal conferences and association. This was the plan of its founders, who secured for the Summer School a charter from the University of the State of New York in the department of University Extension. In this sphere it marks a phase of university life outlined and carried out by the great universities of the Middle Ages.

BENEFITS FROM THE SCHOOL

The Summer School therefore is an institution for general culture, not culture in the abstract but in the concrete, *i.e.*, the culture required to lead a life of intelligent Catholic citizenship. Its aim and purpose is eminently practical. The subjects for the lecture courses are selected with the view to their bearing on the practical needs of life. The subjects are treated by experts so that the hearers may grasp the fundamental principles, obtain the correct point of view and the proper mental poise so necessary to face intelligently the real issues and problems of our day.

This is the nature and purpose of the Summer School. For a quarter of a century it has done its work, developing from small beginnings until it has become a great and powerful center of Catholic thought and life. Its success is due to the fact that our American people want such an institution and that in a measure it has supplied this want. As yet it is comparatively in its infancy. A great and ever-increasing power for good stretches out in its future. This is what impresses the thoughtful visitor—not its past or present, but its future; not its existence as a fact, but its possibilities.

JOHN T. DRISCOLL.

SOCIOLOGY

The Indian Problem

A STRONG "plea for justice" to the American Indian is made in Mr. Warren K. Moorhead's recent book on "The American Indian in the United States, 1850-1914" (Andover Press, Andover, Mass.). The volume is a calm but forceful presentation of facts, which speak louder than words. The spirit that runs through the book reveals a sincere desire and earnest effort to bring out the truth in its fulness. The author goes straight to the point, giving praise where it belongs and blame where it is deserved. The book adds another chapter to the long narrative of dishonesty and failure on the one hand, and poverty and disease on the other in our treatment of the Indian. The author's disinterested love for the welfare of the nation's wards was his motive for writing the book, notwithstanding all the labor its composition required and the many difficulties he had of collecting and sifting facts. No one who cares to be "up to date" in his knowledge of the American Indian and the Indian problem can afford to miss reading Mr. Moorhead's volume.

THE INDIAN'S FRIENDS

Few as the true friends of the Indian are to-day, it is gratifying to see the Supreme Court of the United States and the Department of the Interior, in their fight for justice and "square dealing," ever championing the cause of "these weak and defenseless people who are the wards of the nation and wholly dependent upon its protection and good faith." If more men with the knowledge and experience of Mr. Moorhead would come forth boldly in the Indian's defense, the mistaken policies which are the cause of many of the miseries the Indians suffer and have suffered will disappear. Let facts be known as they are, and not as they are distorted by the mischief-makers found within and without the reservations, who pretend to have at heart the welfare of the Indian, while in reality only seeking their own individual selfish interests.

THE PROBLEM'S GRAVITY

The author's presentation of the Indian and the Indian problem, however, is not altogether correct or complete. He deals principally with the Indian problem as handled by the whole machinery of the Indian Office under the Government of the United States, and shows what failures have characterized the past, how unsatisfactory conditions are at present, and how gloomy the outlook for the future. And this whole machinery of the Indian Office, because of its very nature, its lack of stability as to system, its constant change of officials, its incessant experimenting, which frequently is carried on by inexperienced individuals, its lack of personal interest, revealing the spirit of the hireling who goes as far as his salary and no further, will not and can not solve the Indian problem. It can never make the Red Man become a civilized, self-supporting, progressive American citizen, absorbed into the body politic of the Nation.

THE INDIAN'S RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Although the first and fundamental factor here is religion, the civilizing influence of the religious work done among the Indians is not adequately treated by the author. Four lines are considered enough to record what the Catholic Missions have done for the true civilization of the Indians during the past sixty years. The book would greatly have gained in value, had proportionate justice been done to this fundamental subject. Next to religion, in the solution of the Indian problem, comes education. But education without religion will be detrimental rather than beneficial. A serious blow was dealt the welfare of the Indian when the Contract Mission Schools, Catholic and Protestant, were abolished by the Government; and a sad impression is left upon the reader when it is approvingly stated, in the words of Mr. Leupp, that the Government was forced to withdraw support from all denominational schools because the denominations, Protestant and Catholic, were engaged in an unchristian and uncharitable dispute as to who would receive the most money from the United States Treasury. Is this true history? "In real accomplishment, as proportioned to the outlay, the Government schools do not begin," concedes Mr. Leupp, "to equal the old Mission schools, and in vital energy they must always be lacking." The author himself remarks: "I do not agree with the widespread belief that through our general education of Indians we have raised their moral and religious tone." In this connection, be it added, that "it is neither necessary nor advisable that the Government should attempt the higher education of Indians." Is it not a general verdict, based upon experience, that non-reservation schools have been less of a blessing to the Indian than a benefit; that their product often is undesirable? Opinions about Indian schools must be cautiously accepted; general statements are bound to be misleading.

DAY SCHOOLS AN EVIL

There are three kinds of schools: non-reservation boarding schools, reservation boarding schools and day schools. All have their advantages or disadvantages according to

their varying concrete circumstances. It is therefore incorrect to say, as does the author: "The day school surrounds the children, during school hours, with a wholesome environment and encourages them to work at home, in the field and in the garden, and promotes real education, culture and advancement." As a matter of fact, testified to by Government officials and inspectors and by my own experience of many years, the very opposite obtains with the day schools on the Crow Reservation. They are positively a setback and a detriment, a crying injustice inflicted upon Crow children, who deserve better treatment and protection. These children, in the tents, tepees or loghouses of their parents, are thrown back daily upon the unsanitary habits and uncivilized ways of the older Indians, who care little or nothing for the white man's civilization. Attendance, especially during the winter months, is very irregular; the children learn hardly anything, not even English; moral protection is lacking, and that is attended with most deplorable consequences, especially in the case of young Indian girls. From an educational, moral or sanitary standpoint, therefore, not a word can be said in favor of the Crow day schools. By their fruits they can be known, and they stand condemned.

THE REAL INDIAN

The most important factor in the solution of the Indian problem and the process of his civilization, is the Indian himself. I am afraid the book represents the Indian in too favorable a light. You must take the Indian as he is, with his mental and moral shortcomings. It is not his fault that, intellectually, he is of an inferior type. Yet it is this lack of mental capacity that lies at the bottom of most of the difficulties that are encountered in the solution of the Indian problem. The Indian must cooperate with the civilizing agencies that are at work for his betterment if good results are to be obtained. But it is precisely this cooperation on the part of the Indian that is lacking. He is lacking in intelligence, not good-will. This want of mental capacity accounts for the Indian's natural improvidence; his unsatisfactory manner of living at home; his almost total disregard of the laws of health; his inability to compete with the whites; his want of ambition; his spiritual dullness, etc. It is well known that, in matters of business, the Indian is at the mercy of any one who chooses to deceive him.

As to health, the average Indian is in a deplorable condition, indeed, quite helpless. Disease is rampant among them. Home conditions are such that if a case of tuberculosis or some other infection occurs in a household, the probability is that the disease will go through the entire family, living as they do in one-room habitations, overheated in winter and ill ventilated. In these mental and moral shortcomings of the Indians, through no blame of Indians or whites, must be found a considerable explanation of failures in the past, unsatisfactory conditions of the present, and our misgivings as to the future. You can not change the Indian at will. It must be a long, gradual process. Education must be imparted with the Christian religion as a basis, an ordinary common education within the reservation, and persevering, even compulsory, work at farming and stock-raising. Commissioner Sells has nobly proclaimed, as the policy of his administration, the great gospel of work. It is this gospel of work which, upon the foundations of religion and of a common education, must build up the civilization and salvation of the Indian, and bring about the solution of the difficult Indian problem.

L. TAELMAN, S.J.
Missionary to the Crow Indians.

NOTE AND COMMENT

For the first time in its history, extending over forty-two years, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, recently in session in Baltimore, has chosen a Catholic priest as its President. He is the Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, Chancellor of the diocese of Indianapolis. Father Gavisk has been a member of the Indiana State Board of Charities for the last ten years, and has been actively engaged in the charitable and reformatory work in that State. Father Gavisk's election is a well-merited recognition of his zeal and successful efforts in behalf of the unfortunate. The Conference is to be congratulated upon its choice.

On May 19 a motion to continue the trial of the Government's case against the publishers of an anti-Catholic newspaper published at Aurora, Missouri, was overruled in the Federal Court at Kansas City. It appears that the defendants had asked for time to prove the truth of certain vile charges which they had alleged against the Catholic Church. In his ruling, however, Judge Van Valkenburgh held that in the action before the court, certain individuals named in the indictment, and not the Catholic Church, were on trial, and that even "were the defendants able to secure testimony on the points they have raised, it would not be admissable as testimony." "The question is, whether the defendants have violated the penal code."

The Ninth National Oratorical Contest of the International Peace Association took place at Mohonk Lake, New York, on May 20, Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University presiding. Six speakers, each of whom had been the winner, over about four hundred competitors, in three successive contests, college, State and group of States, competed. The first prize was voted by unanimous decision to Mr. Frederick W. Wennerberg of Boston College. News of other oratorical victories achieved by a Catholic college comes from the far Northwest. Gonzaga College, Spokane, met three State universities in public debate this year, Montana University, Montana State College and Idaho University. The first debate was triangular with the two Montana schools, and Gonzaga won both. In two debates with the University of Idaho, Gonzaga lost the first by a close decision, but won the second. Out of ten debates with these Universities during the last few years, Gonzaga has won seven.

"Pass a law agin' it" is said to be, in some districts, a favorite method of dealing with any public evil, and even with some evils that are not public. Mr. Joseph Hartigan, Commissioner of Weights and Measures in New York, reports that the laws of his State are fairly adequate, or would be, could they be enforced. Although the Commissioner has reported many offences to the Attorney General, not a single case has been prosecuted. More recently, presenting a number of cases to this authority, he was advised to apply to the District Attorney, who in turn told him to take his troubles to the Corporation Counsel. Even the most efficient public official might well be discouraged by these declarations of neutrality proceeding from men sworn to prosecute violators of law. Many a community, after embarking on the sea of social and other legislation, has discovered, to its surprise, that law, like a broom, needs a sturdy arm to wield it.

There is much that is good in a Bulletin recently issued by the Bureau of Education, "Education for the Home," by Dr. B. R. Andrews. Worthy of note is the author's emphasis on the fact that "it takes two to start a home, and the child has a father as well as a mother." Dr. Andrews believes

that, in the making of a home, man's responsibility is equal to woman's, and he urges men to "become more conscious of the home and their relation to it." Few, however, will accept Dr. Andrews' statement that instruction in domestic science, beginning with the kindergarten and extending, if necessary, throughout the college course, constitutes the only cure for divorce. It is well that every girl should receive a thorough training in all the household arts, since the domestic infelicity which culminates in the divorce court is often occasioned by the wife's inability to care for the material welfare of a home. But even a good cook may have a bad temper, and an excellent housekeeper may be a Neo-malthusian. Domestic science is excellent within its own sphere; but it is neither a sacrament nor a sacramental.

Efforts to prevent the extension of the crack in the Liberty Bell have been unsuccessful. Since the clapper was removed and a steel strengthening frame inserted, the crack has spread to the top, and about the crown of the bell. This is most unfortunate, especially since, in the words of the New York *Journal,* "the final plans for the pilgrimage of this sacred relic" to San Francisco, have just been completed. "Pilgrimage" and "sacred relic" are curiously medieval terms, and thoroughly medieval was an action of President Wilson during the review of the Atlantic Fleet in the North River. As the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," the Chief Executive uncovered his head, and so remained for some time, although those about him urged that the raw weather would excuse the omission of this mark of respect. It is hardly possible that either the *Journal* or the President will be arraigned for idolatry or superstition, but within the last few weeks, these terms have been applied by a Protestant Sunday School journal to the reverence which Catholics show to the standard of the King of kings, the Cross of Christ.

"It would be too much," rages the New York *Sun,* "to expect the public schools to teach such outworn follies as the three Rs; and the public has to put up with many sciolisms and sillinesses nurtured in these expensive proving grounds of superfluity and flubdub." The cause of this outburst is the report that a Brooklyn principal ranged his pupils in the auditorium and taught them to sing, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," and "other ditties of the dove of pacificism." The unlucky principal also directed the gaze of his students to certain anti-war pictures with which he had decorated the walls of the building. If his taste in pictures is akin to his taste in music, the wrath of the *Sun* would seem to be justified. "The pity and horror of war," concludes the *Sun,*" seem patent enough, but let our schools teach them, lest mere matters of fundamental education should find their way into these temples of the inutile." On the other hand, however, none will blame the principal for endeavoring to impress upon his pupils that war is generally a game in which everybody loses.

"Bar Makers Find Saloon Is Passing" is the headline in a daily paper. The largest manufacturer of bar fixtures in the United States, according to the report, has determined to retire from that business, and has converted an entire plant into a factory for phonograph cabinets and piano cases. This company, which also manufactures billiard tables, states that, if the billiard game is to continue in popular favor, "it must be divorced absolutely from the saloon." "We have discontinued the manufacture of bar fixtures," writes the secretary of the company, "for the reason that there is no longer a sufficient demand for them. We are convinced that the future of the liquor business will be in the café and hotel." This is probably the most important indication which has yet appeared that the saloon, as it exists at present, is to disappear. Through no reasons of sentiment, but purely as a matter of business, this company concludes that in future the manufacture of bar fixtures will be a profitless occupation. A harmless institution in itself, the saloon too often allowed itself the indulgence of an alliance with the lowest elements in the community and, as a result, all saloons, the harmless as well as the vile, are paying the penalty. Whether or not the liquor traffic has any future "in the café and hotel" depends entirely upon the willingness of the hotel and café to keep themselves aloof from the demoralizing influences which have made the saloon a thing of evil in so many communities.

Since the outbreak of the war, a few instances have been recorded in which Holy Communion was administered as Viaticum by deacons, but the story of a First Communion band, taken by the *Tablet* from *La Croix* is perhaps unique. As a Prussian battalion was approaching a little Belgian village, the terror-stricken inhabitants fled, the last to leave being a band of women and nuns, with the burgomaster and his family.

> The Mother Superior was surrounded by her community, for she carried under her mantle the ciborium from the chapel. The sound of firing grew nearer and nearer, and all gave themselves up for lost. Thinking that their last hour had come, they knelt down in a circle under the dark trees in prayer. The Mother Superior said the prayers for Communion, and then bending down before each, she gave them Communion, even the little children who had never before received. . . . So they waited, but gradually the sound of firing receded, and when the day broke they were able to make their way across the Dutch frontier.

On account of the war, many diocesan Eucharistic conferences will be abandoned, nor will it be possible to hold the International Eucharistic Congress. So far as Mass and the solemn administration of the Sacraments are concerned, it is still Good Friday in many stricken towns and villages in the war zone.

In an open letter addressed to the Buffalo *Express,* the Rev. R. W. Boynton administers a rebuke to that zealous patriot, Bishop Burt, which readily wins him a place among the enemies of our beloved country. In pursuance of his "call to arms," the Bishop had requested the Protestant clergymen of Buffalo to read a notice from their pulpits, inviting the attendance of the Protestant people of Buffalo at a series of lectures on "Protestantism and Education." Mr. Boynton refused to be a party to this proceeding, and his letter to Bishop Burt concludes with the following words:

> I do not intend to read the notice from my pulpit nor do I believe that it will be read from a number of the influential Protestant pulpits of this city. I am writing you publicly for the sake of informing our Catholic fellow-citizens that the methods of sectarian agitation in politics with which you seem to be identified do not have anything like the unanimous support of the non-Catholic part of the community and can not in the end succeed in the purpose which their promoters have in view.

It is true, as Mr. Boynton points out, that this miserable appeal to Anti-Catholic bigotry has little or no influence with men and women who know the high ideals proposed by the Church, and who are intelligent enough to understand that the Church can not be held responsible for the excesses of those nominal Catholics, who in their daily lives reject her teaching. But has the Bishop never heard of the fate of those who "sow discord among brethren"? It is indeed a weak and unworthy cause which is content to appeal to prejudice and ignorance.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Nothing of importance has been announced from the western battlefield. In spite of fighting of a very severe character, the lines remain practically where they were last week. German attacks in the vicinity of Dixmude have been repeated, but without notable result. At Ypres there has been a standstill. West of La Bassée the British have made further progress. North of Arras the fighting has been especially bitter, and the line from Angres to Rochlincourt has swayed back and forth, with the result still indecisive. Le Prêtre, east of Pont-a-Mousson has also been a storm center, with little gain for either side.

Bulletin, May 25, p. m.-June 1, a. m.

In the east there has been renewed activity at many points from the district of Shavli to the Rumanian border, with the Austro-Germans for the most part on the offensive. Ossowiec has again been subjected to bombardment, and there have been movements on the Rawka. Austria reports success at Kielce. The main interest, however, has been fixed on the Galician campaign. Here events have begun to proceed slowly, awaiting it would seem the fate of Przemysl. Berlin and Vienna both claim that the investment of the fortress is almost complete. Austro-German armies are said to have completely surrounded it except for a short distance to the northeast. Advancing from the south, they have captured Medyka. which is situated due east of the fortress; while from the north, after capturing Radymno, they have crossed the San, and are fighting their way southeast along both banks of the Wisnia. It is further reported that Przemysl is already being bombarded by heavy Austrian guns. The Russians have gained success north of Jaroslau, by taking Sieniwa from the Austrians and by forcing them to retire to the west bank of the San. This victory, however, will not give them a permanent advantage unless Przemysl can be relieved.

Events in the East

Germany's reply to the note sent by the American Government on the occasion of the sinking of the Lusitania, was received at Washington on May 30. The New York *Sun's* summary as contrasted with the positive stand of the United States is as follows:

The German Note

GERMANY asserts the Falaba's action in summoning aid caused the submarine commander to torpedo her before all passengers had escaped.

UNITED STATES holds that no potential menace to the submarine justified causing the death of the American passenger Leon C. Thrasher.

GERMANY says unjustified attacks on neutral ships are due to carelessness or suspicious acts of the vessels concerned.

UNITED STATES holds that on Germany rests the responsibility for not making mistakes.

GERMANY charges that the Lusitania was armed.

UNITED STATES has officially declared the Lusitania left New York unarmed.

GERMANY charges that the Lusitania was a British auxiliary cruiser.

UNITED STATES holds the Lusitania was a British passenger ship, not engaged in the service of the British Government at the time she was sunk, but operating only in her normal capacity of merchant service between New York and Liverpool.

GERMANY charges that England ordered British merchantmen to attack German submarines.

UNITED STATES holds that only evidence that the Lusitania did attack a submarine would make this contention admissible.

GERMANY declares herself unable to regard British ships undefended British territory.

UNITED STATES holds that the laws of humanity and nations forbid attacks on neutrals and merchant vessels on the high seas.

GERMANY charges that the United States law was violated by the presence of explosives on the passenger ship Lusitania.

UNITED STATES holds that the American law regarding explosives on passenger ships never applied to rifle cartridges.

GERMANY invites the United States to end submarine operations by obtaining a change in British trade policy.

UNITED STATES holds it cannot bargain in American lives or the rights of humanity.

The Italian campaign is well under way. The Italian troops are attacking the Austrian frontier in many places. No pitched battles have been fought, and the Austrians for the most part have been content to retire and retard the advance of the enemy. The Trentino has been invaded at four points. To the northwest of Trent Italians have entered the Tonale Pass and are moving southeast into the Versomiglio valley; further south they have advanced from Ponte Caffaro and are proceeding along the Chiesa. Still further south and to the east of Lago di Garda, they have occupied Monte Baldo and Monte Altissimo; and further to the east, almost due south of Trent, they are in possession of Monte Pasubio. To the northeast of Trent, Italian troops have advanced from Cadore but have not yet got across the frontier. Further east they have encountered stubborn resistance and failed to penetrate the Plöcken, Predila, and other less important passes, but have entered Austrian territory from the Friuli district and taken Caporetto, Cormons, Cervignano and Grado. At present they are striving to advance towards Goritz, Gradisca, and Montefalcone, at which last place they are supported by warships operating in the Gulf of Triest. The progress they have made has not been great at any place nor have they matched their strength at any point with the Austro-Germans. Apparently they took their enemy by surprise. It is reported, however, that large bodies of Austrian and German troops are being gathered at Innsbruck and hurried down into the Tyrol. But as railroad facilities are very poor in this district, it may be some time before a pitched battle takes place. In the district north of Triest the Austrians are said to be strongly intrenched east of the Isonzo river, where they have the high Julian moutains at their backs. Not until the Italians have crossed the Isonzo therefore is an important battle likely.

The Italian Campaign

British naval losses have been severe during the week. Two battleships, the Triumph and the Majestic, neither of them of the latest type, were torpedoed by submarines and sunk in the Dardanelles. In both cases the warships were covering the landing of troops on the Gallipoli peninsula, and in both cases many of the crew were saved. The ships were lost on successive days. On the same day that the Majestic went down the Princess Irene, a British auxiliary steamship, was blown to pieces as she lay at anchor in Sheerness harbor, almost in the same spot where the battleship Bulwark was mysteriously destroyed some months ago. Only one of the 322 who were on board is known to have been saved. British submarines report considerable damage done to Turkish shipping and transports in the Sea of Marmora. An American cargo ship, the Nebraskan, was severely damaged by an explosion, the origin of which is being officially investigated, off the coast of Ireland on May 25. No one was injured. The crew took to the boats, but seeing that the steamer would not sink, boarded her and made their way slowly back to Liverpool.

Other Items

Germany.—Though the Germans are still firm in a calm determination to wage the war to the bitter end, yet they are incensed against the Italians who, they declare, have betrayed a sacred trust in taking up arms for the Allies. There is also some feeling of resentment against America. A staff correspondent of the New York *Times* forwards the contents of a letter which indicates the nature of the feeling entertained by many. The letter, written to the *Kreuzzeitung* by Herr Ernst, reads in part as follows:

National Feeling A White Book

> Among our enemies I number also North America. To be sure it has not declared war on us, but with its shipments of war materials it has stepped to the side of our enemies. Our Government has done what it could. But the hour of vengeance will come; every crime is atoned for on earth.

The correspondent of the *Times,* in a spirit of fairness, places over against this citation, this editorial taken from another paper:

> To call a neutral State an enemy during this war and threaten him with punishment we do not consider to be exactly the pinnacle of policy. No one will take it in bad part that Herr Ernst thinks or feels what he pleases. But during a war more than at any other time one ought to be more careful to consider what feelings and thoughts one disseminates for publication.

A "White Book" recently issued answers the accusations of cruelty made by the Belgian Commission to the United States and by the Bryce Commission, by denying that undue severity was exercised toward the Belgians, and by making the following counter charges and statements:

> Concentrated attacks were made on the soldiers in violation of The Hague Convention. In some instances hot tar and scalding water were poured upon the Germans, and captured soldiers were maltreated. In Aerschot civilians fired from the windows of dwellings, and the German commander was treacherously murdered in the Mayor's house after being received there as a guest. In Dinant shots were fired on the soldiers from the cathedral. In Louvain priests urged the citizens to attack the troops. Shots were fired on hospitals containing wounded soldiers. The admission is made that Germans, set the houses of some of the offenders in Louvain afire, but it is asserted that the soldiers themselves checked the conflagration.

Great Britain.—The new Cabinet, as announced on May 26, consists of the following Ministers: Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, H. H. Asquith, Liberal; Exchequer, Reginald McKenna, Liberal; Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, Liberal; Admir-

The "Coalition Cabinet"

alty, Arthur J. Balfour, Unionist (new member); War, Earl Kitchener; Minister of Munitions, Lloyd George, Liberal; Chancellor of Lancaster, Winston Churchill, Liberal; Lord Chancellor, Sir Stanley Buckmaster, Liberal; President of the Council, Marquis of Crewe, Liberal; Lord Privy Seal, Viscount Curzon, Unionist (new member); Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, Liberal; Colonies, A. Bonar Law, Unionist (new member); India, Austen Chamberlain, Unionist (new member); Ireland, Augustine Birrell, Liberal; Agriculture, Lord Selborne, Liberal (new member); Attorney-General, Sir Edward Carson, Unionist (new member); without portfolio, Marquis of Lansdowne, Unionist (new member).

Opinions on the New Cabinet

Mr. Asquith remains at the head of the new Coalition Cabinet as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, while Mr. Churchill is practically shorn of all authority by his appointment to the honorary post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. David Lloyd George is transferred, temporarily it is said, from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, his portfolio being given to Reginald McKenna, to a new post known as the Ministry of Munitions. This is an important change which, while it does not justify the bitter attacks made upon Lord Kitchener, seems to admit the criticism that shells and other ammunition have not been supplied in proper quantity and when required to the troops. The official announcement of the new Cabinet, which says that the names bear the approval of the King, contains the statement that John Redmond, the Nationalist Leader, was offered a place in the Cabinet. Mr. Redmond, did not accept, however, because of the party tradition which does not justify the presence of an Irish Nationalist in the Government while Ireland continues without home rule. Almost irrespective of their party views, the English press comment upon the new Cabinet without enthusiasm. The Liberal organs deplore the exclusion of Lord Haldane and the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson, but on the whole the impression is left that all are willing to make the best of a situation which they view as an unfortunate necessity. The press is unanimous in urging the country to accept the new Cabinet loyally, to abstain from carping criticism, and to recognize the unique responsibility, the gravest in the history of the nation, resting upon the Ministry. "To-day we are all under discipline," is a typical comment, "and owe unquestioning obedience to those who command the operations." The retention of Lord Kitchener indicates the confidence felt in him by all parties, and it is felt that since many of his duties will now be assumed by the Minister of Munitions, he will be able to apply himself more directly to his paramount task, which is "to make" soldiers. On the other hand, the resignation of Lord Fisher has been accepted, and his successor is Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson. The new First Sea Lord was born in 1855 and entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. He is widely known for his services in connection with the development of wireless telegraphy in the Navy. For his work in electrical physics he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Pagan Projects

Many non-Catholics share with Catholics the view that the passage of an Act placing the offspring of unlawful unions exactly on the level with children born in wedlock would be a profound calamity to the country. Certainly it would encourage those who are inclined to take a lax view of the sanctity of marriage, and who are working for more liberal facilities for divorce, to persist in their attacks on the laws of marriage. Speaking in London, Father Bernard Vaughan did not hesitate to use strong language in connection with this and other pagan projects which a blatant minority are vigorously promoting. "We have been told again and again that unmarried mothers must not be blamed; that the khaki men having so bad a time in the trenches should have been given a better time at home; whatever he likes to have he should have, and the country should be thankful that he leaves behind him an unmarried mother with children to be in the future the supporters and builders of our Empire. A Christian people talking like this? Snapping their fingers in the face of Christ, shrieking out, 'We will not have this Man to rule over us, we will be ruled by pleasure.' We shall have to be scourged yet more before we are brought to our knees to beg God's pardon."

A New Peril to Home Rule

Ireland.—Mr. Redmond's action in holding up the Munition Areas Bill until the discrimination against Irish liquor industries was removed forced Lloyd George to drop his surtaxes on heavy beers and high grade whiskies. Mr. O'Brien deserves the credit of compelling a division on the question, the first since the war, and thus frustrating Mr. George's plans. His apparent purpose, under pretext of keeping British munition workers sober, to weight still further Ireland's heavy burden of disproportionate taxation, has weakened Irish confidence in the Government's good faith, and, on the other hand, many English Liberal organs and representatives have threatened to take revenge on the Irish Party when the Home Rule Amendment Bill comes up for settlement. The announcement immediately thereafter of a Coalition Cabinet, in which Sir Edward Carson is Attorney-General, has created further misgivings regarding the future. It means that Home Rule will not be established during the present Parliament, no matter what the course of the war, for the dissolution of the Cabinet will be followed by a general election, and if the Unionists win, which is just as likely, since they will have equal credit for the conduct of the war, they can so draft the Amendment Bill as to nullify Home Rule. The Irish Party issued a statement approving of Mr. Redmond's refusal to enter the Cabinet and urging the resumption and continuance of active organization at home "until the Irish Government is in actual control of every inch of Irish soil."

The Gaelic Athletic Association's recent reaffirmation of its rule excluding police, soldiers or army pensioners from membership was brought up before the House of Commons by the Unionists, who claimed that, as this association consisted of the flower of the young men of Ireland, its action restrained recruiting and was tantamount to treason. A circular has been issued from the Civil Service department forbidding all officials to accept or retain membership in the Irish Volunteers. As this organization is for the defense of Ireland only and for no rebellious purposes, and as officials had full liberty to join the Orange Covenant, which was directed against the authority of Parliament, the discrimination is regarded as an act of bad faith from a Home Rule Government. The Gaelic League, one of the few really Irish movements not yet charged with disloyalty, is extending its organization widely, and its summer colleges and Feisanna this year are having unprecedented success.

Irish Organizations

Mexico.—The strange silence maintained about the horrible conditions that have obtained in Mexico for months past, has at last been broken by official statements from the President and the Red Cross Society. The substance of both messages is that Mexico is starving; a fact well known to readers of AMERICA. Despite the hunger of the people Carranza seized 600 tons of grain shipped into the country for popular relief, and then denied the existence of famine. The Red Cross statement is as follows:

Mexicans Starving

Conditions in Mexico are growing steadily worse. At Monterey several thousand persons are fed daily. Many refined families apply at night for aid. The farmers from the surrounding country are coming to the city to buy corn to feed their workmen and families, but can not obtain it. Multitudes are on the verge of starvation. At Durango the Government's efforts to keep down the price of food supplies failed, as buyers from Monterey and Torreon, where famine prevails, are willing to pay any price. Food supplies are becoming so scarce and the cost so high that the poorer classes are unable to buy, and are in a deplorable condition.

At Tampico all food is about exhausted. There is no flour and very little corn. The conditions in outlying districts are still worse, and tales of the starvation of the poor peons are constantly coming into the city. At Vera Cruz and in the surrounding country famine conditions prevail. At Jalapa, the capital of the State of Vera Cruz, the general condition of the town is appalling. Money was raised by the Chamber of Commerce to relieve the distress and corn was imported, but the funds were soon exhausted. The local civil authorities then took up the matter, with little success. The day that no car arrives the town goes hungry. Most distressing scenes took place at the Municipal Hall when these rations were distributed. Some 2,500 women were collected at 7 o'clock in the morning to get in line for the distribution, which began at 11, and standing in the sun so long, unable to move for fear of losing their places and their chance for a mere handful of corn, resulted in many cases of fainting from exhaustion, some were injured, and on several occasions one or two have been killed. Many, after waiting for hours, went home crying, for the supply ran out, and, summing up the case, it means the practical starvation of the town. On the west coast the inhabitants are reported as starving. Acapulco is practically without food supplies and conditions are most distressing in all that region. When a boatload of corn was brought into Acapulco the rush of the people was so great to get some of the grain that several children were trampled to death and a number of women injured.

In Mexico City the situation is very grave and the shortage in all cereals is felt intensely. As early as March a hundred thousand persons were reported suffering from hunger. Conditions have grown steadily worse, and many are starving. Mules, horses and oxen have been killed or exported, as there is nothing to feed them. For the food supplies that remain fabulous prices have been reached, so only the rich can buy. Epidemics of smallpox and typhus fever prevail, and medicine is prohibitory in price. The city has 600,000 inhabitants in danger of perishing from hunger, misery and epidemics. Serious food riots have taken place. While the Government was distributing some corn to relieve the food situation, a crowd of about 8,000 people gathered, by far larger than the amount of corn available for distribution. On account of the state of weakness to which hunger is bringing this people and the heat and the crush of the crowd, anxious not to return with empty hands, about 250 people fainted and had to be carried to the Red Cross Station to be attended.

The President's statement which is in the nature of an appeal to the American people, reads:

WASHINGTON, May 28.

TO THE PUBLIC:

The American people, with characteristic generosity and an impartial spirit of brotherhood with all nations, have contributed liberally toward the relief of the appalling suffering caused by the unprecedented war in Europe.

There has now arisen a condition of equally great suffering and need close to our own borders. Due to several years of internal disturbance the unfortunate people of many parts of Mexico have been reduced to the verge of starvation and unless aid is rendered they may die in great numbers for lack of food.

The American Red Cross is ready to undertake relief work for the benefit of the Mexican people. I appeal most earnestly to our people, therefore, to contribute both money and supplies of food to mitigate the suffering and misery so close at hand. All contributions in money may be sent to the American Red Cross, Washington, or to its treasurers. Those who are able to contribute corn, rice, beans or flour are requested to communicate with the American Red Cross headquarters, Washington, for instructions.

WOODROW WILSON.

These pitiable conditions are further emphasized by this wire from the American consul at Monterey:

The Monterey Chamber of Commerce has asked me to appeal to the American National Red Cross for food for the starving people of Monterey. The Chamber of Commerce has stood nobly by the people, but has reached its limits. The commanding general assures free freight and free duties. The city is without food and the people will starve unless help comes quickly.

We do not want money, but most earnestly beg for corn, beans and rice. If we can have help for three weeks until green corn and garden stuff come on we will be safe, but we must have corn, beans, rice and flour or starve. . . .

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Ethics of Twilight Sleep

ONE of our latest social fads is childbirth in twilight sleep, and this has serious moral bearing. A method of effecting painless childbirth through the use of scopolamine and morphine was used first in 1902, and in 1906 Dr. Gauss of the University of Freiburg in Baden reported a series of five hundred such cases. The woman's condition in his clinic was called a *Dämmerschlaf,* a twilight sleep, because she is somnolent and wholly or partly unconscious of pain. Many American obstetricians tried the drugs about 1903, but they quickly abandoned the method. Recently the process has been revived in this country because of exploitation in periodicals like *McClure's Magazine,* the *Ladies' Home Journal,* the *Cosmopolitan,* and the *Metropolitan.* The articles in the magazines were written by persons who are not physicians, and the erroneous statements are dangerously misleading. The *Ladies' Home Journal,* however, while favoring the method, published letters from several leading obstetricians in the United States, all of whom are opposed to the use of these drugs during parturition. There are, nevertheless, a few skilful obstetricians who employ the method and approve it under certain restrictions. In the best hands the treatment is dangerous, and when employed by incompetent physicians it is frequently fatal to the child.

Scopolamine, one of the drugs used in this method, is an alkaloid obtained from the roots of *Scopolia Carniolica,* and it can not be differentiated chemically from hyoscine. Both scopolamine and hyoscine act upon the cerebral cortex, and produce sleep; they depress the center of respiration, and the motor centers of the spinal cord; and they intensify the action of morphine and other narcotics. Occasionally patients are found who have an idiosyncracy against scopolamine, and are intensely or even fatally poisoned by extremely minute doses, but these cases are altogether exceptional. Babcock [*Proceedings Amer. Therapeut. Soc.* 1912] reported a curious case of a negress who was fatally poisoned by scopolamine. After all respiration had ceased for twenty-five minutes he resuscitated her so that she lived for forty-three hours. By the way, there are innumerable cases like this which prove that the soul does not leave the body when breathing and heart-beat cease in apparent death, and absolution may be given, or rather must be given, as late as an hour or more after the apparent death of a person to whom the priest comes late.

Morphine, the main drug in the twilight sleep method to which scopolamine is an adjutant, is made much more powerful in its effects by the addition of scopolamine, and whenever morphine and scopolamine, or any similar drug, are given hypodermically to a pregnant woman, as they are administered in this method, they are at once carried by the blood to the child. Children up to adolescence all withstand the action of morphine badly, and a child in the womb is readily overwhelmed by it, especially when it is intensified by the scopolamine. Just in this fact lies the chief moral crux in the use of the twilight sleep process of obstetrical delivery. Commonly the woman goes on to the end safely, if in competent hands; but if constant watch is not kept by the very bedside by a skilful observer the baby is not only liable to be killed, but it almost surely will be killed. And its danger is not from the drug alone directly.

If it happens that the mother is especially susceptible to scopolamine or morphine the first will cause delirium and the second coma, or the respirations may become arythmic and be reduced to four or five a minute, instead of about eighteen. The kidneys may be so affected by morphine that total suppression of function is brought about. Labor may be prolonged, and an atony caused which will result in grave hemorrhage. These are all exceptional conditions but liable to occur, and often there are no premonitory symptoms. Some of the lay writers on this subject dwell upon the importance of the variable dose of the drugs, and they try to make out two schools—one the constant-dose operator and the other the man that varies the dose to suit the patient. Any rational physician suits the dose to the patient.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for May 22, 1915, Dr. Baer, an obstetrician of the Reese Maternity Hospital, Chicago, reported sixty twilight sleep cases—the series ended on February 5 last. These show that even under the most favorable conditions in a maternity hospital the results were very unfortunate in all but about five of the cases. The rooms in which the patients were treated were large, and had sound-proof walls and doors, the nurses were selected carefully and were always in attendance and there was a physician present constantly.

Of the sixty cases, twenty-six were tabulated as "no success." In half of these twenty-six the drug had no effect whatever, or so slight an effect it was of no avail. A few women were made very restless and delirious, six had to have restraining sheets put on them, one tried to kill herself and had to be shackled for four days, another woman was poisoned, two babies were nearly killed, one mother was nearly killed, and she was a supposedly ideal case for the treatment, and one woman with her baby was killed. Even among the only six cases tabulated as "completely successful," one woman was very delirious, throwing herself about in a maniacal manner. The woman that was killed had not received pituitrin, but her death was like that which often occurs after a premature use of this drug. Thirty-two of the women complained of a thirst so intense as to be pitiable. Headache and vertigo were observed in twenty-four cases; the headache caused severe suffering in several women and lasted for days, yet these same women without the scopolamine-

morphine treatment would have been done with all trouble after from eight to eleven hours. Pain was not decreased in nineteen of the women, restlessness was present in eighteen, and a "ghastly" delirium in nine.

Dr. Polak, professor of obstetrics at the Long Island College Hospital, reported fifty-one cases of successful twilight sleep delivery as happening before December, 1914, in his clinic, and since then he has more than doubled the number. There is no reason for doubting his statements. The reports, however, from Freiburg are not reliable. Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, professor of obstetrics in the Northwestern University, Chicago, is one of the best authorities in his specialty in America, and he tried the method in 1903 but abandoned it. In 1913 he visited the maternities in Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Heidelburg, and he found that all these had tried the method and had rejected it. He studied ten cases in Professor Krönig's clinic at Freiburg and he tells us his impressions were "decidedly unfavorable to the method of twilight sleep. In all ten cases the labor was prolonged; in two cases for forty-eight hours. In three cases pituitrin had to be given to save the life of the children, and if this drug is given early in labor, as it had to be given in these cases, it is likely to rupture the uterus. In five of the cases instruments had to be used owing to the paralyzing effect of the drugs, and the results were bad. Besides several of the women became so delirious and violent that ether had to be used to control them, and as a result their babies were born narcotized and asphyxiated. One child had convulsions for several days."

This is only a part of the whole miserable description, which is such that it can not be printed except in a medical journal. Evidently the men who are reporting long series of absolute successes have peculiar standards of success, or peculiar standards of veracity.

The method is impractical from any point of view except in a hospital and where an expert obstetrician is present continuously. Even in these circumstances it fails often with women who need it most, and the baby may be killed. Secondly, morphine is always dangerous to the life of children, and morphine plus scopolamine is more so, and the younger the child the greater the danger. This danger is so great that the relief of the mother from pain, which is certainly very great, does not justify the risk of the child's life even in hospitals and under the care of skilled obstetricians.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The Young Man and the Brotherhood*

THE eyes of not a few of our young men are anointed with that marvelous light which St. John speaks of, and which enables them to realize "what shadows they are and what shadows they pursue." Over such choice souls the world holds no sway, for they are conscious of the truth of the saying of a' Kempis: "All is vanity except loving God and serving Him alone." Frequently and insistently do the beauty and advantages of a life "hid with Christ in God" appeal to them. And yet, ardently desirous though young men of this other-worldly type may be to lead such a life, not infrequently does it happen that, for one reason or another, they do not regard the priesthood as their goal. That sacred calling has for them no attraction. Some of the youths in question shrink from the holy ministry because of the heavy responsibility it involves; others feel reluctant and ill-prepared to enter on the long course of studies ecclesiastical students have to undergo. For the young man then, whom the world solicits in vain, but who does not feel drawn to the priesthood, is there no place in the courts of the Lord? Must such a choice soul remain in the world dragging out perhaps an aimless existence?

"In my Father's house there are many mansions." And so in the Church exists a state where the young man in question may have ample scope for his zeal and at the same time find the very haven and harbor of safety which he has been seeking for his soul's rest. Not that he is to lead an existence merely safe and sheltered: on the contrary, in his capacity as a Christian teacher he is to be a very outpost of Christian faith, but he is to draw his strength from that inner source of the hidden life where power is truly made perfect. Religion, his vows, his peace give him the very leverage he needs, add the fine temper to an instrument kept bright by constant service, and equip him mightily to meet and, so far as in him lies, make better the world. The state that offers this opportunity is the Brotherhood.

I fear we lose sight of the fact, Bishop Schrembs writes, that boys and young men who do not feel any vocation to the holy priesthood might readily and gladly consecrate their lives to God in some teaching community of Brothers, were their attention called thereto. The various Brotherhoods are glad to offer exceptional facilities to good boys who give a fair promise of a genuine vocation. . . . Brothers have an important part to play in the wide activities of the Church.

Indeed, to name but one field that awaits many more such laborers, they are imperatively needed for the full development of our Catholic high school movement.

"Who grasps the child," said Francis Thompson, "grasps the future." The apostolate of imparting to the young a knowledge and love of God and godliness is one of the most cherished works of the Church. To this apostolate have the members of our teaching Brotherhoods consecrated their lives. A noble mission it is, one that affords a most attractive and meritorious occupation to the young man who wishes to take an active part in promoting God's glory and the welfare of the Church. The teacher of a group of youths, as a writer has very well said, and his words are especially applicable to the religious teacher, combines the offices of the pastor and the parent. Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, has pointed out

*The thirty-fourth of a series of vocational articles.

that the teacher's calling "has an advantage in some respects over the priesthood. The teachers are constantly with their pupils, shaping their souls, coloring them, informing them, making them instinct with life and motives, and giving them high ideals and worthy aspirations." The instructor who spends six hours a day with the child, Dr. J. G. Holland used to say, spends three times as many hours as the father does and twenty-fold more time than the pastor. No wonder that the doctor added: "I have no words to express my sense of the importance of the teacher's office." Should not such utterances be an incentive to our young men to consecrate their lives to the apostolate of Christian education? Tens of thousands of the choicest children of the Church, inspired by the love of God, have been alive to the solid service they could render their Heavenly Father by adopting teaching as a vocation and not merely as a stepping-stones to some other profession or business. As religious educators such persons become associated with Christ Himself in the salvation of souls. "The apostleship of the Church in these present times I consider principally to be in the hands of Christian teachers," declares Archbishop Ireland—a weighty statement indeed. Were the nature and rewards of the Brother's vocation really known to our young men, it is certain an increased number of them would embrace that state. The mission of Christian education Archbishop Ryan considered to be far above that of any learned profession, and second only to the Divine Ministry.

What studies should the young man who aspires to a teaching Brotherhood have made? No hard and fast rule is laid down. There is no formal entrance examination as a condition of admission, nor is a high school training necessary, but if one has made such a course, so much the better. One who has creditably passed the grammar grade branches need have no diffidence in his ability to prosecuute satisfactorily the program of studies mapped out for novices in a Brotherhood. These programs are becoming more and more thorough and extensive, because within the last decade the sphere of activity of our Brotherhoods has been changing. Now, many such institutes are devoting their energies largely to the work of the high school.

It may truly be said that never was the demand for Brothers so insistent and their apostolate so wide, so powerful, or so interesting, as at the present time. "More and more the need of teaching Brothers is felt," a venerable prelate tells us, having particularly in mind the apostolate of the Catholic high school. "It is a rôle which no others can adequately fill; and the work of parish priests will always be incomplete, in one way or another, if the Brothers are not there to prepare and support that work."

Not all Brothers, however, are engaged in the class room. A variety of occupations is to be found in our Brotherhoods, so that young men who have no aptitude for study, nor a desire for teaching, can render useful service in some of the industrial or clerical occupations carried on in connection with Brothers' establishments. In not a few of these houses nearly every trade and craft has its representative. Many of the religious also are engaged as secretaries, treasurers, stewards or disciplinarians in boarding schools. This multiplicity of employments is not without its advantages. Brothers for whom the class room has no attraction, or for whom the stress and strain of teaching is too hard, may readily find in the cloister some more congenial employment. Even in the humblest occupations in a religious community one can contribute much to the success of its apostolate. "In the king's service," runs the adage, "nothing is small."

"How am I to tell if I have a vocation for a Brotherhood? What are the signs?" a young man may ask. Two things are ordinarily required, say theologians, and are sufficient to determine one's vocation: a fitness for the work, and an inclination to become a religious. All the qualities necessary to enter the religious state, Archbishop Elder reduced to three: good will, good health and good sense.

The young man who contemplates entering a Brotherhood will find much that is helpful and interesting in the following works: "The Religious State," by St. Alphonsus; "The Choice of a State of Life," "What Shall I Be?" "Paradise on Earth," "In Thy Courts," "A Gateway to the Religious Life," "An Earthly Paradise," and "Out of Many Hearts: Thoughts on the Religious Vocation."

Notre Dame, Indiana. BROTHER AIDAN, C.S.C.

Athletics and Character

IF athletics are not advantageous to health in spite of all the claims that have been made, at least the advocates of our modern educational devotion to athletic competitions will insist that they form a fine training of character. Boys and young men learn on the athletic field the necessity for repressing self, cooperating with others. Above all, they learn the precious lessons of self-restraint, for any tendency to resentment notoriously preoccupies a player's attention so much that he loses zest for the game. All this by teaching him to take the worst with the better in sport, lays a fine foundation for the game of life. Besides physical exercise burns up energy that in youth is so prone to accumulate and flow over into dangerous spheres of activity or excesses of one kind or another, and so athletics are a real moral factor in our schools. It has ever been the tradition of the athletic squad that there must be no indulgences. Hence cigarettes, alcoholic liquors and sexual divagations of all kinds are frowned upon and thoroughly repressed by the good spirit created among the boys themselves, without the necessity for mean espionage.

It may be admitted that the feeling that excesses of any kind would impair their physical efficiency and disturb their ability as athletes, acts as an effective motive for a time in lessening excesses and indulgences of many

kinds. The general idea is that such times of self-discipline have a definite effectiveness in the formation of habit, and help toward an enduring purpose in self-restraint. Undoubtedly in so far as such conditions obtain, the effect is good. When it is recalled, however, that the motive for this self-restraint is low, and consists only in the desire to keep the body at its highest level of physical ability, it is more than doubtful whether it has much effect in producing any real habit. There is a very definite tendency to reaction immediately on the breaking of training, which often has serious consequences. As a matter of fact the accumulation of physical energy and the definite attempt to create a machine as physically efficient as possible leaves young men after training in a physical condition in which, unless a great deal of physical exercise is taken, there is unusual energy constantly manufactured, and this energy is apt to be used up in the machine itself with short-circuiting evil of many kinds as a result.

This is not mere theory; it is very well recognized by college and university faculties from rather frequent experiences. College men have been known to celebrate the breaking of training by special indulgences of the flesh, arranged for beforehand, looked forward to for weeks and carried to extreme excess. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that much harm is done rather than good. Indeed the training table with its regulation of diet entirely for the purpose of producing physical efficiency, that is, of making as perfect an animal as possible for the time being, has many unfortunate results. The strain of excitement and intense anxiety which often produces in young men the state called "going stale," is really a highly neurotic, rather emotional condition with large elements of hysteria in it. Young men who have been beaten in a big game are known, and indeed many magazine stories tell about them, to have broken down and wept in their dressing rooms after the game. Anything that tends to produce such a state of mind and body, far from encouraging self-restraint, rather has the opposite effect, and while for the time the athletes, because they are under surveillance and feel the yoke of the honor of their college on their shoulders, may keep from indulgences, the effect upon character and personality is as a rule only temporary, and it is questionable whether it is not harmful in the end.

It is often said that strenuous athletics make men capable of standing pain without whimpering and thus keeps them from becoming what a worthy ex-president called mollycoddles. The capacity to stand pain when a crowd is looking on is a very different thing, however, from the ability to bear physical and mental anguish when one is alone, and the supreme trials of life usually come at moments when men have a great sense of loneliness. What we need is not the man who can in the midst of publicity brazen it out and conceal his feelings and through human respect keep from making a spectacle of himself, but the man who in modest obscurity can do his duty, cost what it may, of sacrifice or pain. Professor Dwight, of Harvard, knowing that he was doomed to die from cancer, perfectly sure from day to day of the advance of his disease, realizing that there was absolutely no hope, and feeling the ravages of the infection ever more and more, yet continuing his classes and his laboratory work, gathering in the scattered ends of work that he had not yet completed, and bringing it to as fine a termination as possible, is a much better example of heroism than the man who before applauding thousands, refuses to allow any manifestation of pain to escape him lest he should be disgraced.

There is the story of the Spartan boy who having stolen a fox concealed it beneath his outer garment, and fearful lest it should be discovered, permitted the animal to tear out his vitals rather than reveal its presence. This is of course Spartan fortitude. It resembles much more nearly the fortitude of the American Indian in the old days. It needs no physical training to act thus, if the mind is firmly made up and the character has been thoroughly strengthened by high motives. A late General of the Jesuits refusing to take an anesthetic for the removal of his arm at the shoulder and standing the pain so well that his surgeons said that it seemed to be wax and not flesh that they were cutting, is an example of what training of the interior life can do. Very few of those who know the real power of even the gentlest of men, and apparently the most delicate of gentlewomen, to stand pain, have any idea that the supposed hardening process through which the prize fighter, the football player and some of the others go, is at all equal to training of character in its efficiency to enable the individual to withstand pain.

It has sometimes been said that rough and even criminal natures can be made better by training in athletics. It is not infrequently true that in reformatories some of the undernourished, muscularly defective, slum-raised prisoners seem to be incapable of improvement in conduct and unable to profit by such instruction as would fit them for useful service in later life, until they have been brought up to normal health. In the experience of the Reformatory at Elmira in New York, it is noted that many of these unfortunates from the city have neither the desire nor the capacity for the simplest instruction; but after a course of physical training, there appears the ability to profit by mental training. These are, however, very exceptional cases. It is a question of health and not of strength with them. I need scarcely say that it is not on such poorly nourished defective specimens of humanity that our athletic training is exercised in colleges. On the contrary it is on those of robust body and thorough muscular development that the trainers depend. It is just because competitive athletics distract the attention of those in charge of the departments of physical education from the weak and delicate who might be really improved in health and strength and vigor of mind as well as of body, to center their efforts on those who

already have more than enough of the physical in their nature, that intercollegiate and interscholastic athletics are particularly undesirable.

A careful writer on the subject said in the California *State Journal of Medicine* for October, 1913:

> There can be no question as to the desirability of a fairly-developed muscular system, kept in reasonable activity both for its effect on the organism as a whole and the brain in particular. It is, however, to be observed that, considering the classes with which we are dealing, namely the students of high schools and universities, cases of muscular deficiency such as those encountered in Elmira are very rare.

When they do occur very little is done for them and the weaklings take their athletics sitting on the benches, "rooting" for the team or after journeying to some distant town they spend the night and the money they have won by betting, in riotous excesses of various kinds; at least so the newspapers tell us.

A very serious disturbance in the ethical field produced by competitive sports between colleges is the encouragement to betting which it affords. Many a boy at college gets a thorough course in the laying of odds from betting on the college team. That leads to all sorts of abuses. A year or two ago the story ran that the most important member of the team of a large university was offered a considerable bribe in order "to throw the game." He was known to be a man working his way through college, and money might therefore seem much to him; this in spite of the fact that athletes who work their way through college do not have to work very hard and are not infrequently paid so well for little work that it is evident their jobs are only an excuse to keep them from violating the rule of receiving money directly for playing on a team. It is probable, however, that the sum of money mentioned in the transaction was larger than this young man had ever seen together at any one time. There is doubt whether the bribe was ever offered. It was surely not accepted, but the police had to protect, from the students, the man who was said to have offered it. Apparently they were afraid that such temptation might win their players and anyhow they were not willing to treat the incident with contempt. They had been educated to know how much of a temptation money is.

The other serious abuse is the condition that obtains so often in cities after a big game has been played. These abuses were so flagrant when the big games were in New York that the universities had to take them out of the city. It was feared at first that this would injure the gate receipts, and the gate receipts are *the* sacred "cat" of college athletics and must not be touched, or there will be serious disturbance among those interested in athletics. Literally millions of dollars a year are now spent in various ways on athletics in this country; gate receipts are enormous, there are scandals in the handling of the money that are hushed up; there are scandals in the allotment of tickets, influence, and pull, and push of all kinds are used in the scramble to get seats, and all of this is the introduction that the young man at the university has to life. He certainly learns the game of modern life and comes to believe that success is the one thing that counts and that looking out for oneself and one's immediate friends, quite regardless of other people, is the supreme rule.

The men who win money on bets, naturally spend it liberally and there are big suppers, and now that the games are held away from New York City the students take the evening trains into the city and celebrate "properly." Broadway knows of their coming and gets ready for them and there is a glorious time.

Some may think this an exaggeration. It is of course, if it be considered to apply to a great part of the student body. Fortunately most college students are not in a position to spend money quite as liberally as this would indicate, but the "golden youth," whose example is so infectious, do it regularly. The reporters of our New York papers could tell stories about them and the general happenings after a big game that would make rather startling reading if they were considered fit to print. These are the abuses connected with athletics and though from the abuse no argument holds against the proper use of a thing, yet they seem almost inevitably connected with a development in modern education that the physician, the educator, the moralist, practically agree in condemning. Yet this development instead of growing less under the shadow of their disfavor is actually growing larger and has spread from the colleges and universities to the high schools and is now in course of introduction into the grammar schools, and this all over the country. It represents a most interesting state of affairs. In the concluding paper I shall discuss why this state of affairs has developed and continues.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Artist, Priest and Exile

THE story of the Mexican Studio in New York City is the story of four hundred Jesuits of Mexico, driven by persecution from their homes and churches, and scattered abroad penniless, some in the United States, others in Cuba, and others yet in different parts of South America. It is the story of an artist to whom natural talents and endowments were but secondary to a vocation to the priesthood and the religious life; of one who, in the day of poverty and distress, has again taken up his brush and color-box to bring some little aid to his exiled brother priests, with one of whom he is conducting the Studio.

Father Gonzalo Carasco, S.J., the artist, is a native of Mexico. As a young man he studied art under Mexican, French and Italian masters in his native country, where he was entered as a student at the National Mexican Academy in Mexico City. At the Academy his artistic ability was clearly established, and at the end of his course he decided to go to Europe, to make a tour of the principal galleries and museums. But, almost on the eve of his departure, he felt a call to the priesthood and the religious life, and, at the age of twenty-five years, definitely laid aside all thought of a career as an artist in the world to enter the Society of Jesus. After his novitiate at San Simon, Michoacan, and having made his studies at Saltillo, Mexico, the young Jesuit

was sent by his superiors to Spain, that he might copy the principal masterpieces in the El Prado Museo, at Madrid. In this famous gallery he specialized in the painting of heads, modeling himself somewhat after Murillo, for which master alone Father Carasco can be said to show any Spanish inclinations at all. His sympathies and early training, however, drew him to the French and Italian schools and not to the Spanish.

In the course of time Father Carasco returned to Mexico and was ordained to the priesthood. In the hours available from his priestly work he painted many pictures, especially portraits; some of them were in churches, others in colleges. It is advisable to say "were," for now these same pictures have either been stolen or destroyed by the Mexican bandits and others; more than one have managed to find their way into this country, although their location is, of course, unknown save to their present owners. In the great Basilica of Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe there is, or was up to the time of the revolution, a painting of heroic proportions, said to be one of the largest paintings in Mexico, representing the "First Miracle of Our Lady of Guadaloupe"; this painting is by Father Carasco. There is hope that the great size of the painting may have made it impossible for it to be removed from the Basilica, though that is no guarantee that it has not been riddled with shot.

At the time when the present revolution broke out in Mexico Father Carasco occupied the honored position of Rector of the *Collegium Maximum,* at Tepotzotlan. When the troops of Carranza took possession of the town the college was seized, and an American, serving as officer under Carranza, was placed in charge. His first act was to imprison Father Carasco and four other priests. Next he set out to explore the college, with the idea of securing loot. Then it was that he saw a number of paintings and, asking the name of the artist, was told that they were painted by Father Carasco. The adherents of the Mexican revolution are distinguished neither for learning nor other refinements of any kind and, with an eye to the future, the American Carranzista tried, by every means in his power, to win the rector of the college over to his party. In this he was, of course, unsuccessful, and Father Carasco was made a close prisoner in consequence. After two days Carranza himself arrived in Tepotzotlan, and Father Carasco was brought into the presence of the revolutionary chief. Carranza forced Father Carasco, by means of violent threats, to paint his portrait and, when he had done this, tried to get him to throw in his lot with the revolutionists. The priest refused even to entertain the idea. He was then urged to abandon the Catholic religion, which, very naturally, he scorned to do. Carranza himself even offered to make him Director of the National Mexican Academy, and the bait was disdainfully cast aside. So, by the direct orders of the chief, Father Carasco was exiled from Mexico.

The art of Father Carasco, as shown by examples of his work on view at the Mexican Studio, displays an intense devotion and spirituality, as though the hands which have been consecrated to offer the Holy Sacrifice were striving to convey some spiritual truth through the painted canvas. There is a richness of color, striking yet subdued, carrying with it a thought of glaring sunlit squares without, and cool, shaded porticoes within: a gentleness, a purity, and an indescribable something that may best be defined as national temperament, if such a term may properly be applied to the emotional effect of any painting. Father Carasco has found his inspiration in the conventional school of Christian art, in devotional subjects, as also in portraiture, and has strongly imprinted upon his work the force of his own personality and the expression of the highest artistic ideals of his native Mexico. At this writing Father Carasco has in process of completion a large canvas figuring the spiritual conquest of Paraguay by the Jesuits. The scene is a river winding through a tropical forest. A raft moves up the river, and on it is seen a small company of Jesuits, some with musical instruments, others with books of psalmody. All are engaged in singing the divine praises, and with them are two Indian converts. The only arms of the party are their beads and the peaceful instruments of music. A party of Indians on the river bank is seen rushing down, surprised beyond expression at the sight of this company of white men in strange habits and unarmed. It is hoped to place this picture on public exhibition shortly.

The Mexican Studio is not a bureau for soliciting alms, nor is it connected in any way with any party in Mexico. It is the noble-hearted effort of one who is a great artist, a Catholic priest and an exile, to provide by his brush and skill some little sustenance for four hundred fellow priests of the Society of Jesus who, like himself, have been cast out from their home and country. Since he became a Jesuit Father Carasco has consistently refused to use his artist's skill as a means of commercial advantage; now he offers it, not for himself, but for those who are in need. Patrons of the Mexican Studio, therefore, not only have the privilege of possessing masterpieces of art, but will hold for all time, in each picture from the hand of Father Carasco, a memorial of the blood, the sighs and the tears of the priests whom the persecutors of the Church have driven out of Mexico.

HENRY C. WATTS.

Catholic Summer Camps

TO the careful parent the most anxious time of the year is the vacation period, and for the son these holidays are filled with perils. Released from the daily duties school imposes, convinced that each day is intended for recreation purposes, the average boy in his undirected search for amusement unconsciously braves the dangers of ill-advised companionship and means of pleasure. Associates of his own years are necessary; his activity must find in games an opportunity to give vent to youthful spirits, the boy's inborn craving for knowledge and adventure will not be stifled. Whether the lad stays at home or at a summer resort the conditions are similar and constant supervision is practically impossible. The camp alone can fully supply the boy's needs. For there his companions are carefully chosen for him, his love for sports is satisfied, the world of nature, with its wonders of sky and woods and lake, is always close to him, and, best of all, the camp is under the direction of earnest men who are wholly occupied in planning his pleasures, guarding from dangers and teaching him the boy's lore of the wild.

Filling as it does the gap in the school year to the complete satisfaction of the boy and to the great relief of his father and mother, no wonder the summer camp has been so successful. In New England alone about 400 camps are yearly affording thousands of boys a season of exhilarating out-door life and promoting their physical and moral growth. Nor is there any hardship in the boy's living under wind-swept canvas, for in practically every one of the camps enumerated are buildings containing a kitchen, dining rooms, lockers, lavatories, a library, and particularly a big hall, where, about an open fire, the evening can be spent and rainy days passed in comfort. The tents are always elevated above the ground, furnished with a good floor and well equipped with flies, so dampness or rain are kept out. Canvas rowboats, sailboats and launches give unlimited fun afloat, and no camp entrusts any of its flotilla to a boy who has not passed adequate swimming tests and who has not proved that he knows how to handle himself prudently and to manage a boat skilfully.

The summer camp is the solution of a serious educational problem. A vacation passed there ceases to mean a complete break in the process of a boy's development, for under the disguise of woodcraft, the making of collections, manual training, first-aid work, navigation and like activities, the boy is storing away useful information and taking a laboratory course in subjects that schools can only teach from manual and specimen. The routine varies, of course, from that of student life, but those qualities of character fostered in school are by no means neglected in camp. For there the virtues of obedience, attention, observation, courtesy, regard for others' rights, self-control, resolution and courage become real habits. A boy's health and strength, moreover, are remarkably promoted in these camps, for a whole summer passed in the open with supervised athletic work and carefully graded exercises, good food and purest water can not fail to send the boy home with a sound, vigorous constitution.

Mens sana in corpore sano is the slogan of all camp directors. But in the Catholic camp great stress is also laid on the importance of the boy's keeping his soul in good health. Parents appreciate this, and they have seconded so well the enterprise of those who have started camps for Catholic boys that to-day our camps in clientele, equipment, environment and management admit no superiors and few peers among those conducted by non-Catholics. Other camps with less material pretensions, though directed with equally high principles, extend their benefits to boys whose fathers desire, but can not afford the best. Such camps, whether conducted by priests, Brothers or earnest laymen are attaining the same end that the Catholic school always has in view: the protection of the child's precious heritage of faith during the most impressionable period of his life.

A boy's associations and environment have, of course, a strong influence on his character formation. Consequently his intimate contact with masters and acknowledged leaders, his constant intercourse with companions, in fact, the whole atmosphere of camp ought to be pervaded by a thoroughly Catholic spirit. It is not enough that all nature should eloquently proclaim its Creator's power and majesty; it is not enough that the masters should be Christian gentlemen. To keep the boys' belief and practice vigorous, something more is required, namely the Sacraments, the presence of the Holy Eucharist, the priest's influence and that of masters who take the lead in performing acts of devotion and virtue. Therefore all Catholic camps number on their staff seminarians whose priestly training and aspirations well fit them for a work which is admirably in keeping with their vocation. Their presence in the camp makes a high standard of discipline and conduct on the part of the boys easier to maintain.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to say much about camps conducted by associations and church organizations, for that work is of a different kind, being practically recreational, and necessarily so because of the constantly changing membership, for the boys stay in camp but a short time. And if the advantages derived from the life at the remote, long-season camps are not to be had from this class, still many real benefits are offered. The zeal and love of the promoters and executives are carrying on the more important work of making it possible for our young men and boys to pass a vacation under Catholic auspices, and they are thus lessening the influence of a wealthy sectarian organization, which uses the summer camp as a very enticing lure for our unsuspecting youth. Indeed, the initial movement for the formation of organized summer camp work among boys of the poorer class, was largely motived by the realization of the gravity of this danger. Experience and observation had pointed out unmistakeably that for boys who had no other hope of an outing, associations such as the Y. M. C. A. and the non-Catholic Boy Scouts had an attraction that was extremely hard to resist.

J. T. B. FISHER.

Director of Camp Namaschaug.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Our lovely critic in Scottdale said in the Pittsburg *Observer* for May 6, 1915, page 2, that the ministers of the Episcopal Church, who in their communion service place the cup of alcoholic wine to the lips of every man and woman, of every boy and girl, are "wolves instead of shepherds." Then he sat down and wrote a letter, telling me how "we must cater to not well-informed Protestant minds, to gain them for Christ the Good Shepherd." The method of catering to not well-informed Protestant minds and of gaining them for Christ by stigmatizing their ministers as wolves, is new to me. I never employed it, and I am not prepared to employ it in the future. In the early Christian Church Holy Communion was administered under both species to men and women, to boys and girls, even to infants. Pope Gelasius and Pope Leo the Great ordered that the faithful should either receive Holy Communion under both species, or not at all (see "Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. IV, p. 177). They issued these orders for the purpose of detecting pretended Catholics of the Manichean stripe, who condemned the use of wine.

Our critic introduces to us Bishop Canevin who "said in an address in Cleveland some few years ago that sixty thousand die from drink every year in the United States." Congressman Richmond P. Hobson said "some few years ago," in his book "The Great Destroyer," p. 9, that in our country "700,000 men are cut off untimely every year by alcohol." The Rev. "Billy" Sunday said "some few years ago" and recently (in Philadelphia) that the number of persons killed in our country every year by alcohol is 600,000. Other "dry" agitators said "some few years ago" that this number is 85,000; others again that it is 40,000. Their "figures" are anywhere between 10,000 and 700,000. Now, there is Mr. Jason Martin who proves in chapter IX of his recently-published book "The Fallacy of Prohibition" that "some few years ago," in 1911, the number of deaths from "alcoholism," *i.e.*, from the abuse of alcoholic liquors, was 4,602 in the whole United States and never reached the 5,000 mark. His proof is taken from United States "Mortality Statistics for 1911," page 59. There is quite a difference between 4,602 and 700,000. God bless the dear souls of our "dry" arithmeticians! In our younger days when we went to school, 'rithmetics were taught with a hickory stick, and if we poor fellows turned out solutions of an arithmetical problem, which varied between 4,602 and 700,000, the best we could do was to get ready for the reception of a solid spanking. It's a pity that wholesale hickory stick has been relegated to the attic! Bishop Canevin either did not make the assertion, attributed to him, or he was deceived by some "dry" spouter. He never declared and never will declare for state-wide or nation-wide prohibition.

Note that, according to "Mortality Statistics for 1911," pages 59 and 133, the average rate of deaths from alcoholism was 4.9 per 100,000 population and that cities in "dry" States contributed large quotas to the number of 4,602 persons who died from the abuse of alcoholic drinks. The rate of deaths from alcoholism was, for instance, in the cities of "dry" Maine 8.9 per 100,000 population, while the rate of deaths from the same cause in the cities of "wet" Kentucky was only 3.2 per 100,000 population. Is it reasonable to force 100,000 persons on the "water wagon," because five of them ruin themselves through the abuse of alcoholic liquors? If it is, sound logic demands that we prohibit first the use of milk and water as beverages. For Dr. Joseph M. Matthews, formerly president of the Kentucky Board of Health, stated recently that "for every death produced by whiskey, there have been 1,000 deaths produced by drinking impure milk, and

for every single death produced by whiskey there have been 3,000 deaths from drinking contaminated water" (quoted by J. Martin in chapter IX of his book). This statement is confirmed by United States "Mortality Statistics for 1911." The death-rate from typhoid fever alone, which is caused by impure water, exceeded four times the death rate from alcoholism.

Mannington is in a "dry" State, indeed. We are supposed to have "the most drastic prohibition law." But to judge from the number of "jolly fellows" who stagger along the streets of our cities, particularly on Saturdays, there are no signs of an excessive drought hereabouts. Of course, a man can not buy a glass of beer in a decent place, neither can he have it imported from another State. But if he visits one of our "speak easies" and owns the necessary coin, he can get all the "firewater" he wants and more than he needs. Our Tax Commissioner, Fred Blue, will die of the blues long before he succeeds in enforcing our "drastic prohibition law." The stupidity of our "dry" agitators reached its climax when they thought that they could wipe out men's appetite for alcoholic drinks simply by "rolling up" a large vote for the prohibition amendment. You can vote a State "dry," but you can not vote the people of a State "dry."

Our critic guessed well when he said that "fibbing may be one of the vices increased by prohibition." Prohibition breeds here, like everywhere else, hypocrites, sneaks, liars, "dope fiends," "boot-leggers" and drunkards. The increase of this crowd is the punishment we justly deserve for having attempted to "amend" the divine law that allows the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. But the time will come sooner or later when the people of West Virginia will shake off the Turkish yoke of prohibition. I stand for licensed and properly conducted saloons, instead of for "unlicensed saloons" which are veritable hell-holes. Not drink, but the abuse of drink, causes a number of evils. Men must be blamed for the abuse. To make things responsible for evils that are in reality caused by men themselves, is rank idiocy.

Mannington, W. Va. C. J. KLUSER.

The Right to Educate Our Children

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To supplement your excellent editorial entitled "Food for Thought," would it not be opportune to remind your readers, particularly those residents of New York State, of their rights and duties in regard to the education of the young. Under our system of government, the legislative power is primarily in the people and in the legislative body only by delegation from the people. In that body this power is subject to such limitations as the people may have imposed at the time of delegation. Hence, it is our duty to scrutinize every provision of the proposed Constitution which will empower our legislators in the future to enact our laws. The proposed section may be hereafter the source of mischievous legislation. It is safer to remedy this *in radice*. No infringement of our right to educate our children should be written into our Constitution even by implication.

In division VIII of the encyclical *Sapientiæ Christianæ*, promulgated on January 10, 1890, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII said:

> We are unwilling to pass this point without exhorting here especially the fathers of families to regulate by these principles the government of their homes and the education of their children. The family is the cradle of civil society, and to a great extent it is in the domestic circle that the destinies of the states are prepared. Therefore those who would destroy Christian institutions begin by attacking the principle of the family by seeking to corrupt in it its most tender offshoot. They do not allow themselves to be turned aside from their object by any consideration of the fact that they can not accomplish that object without perpetrating upon the parents a most cruel outrage, for to those parents belongs, by virtue of the natural law, the right to educate those to whom they have given life, and with that right goes the obligation to shape the education so as to bring the children to that end for which it was permitted the parents to transmit to them the gift of life. . . . It is therefore of strict obligation upon the parents to repel vigorously all the unjust violence sought to be done in this matter and to preserve the exclusive right they have over the education of their children.

Brooklyn. CATHOLICUS.

Birth Control: An Open Letter

To *Clara Gruening Stillman,*
Secretary Birth Control League.

MY DEAR MADAM:—A careful searching of memory and an anxious examination of conscience have not enabled me to discover any act or utterance of mine which would justify you in expecting that I should consider favorably your invitation, which I have received, to become a member of the Birth Control League. I regard the practice which your organization desires to promote as immoral, degrading and stupid. The so-called contraceptive devices are intrinsically immoral because they involve the unnatural use, the perversion, of a human faculty. One of the most important human faculties is used in such a way as to frustrate its natural end. Such conduct is quite as immoral as self-mutilation, or the practice of solitary vice. Any person who rejects this fundamental moral principle concerning the wrongfulness of perverting a faculty, must logically hold that there is no such thing as intrinsic immorality, that moral badness is always identical with individual disutility, and that anything is right which any individual thinks is useful for him.

The practice in question is degrading because it perverts conjugal intercourse from cooperation (potential if not actual) with the Creator into a mere means of sensual gratification. It brings them down to the level of mutual instruments of indulgence. The disgusting calculation and repulsive artifice which characterize the various contraceptive devices, tend inevitably to diminish conjugal reverence, self-respect and mutual respect. It is doubtful whether any normal man or woman ever began such practices without suffering a severe moral shock, or continued them without serious moral degeneration. It is not surprising that men and women who thus pervert one of the highest functions of life, and the most intimate relation of marriage, should grow obtuse in their perceptions of the sacredness and exclusiveness of wedlock, and of the binding character of conjugal obligation. It is not a mere coincidence that childless marriages, and one or two-child marriages should form such a large proportion of the cases in which divorce is sought on "statutory grounds." Incidentally I would observe that, so far as I know, physicians are practically unanimous in declaring that all the contraceptive practices are in some degree injurious to health.

These practices are stupid because they are so evidently subversive of the end which the Birth Control League professes to promote; namely, human welfare. And the advocates thereof are short-sighted and superficial. They have not learned the obvious lessons of human history, nor grasped the fundamental facts of human psychology. They fail to realize the inevitable by-products of the practice. It is probably true that if the poorest laborers could restrict the size of their families, they could raise their standard of living, and increase to some degree their material welfare. But this is only one of the consequences. When we take a comprehensive view of the situation, we find that any group, class, or nation that once becomes addicted to the use of contraceptives does not give it up after the immediate material ends have been attained. They are not content to take advantage of these devices merely until they have reached a level of reasonable comfort. They continue them in the interest of ease and luxury. This is what has happened and is happening in those sections of the middle and upper classes that have adopted the abominable vice, and there is no good reason to hope that the poorer classes would fail to follow their example.

Now, the restriction of the number of children to one, two or three for the sake of ease and material satisfaction inevitably produces a disinclination to endure hardship, an inability to put forth painful effort, and a general weakening of moral fiber. This means a decline in every sort of efficiency; for the capacity to endure and the ability to do without, will forever remain the essential conditions of achievement. Talk as we will about "the joy of work," the sober fact is that every kind of labor involves painful exertion if it is carried on continuously, effectively, and up to the limit of one's capacity. There are few if any active persons who would not find it more pleasant to diminish considerably the amount of time and effort that they spend at their tasks. Now, a social practice, like the use of contraceptives, which aims at a life of ease and a shirking of unpleasant duties, reduces fatally the power of endurance, and the ability to carry on sustained and effective labor. It affects the few children that are born even more than the parents; for it deprives them of the necessary training in endurance, and keeps before them the bad example of their luxury-loving elders. They are not only small in quantity, but poor in quality; that is, in moral quality, which is the supreme human quality. The social group that has thus weakened its moral fiber inevitably declines in social power and importance. Witness the decadence of the New England strain in our own population; the condition of the French nation, as described and deplored by such authorities as the great economist, P. Leroy-Beaulieu; and the imminent degeneration that threatens certain sections of the English-speaking peoples in more than one country, as set forth in detail by Mr. Beale in his "Racial Decay."

I have no intention of denying that large sections of the laboring class have only too much opportunity to cultivate their capacity for endurance. They would be not only more comfortable but more efficient if this opportunity were considerably diminished. But the only safe way to bring about this result is by bettering their condition economically. The remedy advocated by the Birth Control League is futile and disastrous, inasmuch as, in the long run, and sometimes in the "short run," it impels its votaries to the other extreme, to the pursuit of ease and luxury, and to the adoption of ideals and practices which inevitably produce moral deterioration and a serious decline in efficiency. Wherever the small family cult is practised, it is both the effect and the cause of a conception of life which regards an indefinite increase of material satisfactions and sensations as the highest good. It involves the most far-reaching exemplification that the world has ever known of what Carlyle called "pig-philosophy." Why should we be in haste to fasten this curse upon the laboring classes? Until such time as the poorest laborers are put in possession of living wages, they have within their power an entirely innocent means of keeping down the number of their offspring, namely, conjugal abstinence. Those parents who have sufficient moral strength to adopt this means will be in no danger of character-degeneration through the presence of a small instead of a large family. Those who do not feel equal to this sacrifice can not afford to run the risk of the moral deterioration which follows the use of contraceptives. They need that natural and compulsory form of self-denial which a large family involves. I am well aware that it is easy to find exceptions to the dire consequences that I have attributed to the practice of the small family cult; but my statements apply to large social groups, and assume that the practice is maintained through two or three generations. In these conditions experience has shown, and continues to show, that the thing is socially disastrous.

Were I a believer in the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," I should, as a Catholic, rejoice in every extension of the nefarious practices advocated by the Birth Control League. For I should feel assured that every such extension was hastening the day when Catholics would become the predominant element in our population. Already the tendency in this direction has been considerably accelerated through the prevalence of the small-family cult among non-Catholics. Unfortunately many Catholics have been, to some extent, contaminated by the bad example set in this matter by their separated brethren. Nevertheless, the extent to which Catholics will become addicted to this vice will always remain relatively insignificant. For the Church will forever oppose it as something intrinsically and eternally immoral, and will deprive those who persist in it of access to the Sacraments. In the struggle for existence which the use of contraceptives has created, the Catholic element in our population will survive because it is the fittest to survive; that is, because the Catholic element will retain and sustain those *moral* qualities that are the chief factor in fitness for survival among human beings. The mass of Catholics will continue to cultivate those qualities which are the only safeguard against the development of rotten hearts and flabby intellects. Catholics will have not only the quantity, the numbers, but the quality as well; for in the nurture of human beings quality can not be maintained without quantity. The clearest proof of this statement is the fact that, as between, say, one hundred large families of the poor and an equal number of middle-class families who represent the second generation of votaries of the small-family cult, a larger number of efficient and achieving persons will arise out of the former group than out of the latter.

I am invited to send two dollars for membership in the Birth Control League. I must respectfully decline, with the observation that I had much rather give the money to an organization for the training of prize fighters. It would aid in the development of at least *some* manly and human qualities.

Yours, "more in sorrow than in anger,"

St. Paul. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Understanding the Middle Ages

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish to enter a protest with regard to the article you admitted to your pages of May 13. Your contributor, Vincent M'Nabb, therein ventured to repeat for the benefit of your readers certain rules he had drawn up for a friend of his, rules calculated in his opinion to create sympathy with and right understanding of the Middle Ages.

For the Middle Ages, Father M'Nabb would seem to have a small admiration. And that should be to him a grace and a benediction. He has also, however, a touch of "the artistic temperament," a wholly recent disease; and his ideas as well as his admirations have become thereby distorted and false. The letter he has written to his friend MacEdon, and sent to AMERICA, is the letter of a prig. Had he a truer understanding of the medievalists, he would have known them as sincere and rational Christians. Sincere, they would have despised the affectations and silly attitudes which Vincent M'Nabb dreams for them. Rational, they would have made short work of superstition and sentimentality such as his. Christian, they would have been more reverent and sensitive of the sanctity of their Faith, in reference to their Divine Founder.

To anyone who knows the sense and restraint of such poet-theologians as Aquinas; of such leaders and thinkers as Antonino of Florence; to anyone who knows the singleness and sincerity of purpose displayed by the craftsmen of the Middle Ages, the vaporings of your contributor are as untrue as they are silly. He should be told that there still exists a living tradition in lineal descent from the Middle Ages. Aquinas would have no sympathy with such clever journalistic insincerities as your contributor ascribes to the medievalists.

New York. MODERN FRIAR.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Pope and the War

WELL-INFORMED Catholics have always protested against the state of subjection to which the Pope has been reduced by his present position in Italy. Not opposition to the aspirations of a nation, but deep concern for the interests of God has been at the root of their attitude. The high function of Supreme Pastor demands untrammeled freedom. The Father of all nations should be the subject of none. His is a universal sovereignty, and hence he should be at liberty to communicate with all peoples at all times. Although temporal power is not essential to the idea of supernatural supremacy, no one can fail to see how much it facilitates its exercise; for the popes, in spite of their exalted dignity, are human beings and as such must work through human agencies. Any situation therefore, that makes it likely or even possible that contingencies shall arise in which the interests of a temporal power may demand that a barrier be erected before the Throne of the Fisherman, is to be deprecated, and of its very nature must be pronounced unsatisfactory. In such a state of affairs no Catholic can willingly acquiesce. Even with the best of good will on the part of the Government whose subject the Pope is claimed to be, the danger of restrictions being put on the Holy Father can not be eliminated. He ought therefore to be free, absolutely free, free to come and to go, to send and to summon, to write and to be written to, and to communicate with the whole world without the permission of any earthly power. By the very nature of things it ought to be beyond the jurisdiction of any single person or any group of persons in any way to hamper or question or censor the intercourse he may deem it advisable to hold with his children.

That this point of view is justified by the present war must be clear to any one who reflects on the matter. *La Legge delle Guarentigie,* commonly known as the Law of Guarantees, passed by the Italian Government, May 13, 1871, professed to assure the Holy Father of his independence. It will be remembered that Pope Pius IX protested the following year that the full measure of freedom necessary for the proper exercise of his office could not be secured to him by any such guarantees. Obviously the Parliament that passed the law might abrogate it. Besides, even though the law remained on the statute book, circumstances might arise which would curtail even the sorry independence allowed by the Legislature.

Events of the last two weeks have justified the foresight of the Holy Father. For a time the whole Catholic world was a prey to anxiety lest the Italian Government might think it necessary to interfere with the working of the Law of Guarantees, and lest the Envoys of Austria and Germany to the Vatican might be sent their passports at the time the Ambassadors of those two countries to Italy were dismissed. Fortunately this step was not deemed necessary, and so there has been no breach of faith on the part of the Italian Government. Although the Pope has been spared this affront, yet the situation that he deprecated has actually come to pass. The Austrian and German Envoys to the Vatican have retired from Rome for the time being, not at the request of the Pope, but by force of circumstances and on their own initiative, communication with their own Governments having become practically impossible. Had the Pope a kingdom of his own, were it never so small, where he ruled supreme, he would still be in official communication with sixty millions, more or less, of Catholics whose public representatives it was thought wise should be withdrawn. The incident is highly instructive, especially for those Catholics who have allowed themselves to talk glibly but foolishly about the advisability of a separation between the temporal and supernatural power of the Pope.

Blind Eyes

A LEARNED association in Washington is in search of a workable code of morals. It proposes to use this code as the basis of a moral system to be taught in the public schools. Substantial prizes are offered to stimulate the constructive faculties of silent Solons and dubious Dracos, hidden, it may be, in remote quarters of this fair land. The association's quest proves this at least: that there is a decided need of moral instruction in the schools. We have put religion out of the schools, and year by year, the absurdity of the absolute divorce, zealously maintained between secular and religious instruction, becomes more apparent and more harmful. But matters are not to be mended by insisting further upon a divorce between religion and morality, which, it would seem, the association proposes to do. At its best, morality without religion is a morality with a purely human sanction, a species of transcendental sumptuary legislation. In its

average, it is a morality based upon motives suggested by expediency. Always, it is a cold abstract system, with an appeal no stronger than that offered by a set of statistics.

Who was the man who suddenly discovered that all his life he had been speaking prose? Some day, it may dawn upon these learned men that the world already possesses a system of morality worth trying. It is based upon the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. A copy of these two documents would merit, although it probably would not win, the association's first prize of a thousand dollars.

Lovest Thou Me?

JUST after the miraculous draught of fishes that occurred during the first year of Christ's Public Life, St. Peter cast himself humbly at the Saviour's feet and told how unworthy he was of having Christ as a friend, and again some two years later, shortly after another marvelous haul of fish, the Prince of the Apostles was not afraid to ask even the Searcher of Hearts Himself to bear witness to the strength and sincerity of the love he felt for the Master. The attendant circumstances of both miracles likewise indicate admirably the strength and sincerity of the Master's love for Simon. Both times Christ was, of course, perfectly aware that Peter and the other fishermen had toiled the whole night long but had caught nothing. He realized too, how tired, hungry and discouraged they were. So He first relieved their immediate temporal needs. Before calling Simon to the apostolate, Christ filled with fish the boats of Peter and his partners. Prior to conferring the primacy on Simon He invited him and his followers to breakfast. While bringing to a successful issue matters of the highest spiritual importance, Our Saviour, be it noted, does not at all neglect temporal details of trifling moment. So when the Apostles reached the shore of the lake that Paschal morning long ago, they found that the Master had ready for His "children" "hot coals lying, and a fish laid thereon and bread," they heard Him bidding them add to the meal choice portions of their own catch and they beheld Him serving them Himself.

Having lovingly refreshed His guests with material food, thus making that lakeside breakfast beautifully symbolize what He was about to do, the Good Shepherd commissioned St. Peter and all who should follow that Apostle in the pastoral office, to feed the lambs and sheep of the flock affectionately and carefully till time should be no more, completing and perfecting in this way the organization of the Church. Moreover, in asking Simon Peter before making him Chief Shepherd, "Lovest thou Me?", Christ plainly showed that the main requisite He seeks in those who, whether priests or laymen, would assist in feeding the Lord's flock, is a strong attachment to Him. No one can offer the Sacred Heart effective reparation for others' disloyalty until he has first proved by the daily beauty of his life his own passionate interest in the success of the Master's cause. "Lovest thou Me?" is the question Christ is constantly putting to each Catholic. Happy is he who can answer sincerely with St. Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," for the spectacle of such a man's practical piety "edifies the Church" and feeds generously the Good Shepherd's flock.

Coeducation and the Race

THE question of the education of women has been under discussion of late, with the usual result that opinions very diverse in character have been expressed. Provost Smith of Pennsylvania University, where coeducation of the complete type exists, finds Pennsylvania's system unsatisfactory and advocates the construction of a new building to be devoted exclusively to the use of the female students, some of whom "seem to be more interested in the male students than in acquiring knowledge." He would have the new college "a long, long way from the University buildings," and although he would retain the same teaching staff for both sexes, he would have the lectures given to the young men and young women separately. At the same time the Commission of the University of Pittsburgh appointed to investigate the institutions where women alone are educated, comes to the conclusion that women's colleges as at present constituted are a menace to the future of the race, and urges all parents to "send their daughters to coeducational universities or at least to semi-coeducational ones, such as Harvard and Columbia." The reason for this position is the rather startling assertion that "women's colleges are hastening the extinction of the old American stock," because they fail to give their students either the inclination or aptitude to become wives and mothers. The refusal to enter the state of matrimony, or to abstain when they do enter it, from the practice of race suicide, is upheld by the Commission from statistics, the accuracy of which, however, has been seriously questioned or denied by the officials of a number of women's colleges. Coeducation is held up as the solution of the difficulty, as it would give young women the opportunity to meet young men.

The discussion is an instance of the state of mind which ignores the real solution of the difficulty and grasps at half-way measures that must strike every one as hopelessly inadequate. If the faculties of women's colleges would teach their students the sanctity, stability and nobleness of the marriage state instead of allowing them to grow up with the notion that it is a mere passing contract, with no higher purpose that the individual's pleasure, no other sanction than the individual's whim, no other permanence than the individual's caprice; and if they would in addition impress on them some of the elementary and obvious obligations that spring from the natural law, the problem that they find so disquieting

would cease to be a problem at all. Starting from the false premises which are taught under the guise of such doctrines as eugenics, it is no wonder if the students adopt false standards of conduct, involving the repudiation of fundamental responsibilities. In doing so they are only logical. Not the students but the educators are chiefly to blame. Not coeducation but simple instruction in the primary precepts of nature is the need of our young women.

Dodos and Mothers

DODOS are extinct; faithful mothers are tending the same way, especially where money is plentiful. Nowadays the fashionable matron who deigns to become a mother seems to think that her duty is done, once her child is born. The infant is committed to a nurse; the mother plays bridge and drinks "highballs" in winter, and flits from resort to resort in summer. The baby grows; the mother sees it for a few minutes a day, when she happens to be home. Still the baby grows, in body at least; it is a pert domineering little prig by this; its will is law; nurse and governess are its servants. They can accomplish nothing; after all no one can replace a parent, and violation of the natural law has sanctions. The child is at school now, a froward, petulant creature, abnormal in a thousand ways. Its training is difficult and never fully accomplished. It leaves the school deficient in ideals and will power. And the mother? She was irresponsible before, she is a fool now, less a mother than ever; more intent on the world and the things of the world. A doting mother, the creature is called. Her daughter is flung into gayeties of a thousand sorts, thrown into the society of so-called desirable gentlemen, cads who never knew a manly instinct in their whole existence. The girl tossed on society's waves, distracted and flattered, loses the little sense she had. The rest comes naturally; the cause of it is a creature, who though called a mother, is just a plain idiot.

The "Times" and the Belgian Priests

JUST now AMERICA's mail contains many protests against an article in the New York *Times*, accusing Belgian priests of a hideous crime. For the consolation of those troubled in spirit, the editor of AMERICA begs to say that he addressed the following remonstrance to the editor of the *Times:*

To the Editor of the Times:

May 24, 1915.

An article on war babies in the *Times' Book Review* for May 23 contains the following sentence:

> "Such is the feeling aroused that in Belgium priests have openly advised women to commit infanticide rather than rear children of invaders."

This horrible statement is not only offensive to your Catholic patrons; it is also a grave injustice to heroic and God-fearing men. To their already great sufferings must now be added the sense of wrong that comes from a calumny which depicts them as Herods. One would have thought that the writer of the article would have first made sure of her grounds before penning such an odious charge. A word of inquiry would have brought her the information that Bishop de Wachter, Cardinal Mercier's auxiliary, has twice denied publicly and absolutely that such advice was given by a Catholic priest.

A keener sense of responsibility on the part of your journalists who deal with matter touching the Catholic Church would be very much appreciated by Catholic readers. In the present instance ordinary care would have saved those of us who know the Belgium clergy the humiliation of seeing their friends ranked among the abettors of murder.

Respectfully, etc.,

R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.
Editor of AMERICA.

The *Times* printed this version of the letter:

A CATHOLIC PROTEST

To the Editor of the New York Times:

An article on war babies in *The Times* of May 23 contains the following sentence:

> "Such is the feeling aroused that in Belgium priests have openly advised women to commit infanticide rather than rear children of invaders."

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NEW YORK, May 24, 1915. R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.

A last word. Protests from patrons are always welcome, but in instances of this kind they are effective only when addressed to the offenders.

"Freebooting Pirates"

THE writer of history is at an enormous advantage when he knows his subject, and so, when Mr. Poultney Bigelow wrote recently in the New York *Times* on the Prussian character, he had the advantge of receiving his early education at a gymnasium, in Berlin, in company with the present Emperor of Germany; though whether that justifies him in his conclusions rests with himself, and those who know the German nation. The concluding remark of Mr. Bigelow is more general. He writes: "The South Germans . . . flourished when the forests and swamps of Prussia were still fields for freebooting pirates in the garb of sturdy monks and castle-building friars."

It is quite possible that Mr. Bigelow wrote with his Chaucer open before him, at the passage where the knight fought "against the heathen in Prusse," and with a pedantic preciseness identified the heathen with the monks and friars who generally dwelt on heaths and in

other barren places. Even so, such an etymological excursion would make a severe tax on his imagination in order to square with the description of "freebooting pirates." The plain fact is that whatever qualifications Mr. Bigelow may have for enlarging upon the forests and swamps of Prussia, his knowledge of monks and friars is lamentably deficient. Sturdy the monks must have been, their exploits with the spade and plow, the swamp lands they reclaimed, the monasteries, churches and schools they erected all bear evidence of that. Their labors in art, music, literature and crafts of every kind were not exactly the accomplishments of freebooting pirates; nor has castle building been commonly regarded hitherto as something characteristic of the friars, who for the most part lived in wretched shacks in the slums of cities. There is more than a touch of "Ivanhoe" in Mr. Bigelow's estimation of the medieval religious Orders of Prussia. If, unfortunately, he finds himself unequal to discriminating between the monastic orders that have kept their Rule and still survive, and the military orders, that did get out of order and were suppressed, a dignified silence were more becoming than to label as "freebooting pirates" a body of men whose chief aim in life was to attend to their own affairs.

That Blessed Word, Automatic

"AUTO" was once a suspicious addition to a word. Autocrat was disliked; autobiography was not in great favor. Now all is different. Nothing is more desirable in life or more attractive in advertising than "auto." We are hastening to the paradise of automatism. Homer's imagination was considered extravagant when he dreamt of self-growing crops for a farmer's paradise and self-sailing ships for a nautical paradise. Now such dreams would leave the most simple reader unmoved. Plowless fields and rudderless ships are tame to modern minds. From twilight sleep and the motherless incubator to euthanasia and the auto-hearse, life is growing ever more effortless and more automatic.

Painless study is approaching. When you left the nursery for school, the educational value of play was not properly appreciated. The idea of the teacher seemed to have been to keep you working all the time at home as well as at school, and it was the idea of your parents, jealous of the teacher's tasks, to heap up a thousand additional chores for you to do throughout the intervening spaces of your life. Play in your boyhood or girlhood was a kind of piracy with mysterious whistles and stealthy exits and fearful moments of expectant discovery and the thrill of narrow escapes. Now play is a whole science in itself with curriculums and diplomas and professors and all that. The park and play-ground are the university of to-morrow. Bookless schools are on the way. Photography and the moving picture have replaced the novel, the short-story, the newspaper, cartoons, advertisements, comic supplements, sports and all. Is there any reason why history should not go on the screen and poetry too? The crusaders could fare across the world on one reel. "Wait a moment please." Then on the next reel Mary, Mary's lamb, Mary's school, would serve to unfold to delighted eyes the tragic poem, which in more barbarous days would be laboriously transferred to a rebellious memory.

All music has been automatized by a punctured paper or a dinted record; mathematics is handled by the comptometer; escalators and moving platforms take you up where the autocars have set you down; fireless cooking, predigested food, and eupeptic tablets have made eating in all its stages automatic. If some muscle or organ should fail in its duty, the offending member is harnessed to a machine and an electric current, and exercise is given to you without exertion on your part. But why worry about members? They may soon be atrophied to ornaments. Walking will eventually be one of the lost arts. Many occupations of the fingers have gone. For letters you may talk into a tube, puncture a paper, run the stencil through a type-writer, let your letter pass on to a folding, sealing, stamping machine into a pneumatic delivery which will pass on the letter to your friend across the continent, there to be self-opened and thrown on the screen for his easy perusal. Fingers may serve to display jewelry, but if they have been eliminated from writing and music, why not from all else? You can play an orchestra by pressing a button; will not a switchboard soon be enough to carry on war?

Self-starters, self-speeders, self-stoppers, these are the triumphs of automatism. Yes, but what of self-restraint, self-denial, self-control? "Not so loud!" Light a candle or in extreme cases make out a check. Religion can not escape the monopoly of automatism. Let religion be all feeling. "One impulse from a vernal wood" will make one feel holy for a week, if the automobile does not figure in the Monday morning casualty list. Feeling is spontaneous and apparently automatic. To be virtuous is to check and control feeling; it is to act in accordance with principle; it is to be obedient to law. Wanted, an invention to make all virtues self-acting and frictionless! On with the spread of automatism!

LITERATURE

As to Shakespere's Heroines

THE fact that Shakespere created many heroines and no hero is often noted, and because of his profound knowledge of human nature is considered incontrovertible proof that women are more noble than men, more beautiful of character, truer, tenderer, more gently strong. Every woman applauds the conclusion, but does it flow from the premises?

That Shakespere had intimate knowledge of human nature is never questioned even by critics who struggle against the current of general opinion and grant him little or no other excellence. He saw clearly into the minds and hearts of kings and peasants, of queens and of their serving-maids, of courtiers and cardinals, of knaves and fools; saw not only their virtues and their vices, their loves and hates, but their little weaknesses, their

fads and follies. Every play, each scene of every play, bears witness to the breadth and depth of this insight. He had, also, and that was essential to his success as a playwright, a thorough understanding of his audiences. For them he wrote; on their approval his fame and fortune waited. Readers of the plays there were none in his day, and of posterity he thought not at all, as is manifest from his neglect of any effort to preserve the manuscripts of even the greatest among his dramas.

Now, in the days when the Globe Theater was the wonder and the admiration of English play-lovers, London's newest attraction, the more alluring because all drama was still frowned upon in many quarters, audiences were made up largely of men. Women formed but a small minority. It was men, then, for whom Shakespere wrote. Herein lies—does it not?—the reason that his scenes, often reeking with bloodshed and crime, crowded and over-crowded with horrors, are sweetened by the gentle loveliness of such women as Cordelia, Portia and Desdemona, rather than redeemed by the courage and manliness of heroes whom, we can not doubt, he could easily and sincerely have created had he so desired. It was Cordelia who, in the greatest of his dramas, makes bearable the sight of the tragic misery which treads upon the heels of her "old kind father's" folly; she, who atones for her sisters' perfidy and ingratitude, too hideous to give aught save pain to the audience were not the thought of her truth and goodness and deep, reticent affection ever present, sweetening each terrible scene. Without Ophelia Hamlet were a nightmare of such doubts and torture of mind as men shrink from recalling. She, very loving in her childlike way, fair and frail and exquisitely sensitive, is some one to admire, to pity tenderly, to love chivalrously: the sole bright spot in a world of gloom.

Hero or heroine soars high above the average level of our human nature and closely approaches the ideal. It would be difficult indeed to find heroic one merely better than ourselves, one not also dissimilar. A woman will find her ideal in the man who knows no fear, who is strong with the strength she lacks, tender towards those weak like herself, aggressive when she would shrink; on the other hand, a man will kneel to gentleness, sweetness, lovableness, delicacy of wit, lightning-like intuition; qualities, one or all of which are the charm and glory of Shakespere's heroines. No man would ever have gone home to dream of a warrior who in battle braved dangers but little greater than he himself had faced and overcome in the never-to-be-forgotten day of the Armada, or the gallantry of one not more gallant than Sir Walter Raleigh and a score of courtiers whom he saw frequently, perhaps knew well, and found very much like himself.

Shakespere knew his audiences; we may be certain of that. He studied them as he studied each phase of humanity that came within range of those deep-seeing eyes of his. The greatest of English poets, he was also the most practical; a consummate artist, he was at the same time a good man of business. So, wisely both for his own success and the highest pleasure of his audiences did he appeal to the chivalry of a generation of men among whom medieval reverence for womanhood was yet strong and to which they clung the more loyally that its foundations had been rudely shaken. And, exalting all women in exalting one, he could touch their hearts where each one's love was deepest and most sacred. The charm of his gentle, tender heroines was the charm those men knew and cherished in their sweethearts and their wives, their old mothers and their half-grown daughters. The sad, lonely hearts of old men glowed when on the stage was vividly portrayed what they had vehemently loved in their youth, deeply loved and reverenced in mature years, whose loss had left them broken, helpless and lonely. In the girlish grace and delicate ardor of such heroines as Shakespere presented, men, younger by some years, worn by the ceaseless struggle for a livelihood, only less bitter then than now, found rest for minds weary with hum-drum affairs, and had their hearts refreshed and thrilled in a way that found an outlet in unexpected caresses for wives growing old beside them, but once young and in their eyes as beautiful and as winsome as Juliet or Rosalind. Youths joyously learned to love more truly fair, shy little English maids, because Cordelia taught them what depths of loyalty and tenderness were hidden in their timid, girlish hearts; to rate more highly their buoyancy, learning from Portia how noble is the spirit which hopes always for the best, how noble and how strong; to appreciate more nearly at its worth sprightliness such as Rosalind's, trustfulness such as Desdemona's. In these ways did Shakespere's heroines, painted with a sureness of touch and a delicacy all his own, set on fire the souls of men who would have been as stone before faultless warriors and scrupulous statesmen; who would have sneered at gentleness in kings and meekness in cardinals.

Not one of the plays has a hero, nearly every one a heroine so good as to remain a symbol of all that is best in poor human nature, so charming as to be for all time a type of what is most attractive in womanhood; and Shakespere "held the mirror up to nature." Granted willingly, the implied conclusion: but perhaps it would be generous and honest as well, to admit that, because every rule has exceptions, there have been and are such beings as heroes, and to question whether Shakespere, writing to please, not possible readers, not posterity, but the hundreds of men who, day by day, year after year, thronged the "yard" of the Globe Theater, really wrote with strict justice.

FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. By A. T. ROBERTSON, M.A., D.D., LL.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

This excellent work of Dr. Robertson is really monumental. The mere bulk of it, 1,400 large, clearly-printed pages including a preface, an extensive bibliography and complete indices, would entitle it to this distinction even apart from the scholarly character of the work. In his preface he writes, "The book is grown so that in terror I often hold back." New Testament students will thank him for having kept to this work. From beginning to end the book is interesting and instructive. Comparative philology, the history of the various elements that make up grammar, apt illustrations of New Testament usages from the Greek dialects, from inscriptions, from contemporary literary writers, from the ostraca and papyri, the tracing of single words or expressions from Homer through the Atticists to the Alexandrians, from the Alexandrian period to the Byzantine, and at times to their present setting in modern Greek, give a fascination to the study and life of the traditionally dull, dead grammar.

Large as the book is, however, and complete in every detail, the volume adds little if anything to our knowledge of New Testament Greek, or the relation of the ostraca and papyri to its study. Deissman, Blass, Debrummer, Moulton, Milligan, Mayser, Wilcken and a host of others covered their own respective fields before Dr. Robertson. The real value of the book lies in this, that he has made a clever collation and synopsis of all that is best in the great grammarians and philologists. So thorough is this synopsis and so complete the references on every page that an ordinary student might dispense with other grammars and a specialist use it as an invaluable book of reference. There are, moreover, illuminating points of his own, and in the treatment of particular difficulties, as, for instance, in the arrangement of the conditional clauses, the author has the clearness and brevity of a gifted teacher. The illustrations of idiom from the vernacular while not always happy are suggestive.

Where all is so good one does not care to find fault. Yet the

slavish following of other grammars has at times led Dr. Robertson to make citations that have to be corrected in the course of the work. We find an instance in point on p. 91, where we read: "The use of ἐν τῷ and the infinitive so common in Luke appears in the papyri." No reference to the papyri is given. Later: "The construction occurs in 'classical historians, in Polybius, and in papyri'" (p. 107), and we are referred to Moulton Prol. p. 14 (1st ed.). Further on we read, "But Blass observes that the classical writers did not use ἐν τῷ in the *temporal* sense of 'while' or 'during'" (p. 1072), and Dr. Robertson observes that Moulton yields the point in his third edition. So the ἐν τῷ so common in Luke in the sense of 'during' is not classical, and as yet we have no reference to the papyri.

One other instance: "The future participle is very rare in the New Testament, as in the papyri and κοινή generally" (p. 374). On p. 1118: "As already shown the future participle is much less frequent in the New Testament (as in LXX) than in the κοινή generally (as in the papyri)." On page 1119: "In the papyri I note it more frequently than in the New Testament," he writes and gives two examples, one from P. Goodspeed 4, and one from P. Tb. 33. A cursory glance at the Oxyrhynchus papyri shows its frequency is under-estimated. *e.g.*, O. P. III. 496 (127 A.D.) seven times; O. P. III. 494 (156 A.D.) three times; O. P. I 58 (288 A.D.) twice, etc.

Considering the extent of the task and the endless sifting of material it exacted, the compression of so much in so relatively small a compass is admirable. Style must suffer in such compression. This is not the first book that has been surfeited with "as a matter of fact," as an introduction to a personal opinion. To "the now time" (p. 347), "cuts no figure" (pp. 489, 1008) and other similar expressions the Englishman who is quoted on p. 69 as saying that "the purest English known to him is spoken in Edinburgh and Louisville" might take exception. "The majority of well-educated people determine correct usage (the *'mos' loquendi,* as Horace says)" (p. 31). Where may we find *"mos" loquendi* in Horace? And what perversity led Dr. Robertson to quote in the defense of the study of Greek a professor of Kalamazoo College? "Greek yet remains the very best means we have for plowing up and wrinkling the human brain and developing its gray matter, and wrinkles and gray matter are still the most valuable assets a student can set down on the credit side of his ledger" (p. x). If this is the result of Greek training, let us have none of it! O.

Manuale Theologiæ Moralis Secundum Principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis. In Usum Scholarum. Edidit DOMINICUS M. PRÜMMER, O.PR., Prof. in Universitate Friburgi Helvetiorum. Tom. I, II, III. S. Ludovici: B. Herder. $7.50.

So many works on moral theology have been published of late years that the author of these three volumes is careful to justify their appearance. There has been a tendency on the part of moralists, he argues, to incline too much toward casuistry, while some have paid so little attention to the discussion of principles that their books can almost be described as mere catalogues of sins. Father Prümmer's purpose is to reverse this order by insisting mainly upon the fundamental truths, trusting that their application will be sufficiently easy if the principles themselves have been thoroughly understood. The necessity of casuistry is not, of course, denied, but he assigns it a subordinate place. For authority and precedent Father Prümmer refers to the Angelic Doctor, who, in that portion of his "Summa Theologica" which deals with morals, "has little to say of the particular sins but much of the particular virtues." His conviction is that, from an intimate knowledge of the nature and exercise of the different virtues students will be enabled to form correct judgments of the opposite vices, and that such a method possesses the further advantage of affording the priest a valuable guide in the confessional, the pulpit, catechetical classes and in his own spiritual life. Adopting these methods and quoting extensively from the writings of his own great teacher, he believes that he can justly call his work a "Thomistic Moral Theology."

The author possesses the gift of great clearness in thought and expression, which is of prime importance in a work of this kind. Modern questions are plainly treated, though here naturally a variety of opinions will exist. Against pure probabilism as well as against probabiliorism and equiprobabilism, a series of objections is urged, for example, which the author considers unanswerable. He therefore accepts without hesitation the more recent *systema compensationis seu rationis sufficientis,* according to which we are not to follow a less probable opinion in preference to a more probable opinion, without first weighing the gravity of the doubtful law and the degree of probability contained in the opposing opinion. The weightier the law and the more probable its obligation, the stronger must be the reason against it. It is not in place here to discuss this point or to consider the force of the author's objections. He, of course, admits that confessors who follow this system have no right to impose it upon their penitents, nor can they strictly require that a penitent submit to an obligation to which he is not bound according to the principles of probabilism.

J. H.

New Cosmopolis. A Book of Images. By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This is a volume of entertaining essays from the pen of a clever journalist who knows perfectly the New York of to-day and of thirty years ago, who has also visited the great cities of Europe and has never failed, while on these travels or excursions, to use his eyes and ears. The first eight papers deal with Gotham and its environs, the next seven with foreign capitals, and the last two with Atlantic City and Newport. Mr. Huneker first takes you through New York's East Side, destroys many fables that are told about it, calls attention to a very human ball game being played in Yiddish, and assures you that the natives regard settlement workers or "white mice" as "misguided busybodies," who "pry, pry, pry and ask insulting questions." There is a good chapter on the "Lungs" or parks of New York, each of which the author describes in picturesque language; he takes you with him on a delightful voyage by water around Manhattan, and commiserates the fate of those who desert New York in summer, for they "miss a lot." Coney Island Mr. Huneker abominates, and passes this stricture on moving pictures:

> This shadowland is never dramatic, never poetically suggestive, never human. . . . A diversion for children, an aid to science, an entertainment for deaf-mutes, but not an art for intelligent people. What has become of our taste these latter years? "Canned" music, mechanical pianos, moving pictures, dancing, these be thy gods, Philistia!

The author maintains that in reality New York is no busier than other cities. It only pretends to be. "It is necessary for our municipal vanity to squeeze and jam and rush and crush." As for New York crowds being "good-natured," he well objects that "good-natured is hardly the word—timid, cringing, cowardly are better words."

Mr. Huneker is a warm admirer of Vienna and its citizens, he likes the Belgians, and has a tender love for Ireland, "the most beautiful country on God's footstool," but thinks that "there are too many able-bodied lads and lasses taking orders and filling convents when they ought to be better employed in fathering and mothering families." But the

author should have seen that it is largely because the priestly and religious life is held in such high honor in Ireland that race suicide is practically unknown there. If the country's birthrate has fallen off, emigration is the cause. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

According to the *Bookman*, the six novels that sold best in this country during April were these: "The Turmoil," "Pollyanna Grows Up," "Angela's Business," "The Valley of Fear," "The Harbor" and "Ruggles of Red Gap." This is a more consoling list than usual. All the stories mentioned except the second have already been noticed in AMERICA, and "Pollyanna" always deserves commendation.

The contents of the *Catholic World* for June are as follows:

"Evolution and Progress," by Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T. D.; "Our Lady of the Woods," by Dora Owen; "The Same Forever," by Florence Gilmore; "Drought," by Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.; "Keeping Up with the Protestant Tradition," by James J. Walsh, M.D.; "Maurice de Guérin," by Virginia M. Crawford; "The Rose Window," by Eleanor Tanner; "Cooperation a Partial Solvent of Capitalism," by John A. Ryan, D.D.; "The Sea Winds," by Caroline D. Swan; "Our Lady's Roses," by N. H. Watts; "Galicia and the Russian Church," by F. A. Palmieri; "California the Wonderful," by Thomas Walsh, and "White Eagle," by L. P. Decondun.

In so varied and appetizing a menu all Catholic readers should find something to their taste. "New books," "Foreign Periodicals," "Recent Events," etc., offer, as usual, interesting matter.

Arthur Train's "The Man Who Rocked the Earth" (Doubleday, $1.25) and Jack London's "The Scarlet Plague" (Macmillan, $1.00) are recent novels of a sensational character. As a war prophet Mr. Train is plausible but not convincing. His book is a network of technicalities and electrical terms, warranted to put the lay mind in a complete whirl as it attempts to follow the drift of the narrative. Yet the function of the modern fiction is not to induce thought in the reader! The only clear impression the novel conveys is that of the pigheadedness of one of the belligerents in the story. As for "The Scarlet Plague," the fact that in sixty years from now some forty persons, who represent the sole survivors in America of a terrible plague, and their descendants, should degenerate into semi-savages is—well, a strain even upon the most voracious devourer of fiction. The episodes of the story are unusual and varied, but the whole picture is depressing in the extreme, and the little philosophical touch at the conclusion is rank pessimism.

The rumors of Gilbert K. Chesterton's conversion to Catholicism may well be termed "persistent." It is the London correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript* who is spreading them now. He writes:

> The good news has come from Beaconsfield that "G. K. C." is able to leave his room and hopes shortly to resume his literary work. Every one of Chesterton's friends is glad, and their name is legion. A very hearty welcome will be given to him when he next appears in public—as hearty as the welcome now being given to "G. K. C.'s" "Poems," which Messrs. Burns & Oates have just published. This volume contains Chesterton in all sorts of moods. It is divided, says the announcement, into six sections—(1) war poems, including "Lepanto" (2) love poems, (3) religious poems, (4) rhymes for the times, including the "Ode" to Mr. F. E. Smith, (5) miscellaneous poems, and (6) ballades. Regarding the inclusion of the religious poems in this volume, and the fact that it is being published by the leading Catholic publishers in London, I wonder if I am going beyond the bounds of courteous comment if I say that the circumstances are significant. For a long time in literary circles it was rumored that "G. K." had become a Catholic, but I can not remember that any definite avowal or denial was ever made by him or his friends. That the poems should bear the Burns & Oates imprint seems to me a confirmation of the rumor.

"Gilbert," writes one who knows him well, "was not the fellow to face death without showing his true colors and waving them during the last great charge. I think that you will find that some time from now his conversion will be announced." No one would rejoice more at this good news than Mr. Chesterton's American Catholic admirers.

In a brochure entitled "Some Verses, written in honor of the Church and dedicated to Saint Catherine of Siena, by Maria Longworth Storer," there are devotional lines that are also poetical. What the author says of Pius X is no less true than beautiful, and the poem "Domine, Non Sum Dignus" begins thus:

> Dear Lord, I thank Thee for the veil of clay
> That (like a smoke-stained crystal) keeps away
> The overpowering glory of Thy Light;
> Else would my soul, its scarlet sins laid bare,
> Shrink backward in a frenzy of despair,
> Praying the earth to hide me from Thy sight.

"Give me a word to rhyme with faith," pleads Ambrose Leo McGreevy, the author of "The God of Battles and Other Verses" (Sherman, French & Co., Boston, $1.00). But "wreath" is the only word his churlish hearers offer, so the rhyme, it must be owned, is not a good one. The thirty sets of verses in the attractively-printed volume are varied in theme but lacking in finish. "The White Ships and the Red," the admirable poem on the Lusitania that Mr. Joyce Kilmer contributed to the New York *Times* for May 15, is an excellent example of how a true poet can rise to his subject. ——Lafcadio Hearn's translation of "Japanese Lyrics" (Houghton, $0.75) is a collection of short poems embracing "Verses for Children," "Poems on Insects" and "Japanese Myths." The concise English version is printed on pages facing the original Japanese, and the explanatory notes give the reader further insight into the naturally poetic mind of the Japanese people.

In "The Forest of Swords" (Appleton, $1.30) Joseph A. Altsheler, a prolific writer of juveniles, carries a French aviator and his American friend through the days of the Kaiser's advance on Paris and graphically describes the part the young men played in the battle of the Marne. The book is filled with innumerable adventures but plot there is none.——Payne Erskine's story about "A Girl of the Blue Ridge" (Little, Brown, $1.50), in spite of its tedious dialect, is a likeable novel. Family feuds and moonshine stills are of course unavoidable in these tales of the Blue Ridge. If we must continue to have such books the author's way of writing them is acceptable.——A convent "is a refuge, a blessed retreat for those who are discouraged, for the weary, the sad at heart, but for the young, the strong, the brave, the world is a better place," are the words that J. E. Le Rossignol makes "Jean Baptiste" (Dutton, $1.50) say to the girl who left the Ursuline novitiate to marry him. The novel is a story of modern Canada, written, it would seem, by a Protestant who has painfully "gotten up" his Catholic setting, but is quite incapable of understanding the Church's true spirit. The book contains some brutal and improbable scenes, but Mère Tabeau is a well-drawn figure.

"In Those Days" (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia) is a pretty little story of Jewish life in the Russia of Nicholas I. As the tale unfolds the reader not infrequently

finds himself wishing for an explanation of some of the Jewish expressions that are used, the meaning of which he guesses; and behold a tiny dictionary of these very words is found at the end of the volume, its existence not even hinted at by directing numerals or other device. The story will have a special appeal just now in that it gives an insight into Russian methods of training those enormous armies of which we read.——A conglomeration of facts does not make a story any more than a heap of bricks constitutes a building, nor can a dull mass of statements be quickened into art by the occasional inversion of a sentence, nor may enthusiasm for a cause be roused by the interjection of a raucous imperative tagged to the end of a recital. The little volume "Victors of Peace" (Harper's, $0.75) labors under these defects. Yet F. J. Gould, the author, receives in the introduction and preface high encomiums as a story teller.

Zealous Methodists who are given to expressing their horror at the way the "Romanists" withhold the Scriptures from the people, especially from the people of Latin countries, ought to be given a copy of "Il Santo Evangelo Illustrato ad Uso della Gioventu," published by Guiseppe Vaccarezza, of Piazza Fossatto, Genoa, Italy for this excellent version of the Gospels is actually intended to be widely circulated among the people. It is edited by a Jesuit, bears several imprimaturs and is well furnished with literary, dogmatic and exegetical footnotes, appendices, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton Co., New York:
The Forest of Swords. By Joseph A. Altsheler. $1.30; The Teaching of English. By Paul Klapper. $1.25.

Benziger Bros., New York:
St. Juliana Falconieri. By Marie Conrayville. $0.30; The Message of Moses. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot. $0.15; The Catholic's Ready Answer. By Rev. M. P. Hill, S.J. $2.00.

Catholic Truth Society, London:
A Simple Mass and Communion Book; How to Follow the Mass (For non-Catholics). By Rev. F. E. Pritchard; Antonio Rosmini. By Rev. Daniel Hickey; Lacordaire and Montalembert. By M. M. C. Calthrop; Some Children of St. Dominic. By Marie St. S. Ellerker; Fasting and Abstinence. By Allan Ross; The University of Louvain. By Rev. J. G. Vance.

Christian Press Association, New York:
Stray Leaves of Traces of Travel. By Alexander MacDonald.

Columbia University Press, New York:
The Ballade. By Helen Louise Cohen. $1.75.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Women Under Polygamy. By Walter M. Gallichan. $2.50; The Tourist's Maritime Provinces. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. $1.25; Five Fronts. By Robert Dunn. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The American Books: The American Navy. By French E. Chadwick; American Literature. By Leon Kellner; Municipal Freedom. By Oswald Ryan; The Indian To-day. By Charles E. Eastman; The American College. By Isaac Sharpless. $0.60 each.

J. Duffy & Co., Ltd., Dublin:
The Red Spy. By D. M. Lenihan. $1.00.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Educating the Child at Home. By Ella Frances Lynch. $1.00.

D. C. Heath & Co., New York:
Rational Athletics for Boys. By Frederick J. Reilly. $0.30.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Sundown Slim. By H. H. Knibbs. $1.35; Some Imaginist Poets: An Anthology. $0.75.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Personality of Christ. By Dom Ansgar Vonier, O.S.B. $1.75; The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy. By Adrian Fortescue. New Edition. $1.80; Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea. By Rev. John T. Driscoll. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Unveiling: A Poetic Drama. By Jackson Boyd. $1.25.

Ferdinand Schoeningh. Paderborn:
Characterbilder der Katholischen Frauenwelt. Von Dr. Michael Faulhaber. M 2.40.

Society of the Divine Word. Techny, Ill.:
The Most Vital Mission Problem. By Rev. Frederick Schwager, S. V. D.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
Camp Craft. By Warren H. Miller. $1.50; John Huss. By David S. Schaff. $2.50.

Fred'k F. Stokes Co., New York:
The Life of General Joffre. By Alexander Kahn. $0.50.

EDUCATION

Educational Legislation

THERE is now before the Massachusetts Senate a bill which, if enacted, will make it unlawful for any public school committee or superintendent or supervisor of public schools to require or solicit from an applicant for a position in the public schools any information relative to the candidate's religious belief or practice. It further provides that no appointment to positions in such schools shall be affected by religious opinions or affiliations. A penalty, a fine of $50 for each violation, is imposed.

The bill now before the Senate was passed by the House on May 5, after a stormy passage, in which several amendments were suggested to remedy alleged defects in the initial draft of the bill which, it was held, would make the bill unconstitutional. The attitude of the House in reference to the proposed legislation is shown in the vote securing the passage of the bill, 121 voting in the affirmative and 95 in the negative.

THE TEACHERS' REGISTRATION BUREAU

At present, and in addition to numerous teachers' agencies in Boston, there is in the office of the Massachusetts Board of Education a department known as the "Teachers' Registration Bureau," conducted and maintained by the Board of Education from appropriations granted by the Legislature. The aim of the Bureau has been to secure for applicants openings in various schools, without the cost generally attending such work when performed by other agencies and private concerns. The initial expense of registration in this Bureau is $2.00. In return, the applicant's name is to be retained and utilized by the Bureau until an appointment is received.

One of the first questions asked by the bureau of an applicant for a public school position is in reference to religious belief and practice. In one case that came within my personal observation, an applicant, peculiarly well qualified in every respect, was told that a position was open to him in a locality not far distant from Boston, provided the applicant would join the Baptist Church and adhere to the regulations of that organization. This was in Massachusetts, where the educational atmosphere is said to be of purest ozone. Organized systems are in vogue in many of the New England cities and towns to eliminate the Catholic teacher from the public school, and to keep out of the teaching ranks of State instructors those who profess the Catholic religion.

In a State normal school system in Massachusetts which has already expended on ten institutions over $12,000,000, a system that is to-day costing the State over $500,000 annually, there can not be found a dozen Catholic teachers in the advanced branches of instruction.

"PERNICIOUS ACTIVITIES"

The consistency of the action of the State Board of Education in its recent attempt to obtain certification of all public school teachers is interesting, when we consider that no examination is ever required of teachers appointed in the normal schools. In these institutions appointment in each case is determined "upon the recommendation of the principal with the approval of the commissioner." This system, if such it can be called, places a premium upon graft and favoritism, and is by no means consistent with the aims of a properly-equipped Board of Education.

The folly of requesting the religious status of an applicant for a public school position is apparent, when we consider

that no public school official in this part of the country, and I doubt if in any part, is capable of understanding fundamentally the nature of the reply "I am a Catholic," save that the reply in nine out of ten cases, furnishes that official with material to use for the purpose of side-tracking the applicant. Under a banner of "fair and impartial consideration" the Bureau of Registration of the Board of Education indirectly seeks to forward certain favorites and to influence school committees in the selection of teachers. This is to be expected from the great machine that is found in the State system of education in Massachusetts.

JUSTICE TO ALL

To stop active persecution of Catholics seeking school positions in Massachusetts is but part accomplishment of the greater task of giving to Catholics and all others, no matter of what religious belief, a fair and impartial opportunity to compete upon an equitable basis for honors in educational and in all fields of endeavor. When Massachusetts has crossed the bridge of prejudice in educational work, and she is far on this side of it yet, let us hope that some public-spirited citizen will apply the torch to the bridge, thus guaranteeing progress.

LESTER B. DONAHUE, Ph.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Conscious Birth Restriction

ARE we brutes, or have we fallen to a level below the brute, for which there is no name but perversion? A brute may be held in some respects a noble creation, swift of foot it may be, glossy of coat, a delight to the eye. Even your hog with ringed nose tip-tilted above the swell of the mire, is as God made him. He has no rational soul; but he is absolutely true to his instincts. Within his lowly sphere, he fulfils, by the compulsion of nature, it is true, Falstaff's resolution to live cleanly as a gentleman should. For he is no pervert. He has no desire to limit or end his kind. In comparison with the beast which the harpies of modern social progress would make us, he is a ministering angel, kindly, gracious and lovable.

IS MAN A BRUTE?

In the pages of certain American newspapers and magazines, this social progress is "gabbling like a thing most brutish." We are regaled with details hitherto confined to the pages of text-books on veterinary science. Whether or not the methods of birth restriction therein recommended are fit and profitable may be left to the decision of the expert stock raiser. They are intended for brutes, and they may be suited for brutes, but man is not a brute. He has a rational soul. Independently of divine revelation, he knows the difference between right and wrong, and he can not free himself from the responsibility attaching to acts freely posited. He differs, therefore, and essentially, from the beast of the field. To apply the methods of stock raising to the human race is a thing more vile and stupid than any plot cooked in the befuddled brain of drunken Caliban, at home in his mud. For Caliban, be it remembered, very like a hog in many respects, like a hog was no perverter of the law of his nature.

THE NOISOME ARGUMENT

According to Section 1142 of the New York Penal Code, to give information leading to race suicide is a misdemeanor. "This law," says an apostle of modern progress, "is a disgrace and a scandal." "The most progressive men and women," warns another, "can see the danger to the race in this and similar archaic legislation." "It is a matter of common supposition," adds a third, "that contraceptives are used by the well-to-do and better-educated classes. It is fairly evident that such methods are not being used by the poorest and most ignorant people (such, *e. g.*, as the parents of Abraham Lincoln). Thus the rate of increase is coming fastest from those who, by their physical and mental status and their environment, are least able to bring into the world healthy children, and to raise them to be efficient men and women." "Any person with a scientific education," argues a lady, who recently sued for wages due her for advocating, as a disinterested witness for "the uplift," certain moving pictures banned by the New York police, "must believe that this law should be repealed. The knowledge of birth control should be given to all classes." This is the noisome argument of the "uplifters," most of them, to our shame be it confessed, women, who are endeavoring to repeal or amend Section 1142, the one poor, slender bar which prevents those for whom statute law is the sole norm of morality, from doing what they can to put an end to the human race by frustrating the law of nature.

The ostensible purpose of these vampires of society is to improve the human race. This they will do by popularizing a practice which directly and primarily makes the continuance of the human race impossible. Without restricting marital rights, this practice will relieve the contracting parties of the burdens incidental to the rearing of children until such time as husband and wife are able to perform these duties satisfactorily. When this stage, economic, physical or moral, has been reached, it is proposed to allow the laws of nature to operate without interference. It is also plain that a general knowledge of effective contraceptives will be of great value to persons contemplating or sustaining illicit unions.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ISSUE

It may be remarked at the outset, that no proof is offered, or can be offered, tending to show, first, that the physical organs functioning in procreation, are made fitter for their office by deliberate, habitual misuse; or, secondly, that the moral and psychic changes induced by this practice, and affecting the domain of the will, strengthen the individual to assume the necessary burdens of parenthood. But apart from these considerations, and granting for the moment that, year by year, thousands of human beings come into existence diseased and crippled, to fill our foundling homes, or to pass from surroundings of poverty and vice into hospitals, lunatic asylums and jails, let us come to the fundamental point at issue: Can men and women freely posit the act of which procreation is the natural term, and licitly shirk parenthood?

To this question, a negative is the only possible answer. No interference with the law of nature can be tolerated, whether the act leading to procreation be promiscuous, or sanctioned by the bond of marriage. If, in a given instance, valid reasons make the natural result of the union of the generative principles inadvisable, this end must be attained, not by a perversion of the functions of nature, but by abstinence.

THE NATURAL LAW

This position, championed notably by the Catholic Church, is founded neither upon an arbitrarily chosen basis of man-made morality, nor upon changing reasons of expediency. It rests upon the natural law, the rule of conduct found in the constitution of our being. It was to this law that Cicero referred when he spoke of that ordination "not written, but born within us; which we have not learned or

received by tradition, or read, but which we have sucked in, imbibed, from nature itself." St. Augustine, one of the master-minds of time, defines it "as the reason or will of God, commanding the observance of the natural order and forbidding its violation"; St. Thomas, as "the rational creature's participation in the eternal law." It is not given by supernatural revelation; both in being and in point of time, it is prior to revelation, strictly so called. It presupposes, as Kant admits, that knowledge of God which is acquired, not through revelation, but by reason; and its purpose is to guide all contingent beings to their natural end.

A master of jurisprudence, Blackstone, offers the following illuminating comments upon the natural law:

> As man depends absolutely upon his Maker in all things, it is necessary that he should in all points conform to his Maker's will. . . . This will of his Maker is called the law of nature. . . . When He created man and endued him with free will to conduct himself in all parts of life, He laid down certain immutable laws of human nature. . . . He laid down only such laws as were founded in those relations of justice that existed in the nature of things antecedent to any positive precept. . . . These are the eternal immutable laws of good and evil . . . which He has enabled reason to discover, so far as they are necessary for the conduct of human actions. . . . This law of nature . . . is binding all over the globe, in all countries and at all times: no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this.

PERVERSION

It is not necessary, then, to invoke supernatural revelation to show that acts militating against the preservation of the human species are in violation of the natural law, for, as Blackstone points out, this law is made known to man "by reason, so far as is necessary for the conduct of human nature." Man has, by his nature, the propensity and power to propagate his kind. This power, unless we are to accept a philosophy of hedonism and anarchy destructive of all society, is not given primarily for the good of the individual, but for the good of the species. Man can not attain the development suggested by nature without society; society can not exist if the generative function be perverted. The preservation of the human race, imperatively demanded by right reason and order, can be secured only by the means provided by nature. According to nature's law, the effect of the union of the generative principles is, *de se,* procreation. But the use of contraceptives effectively prevents procreation. It is, therefore, a violation of the natural law, and of its nature, forbidden.

AN OBJECTION

To this argument, the following rebuttal has been offered. It is not intended to advise a permanent use of contraceptives. Like every human faculty, the generative power is to be exercised only under a wise restraint and with full understanding of its consequences to the individual and to society. But the natural law is not defeated by a single isolated act, or, indeed, by a series of such acts, restricted to a given pair. On the contrary, the true purpose of the law, the conservation of society, is best served by producing, through selective processes, a stock which will evolve a more highly perfected race.

In reply, it must be said that the time-limits proposed by the advocates of birth restriction have no bearing on the argument. Common sense bears witness that the essential morality of an act is determined by its agreement or disagreement with a fixed norm; and this without reference to past conduct or to resolutions for the future. Lying is lying, whether I propose to give over lying after a single isolated infraction of the truth, or whether I have the unalterable determination of lying as long as I have breath. An individual is rightly called a thief despite his intention to tread the ways of honesty after he has acquired a competency by thieving. Furthermore, it is nothing less than anarchy to sanction a violation of law on the ground that a single infraction does not effectively destroy the general purpose of the law.

Equally outside the question is the avowal of these advocates, that their sole intention is to improve the human race. The end does not justify the means; and it is with their methods, not with their intentions, that precise issue is raised. The order that is in the essence of things postulates that a faculty attain the end to which its nature impels it, and for which it is primarily and essentially intended. Such interference, then, as effectively prevents the faculty from attaining its end, violates the nature of that faculty. To uphold the contrary of this propositions involves a denial of the existence of the natural law. Now, no argument can obscure the fact that the primary end, intended by the very nature of the generative principles, is procreation; for these principles by their nature tend to this end and to no other. But the use of a contraceptive directly and effectively prevents the generative principles from attaining the end for which they are primarily and essentially intended, and is, therefore, an act specifically prohibited by the natural law.

THE ETERNAL NIGHT

Times have changed from the days when mother, wife, child, were terms which bore about them a sweetness and a sanctity almost supernal. We have thrown God out of our literature, our philosophy, our politics, our schools, our practical lives, and now we are taught that it is holy to eliminate Him completely from our very nature. Hence we are brought face to face with that most horrible of corruptions, the unnatural rottenness that is worked by fleshly lust unchained. In the first chapter of Romans, St. Paul bears witness to the fearful perversion of a once hardy, virile people. What stands between us and like ruin, if the counsels of these modern apostles of unutterable vileness, "whose very name it is a shame to speak," prevail? The truth of the living God, the law expressed in their nature, they made a lie; for this cause God gave them over to shameful affections. It is inevitable. Blot out God, and eternal night descends; and through the reeking vapors, the harpies hasten to feast upon this decadent mass that once was decency, high-mindedness, the purity of womanhood and the honor of man.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Wholly uncalled-for protestations of patriotism have been rather frequent of late from some of our Catholic societies. The secular press considers well worthy of note the fact that "Three thousand Catholic —— pledge their loyalty to ——" or that "Resolutions were drawn up by the Catholic —— attesting the readiness of the members to defend their country," etc. But why should Catholic bodies consider it necessary to write or say such things? The story of Catholic patriotism is written so clearly in the history of this country, from the Revolution to the Spanish war, that these protestations of loyalty are altogether needless. They would seem to admit there is some truth in the Protestant Tradition's assertion that a good Catholic can not be a patriotic citizen. Let us have done with these protestations. They smack too much of an apologetic attitude on the part of Catholics that should now be an anachronism.

"The number of young women who are totally unable to manage a home," says a writer in the Baltimore *Sun,* "has increased

rapidly, especially in the great cities. Their unfitness to become home-makers and housekeepers must be recognized as a factor of instability in home life, and therefore, in the life of the nation." Who is to blame for this unfortunate condition of things? Whether they are at fault or not, no good result is obtained by berating these unhappily unskilful young women. Like the dead, they are indifferent to blame; unlike the dead, nothing good can be spoken of them. Perhaps the responsibility must be traced to the mothers who have been foolish enough to rate their daughters' proficiency in dancing and music more highly than skill in sewing and cooking. A New York paper remarks that a trip up Broadway by night makes one wonder what mothers are for. It does, and so does a trip to the Juvenile Court, and nowadays even our small towns have a Broadway and a Juvenile Court. They always will possess these ornaments of our modern civilization, until, in the words of a Chicago Juvenile Court judge, "the parents get back on the job."

Mr. W. R. Stewart, President of the New York State Board of Charities makes a suggestion worth while when he says that the private charities stand more in need of help than criticism. In this he does not agree with a gentleman from New York City, who at a recent national convention won a certain notoriety by charging a number of private charitable institutions with gross mismanagement. Mr. Stewart thinks the best way to remedy this condition, where it exists, is to pay the institution an honest wage for honest service. The New York gentleman, however, thinks that the only remedy lies in the abolition of the private institution, and the assumption of these charitable activities by the State. The great merit of this plan is to be found in the fact that although it involves an increased cost to the taxpayer, it will supply many a disinterested social uplifter with remunerative occupation.

Recently, in addressing the graduating class of a Catholic training school for nurses, a well-known surgeon reviewed the history of nursing, and in the course of his remarks observed that a she-wolf is the nurse earliest mentioned in the annals of ancient Rome. Much to the amusement of his hearers, the surgeon then devoutly expressed the hope that none of the young women then graduating would ever so act in the sick-room that anyone could reasonably suspect her of being related to the nurse of Romulus and Remus. Judging by what is occasionally published in the papers, that kind of nurse is not altogether extinct. But the Catholic nurse, it was pointed out, had to be a woman thoroughly capable, not only of promoting her patient's physical well-being, but his spiritual also. So she could ill afford to be a person whose character or disposition would suggest any kinship whatever with the nurse of Rome's founder.

The propaganda which is being carried on to effect a reversal of what has hitherto been the universal public opinion on the matter of birth control is showing an alarming activity. Not only have the magazines openly advocated a practice, the mere teaching of which is a criminal offense, but physicians have joined forces to try to create a public sentiment which would lead eventually to the repeal of such legislation as has so far safeguarded the observance of the laws of nature. Indeed, those who profess themselves promoters of the movement have expressed the confidence that not more than two years will be needed to remold the general attitude of the people toward this vital question. At a recent meeting held in New York City, at which five hundred persons attended, most of whom were women, and during the course of which at least nine doctors, all more or less prominent, spoke in favor of birth control; the usual arguments were advanced and afterward given complete publicity in the newspapers. Of course practical Catholics will not be affected by such expressions of opinion; the position of the Church on the matter is absolute. She is uncompromising in her opposition to the use of contraceptives; unhesitatingly she excludes from her Sacraments those who adhere to the practice. Nor will the fact that a number of physicians have advocated it influence those who can think for themselves, for they know perfectly well that a degree in medicine, while it is a guarantee of certain medical knowledge, gives no authority whatever in the matter of morals. And so when one woman physician said that the right to bear children or to refuse to bear them are fundamental rights which are not arguable, she was dogmatizing on a matter which lay altogether outside her province. And yet her words will unfortunately be repeated and accepted by the ignorant, and will be acted upon, and in the reprehensible sense in which she meant them.

An outspoken French journalist complained, some time ago, that the Catholic education and preaching of to-day are giving the Church too many communicants and not enough men. He would imply that frequenting the Holy Table is not conducive to robust piety. If anything has happened in France or elsewhere to give color to the justice of the charge, plainly it is not Communion that is to blame but the communicants. Achilles, the fable runs, was invincible in battle because he had fed on the marrow of lions. But Catholics who are often nourished on the Flesh of the Lion of Juda will really become valiant defenders of their faith, if they only use frequent Communion properly. Receiving Our Lord often, far from being a barren spiritual luxury, would be of invaluable assistance in supplying the soul with that strength and wisdom the Catholics of to-day particularly need. So it should not be said that there are now "too many communicants and not enough men," but rather, not enough men who are communicants.

Mr. J. H. Barnes, an "old-time actor," is thus impressed by the theater of to-day:

> I see a stage, where our great Shakespere is over-embellished and underacted, and often very faultily read—where the scene painter and upholsterer triumph to the exclusion of the poet's fancy, his immortal lines and collossal studies of human nature. I have seen Sir Johnston himself have a great difficulty in getting members of his own company to give adequate emphasis and meaning to the author's lines. I see a stage from which romance and charm are almost entirely banished, where filthy, sordid, realistic, ugly so-called problems, neither amusing, ennobling nor interesting, except to a very few advanced thinkers, are perverting the young and disgusting the old, and so deadly dull as to kill the theater habit among the public.

So the public has contracted the "movies habit" instead and flocks to see a "best seller" of yesterday thrown on the screen. The Catholics among the spectators doubtless derive great edification from an elaborate film play now widely exhibited in which a very modern Pope is represented walking freely about the city of Rome, becoming a party to a bold conspiracy, winking at crime, pardoning an unrepentant murderer and receiving in his private apartments a man's mistress who piously clamors for shrift from no less a person than the Holy Father himself.

The pronouncement of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Kikuyu controvery decides none of the issues fundamental to the matter. In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Darwell Stone says that it would be a mistake to regard the primate's remarks as binding upon the Province of Canterbury, and the bishop assents to this view. As prelates of an establishment priding itself on its comprehensiveness, every Anglican bishop will doubtless continue to think and act on this matter as he chooses.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In the west the situation has been marked by no important change. Not that there has been any cessation in the determined fighting that has been going on for weeks north of Arras, on the contrary the fighting has been if anything more continuous and costly, but the results seem to be nothing more than a few hundred yards gained by the Germans east of Ypres, and a series of similar gains by the Allies, some of which were lost almost immediately, to the east and south of Souchez, in the village of Neuville, and in what is known as the Labyrinth, south of Neuville. Similar slight gains are claimed by the Allies in the Le Prêtre forest.

Bulletin, June 1, p. m.-June 8, a. m.

The fall of Przemysl, though not a surprise, came more quickly than was expected. On Wednesday three of the forts to the north of the city were reported to have fallen, on Thursday two more were captured, and early Friday morning an assault was made on the fortress itself by the Bavarians from the north and by the Austrians from the west and southwest. Little resistance was encountered, and few captures were made. Apparently the Russians had made up their minds to defend it only so long as was necessary to cover their retreat and remove supplies. Their own bombardment had destroyed much of its defenses which had never been very strong on the western side, while to hold it meant a lengthening of their line which, so Petrograd reports, would have been strategically inadvisable. After capturing the city the Austro-Germans continued their drive and are now said to be in the vicinity of Mosciska, eighteen miles to the east. To the northeast of Przemysl, at Sieniawa and Rudnik, beyond Jaroslau, the Russians are still more than holding their own, and are endeavoring, it would seem, to encircle the left wing of the Austro-Germans and to cut their communications with Cracow. Southeast of Przemysl, however, the Austrians are advancing in several directions towards Lemberg. They have followed up their victory at Stry and are reported to be in the vicinity of Mikolajow, north of the Dniester, some twenty-five miles from Lemberg. Further to the southeast, they have crossed the Dniester, having driven back the Russians beyond Zurawno and Kalusz. In Bukowina also the Austrian lines have been strengthened and have succeeded in driving back the Russian offensive to the river Pruth. The campaign of the Russians in Galicia is generally regarded as having completely collapsed, and it is believed that not only will they fall back on Lemberg, but will retire to Russian territory. Already their military headquarters are said to have been transferred to Brody, which is close to the eastern border of Galicia.

The Fall of Przemysl

The Italians continue to make progress in both of their campaigns. Without having encountered anything like serious resistance from the Austrians, they are advancing into the Trentino from many quarters. Leaving the Tonale pass, they are moving southeast towards Trent. Further south but still on the west, they are following the Chiesa and have occupied Storo, while from the south they are ascending the Adige river and have taken Ala. To the southeast of Trent they are engaging the Austrians at Fogaria and on the Lavarone plateau, and to the east they are advancing along the Sugano valley. In no case, however, has anything more than skirmishing taken place. Riva, Rovereto and Trent are their evident objectives. Along the Isonzo river little has been gained during the week except the capture of Monte Nero, which

The Italian Campaign

has given the Italians an advantageous position, from which they are shelling Tolmino. Montefalcone also is being bombarded. At both places the Austrian defence is stiffening.

The German Government has admitted her responsibility for the sinking of the Gulflight, the torpedoing of which is attributed to a mistake by the officer in charge. Germany expresses regrets and proposes to pay such indemnity as shall be fixed as just and satisfactory. The text of the note is in part as follows:

Other Items

> Upon scrutiny of the time and place of the occurrence described, the German Government has become convinced that the attacked steamship was actually the American steamship Gulflight. There can be no doubt, according to the attendant circumstances, that the attack is to be attributed to an unfortunate accident and not to the fault of the commander. The German Government expresses its regrets to the Government of the United States concerning this incident, and declares itself ready to furnish full recompense for the damage thereby sustained by American citizens. It is left to the discretion of the American Government to present a statement of this damage, or, if doubts may arise over individual points, to designate an expert who would have to determine together with a German expert the amount of the damage.

The case of the Cushing is still under German consideration, and the request has been forwarded to our Government to furnish such facts as will clear up doubts that still exist. The substance of the official statement is:

> It has not been possible by means of an inquiry to clear up fully the case of the American ship Cushing. . . . However, that the ship attacked was the American steamer Cushing is possible considering the time and place of the occurrence. Nevertheless the German Government accordingly requests of the American Government that it communicate to the German Government the material which was submitted for judgment in order that with this as a basis a further position can be taken in the matter.

These extracts from the German official communication show that there is a disposition on the part of the Imperial Government to meet some of our demands. One of the issues raised by the United States is practically disposed of, and for the second a solution seems probable. And yet the understanding between the two countries has not improved during the week. Relations are still strained, and no betterment can be expected until it has been made known what attitude our Government intends to take on the broader issue raised in the American note to which Germany made so unsatisfactory a reply.

The sinking of merchant ships, among them four neutral vessels, continues in the war zone, the British admitting the loss of eight British ships during the week ending June 2. In the Dardanelles numerous engagements between land forces have taken place, and the Allies have gained two miles on a three mile front. In the Caucasus the resistance of the Turks is said to be rapidly breaking down.

France.—Much of the success which has attended the French arms is said to be due to the assistance generously given the State by private engineers and by the sacrifice of skilled operatives in the workshops. Hence the proposal made in the House of Deputies, to transfer from the auxiliary ranks to active service every mobilized man capable of performing military duty at the front, has aroused considerable opposition. The heads of industries engaged in manufacturing war material have represented the unwisdom of a plan which would withdraw trained operatives from occupations for the general good, in which skill and experience are an absolute necessity. Their protest points out, possibly with a touch if irony, that a number of young men, able to fight, are now driving automobiles at the command of various Government officials, and that others are engaged in minor and almost unnecessary positions in many Government departments. The operators hold that it would be a wiser policy to send these men, who could be easily replaced, to the front. They further propose that not only shall the men now engaged in the manufacture of guns and shells be left in the auxiliary ranks, but that soldiers now at the front who could be more usefully employed in the preparation of munitions of war, be withdrawn from active service and be assigned to the factories. Speaking before the House of Deputies, in offering a bill for further credits, the Minister of Finance announced that by June 15 the war would have cost the country nearly five billion dollars. The average monthly expenditure, he said, was about three hundred million, yet the credit of the country is unimpaired.

Workmen and the War

Germany.—Despite overwhelming odds, the nation is still confident of success. Marshal von Hindenburg states that the hours of campaign will be prolonged by Italy's intervention, but that nothing can change the final result, success for Germany. Count von Posadowsky, former Minister of the Interior, permits himself to discuss the nature of the indemnity Germany will demand, and states that two subsidiary problems to be solved are commercial and shipping arrangements with the enemy and cession of territory. The future prosperity of the nation, he declares, depends on the indemnity, since nothing else can save Germany from taxation, which would reduce the standard of living and set the nation back in many ways. The confidence engendered by such discussions has been heightened by an official announcement that 900,000 persons are now interned in 247 camps. The camps are widely scattered throughout the Empire, no doubt for safety's sake, but also with the probable intent of giving as large a number of people as possible proof of the success of the German armies. A number of the prisoners are working on farms and, if seemingly well authenticated reports be true, the laborers are paid a wage of 12 cents a day;

National Confidence

the currency consists of stamps, which can be exchanged for goods in the camp canteen.

Great Britain.—"Deadly Complacency" is a significant term describing the temper of a large group of the English people, which owes its origin to the London *Times*. There are indications, however, that recent events are having the effect of changing this "complacency" into a realization of a grave danger. Yet it should be clearly understood that the late change in the Ministry does not indicate a popular disapproval of the war policy adopted by official England. "Criticism has never been directed against the policy of the war," says the *Times*. "It has been exclusively aimed at defects in its direction. The country grew uneasy, not because it had any doubts about the wisdom of the war, or its ultimate issue, but because it feared that enough was not being done, and that some branches of our preparation for its resolute continuance were not being conducted with sufficient rapidity and success." The British press insists that Great Britain's position in the war has been hampered by the fact that at its outbreak she was not prepared to wage an aggressive, determined campaign on the continent against a large, well-equipped and well-trained army, and asserts that even to-day the failure of a large number of able-bodied men of military age to enlist shows how shallow is the common understanding of the seriousness of the conflict.

"Deadly Complacency"

"The war," says the *Times* editorially, "will be won in our workshops as well as at the front, and the better organization of our workshops is one of the principal objects in view" in the formation of the new Ministry. It is said that the Unionist members in Parliament are demanding that all workmen engaged in the manufacture of supplies and munitions for the State be put under a direct Government control, which would amount to martial law. In his Manchester speech, Lloyd George said that while it was not his intention to brandish his powers under the Defence of the Realm Act, nevertheless those powers were very great, and would enable the Committee which he proposed to establish to remove unnecessary labor difficulties with completeness and dispatch. The sum of the Minister's speech was that the German victories in Galicia were due solely to an overwhelming superiority in equipment. Had the Allies in the west been on an equal footing in this respect, the enemy would long ago have been driven from France and Belgium. In regard to the proposed State control of factories, the Minister said that all such plans must be drawn up for the benefit of the State, and not for the purpose of increasing the profits of any individual or of any private corporation. "I come as an emissary of the State," the Minister went on, "to carry the most urgent message ever told to the ears of a Manchester audience. Our country is fighting for its life, for the liberties of Europe, and upon what it does, upon what it sacrifices, depends the issue. It depends more upon the masters and men running the workshops than upon any part of the community, whether Great Britain will emerge from this colossal conflict beaten, humiliated, stripped of power, honor and influence, and a mere bond slave of cruel military tyranny, or whether it will come out triumphant, free, and more powerful than ever for good in the affairs of men. I come here to tell you the truth. Unless you know it, you can not be expected to make sacrifices. The German triumph in Galicia is due entirely to superiority of equipment. I am here to ask you to help us to equip our armies with means for breaking through the enemies' lines, and I know you will do it." "We were the worst organized nation in the world for this war," concluded the Minister, "which shows how little we had to do with precipitating it." In his Liverpool speech of June 4, Mr. George spoke in the same strain. He introduced a new element when he suggested that, for the duration of the war, all union regulations should be so suspended as to allow every available man and woman to engage in the work necessary for carrying on the war with success and insinuated that the Government would ask or enforce this concession. Both these speeches have met with the general approbation of the press. "The nation has listened with gratitude and relief," comments the *Times*. "Here at last they see a statesman who rises to the greatness of the crisis upon us. Mr. Lloyd George has done more to rouse them in forty-eight hours than all the Ministers together during many months." The *Daily News*, on the other hand, hints at exaggeration in the Minister's recital, and doubts the value of forced labor and martial law in the workshops. "We are not yet satisfied that this is the best way to make labor pull with the Government."

Organizing the Workers

Ireland.—A recent census shows that whereas in England and Wales the Constabulary are as 1 to 815 of the population, in Ireland they are 1 to 316, and their relative costliness is in like proportion. Moreover, there are some twenty thousand trained troops, and according to some estimates considerably more, in garrison in Ireland, besides an additional twenty thousand of the Carsonite Volunteers who, after over a year's training by army experts as an anti-government force and eight months' training at the Government's expense, have not yet gone to the front, whither the Nationalist Volunteers were sent within a few weeks after enlistment. Whether this, or traditional anti-enlisting sentiment, or the suppression of organs that advised Irishmen to serve their country at home, or the evolution of a coalition government that included Sir Edward Carson and Lord Lansdowne, the Orange leaders, as important Cabinet officers, or the secret distribution of anti-enlistment literature, has had a cooling influence is unascertainable, but the fact that recruiting is a failure is certain.

Irish Action and Sentiment

The agitation among the liquor manufacturers and retailers that caused the Irish Party to overthrow Mr. George's anti-liquor surtax policies appears not to have been as well grounded as at first appeared. England produces more whiskey than Ireland, Scotland more than twice as much, and each country consumes it in like proportion. The Dublin *Leader* contends that apart from the detrimental effects of undue consumption of liquors, the deflection of the energies largely wasted on distilleries and breweries into really productive industries would be vastly beneficial to the nation. Lord Wimborne, the new Viceroy, has been usually felicitous in his speeches, but has studiously abstained from comment on the Nationalist addresses that pictured him as ushering in a native Parliament. His recent glorification of Loftus, that founder of Trinity College who confiscated Catholic lands and properties for his personal and political purposes and put Archbishop O'Hurley and many other Catholics to painful deaths, has provoked the *Irish Catholic,* an ultra-loyal organ, to indignant protest. Messrs. Healy and O'Brien, claiming credit justly for initiating the attack on the Lloyd-George measures, have been renewing their campaign against Mr. Redmond on the ground that he permitted the previous over-taxation, the closing of the port of Queenstown, and various other acts detrimental to Ireland. The feeling against the Irish Party's recruiting policy lends new strength to their dwindling support, though in that matter they are as strongly committed as Mr. Redmond.

Other Items of Interest

Mexico.—Chaos still obtains in Mexico, and now that our press has begun to print facts long known but concealed from the public, the real state of affairs is beginning to be realized. During the week the President issued the following statement:

Chaos, Famine

For more than two years revolutionary conditions have existed in Mexico. The purpose of the revolution was to rid Mexico of men who ignored the Constitution of the republic and used their power in contempt of the right of its people, and with these purposes the people of the United States instinctively and generously sympathized. But the leaders of the revolution, in the very hour of their success, have disagreed and turned their arms against one another. All professing the same objects, they are, nevertheless, unable or unwilling to cooperate. A central authority at Mexico City is no sooner set up than it is undermined and its authority denied by those who were expected to support it.

Mexico is apparently no nearer a solution of her tragical troubles than she was when the revolution was first kindled. And she has been swept by civil war as if by fire. Her crops are destroyed, her fields lie unseeded, her work cattle are confiscated for the use of the armed factions, her people flee to the mountains to escape being drawn into unavailing bloodshed, and no man seems to see or lead the way to peace and settled order. There is no proper protection, either for her own citizens or for the citizens of other nations resident and at work within her territory. Mexico is starving and without a Government.

In these circumstances the people and Government of the United States can not stand indifferently by and do nothing to save their neighbor. They want nothing for themselves in Mexico. Least of all do they desire to settle her affairs for her, or claim any right to do so. But neither do they wish to see utter ruin come upon her, and they deem it their duty as friends and neighbors to lend any aid they properly can to any instrumentality which promises to be effective in bringing about a settlement which will embody the real objects of the revolution—constitutional government and the rights of the people.

Patriotic Mexicans are sick at heart and cry out for peace and for every self-sacrifice that may be necessary to procure it. Their people cry out for food and will presently hate as much as they fear every man in their country or out of it who stands between them and their daily bread.

It is time, therefore, that the Government of the United States should frankly state the policy which, in these extraordinary circumstances, it becomes its duty to adopt. It must presently do what it has not hitherto done or felt at liberty to do, lend its active moral support to some man or group of men, if such may be found, who can rally the suffering people of Mexico to their support in an effort to ignore, if they can not unite, the warring factions of the country, return to the Constitution of the republic so long in abeyance, and set up a Government at Mexico City which the great powers of the world can recognize and deal with—a Government with whom the program of the revolution will be a business and not merely a platform.

I, therefore, publicly and very solemnly, call upon the leaders of factions in Mexico to act, to act together, and to act promptly for the relief and redemption of their prostrate country. I feel it to be my duty to tell them that, if they can not accommodate their differences and unite for this great purpose within a very short time, this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people.

Villa is disposed to hearken to this warning, thus showing himself craftier or more humane than Carranza, who will yield when forced to do so. The American Society of Mexico has issued a long statement from which the following passage is taken:

Owing to the demoralization of Government offices and the fact that belligerent factions dominate different portions of the country, there are no official figures available on crops or stocks of food supplies, but the most reliable statistics compiled by grain dealers show that the shortage in this year's corn crop of Mexico will be 1,100,000 tons, or 61 per cent. The 39 per cent. will not be marketable before November, and months before that time present stores will have been exhausted. The importation of corn virtually is prohibited by the prevailing high price in the United States and the fact that the Mexican peso is worth to-day only about eight cents in American money.

This is set off by the subjoined citation from a speech of Deputy Marines Valero, made in the Convention of May 7:

It is a sickening spectacle to see revolutionary leaders stealing, raping and assassinating. They are fighting merely to obtain an automobile, steal, assassinate, carry off young girls, and commit numerous outrages too terrible for description.

Here is a splendid summary of the revolution and its effect.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Religion of the Future

NOW that men, heart-sick with fickle temporalities, are beginning to turn once more to the skies, they behold the Star of Bethlehem, alleged to have been extinguished by the French Directory about a decade back, sparkling as majestically as it did two thousand years ago over Judea's hills. It is indubitable that religion is again coming into its own; indeed to what could the quivering soul cling in the present mad seethe of human affairs save to the Rock of Ages? Our novelty-loving modern spirit of thought, however, is stirring mischief into the great revival. Instead of advocating a return to the sterling form of faith on which the centuries have stamped their approval, scholars are striking out along lines of their own. From the pages of the *Forum,* Henry W. Wright, professor of Lake Forest College, breathes a representatively misleading concept of what the religion of the future will be.

In place of the creed of Christ for which hearts are so hungrily calling, he modestly and generously substitutes a religion of his own. The purpose of his preferred system is to surpass prevailing types of Christianity—to sway men more effectually. Briefly, he would saturate religion with democracy until the mustiness of centuries is washed out. He would make social, rather than individual perfection, the aim of religion: apparently oblivious that Christianity has always aimed at both.

Mr. Wright is a philosopher. One can not but judge his incursion into the field of theology rather rash. Surely it would be better for him to let divines determine our religious needs. But, able in things of the mind, he can not resist the temptation to prescribe for the heart too. Genius is notoriously and painfully lop-sided. No wonder the Wright doctrine is perilously unsteady.

The assumption on which our Professor's thoughts evidently rest, the failure of prevailing forms of Christianity, is obviously queasy. Not to Christianity, but to men themselves, must this apparent unsuccess be primarily imputed. There is not a single precept in the dispensation of Christ which, if duly observed, does not make for the ennobling of individuals and humanity. That with God's grace we have had sufficient strength to conform to the law if we willed to do so, conscience can tell. Let us be fair enough to place the fault where it belongs; that is, on our own heads. The old Christian régime has not proved inefficacious and worthy of abolition. The Church which Christ built on a rock does not need to be reconstructed on any man's theory. It is expedient for us to think of remodeling our minds and hearts in conformation with the old religion, rather than of remodeling the old religion in conformation with our "advanced" minds and hearts. Let no man think that he has more brains in the matter of Christianity than Christ, the divine Founder thereof. History shows that, wherever human ingenuity pricked the Nazarene's manifest plan, sorrow was the issue.

Professor Wright and those who think with him might draw a salient lesson from Protestantism, born of the fallacy that Catholicism had failed. Led by the recalcitrant spirit of Luther, the faith of the sixteenth century fell over ugly precipices and was shattered into a heap of sects. In this heap was lodged the elements of religious ruin: out of it rose such rockets of free-thought as scepticism, positivism and agnosticism. For, by its bewildering multiplication of petty sects, Protestantism had fairly well demonstrated that God, the simple and irrefragable, was not in it. Thus it cast religion into more or less discredit, and incidentally cleared the stage for the reign of philosophy and David Hume. In time, ennuied with cynicism, and having wandered too far from Wittenburg and Rome to return to either, the world of "enlightenment" fawned upon Comte. Ultimately disgusted with his frigid, naturalistic creed, it placed Herbert Spencer on a pedestal. His agnostic sway, so detrimental to real religion, has extended down to our own day.

Is it not time for men to see their mistake; to appreciate that every modern religion, or substitute for religion, has been a fiasco; to revert with reverence to the Rock of Peter from which they broke anchor in the long ago, breasting the high seas of doubt, error, discontent, and heart-ache? Yet Professor Wright, and kindred souls, would egg the wearied world on to the pursuit of still another empty novelty—the religion of democracy; as though there could be any religion of the masses without religion of the individuals!

But, with their superestimate of the significance of modern progress, they are impatient of things savory of the past. The Christianity of Thomas Aquinas and Christopher Columbus is too slow for an age of steam-engines. If we must be religious, at least let the smart brand of the twentieth century glitter on our beliefs. Such is seemingly the tenor of Mr. Wright's message.

And yet the past, at which our scholars pityingly smirk, possesses treasures which are the despair of the present. Modern art could not add a single curvature that would enhance the perfection of the peerless Venus di Milo, or a touch that would embellish the Sistine Madonna. Old Cheops and Mycerinus, sprawling on Egyptian sands in serene defiance of the tooth of time, make modern science appear almost puny. The immortal voice of Homer and Shakespere ring together in a hearty laugh at the gush which we are pleased to denominate our up-to-date poetry and prose. Certainly in the realm of religion, nothing has ever been fit to compare with Christianity, that is, with Christianity as expounded by Christ, not by Luther, Mrs. Eddy, or Henry W. Wright. The Galilean's doctrine can be improved "no more than a star." Men have tried to revise it and have only succeeded in showing themselves ridiculous. Surely the fact of its age is no

argument against its value, but rather an indication of it. A religion that could survive unaltered the shocks of two thousand years of strenuous history, hardly needs to be altered at present by anybody. Human hearts are the same now as they were at the time of the rising of Bethlehem's Star. The faith that fully satisfied our sires of old, fits just as perfectly into the great now. Why our scholars should shriek "On, on!" when "Back, back!" would be so plainly the more sensible cry, the great fault of the day—immoderate pride of progress—answers.

Yet our vaunted progress has led us into the most fearful of wars, spattering the pages of twentieth-century history, thus early, with blood. The very inventions, which only yesterday we pointed to as the triumphs of modern civilization, are to-day rendering slaughter on land, in air, and under water, the most barbarous that has ever awed our planet. With such ill success in mere temporalities, dare we constitute our ludicrously inefficient selves as master of the religious world and set about knocking down what Christ and the piety of centuries put up? Professor Wright does.

Says he confidently: "Modern man secures his own natural existence and well-being not by bargaining for divine protection against natural ills but by gaining mastery over natural forces through his own experimental science, inventive skill and technical proficiency. He does not rely upon divine Providence to protect him from ship-wreck at sea; he makes a compass, constructs a steamship, invents the wireless telegraph." From which the Professor deducts that the old prudential type of religion is far behind our times. Let him cast his gaze across the Atlantic and undeceive himself. Modern man so wondrously capable, according to Mr. Wright, of providing for himself, has strangely created for himself a fairly good inferno. The slimy serpent of sin and excess, which has been slowly coiling about the globe and stifling the lives of nations, originally crept forth from the very principle which the Professor approvingly depicts: self-sufficiency. The powers of self are instruments that eventually kill, unless God is reverently permitted to direct us in their proper use. This is too plain, especially in our own sad day, for parley.

The Professor likewise flips aside the mystical form of religion as archaic, declaring: "With regard, secondly, to the spiritual goods whose acquisition mystical religion pretends to ensure, modern man has learned that these are attained not by individuals who withdraw from worldly pursuits and devote themselves to supernatural concerns, but by those who avail themselves most successfully of the spiritual resources of their fellow-men, as these are developed through personal association and cooperation." Herein a gleaming jewel of truth is certainly caught on the prongs of error. The "modern man" would make a perfect society out of religion; so would, and also has, Christ. But surely the best means of securing the general good is to devote time and attention to the study of the Source of all good. This does not mean that terrestrial concerns are to be quite neglected in the interim. Mystical religion never taught that a man should gluttonously feed his soul on God and let his family starve. If Professor Wright has monasticism particularly in mind, he should recall that monks never constituted more than a meager part of any Christian community. He might reflect also upon the fact, which has always obtained, that

> Enough there are who reap and sow,
> Enough who give their lives to common gain,
> Enough who toil with spade and axe and plane,
> Enough who sail the seas where rude winds blow,
> Enough who plead in courts and physic pain.

Undeniably saints in no way hurt society by being such. Assuredly they gave the greedy world examples of abnegation which it sorely needed. The Professor forgets that real sanctity is heroic unselfishness. The names that find place in the ecclesiastical calendar are those of the men and women who lived, and often died, for others. Nor let a sneer be passed on the contemplative recluse. God only knows how frequently the lily-white prayer, rising from lowly cell, has restrained the divine wrath from pulverizing our iniquitous sphere. In a word, he who loves God, lives and labors, corporeally or spiritually, for the objects of God's love: men.

If Professor Wright would peer more closely into *Catholic* Christianity, he would see that it has all the merits of the proposed religion of democracy, none of the defects, and far more sublimity than any merely man-made scheme ever possessed or ever shall

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Every Woman

IT is woman's privilege to rear to God's glory the generations of human beings who people the earth. He has, therefore, endowed her nature, even should actual motherhood never be her portion, with all the special gifts of heart and mind and soul required for the fulfilment of this function. To natural tenderness, delicacy of sentiment and refinement of perception He has added an almost boundless capability for love and sacrifice. He has bestowed upon her, above all, a strong attraction for religion and things spiritual, which the Church has not failed to acknowledge. These qualities may be considered as normally present, in varying degrees of perfection, where God's designs have not been frustrated by human error, vice or folly. They may be regarded as the dowry of womankind.

Women are not all to be mothers in the natural order. Many die prematurely. Many more are prevented from the realization of this privilege by a thousand different circumstances. Many, in fine, make of it a voluntary sacrifice for a purely supernatural motherhood of souls. They have chosen for their own the Divine Spouse who comes to them crowned with the thorns of suffering and holding in His hands the roses of love.

Whatever woman's destiny and vocation, her nature is still the same. It is dowered with the wondrous qualities that belong to motherhood, but which find their application no less in the daily opportunities of every woman's life. Her nature is not changed, but enriched and perfected by the divine espousal of her soul with God. Worldly ambition, luxury and crime can impoverish and degrade, but not destroy it. Even in a Lady Macbeth it still remains to wreak its dreadful vengeance, though she calls upon the spirits of evil to aid her in stifling within her heart every gracious instinct which God bestows on womankind.

The qualities requisite for motherhood are therefore woman's noblest dower. From the cradle to the grave they must be constantly fostered and developed in the life of every woman. They can be perfected and supernaturalized to an ever higher degree. To preserve them uncontaminated from the spirit of the world, which is always opposed to the spirit of Christ, must be the first object of woman's education and the goal of her personal endeavors. To hide them away idly in a napkin would call for a severe reckoning when God demands an account of woman's stewardship. To squander and misuse them would be to tempt the Almighty. To expose them to the dangers of a godless education would, ordinarily speaking, be nothing short of criminal. It is this which has poisoned life at its very fountain sources, has dried up the virtues of womanhood in their channels, until the nature that was intended to be fair and fruitful, watered by life-giving streams and embowered in beauty like an Eden of God, has too often become hard and sterile as the desert. Given for the loftiest of purposes, the desecrated instincts of motherhood become gifts for worthless creatures, nature is outraged and woman idolizes self to find as the end of her hopes and ambitions only a handful of dust and ashes. Egyptian idolatry was not so gross.

The need of all the motherly virtues in the mothers of the race can not be dwelt upon here. Prayerful preparation is required for so serious an obligation as motherhood. Not pagan eugenics, but godliness makes woman worthy of so high a calling. Her vocation is nothing less than the practice of the sublimest of all the arts, the fashioning of human souls to the likeness of their Saviour. The chisel of Michael Angelo, the brush of Raphael never attempted a work so grand.

But for the woman not engaged in the soul-absorbing duties of motherhood the complete and harmonious development of all motherly qualities is equally necessary, though in different ways. This means no less for her than the perfecting of her own womanly nature. In the constant exercise of these same gifts she will find her own best self-expression, her own happiness. The world has need of such virtue at every turn and every moment, therefore too has God bestowed them upon all women. There are souls to be guided, there are hearts to be consoled, there are wills to be strengthened in good. There are orphans to be mothered, there are children to be instructed, there are sickness and suffering and poverty to be relieved. There is innocence to be guarded and virtue to be rescued, and the fallen must be lifted up, that their feet may be set again upon the path which leads to Life and Truth. In a thousand opportunities of charity, in great things and small, these motherly qualities are needed to comfort and help and save mankind. Extraordinary possibilities are not in question here, but only the daily measure of good that every woman is called upon to do. The unhappy and restless woman is she who has failed to realize her womanly vocation.

Mother instincts are perhaps the deepest and the loftiest in the purely natural order. They are no less important in the spiritual life. It is through woman's union with Christ, her mother-yearning for souls, that men are born anew by the Spirit of Love, that great souls are won for God, that Heaven is peopled with Saints. How many of the marvels of grace and conversion are due under God to woman's solicitude for souls, her prayers and her watchfulness. By her true adherence to the sublime motherly ideal or her rejection of it men are made or unmade for this life and the next to a far greater degree than women seem to have realized.

What attraction has not this sublime vocation of the motherhood of souls exercised over millions of the chosen among their sex who have dedicated their lives entirely to God! Mothers are they, not in the flesh, but in the spirit. Many, indeed, may well be the spiritual children of her who is vowed to Christ, above her that has an earthly spouse:

> A virginal heart is mine; yet, Christ, what mystery!
> Mother of souls am I through my chaste bond with Thee

The promptings of motherhood were never felt more strongly, the instincts of motherhood were never obeyed more truly, the ideals of motherhood were never achieved more perfectly than here. The reward will be in proportion, great exceedingly. JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Our Young Men.

I

MAY I begin with a few personal words? My excuse for doing so is the fact that I hope to avoid being perfunctory, or didactic, or second-handed, in dealing with a topic not self-chosen, but assigned to me by the editor of AMERICA—namely, young men; the dangers menacing their faith and morals, the extent to which they have yielded to those dangers, and what can be done to help them. Let those who have been specially trained and set aside to teach and preach and whose sacred calling has kept them in close touch with young men in the schools and the confessionals deal with this topic impersonally, judicially, and authoritatively; but I have no such formal right to speak; I am asked to speak only because I happen to be a writer, and it seems to

me that if I am to contribute anything worth while to the discussion I must give it straight from experience.

Strange power of the pen! What a singular phenomenon is this, that the ability to put words together in an interesting fashion should be so generally allowed to give the possessor of that ability a right, at any rate the privilege, to set himself up as the instructor or the critic of other people in moral, political, intellectual, and even religious matters! It is precisely because men and women who can write so often write on the wrong side, for the wrong causes, at their own sweet or acrid wills, that the dangers of which I am to speak are cunningly multiplied, yet made at times to seem not dangers at all, but desirable and essentially necessary things. Apparently without any sense of responsibility, they teach and they preach, these self-adoring masters of modern life; and the fact that they teach what is false and preach what is damnable must not blind us to the recognition of their real power of influencing others.

Now, it has been as one of these writers, and among them, that I have passed the last fifteen years of my life, since boyhood. In various large cities, save for a few brief interludes of country life; as a newspaper and magazine writer; always a "radical;" interested and taking part in most of the modern "movements;" a member of a socialistic colony; also of an artistic "colony;" such has been my career. If my "radical" and artistic affiliations isolated me in any marked degree from the current of ordinary, common human life, on the other hand my almost constant activity as a newspaper reporter and correspondent kept me employed in the thick of that current. Then, two years ago, I reentered the Church. Other interests, even art, at once became subordinate to this central interest. And now, if I am to be of any real service to the Church, as a writer, I feel I must frankly go at whatever subject I lay hold of from a personal point of view. I must be a witness, or an advocate, but not a judge.

With this confessional preamble, jumping now to my topic, I must say I think AMERICA does well indeed to direct attention to our young men and their dangers. They tell me that converts are always too enthusiastic, either as pessimists or optimists, in praise or in blame. It may well be so. Just the same I must hazard the statement that my two years experience and observation as a Catholic, together with the results of my other years outside the Church, combine to make me feel that Catholic young men are surrounded by appalling dangers. The need of helping them is tremendous. Their faith and morals are attacked on every side. And I think they have yielded ground to these dangers. Even more than to the obvious and open dangers, they have become infected by that creeping, insidious paralysis of the spiritual life which can best be defined as religious indifferentism.

I am told that the Church in America has of late grown wonderfully in numbers. Good; that's splendid; and may that growth continue as long as time endures, and may the Church wax in prosperity, and progress in mellow peace. But it won't; it can not! In our hearts, in the hearts, I mean, of all who really understand something, at least, of what the Church really is—we know that it won't continue indefinitely to grow in numbers, and influence, and peace. Never has the Church in any land from the beginning until now ever had such a history; nor will it in America. Until time ends and eternity is all in all the Church of Christ must struggle with the spirit of anti-Christ. Hence it follows as a conclusion of the most elementary reasoning that evil will rise up mightily against the American Church; not indeed to prevail; but in that dark hour many households which now seem securely fixed with the Church upon its foundation of rock will be swept away, and the great testing of souls will find many not able to withstand the acids of persecution and peril. In a word, we may expect war against the Church in this country as an absolute certainty. Its evil omens and sultry presages are luridly discernable even now. And when it breaks upon us in all its malign might those not strong in faith and sound in morals based upon religion will fail the Church. Worse still—for the Church itself will not fail—many of those souls may be lost for ever, and with them other souls which might have been saved if the apostate or paralysed souls had been steadfast and vigorous.

What, then, do you ask, are those dangers which face our young men and to which they have yielded in a measure, and which in the future must menace the Church all the more because of the yielding now by our youth?

At bottom, of course, they are the same dangers which have always faced young men, and which will continue to do so: sin; sin caused by the devil, and in multiform aspects brought to the tempting of youth by the devil's conscious and unconscious helpers. The only difference to-day is a difference of method; a change in the instruments and plan of the war, that is all. One of the most cunning and effective of the devil's devices—it must have been suggested to him by his efficiency engineer—is his own self-effacement; his own denial of his personality. For it has become old-fashioned to talk about the devil, save as a literary tag; a sort of short-hand expression. All the more, however, does it become necessary to ignore his polite incognito and to tear off the whole succession of masks in the use of which he has grown so artistically adept. If you tell a man, some night, that murder menaces his household, that murder is abroad in the dark hours he will agree, or disagree, according to his personal philosophy or temperament; but if a murderer breaks into his house he will grab for his gun. Catholics, anyhow, should never lose sight of the objective truth of the devil's real, actual presence on his own black "job," and of the consequent fact that the spirit of evil will utilize each and every method, open, or disguised, to win souls away from God. Therefore, if I leave the

more obvious moral and religious dangers alone for the present, and speak of some of the subtler or disguised fashions in which young men are attacked I trust I shall not be accused of intolerance, and of narrowness in my outlook on life.

I speak then as I strongly believe when I say that some of these dangers are as follows: tolerance of non-Catholic institutions to the point of supporting them, or joining them—institutions, I mean, such as non-Catholic schools and colleges, the Y. M. C. A., and all other clubs and fraternities, those apparently innocent of anti-Catholicism as well as those which are condemned by authority; Socialism; the reading of newspapers, magazines, and books; the theater; the saloon; sensualism; religious indifferentism; and the spirit of worldly success. Some of these dangers, of course, can never be entirely avoided. Good and bad are inextricably mingled in the "world," save for those who can retire from it altogether, which only about one in ten thousand, or thereabouts, can do. But against all of them, I hold, Catholic young men must be on guard.

I realize that to speak against the non-Catholic school is to dare the taboo against attacking perhaps the chief fetich of the non-Catholic American. But Catholics place before all other concerns the safety of the soul, and we must realize that godless education cannot help but weaken souls. Certainly, I for one can speak of this. Born a Catholic, confirmed as one, I was sent to a public school instead of the parochial school; only on Sundays was the catechism placed before me; all the rest of the time I was imbibing indifferentism, and then religious doubt, in this atmosphere, as inevitably as a plant draws oxygen or poisonous gases from the air according to its degree of purity. Growing strong in my "liberalism" I went on Sundays to listen to a popular Universalist clergyman; a man of personal magnetism and power as a speaker. What wonder, then, after eagerly reading heaps of irreligious and "radical" literature, that by the age of fifteen or sixteen I was lost to the Faith and to the teachings of my earlier years?

So I think I know something of what I am talking about. I know my own case. I know other cases. I have met and mingled with the sort of young men turned out from the secular schools and universities. I do not say they are horrible monsters of immorality and godlessness; for of course they are not; but they are without religious faith, and lacking that, they lack the greatest good which life could hold for them. Catholic parents who send their children to the non-Catholic schools and universities send them into constant and deadly danger. And thousands upon thousands of Catholic boys and young men are amid those dangers now. What are we going to do about these and the other dangers I have named? Are we to check them or shall they be allowed to work irreparable harm to our young men?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Thoughts about Heredity*

SOME years ago when I was delivering a lecture at the Cathedral Hall of Westminster in the course of the questioning which took place at the termination of the discourse which was on vitalism, I was asked by one who signed his paper, "So and So, Atheist," "What would you say if you saw a duck come out of a hen's egg?" I recognized at once the idea at the back of the question and appreciated the fact that it had been asked by one who, as someone has said, "called himself an advanced free-thinker but was really a very ignorant and vulgar person who was suffering from a surfeit of the ideas of certain people cleverer than himself." But, as a full discussion of the matter would have taken at least as long as the lecture which I had just concluded, my reply was that I would wait to see the duck come out of the hen's egg, since no man had as yet witnessed such an event, before I attempted to explain it. I do not know whether my atheistical questioner was satisfied or not, but I heard no more of him. But, after all, is it not a marvelous thing that a duck never does come out of a hen's egg? If everything happens by chance, as some would have us believe, why is it that a duck does not occasionally emerge from a hen's egg? Surely this is a *miraculum,* a thing to be wondered at, yet so common that it goes unnoticed, like many other wonderful things which are also matters of common everyday occurrence, such as the spinning of the earth on its own axis and its course round the sun and through the heavens.

If we pursue this question further we shall begin to remember that creatures more nearly related to one another also "breed true." The hen and the duck are both birds, but they are not so nearly allied to one another as the lion and the tiger, both of which are *Felidæ* or cats. Yet no one ever expects that a tiger will be born of a lioness or *vice versa.* Further, the pug and the greyhound are both of them dogs: the name canis *domesticus* applies to both, and one would be distinguished from the other in a scientific list as "Var. (*i. e.,* variety) 'pug'" or "Var. 'greyhound.'" Yet one can imagine the surprise of a breeder if a greyhound was born in his carefully selected and guarded kennel of pugs. In a word, not only species, but varieties do tend to breed true; the child does resemble its parent or parents. No doubt the resemblance is not absolute: there is variation as well as inheritance. Sometimes the variation may be recognized as a feature possessed by a grand-parent or even by some collateral relative such as an uncle or great-uncle; sometimes this may not be the case, though the non-recognition of the likeness does not in any way preclude the possibility that the peculiarity may have been also possessed by some other member of the family. But on the whole the offspring does closely resemble its parents, that is to say not only the species and the variety but the individual

*The first of a series of three articles.

"breeds true." "Look like dey are bleedzed to take atter der pa," as Uncle Remus said when he was explaining how the rabbit comes to have a bobtail. Moreover this resemblance is not merely in the great general features. Apart from monstrosities the children of human beings are human beings; the children of white parents have white skins, those of black progenitors are black. Commonly, though not always by any means, the children of dark-haired parents are themselves dark-haired and so on. But smaller features are also transmitted, and transmitted too for many generations; for example the well-known case of the Hapsburg lip, visible in so many portraits of Spanish monarchs and their near relatives and visible in life to-day. Again there are families in which the inner part of one eye-brow has the hairs growing upwards instead of in the ordinary way, a feature which is handed on from one generation to another. Even more minute features than this have been known to be transmissible and transmitted, such as a tiny pit in the skin on the ear or on the face. In fact there is hardly any feature no matter how small which may not become a hereditary possession.

If in-and-in breeding occur, as it may do amongst human beings in a locality much removed from other places of habitation, it may even happen that what may be looked upon as a variety of the human race may arise, though when it arises it is always easy to wipe it out and restore things to the normal by the introduction of fresh blood, to use the misleading term commonly employed, where the Biblical word "seed" comes much nearer to the facts.

Thus there is a well-authenticated case in France (in Brittany if I remember right) of a six-fingered race which existed for a number of generations in a very isolated place and was restored to five fingeredness when an increase in the populousness of the district permitted a wider selection in the matter of marriages.

And similarly not long ago an account was published of an albino race somewhere in Canada which had acquired a special name.

Perhaps it has been wiped out by this time by wider marriages, though these might be effected with greater difficulty by albinos than by six-fingered persons. At any rate no one can doubt that it might at any time be wiped out by such marriages, though even when apparently wiped out, sporadic cases might be expected to occur, what the breeders call "throws-back," when they see an animal which resembles some ancestor further back in the line of descent than its actual progenitors. Certainly the most remarkable instance of the reliance which we have come to feel respecting this matter of inheritance is that which was afforded by a recent case of disputed paternity, interesting on both sides of the Atlantic since the events in dispute occurred in America and the property and the dispute concerning it were in England.

It was obviously a most difficult and disputable case, but the judge, a shrewd observer, noticed, when the putative father was in the box, a feature in his countenance which seemed closely to resemble what was to be seen in the child which he claimed to be his own. A careful examination of the parents and of the child was made by an eminent sculptor, accustomed to minute observation of small features of variety in those sitting to him as models.

He reported and showed to the court that there were remarkable features in the head of the child which resembled, on the one hand an unusual configuration in the mother—or the woman who claimed to be the mother—and on the other a well-marked feature in her husband. And as a result the father and mother won their case, and were proclaimed the parents of the child because of the resemblance of these features; and, if we think for a moment, we shall see, because also of the reliance which the human race has come to place in the fidelity of inheritance, of its perfect certainty, so to speak, that a duck will not come out of a hen's egg.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

The End of Socialism

IN discussing the end of Socialism do not let us play with words or the words will play with us. What is important is not what the word means, but what we mean. The word Socialist can be used, in France it is used, as meaning anyone who thinks the whole capitalist system incurably bad, and wants some other system of greater economic equality. If that is being a Socialist, my brother is still a Socialist and I am still a Socialist. But if Socialism means giving all the "means of production and distribution" to that group or system, call it what you will, which does control the police and post office, then I do not believe he is a Socialist any more than I am; and I believe that nearly all the ablest Socialists are Socialists no longer. When brothers are in the House of Commons, apparently it is etiquette for them to disagree in politics but agree in finance. My own family relations are of a more old-fashioned sort. I know less if possible, of my brother's finances than of my own; but I think I know his convictions, and I think that on this point there is very little between us.

What strikes me as queerest about this controversy is this: that the new argument for Socialism is exactly the same as the old argument against Socialism. When I was a Socialist it was the whole capitalist game to say: "You can't have Socialism until you've altered human nature." And it was our whole Socialist game to explain to the capitalist with mingled tenderness and truth, that he was a jackass, because the improvement proposed by the Socialist, right or wrong, did not in the least depend on any change in human nature. It depended on an unchangeable fact in human nature which anybody can find out by dealing a pack of cards. If you wish to distribute pennies, or any other form of property, on an equal system, or any kind of system, you most certainly can

do it more rapidly and correctly if you do it from one center. That argument still remains, and is still unanswerably true, as far as it goes.

But there is a further argument. I take it that the point we raise in the matter is simply this: that cards do not deal themselves: that wages do not distribute themselves. Some person and persons, a small minority at the best, must at least temporarily hold all the wealth and what is, perhaps, almost more important, all the special information about the wealth. And the plain query is: Can we, knowing what men are, and especially what politicians are, so put our trust in princes, or in any child of man? Our present state is doubtless an exceptionally degraded parody of democracy; but have even the healthiest and most active democracies ever been able to control their Government quite so promptly and delicately as to prevent it abusing a power so instant and overwhelming? Or what is to prevent the politicians cheating us in a hundred hidden ways; deceiving us about what wages they can afford as they do about what taxes we can afford; bamboozling us with the necessity of vast expenses, as they do now about the necessity of vast salaries? What is to prevent the politicians giving us a sham economic equality, exactly as they already give us a sham political equality?

To this perfectly rational question the Socialists hostile to us reply with the old argument of the anti-Socialists: that there must be a change in human nature. They will reply that my brother's "politicians" are conceived on present-day lines; or, as I should say, on human lines. They say that my brother does not see the "politico-economic-psychic development making a bee line." I dare say he does not. I am glad that no such fatality has befallen my family. It must be a horrid sight. But, in somewhat simpler English, the answer evidently means that before we get Socialism we shall somehow get much nicer statesmen to administer Socialism. I respect faith wherever I find it; but I really can not see why the souls of politicians should alone be miraculously saved. Why should I not say that all England be put under martial law, that rapid and efficient system: and then say that soldiers a hundred years hence will not be conceived on present-day lines? I defy anyone to say that he has not known more honest men who have grown old in the army than in Parliament? Why should I not simply say that soldiers will improve as the Socialists say that politicians will improve? Only because there happens to be no earthly reason for saying it of either of the two.

Is it conceivable that these Socialist dupes of "progress" and "evolution" do not see that they are walking into the capitalist's jaws? Can not they see that he has only to answer: "I'm glad there will be a politico-economic-psychic development; please let me know?" When a starry scorn of wealth begins to shine in Mr. Samuel's and Mr. Gluckstein's eyes I shall know that Socialism is coming. When an unworldly wish to waste himself for the poor is seen to be torturing Mr. Austen Chamberlain, I shall give up money myself. Meanwhile, you make a bee line for the factory, at four dollars a week; the hooter's going.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

The Dog or the Baby

SECTION 1142 of the Penal Code of New York makes it a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment for several years, to give information subversive of the end of marriage: the procreation of children for the greater glory of God and their own eternal happiness. Although it is no honor to our civilization that such a law is needed, the law is good; as might be surmised, however, it does not meet with entire approval.

It seems there is a society in New York called the "Committee on Birth Control," and under the auspices of this committee a woman who was a teacher before she was suspended for criticising the Board of Education, recently called a meeting of the "Scientistical" to discuss ways and means to put wheels under this bill, and thus open our libraries and bookshops to translations of French, Italian and German pamphlets reeking with paganism. This woman acknowledged that the endeavor of the meeting would be to further the work of one Margaret H. Sanger, editor of the dead and buried *Woman Rebel,* who was indicted, for sending the *Woman Rebel* through the mails, by a Government which does not grow faint at the moral aroma of the *Menace,* that spiritual reading of the submerged or decadent. Several other women quite past the whooping-cough period, were present to boost the "uplift" at this meeting. The uplift has a pious interest in the poor. The prime mover in the present wretched campaign says that as things now are, rich women are not obliged to have children because they can buy the wisdom they require to crack the Ten Commandments, but the poor are less favored.

If such folk were trying to spread this kind of chlorine gas down the wind we might hold our noses and avoid them silently, but it seems Dr. Abraham Jacobi has become careless in his associations and has joined this estimable galaxy whose cult is the lonely cradle. As everyone knows, he used to be a very useful physician. He was imprisoned for high treason as a revolutionist against the Government of Germany in 1851, and he is a revolutionist against the government of God in 1915. He is eighty-five years of age and that fact explains much. His present opinion is practically unknown among genuine physicians. A few years ago the *Medical Review of Reviews* asked for the judgment of many conspicuous persons concerning euthanasia with a narcotic for the incurable, and while most of these prominent men lost the dignity of ignorance in speech the physicians to a man opposed such murder. A physician's business is to preserve life, not to kill.

The agitators in this conference yearn over the poor so intensely that they will tear themselves loose from real money, not for bread, of course, but for a kind of printed

matter which a decent street-sweeper would not lift on his sliding shovel. Beelzebub himself is so overworked in this country just now that his hoofs are sore, and these holy male and female old women, who are willing to fondle any kind of a dog but never a baby, would relieve him of part of his work. The poor have so many superfluous children that the little ones are half-starved; therefore do not see to it that they are fed, but make their mothers victims of a base passion, and there will not be any little ones to feed. What a pecuniary saving for the State. St. Vincent de Paul, save us from the wrath of God!

The most helpless idiot if baptized is as far above a non-existent child as St. Bridget is above a Committee on Birth Control, but even if it were not, what right would that fact give to any man to prevent human life? No one must get married, but if he marries he has to meet the law of God, or God will meet him, no matter how all the short-haired apostles of the "uplift" buzz to the contrary. This morning at Mass I listened to a great churchful of Irish children sending up wave on wave of a litany before the feet of the Mother of Fair Delight, and this flock of the lambs of Christ went to the sanctuary rail in pattering line after line, line after line, and they came down with tiny hands clasped and the light of His Sacred Heart shining through them from within, (God bless you, Pius X, for listening to Him and the hunger of love of Him!) till one could not see the altar-candles for the glory of it; yet these unfortunate gomerils of the "uplift" would send certain pamphlets, which may not be named, to the white-souled mothers of those who have been suffered to come to Him in peace and joy. God save us from harm!

France has eaten this apple of the knowledge of evil, and in the first six months of 1914 when Europe was still at peace the total number of births in that country was 381,398; a decrease of 4,000 on the year 1913. At the same time the deaths increased 20,845. Thus the population of France during the first six months of 1914 decreased 24,816. For the past thirty years the French birth rate has steadily decreased while the death rate has increased. January, 1916 will find France with about 700,000 less people than she had in January, 1914, and the greatest mortality will be in her unmarried young men. No matter what change of heart the war may bring to France any increase in her population can not possibly be expected at least before 1925. On the other hand, in Germany from 1890 to 1915 the birth rate of males has been about two to one for France. The Germans will therefore put under arms for the twenty years to come twice the number of men France can. Will France, then, get her revenge? If she wants to stay on the map as a second-rate power she will have to look for help to a higher warlord than a man of earth. Our Committee on Birth Control would like to turn this nation into another France.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

Euripides in New York

THE shade of Euripides haunted the hills and hollows of old New York during the week just past. On four different occasions audiences that have been estimated to number not less than five thousand each gathered in the stadium of the College of the City of New York to witness Granville Barker render the tragedies of "The Trojan Women" and "Iphigenia in Tauris"; and on one other occasion some hundreds of invited guests made their way up from the Hudson to the College of Mount Saint Vincent and sat down in the checkered shade of the old elms in Lourdes Park to enjoy the presentation by the students of "Iphigenia in Aulis." In all cases the spectators were given a rare treat. Whether or not those who were present at the performances could find it possible to rise often to the heights of Greek tragedy were they given the opportunity frequently, may well be questioned, although one of our representative newspapers had made the suggestion, and in all seriousness, that "The Trojan Women" might successfully be compressed for the variety stage. This much, however, is certain, that the audiences who assisted at the classic drama did listen with interest, and did experience the charm of the old Athenian who was so scoffingly sceptical about the existence of his pagan gods but so intensely alive to the reality of human sorrow.

New York and its vicinity has not been during recent years an entire stranger to the Greek tragedy. At different times it has had the privilege of assisting at the "Ajax," "Antigone," "Oedipus Coloneus," "Alcestis" and "Agamemnon"; but the language being in all these cases Greek, pronounced as a rule according to the ancient manner, though once at least with the iotacism of modern Athens, it is safe to say that anything like real pleasure in the plays was confined to the favored few. It was not so with the last week's presentations. In them English, the pure and undefiled English of Gilbert Murray and Arthur S. Way, was employed to the complete exclusion of the original. This indeed, was conceivably a loss to the professorial caste, but to the laity it proved an immeasurable gain. The beauty and the pathos and the loftiness of sentiment in the poet's lines, pagan though he was, interpreted in the setting for which he wrote them, and iwth a sympathetic expression that would have been impossible in any language but the vernacular, filled those present with deep feeling. There were few bursts of applause. Throughout the spectators sat in silence, relaxing only when the play was done. This was the best tribute to the poet's skill. It was the tribute he would have wished.

There were, of course, marked contrasts between the rendition of the professionals and that of the amateurs. Where finished, experienced players, brought from England for the purpose, were on one stage, and undergraduates on the other, comparison between the actors, although the younger cast did remarkably well, would be useless and hardly fair. The Doric stadium, with its close resemblance to the Dionysiac theater, its facsimile of the ancient stage, its vast auditorium, its circular orchestra, all combined to make the performances at City College the far more accurate copies of the plays as they were given in the shadow of the Acropolis. Grandeur certainly was all on the side of the professionals. To match the imposing group of buildings of which the stadium is only a part, there was nothing but exquisite simplicity at Mount Saint Vincent's, where the stage was set far from the college, amid fine old trees, and backed by slender Corinthian columns.

Nevertheless the sky-line that one saw over the great stage in the stadium, interfered greatly with the illusion Mr. Barker was trying so studiously to create, for it was only the typical and ugly sky line that New Yorkers have grown accustomed to; and no stretch of imagination could transform it into graceful Grecian outlines and the dancing waters of the "wine dark"

Aegean. The rough ground also, the passing vehicles, the clang of bells and the hoot of horns went far to dispel the impression produced by the rising tiers of crowded seats. The silent seclusion of the stage at Mount Saint Vincent's with its background of flickering shadows, bright flowers and long, waving grass, gave a greater sense of naturalness and charm to the less pretentious play. It was far easier to imagine oneself by the sands of Aulis than outside the walls of Troy. This perhaps is the reason why that scene is most likely to live in the memories of those who saw all the plays, in which the frail, impassioned Iphigenia at the Mount looked through a rift in the foliage straight into the rays of the dying sun, and spoke her "Farewell, dear light, farewell."

In all the performances the choruses were a difficulty; Euripides himself found them hard to handle. There was little to suggest what we have been taught to consider the wondrous beauty of the choral dance. Mr. Wilkinson is to be thanked for having embodied in his costumes the latest results of archeological finds, but one is reluctant to believe that the beauty-loving Greeks dressed their actors in the bizarre fashion in which many of the players appeared at City College. The New York stadium, it is true, behaved better than the Yale bowl. And yet in spite of every resolution to stifle unseemly mirth, a titter did run through the audience; if the laugh was checked, it was only because the grim seriousness of the lines prevailed over the ludicrous appearance of King Thoas and his savages. There are Greek vases and Greek vases. Certainly Mr. Wilkinson might have been happier in his choice. More artistic, though it may be not quite so well authenticated, was the harmonious blending of colors that were grouped in ever changing movements in the hollow in the woods above the Hudson. Of course no masks were used, still the finer shades of emotion and the subtler interpretations were often lost in the stadium, where the mere effort to be heard made them well-nigh impossible even for so cultured a voice as that of Edith Matthison. Indeed, many of the audience would have been unable to follow at all, had they not had the text in their hands. In the less ambitious performance this difficulty was not present.

Had the professionals been playing where the amateurs played, had the setting been more natural, the costumes more beautiful, and had more scope been allowed for delicacy of expression, their rendering of Euripides would have been less instructive, less accurate in historical detail, less like what the ancient play actually was; but it would have been, perhaps, more like what the poet himself would have wished it to be. That he broke away from the heroic as far as he dared, no one is likely to deny; his tendency was all toward the romantic. Sophocles therefore or Aeschylus would seem to have been a better choice for the stadium, although the present sympathy with the women of Europe made the plays actually chosen better suited to the times.

Lovers of the classical drama owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Barker and those who contributed to the success of his efforts. Thousands have been given an opportunity to form a very clear idea of the old Dionysiac plays. The Sisters of Charity also are to be congratulated. The faculty of Mount Saint Vincent's, by its happy selection and by its poetic and romantic presentation of "Iphigenia in Aulis" has shown Euripides at his best, replete with delicate beauty and subtle human charm. And both alike are to be thanked for the lessons they have given in moral standards to the theater-going public. The high moral tone of the Greek tragedies written as they were fully four centuries before Christ and for a supposedly corrupt people, must have appeared to every one to be in striking contrast to the extremely low level that is said to satisfy and even to be demanded by our present enlightened patrons of the stage. Ancient pagans, it would seem, had higher ideals than many of our so-called modern Christians.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Vaudeville

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with some surprise the letter by Mr. Fitzpatrick on vaudeville. The gentleman says he is an actor and has been for nine years. Well, we can not expect him to look at plays or to judge of them as the audience does. It is almost impossible for an actor to know the effect of plays on people. The judge of this is the spectator who himself is affected and who is able to move about amongst other spectators and discuss the matter impartially. We may take it for granted that most Catholic parents have made it their highest aim and first duty to teach their children all the virtues that a good man or woman should have; but most present vaudeville exhibitions tend to uproot and destroy all the parents have accomplished. If, on the other hand, both children and adults could see reverence, modesty, etc., illustrated on the stage by good actors, with beautiful settings, the effect would be all to the good. As it is now, however, scanty attire and all that are actually doing harm. If women make vaudeville, as your correspondent claims, then surely women have a mission here and now.

Louisville. E. BUSCHMEYER.

Has Germany an Established Religion?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA of April 10 Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock makes the statement that Germany is a country "in which *one* form of religion is by law established." I do not know where Mr. Woodlock got this information, but surely not from a perusal of the Constitution of the German Empire. Perhaps the fashion, so common especially in France and America, of speaking of "Protestant Germany" is the source of his mistake. As a matter of fact there is no established religion in the German Empire. The Empire is neither Protestant nor Catholic. In proof of this it is sufficient to point to the fact that there is no such office in Germany as an Imperial Minister of Worship.

But perhaps Mr. Woodlock identifies Germany with Prussia, and merely wanted to say that in Prussia there is "*one* form of religion established by law." In this case also his statement is wide of the mark. In Prussia there are two officially recognized and privileged religious bodies, the Evangelical (including the Lutheran and Calvinist) and the Catholic Church; furthermore, the so-called licensed sects, such as the Herrenhuter and the Bohemian Brethren, and the tolerated sects, such as the Mennonites. Among the non-Christian religious bodies the Jews enjoy special protection and privileges. Prussia can not, therefore, be called either a Protestant or a Catholic State, but a *paritätischer Staat,* that is, a State in which the officially recognized religions enjoy equal rights.

In this connection it may interest the readers of AMERICA to know how the public-school system of Prussia safeguards the rights of the comparatively small Jewish population in the matter of religious training. The Jews have a right to erect separate schools for the education of their children, and *wherever they make use of this right, they are exempt from the ordinary school-tax.* The Jewish schools are of two kinds: those erected by the Jewish educational societies, and those erected by, and attached to, the synagogues. In 1903 there were one hundred and three of the former and one hundred and ten of the latter in Prussia. The civil communities are not obliged to build and maintain public schools for Jewish children, but they are free to do so, and in fact often do so. Thus in 1903 no less than twenty-eight Jewish schools were voluntarily maintained by the respective

municipalities. Neither are the civil communities obliged to procure religious instruction for the Jewish children frequenting the national schools, but where twelve Jewish children are regularly in attendance, and there is no Jewish teacher on the school staff, the Synagogue is free to appoint a teacher of religion, and if it does so the community must pay part of the expenses incurred, "because," as the Minister of Education declared in the House of Peers, when this question was under discussion, "it is a matter of great importance to the State that Jewish children do not grow up without religious instruction." In 1908 the State itself appropriated 40,000 marks for this purpose. Jewish teachers are employed in Christian schools only exceptionally, either as teachers of their own religion, or of purely technical subjects, such as drawing, gymnastics, etc. (Antoni, *Die Preussische Volksschulgesetzgebung I, p.* 122. 9.) Would it be asking too much, say of the State of New York, to do for its very large percentage of Catholic citizens what Prussia does for the Jews living within its borders?

Knechtsteden. GEORGE METLAKE.

A Catholic Correspondence School

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for May 22, a correspondent urges "the preparation and introduction of a sound collegiate course of studies to be given by correspondence." I should like to second heartily this suggestion. Many boys and girls leave school at an early age either through force of circumstances or lack of appreciation. Later on they keenly realize the need of education, and being aware of their deficiencies would like to acquire more knowledge and culture. There are numberless young men and women who would hail with delight the starting of a Catholic correspondence school.

Baltimore. LEO D. WARD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Please let "W. J. B." know that the editors of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" have still in mind the establishment of a Correspondence School, and that they propose to start one just as soon as more favorable times permit, let us hope before 1916.

New York. CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If any question monopolizes the attention of our day, it is the problem revolving about the liquor traffic. The question has from time immemorial baffled the civilizations of all nations. And even in this enlightened age of ours it has nonplused the minds of our great social reformers and moral leaders. It has been the question mark of ages, the enigma of time. Nearly all other countries exhibit the same phenomena as we do. This problem remains in spite of centuries of legislative effort, a tacit testimony which reinforces the statement that physical remedies and external coercion will not cure moral disorders, however much they may lessen the incidence of temptation. Hence moral suasion and religion which alone strengthen the will, are the only adequate and safe remedy. Still we find a large number of social reformers offering panaceas, but all in vain. One of these so-called reforms is comprehended under the policy of prohibition which attempts the solution of the problem by preventing the manufacture, sale and use of liquor. All who have investigated the drink problem fully realize the gravity of its nature and unhesitatingly admit the prevalent abuses and also the urgent need of reform, but the notion that prohibition is the solution of the problem is not seconded by the majority. Still we find many well-meaning people among prohibitionists, who have been lured into the meshes of this charlatanism by the fair promises of a Utopia. Many of these people would not adhere to strict prohibition if they knew what it stands for. That "little thinking is done to-day" is no "saw" at all. Its truth is manifested in all walks of life and especially in our legislation, where love of extremes seems to be a chief characteristic. People to-day do not think. They allow themselves to be duped by any nostrum that gains any prominence. It is not my purpose to unmask the many errors of this so-called reform movement, but only to review some wild assertions and distorted views which seem to have gained much undeserved vogue of late. That the prohibitionist is an extremist is inevitable; for, he condemns wine as a *malum per se*. But is not every atom of wine contained in the grape? And is not the grape a creature of God? "Wine was created in the beginning to make men jovial." St. Chrysostom and other Fathers of the Church called wine "a gift of God." But the prohibitionist maintains that it is concocted by human depravity inspired by the devil.

This proves that the prohibitionist is an extremist. But what is the aim of prohibition? To suppress the drink vice. Did you ever hear of man suppressing vice? That is something divine and cannot be usurped by man. Yet this is the very aim of prohibition. The prohibitionists would correct the liquor evil by destroying liquor itself. Did you ever hear of a reform movement that destroys the thing in question? It sounds like socialism, attempting to reform society by destroying it. Again many who call themselves prohibitionists are only restrictionists. For instance, the Catholic prohibitionist is not a strict prohibitionist, but only a restrictionist. When he preaches prohibition he means restriction. The Hobson Resolution is not prohibition, because it allows the "manufacture, sale, importation and transportation of liquors for sacramental, medicinal and pharmaceutical purposes." Kansas is not a prohibition State because it exempts "medicinal and scientific purposes." Maine is far less a prohibition State because it permits the "manufacture and sale of hard cider." The radical prohibitionist would brush away all these exemptions. But why say that the two so-called banner prohibition States, Maine and Kansas are not prohibition? Mr. Cyrus W. Davis, Secretary of State of Maine, and Hon. Royal E. Cabell, in their pamphlet, "The Two Banner Prohibition States," prove very conclusively that neither Maine nor Kansas are prohibition States. Mr. Davis says, "Maine has never been or never will be a prohibition State until public opinion precedes legal enactment. Maine is a temperance State," while in Kansas, in which the sale of liquor is prohibited for all purposes excepting the aforesaid, there were registered for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, 733 persons qualified under the Federal Laws to retail liquors; while in the license State of Arkansas, only 873 qualified under the Federal Laws. Now, let us see what prohibition has done for Kansas, in the way of social betterment. If prohibition prevents suicide, why is the suicide rate in Kansas higher than in twenty-one States in which liquor is legally sold? If prohibition prevents insanity why is the rate of insanity in Kansas higher than in sixteen States in which liquor is lawfully sold, and why should it cost nearly one million dollars annually to care for the insane, etc? If prohibition prevents pauperism why is the pauper rate in Kansas higher than the pauper rate in ten States where liquor is lawfully sold? Don't talk about prohibition blessings in Kansas. Among the States that have had quasi-prohibition we find that Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Pennsylvania and South Dakota have abandoned prohibition for license. This goes to show that prohibition has had a rather disastrous experiment where it has reposed on the statute books.

The solution of the drink problem is still in its experimental stage and will probably continue so indefinitely on account of the

conflicting theories and psychological differences in our heterogeneous population. For the present let us stay off this prohibition wave and adopt strict external regulation, scientific and religious education and above all, total abstinence on the part of our moral leaders. Would that humanity were one vast total abstinence society of voluntary profession, not by the tyranny of law! Until these means have accomplished personal temperance on the part of our people, prohibition can not be enforced; when they have accomplished it, prohibition will be unnecessary.

St. Francis, Wis. J. J. ROCHE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is with a good deal of surprise that I have read the communications in AMERICA which have taken a decidedly anti-prohibition stand; but I attribute the attitude of the writers to the fact that they have not been brought into actual contact with the misery that results from the liquor traffic. They have come from good families and have lived in good homes, and have had good, honest, sober, devoted fathers. Such men are not fitted by actual experience to sympathize with those whose homes have been cursed by drunkenness. I should like to see an article written straight from the heart of one of those many wives, whose happiness has been wrecked, whose children's prospects have been blasted, and whose homes, which should be the cradle and the sanctuary of all that is holy, have been turned into places of torment and have been the unwilling witnesses of many outrages against God's law. They and they alone know how much prohibition is needed. What an indictment against strong drink would the records of our prisons, asylums and poor-houses bring, if they were but known. Nationwide prohibition is a crying need. Catholics should not oppose, but support the movement.

Rhinelander, Wis. M. STAPLETON.

[This controversy is closed.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Is Dante Read?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. Walsh's interesting essay on Dante in your issue of May 22, leaves on the reader's mind two impressions against which I would make a humble remonstrance. I think it is not beyond doubt that Dante is so very little read in any land, as it would appear from the article under consideration. This may be true of America and perhaps of England. As to Germany, it would seem that translating and writing commentaries on Dante afford an unlimited opportunity to Teutonic industry and perseverance, and it is to be supposed that so many books would not be written on a subject in which the public was not interested. But whatever be the case in America, in England and in Germany, I know of two countries where Dante is popular in the best sense of the word. Modern French literature is interspersed with Dantesque allusions and quotations; it is not seldom that excellent as well as popular essays on Dante are to be seen in French reviews and magazines. Those who have read "Du Diable à Dieu" know that Adolphe Retté, the talented poet who is now a Benedictine monk, was led to the Catholic Church by the study of Dante's poem. Indeed, I think there is hardly to be found in France a man or woman of good education who has not read and enjoyed "The Divine Comedy."

As regards Italy, it would seem to be a clear fact that Dante is the best-known and most read poet. But since Dr. Walsh makes no exception when calling attention to the fewness of Dante's readers, it may be well to point out that every Italian youth who has gone through what we would call a college course must have stood the brunt of an examination in the whole of "The Divine Comedy;" that selections from the poem are studied and committed to memory even in the preparatory schools; and that, while the writings and the conversation of educated people in the English-speaking world are tessellated with phrases and sayings of Shakespere, of Walter Scott, of Thackeray and Dickens, the writings and the speech of cultured Italians invariably reveal the predominant influence of the Florentine poet, who seems to have molded the language once for all.

Nor do I think it altogether exact that Dante can be enjoyed only by the critical scholar. Surely there is a certain amount of difficulty to be overcome, whether in the original or in the English translations. But if a man's brains have not been atrophied by novels and newspapers, and if at the beginning he puts aside lengthy commentaries, he should be able to read with interest and pleasure at least the Inferno and the Purgatorio. If Dante could rise from his grave at Ravenna and rewrite his "Comedy," he would, I am inclined to think, put in the nether hell more than one of his learned commentators, who to make him logical have rendered him tedious, and for the sake of explaining some obscure points have made him altogether unintelligible. The trouble with us is that we are either too frivolous to read anything but the sensational and the commonplace or too learned to derive esthetic enjoyment from literary masterpieces. In conclusion, while agreeing with Dr. Walsh on Dante's incomparable merits, I would not discourage prospective readers by telling them or implying that "The Divine Comedy" is studied only by the élite of scholars, nor would I deter them with the heavy luggage of learning and patience they should load themselves with before setting upon a Dantesque journey through the realms of the undiscovered country beyond the grave. A fair inquiry would perhaps show that Dante is the most popular of the world's great poets and that the difficulties in understanding at least the obvious allegory of the poem, especially if the reader be a Catholic, are more imaginary than real.

Florissant, Mo. JAPHET ST. JOLLAIN.

The Veto in Papal Elections

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following passage is taken from an editorial in the Toronto *Globe* of May 26, entitled "The Italian Nation and the Papacy": "Austria is a Roman Catholic kingdom, as Prussia is a Protestant one, and Austria's consent has to be procured before any one of the cardinals in the Conclave may be declared elected to the papal chair." Is this statement correct? An answer will be appreciated.

Hamilton, Canada. H. O. H.

[The statement is incorrect. What is referred to is the so-called right of exclusion which Catholic Governments have at times exercised in the Conclaves held for the election of the Popes. It consisted in a formal declaration made, on behalf of a Catholic Government by a cardinal to the effect that a certain candidate for the papacy was a *persona non grata* to the said Government. This veto, as it was called, was presented either in writing or orally only when the balloting pointed very strongly toward the election of the cardinal against whom the protest was entered. It was reserved to the last moment, although made according to instructions received before the Conclave began; it was not recognized if made after the election was complete, nor could it be exercised by the same Government in the same Conclave more than once. The practice was not recognized as a right, nor even as a legitimate custom, but for one reason or other was tolerated. Austria, it will be remembered, in the Conclave of 1903 entered objection to the election of Cardinal Rampolla. Pope Pius X, in the year following his election, absolutely did away with the "right of exclusion" in the Constitution "Commissum Nobis," and forbade any cardinal, under pain of excommunication *latæ sententiæ*, "to receive, even under the form of a simple desire, the office of proposing the veto." Moreover, by the new

form of oath the electors of the Pope bind themselves as follows: "We shall never in any way accept, under any pretext, from any civil power whatever, the office of proposing a veto of exclusion, even under the form of a simple desire . . . and we shall never lend favor to any intervention or intercession, or any other method whatever, by which the lay powers of any grade or order may wish to interfere in the election of a pontiff."—Editor AMERICA.]

Masses or Flowers for Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was very much interested in a communication in your issue of May 29, signed by "A Layman," in regard to the pagan custom of a display of flowers at funerals. It seemed strange to me that a custom so prevalent in our city should be so little known in other places where there is a large Catholic population. He speaks of the offering of Masses to be said for the deceased. In our city this has been the custom for some years, and now the "Spiritual Bouquet," as we call it, takes the place almost entirely of flowers at Catholic funerals. I am enclosing a few descriptions of funerals and a sample of the card in use in this city. I would be grateful if these were forwarded to "Layman" so that he could see that this beautiful sentiment is carried out to a great extent here.

As a word of advice to "Layman" let me exhort him to continue talking of this idea, every place he goes, and every opportunity he gets, and some good must result. Customs take a long time to form, and, of course, a long time to get away from. We have almost succeeded in getting away entirely from the flower idea.

Lawrence, Mass. A READER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It gave me pleasure to read the communication signed "A Layman," from San Francisco, on "Wasted Money," in your issue of May 29th. In justice, however, to a holy nun who resides in a Convent of Mercy, Killarney, Ireland, I think it should be known that it was she who first suggested that the pagan custom of using flowers at funerals should be discouraged. This estimable lady is the author of a series of tracts published under the title of "Spiritual Sunbeams," signed S. M. B. Her name is Sister M. Benedict McSwiney. About two years ago Sister Benedict issued a pamphlet entitled "Masses instead of Flowers." In it she suggested that, instead of sending floral emblems to a funeral, friends should send cards stating that the donors had arranged for a series of Masses for the deceased. In the pamphlet she calls attention to the fact that the using of flowers is a pagan custom and refers to the story of the Chinaman who, when chided for burying food with the corpse, on the ground that the dead person could not eat the dainties, replied that neither could the Christian corpse smell the roses placed on the casket. There is a growing sentiment against the use of flowers at funerals and it is said that there are many churches in the United States which do not permit floral emblems to be brought even to the church door.

Sister Benedict advances many arguments against the use of flowers at funerals, but she lays special insistence on the waste of money involved and also on the useless debts that are often incurred, and sometimes never paid, through no higher motive than a vain desire of display. In my own experience I have met deplorable instances of waste of money on funeral floral emblems. Some years ago a prominent man died and it was estimated that the floral offerings at his funeral cost between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars. Within a short time after the man's burial his widow was obliged to appeal to charity in order to save herself from want. Another case: A prominent city official was given an elaborate funeral and the floral offerings at his obsequies were supposed to have cost almost two thousand dollars. The particular official's estate did not yield enough to pay his debts, and his widow has ever since been living on charity.

Florists, doubtless, would be opposed to any change in floral customs at funerals because of the loss of trade. Their complaint might be met by a more liberal and general donation of flowers to our friends during life. So far as I am concerned, I prefer my friends to give me their roses while I live and can enjoy them. My principal object, however, in sending this communication is not so much to protest against the use of flowers at funerals, but rather to give credit to Sister Benedict, to whom credit is due. In her convent home in the mountains of Killarney she is laboring incessantly for the uplift of humanity, and it is a great satisfaction to note that the seed she has sowed so well has been planted in fertile soil and is producing fruit.

Atlantic City. JOSEPH A. MCNAMEE.

Notes on Landmarks

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A few words in reference to Michael Williams' "Landmarks of San Francisco," in the AMERICA of May 22, may not be out of place. Father Langlois was never a member of the Society of Jesus, and it is indeed news to those who knew him well that he ever even thought of placing the city under the tutelary care of the great Jesuit Missionary, St. Francis Xavier. He was pastor of St. Francis Assisi's on Valley Street in its early days and the distinction between it and St. Francis' of Mission Dolores, was that it was dedicated to honor the Stigmata of the Holy One of Assisi.

St. Mary's Cathedral was built by the Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher, who was presented with a very costly gold watch by the grateful parishioners, when he returned from Europe, on December 8, 1854, bringing with him from Ireland the Sisters of Mercy and the Presentation Sisters, with much church goods which he had collected in Europe, whither he had been sent for that purpose by Archbishop Alemany. He also built the Magdalen Asylum, now St. Catharine's home, a very old landmark. The origin of Golden Gate Park is to be traced solely to him. Laboring men were clamoring for work and threatening the then Mayor McCoppin, when Father Gallagher went to the legislature, in session at the time in Sacramento, and had an appropriation bill passed for the establishing of the park, thus giving thousands of men abundance of work. Yet nowhere do we hear that he ever received any credit for what is now one of the grandest parks in the world. It was his pride to take every stranger coming to the city through it, and well indeed might he feel proud of the Sand Hills, transformed as they were into vistas of gorgeous vegetation, replete with all manner of exotic plants and flowers. He was among the greatest upbuilders of California in the early pioneer days, as churches in Yreka, Sacramento, Stockton, San Francisco testify.

Old St. Patrick's was not situated where the Palace Hotel now stands, but rather on the site of the old Grand. The Sisters of Charity had received the ground, where the Palace Hotel stands from John Sullivan, where they conducted an orphan asylum and school for girls. Later they sold it and purchased the site of their present magnificent asylum in Visitation Valley. They also bought ground for a girls' school in Mission Street, which they conducted up to the time of the catastrophe of 1906.

When Father Grey wished to get rid of the old frame church Rev. P. J. Cummins, the present Chancellor, took the pews for his church in Sansalito, while the building was moved out near

the Park, on Eddy Street above Franklin. It was not cut in two as much larger buildings had been moved long before. For a time it was St. John's Church, under Fathers Andrew Cullen and P. Brady. Afterward it was moved still further out on Eddy Street, where it did duty as Holy Cross Parish Church, until Rev. J. F. McGinty built the present stately and gorgeous edifice, and converted the old church into his present wonderful Sunday School. It looks better and neater now, than it did when it was doing yeoman's duty in the very heart of old San Francisco.

Los Angeles. H. P. GALLAGHER.

"Mrs. Nickleby and the Crozer Professor"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "Mrs. Nickleby and the Crozer Professor" article in which Henry C. Vedder is taken to task by John Wiltbye tempts me to inquire if this kind of apologetics has not done immeasurable harm to the cause it essayed to champion. Understand me well: I have no patience with the brand of calumny with which certain foes of Catholicism assail the Church. The fashion of holding up our Latin brothers as despicable types of Christianity should receive nothing but condemnation from any loyal member of the Catholic communion. It has been a favorite pastime of the critics of our Faith to draw a flattering distinction between the American form and all other species of Catholicism. We should be traitors to ourselves if we acquiesced in the adulation which seeks to disarm us in order to make us heedless of the attacks turned against our Catholic kin in other sections of the world. But while sympathetic sentiments may rush us to the defense of any lowly brother who may be wantonly assailed, it may be questioned, if we are not doing much damage to the whole Catholic cause by refusing to admit certain weaknesses which may tell against parts of the body Catholic, though the substance of the faith is in no way involved by the recognition of these defects and abuses.

The article which prompts this query was inspired by the charge that someone was selling indulgences in South America. When proof of the accusation was not forthcoming the original accuser was in turn accused of reprehensible conduct. Now it may be necessary to repel each of these calumnious charges which give the impression that abuses are tolerated and idolatrous practices, encouraged for mercenary purposes. But in the eagerness to refute every such accusation may it not be that we are actually lending aid to practices that can not be defended? The writer remembers returning from a trip where he was witness to certain religious observances which, to express it mildly, were bordering on the bizarre. Some months later the identical ceremony at which he had assisted was ridiculed in a non-Catholic paper. Whereupon one of the most influential Catholic weeklies in this country denied emphatically that any such scene could have been staged in the Catholic world. The writer wrote to the editor to suggest that the denial was somewhat sweeping and that as a matter of fact the non-Catholic had rather the best of the argument since what was written could be proved true. The editor answered that on principle all these things had to be denied, since the filthy charges brought up from the southern countries by the agents of non-Catholic mission bodies were three-quarters false, and it was safe always to enter a denial. But in this single instance the exception came along to bring confusion to the refutation that was not grounded upon fact. From this single case would it be illogical to conclude that the universal policy of denial is not the best defense of the Church? The American mind has been trained to deal fairly with the irrelevant, and most of our fellow-citizens are quite ready to see the distinction between what is accidental and what is essential in matters of faith. But when one of these men returns from a trip during which he could not be blind to laxity of morals and irregularity in Church observance on the part of those who professedly are Catholic, and then reads editorials in Catholic papers denying what he has seen, what effect is produced in him and in all whom he can influence? This is not a plea for indiscriminate admission of every accusation of which we are made the victims, but it is an inquiry as to whether a little honest candor would not at times be helpful.

Another harm resulting from the refusal to stand up under rightful criticism is the perpetuation in the Church of questionable practices that sometimes undermine true faith. In the discussion of the Italian question it was not lost upon some of your contributors that the "circus and bread" features had possibly assisted in creating a type of Catholicism that did not ring true. Of course we are not selling indulgences either in South or North America, but there are devotions cultivated in many churches wherein one must needs be a clever theologian to discover the fine distinction which passes between what is tolerated merely and what should be termed intolerable. Unfortunately our critics have not had the requisite theological training. Some day in their wanderings they may keep far enough away from Mexico and Latin countries generally to stumble into one of our churches nearer home. Some critic may buy a vial of the oil which thrifty pastors sell to "do the impossible." Then we shall be put to the necessity of showing the difference between a single clergyman's mercenary motive and the Church's doctrine concerning relics. Meanwhile would it not be just as well for every sincere bishop and priest in the United States to run the risk of denouncing what we all know is graft, pure and simple, and such pitiable deceit which sacrifices true faith in the interest of extorting funds from simple credulity.

Hartford. RELEGATUS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of the letter of "Relegatus." It is plain that he has completely missed the point of my argument. "The article which prompts this query," he writes, "was inspired by the charge that someone was selling indulgences in South America." It was not. It was "inspired" by Mr. Vedder's charge that the Catholic Church was selling indulgences. This is quite another matter.

> "The impression is general among Protestants," writes Mr. Vedder, "that since the Reformation, the Roman Church has done away with the sale of indulgences. That such is not the case, but that she has in modern times . . . not only preserved this abuse . . .

and with the indictment thus stated, Mr. Vedder went on to prove his case by quoting an advertisement from a South American newspaper.

"In the present instance," I said in comment, "Mr. Vedder's charge is, briefly, that the Roman Church sells indulgences. His proof is, briefly, that some unnamed person once said so in an advertisement in a Brazilian newspaper which can not be found." I also pointed out that an indictment of this kind was not justified by showing that certain individuals had offered to sell indulgences. "It is still incumbent upon the learned Professor to show that this proceeding was authorized, not by a private individual, no matter of what ecclesiastical rank, but by the Church herself. The charge, be it remembered, is preferred against the Church, and Mr. Vedder must be aware that no association can be held responsible for the private acts of unauthorized individuals."

Like the Dictionary, "Relegatus" frequently changes the subject, and ends his criticism with a sad story of the "harm resulting from the refusal to stand up under rightful criticism." I agree with him, but do not see the relevance to the present subject.

New York. JOHN WILTBYE.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Magna Charta's Seventh Centenary

ON Tuesday next will be celebrated the anniversary of an event that though long ante-dating the American Republic, yet has had far-reaching and profoundly beneficial effects upon its destiny. It is the seventh centenary of the signing of the Magna Charta, an event from which constitutional lawyers are wont to date the birth of English and American institutions of liberty. Yet there is danger that in the stress and turmoil of the European conflict the importance of that achievement of our far-away Catholic congeners of the Middle Ages may not be fully realized.

It was Catholic fellow-men of ours who laid broad and deep the foundation of the liberty that is our boast to-day, and which so many of our fellow-citizens think imperiled because, forsooth, the Church of Cardinal Langton and the English barons is acquiring an ever stronger foothold in our land!

June 15, 1215, has ever been regarded as the birthday of English liberty, and of that English Constitution which directly or indirectly is the model of every free government to-day. It can not be said, however, that Magna Charta was the first or most perfect enunciation of the principles of liberty in England, or that other nations of Catholic medieval Europe had no free institutions of their own. Far from it. In all the lands of the Europe of the Middle Ages under the benign ægis of the Church of God, not only justice and order, but freedom and representative government were becoming the order of the day in the thirteenth century. While in England, Magna Charta was, it must be remembered, but an incomplete restatement of rights and customs that had been guaranteed more than a century before by Henry I, and which dated back to Edward the Confessor, in whose time they represented the already prevailing usages of centuries, and marked a starting point for still further developments and increments of freedom.

In continental Europe, where the principles of representative government prevailed, and the Three Estates existed, the renaissance of the Roman Civil Law, to speak of no other influences, strangled the new found freedom, while in England the signing of Magna Charta, imperfect as that instrument was, so synthesized to the popular mind the old struggle for liberty between people and Church and orderly government on the one hand, and lawless tyranny on the other, that that transaction stands out in the popular imagination as the greatest achievement of English medieval liberty, the inspiration for the attainment of the precious liberties yet to come, and so enduring an act that neither the tyranny of the Tudors nor the turmoil of the Reformation could do more than but temporarily throw it into abeyance. For whatever liberties were gained and affirmed under the Commonwealth in the Revolution of 1688, were but the medieval liberties regained or amplified to meet the changing times. As Dr. Guilday shows in his excellent paper on "Magna Charta's Centenary," in the current *Catholic Mind*, trial by jury, taxation by the representatives of those taxed were not formally among the rights secured by Magna Charta. Grateful posterity has attributed all the gains of later patriots to those who made the spectacular stand for liberty in 1215.

It is not always the formal content of a document, however, or the actually verifiable result of an achievement that establishes its relative importance in history: it is the effect for good such a document or event has had on the imagination of the people. William Tell and William Wallace, for all their legendary character, have had the profoundest influence upon the sturdy independence of Swiss and Scot. So is it with Magna Charta, though that document never really secured many of the blessings it has been credited with, though its first and foremost enactment that " the English Church shall be free and shall hold its rights entire and its liberties unimpaired," was abolished by Henry VIII and Elizabeth, still the Great Charter deservedly holds a high place in the hearts of patriots. It has been for centuries the inspiration and the rallying cry of all who have toiled and fought for liberty and self-government. Be it remembered, finally, that it was a Catholic prelate, backed by the Catholic nobility of a Catholic people, who won for us Magna Charta.

The One Impediment

"SWAPPING wives and husbands," said Justice Frederick E. Crane, from the bench of the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, "has become as common as swapping horses. Marriage is the cheapest thing we have under our law. Marry one day and come back the next for a divorce. If we want polygamy, why don't we come out and establish it openly?"

Let the Honorable Justice possess his soul in patience. It may be that we are nearer than he thinks to the day of legalized polygamy. Why not? By courtesy of loose law, loosely administered, polygamy is largely practised, and that outside of Utah, both in its simultaneous and successive phases. In each form, it has vigorous defenders who by courtesy of the press, and occasionally by courtesy of a pulpit misnamed Christian, preach the ancient and ever-welcome gospel of do as you please.

There was a time, even in this country when men would have declared the present liberality of the divorce laws an impossibility in a civilized community. But we have Reno and, for that matter, we have New York, where a blatant band is seeking to legalize perversion, and we still hold ourselves civilized. Give us only a little time, and the men and women who teach that self-control is weakness, and that the passing fancy of a moment justifies the assumption of a new mate, will write this code of "human liberty" into our standard of public morality.

They will find but one impediment blocking the consummation of their plans, and that impediment is the Catholic Church. Whatever else changes and passes into oblivion, she alone remains unchanging and unchangeable in her divine mission to save man, made a little less than the angels, from the deeds that make him lower than the brute.

Cheap and Precious

HUMAN life is too cheap. But pseudo-philosophy is cheaper still, as instance the following excerpt from an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post,* issue of May 29:

> The world is already too populous. Life is too cheap. When ten million men are striving to kill one another, denouncing small families is the most fatuous mental exercise of which we can think. Nowhere, from California around to Japan, is life so conditioned that a man with a proper sense of responsibility would voluntarily place a child therein unless he could give it some advantage. We do not need more people in the world, but a more intelligent and a kindly world to live in for the people already here.
>
> The root of the anti-race suicide propaganda is in the old tribal conception of patriotism, which holds that a given people is inherently much superior to all other peoples.

The moral responsibility resting upon a publication speaking to two million people should restrain such utterances. The editorial seems to assume that, here and there, men, with a proper sense of responsibility, will involuntarily, by chance, unfortunate mishap, and strange coincidence, place children in the world without giving them "some advantage." Even in the most scientific age, such things do happen, and no moral guilt should attach to those who have thus valiantly tried and failed. But for sensible men voluntarily to produce such a condition is beyond comprehension. Such the trend of the editorial.

This leads to the query, what is "some advantage?" Does the editor mean, wealth for the coming boy or girl? If so, Abraham Lincoln would never have been born. Does he mean education? But education can not be devised or even passed in a life time by deed of conveyance. Does he mean breeding, in a society sense, synonymous to refinement? But culture of that sort did not cut the forests of the middle west, span the reaches of the plains, carve granite from the Rockies' slope, or find the gold grains in the rivers' sands. Does he mean health? If so, who has the health to give his boy; a tortured writer scribbling over some dry desk, or Sylvest' or Fritz, or Papadopolous, there in the gang; the sylph-like lady on her scented couch, or the servant at her tub?

What does he mean? He means a material advantage, and forgets that material advantages conferred often mean destruction to the recipient. He forgets the human soul, and ignores the primary conception that the individual grows through misfortune, battle, strife and hunger. He demands a more intelligent and kindly world for the people already here, and presupposes that intelligence and kindliness can be built on selfishness.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said a Philosopher, who has brought more sunshine, intelligence, kindliness, charity and love into this life than all the wealth of the Indies and the knowledge of the East and West combined.

The root of the anti-race suicide propaganda is not in any old tribal conception of patriotism. It reposes in the sanctuary of a woman's heart, it girds the loins of a manly man. By it homes have been built, cities established, and governments ordained. Through it, work and care have taken on new dignity, and with it men have gladly sacrificed their fleeting years. For life is cheap, but a human soul is precious.

"Soyons Distingués"

DE RAVIGNAN, the famous preacher, was a lawyer of considerable prominence before his entrance into the Society of Jesus, much sought after in Parisian society on account of his winning personality. It is said that when accompanying his brother to some salon, he would exclaim, *Allons, mon cher, soyons distingués!* This was his challenge to the vulgarity prevalent in the Paris of his day; the talisman that kept him even as a man of the world unsoiled by the sordidness about him.

Soyons distingués! What need there is in our America of a similar rallying-cry. Worldlings are shrieking *Soyons vulgaires!* Vulgarity is everywhere; its gospel is being preached from the housetops. Literature is full of it; incarnate, it stalks upon the stage; it walks arm in arm with erstwhile respectability—a boon companion. It has its law and its prophets: its law is the dictum, "we must know things as they are"; its roll of prophets begins with the hectic litterateurs whose names are a stench in the nostrils of decent folk, and ends with those pseudo-scientists, the eugenists whom all the world loves to

honor. Innumerable are the disciples of vulgarity in these years of grace; few are they who frown upon this Circe.

Indeed, there is much truth in the remark of an ecclesiastic that America is reverting to paganism. Not to the paganism of the Golden Age, but to the vulgar paganism of the decadence, with its glorification of sense, its open flaunting of public decency. A Roman of the later Empire would be very much at home in modern America. The dress of the women, the dances imported from the underworld, the books read in milady's boudoir, the topics taught unblushingly in our schools—all these would be to him strongly reminiscent of Roman society at its worst.

How stem this wave of pagan vulgarism? But two bulwarks are as yet untaken, the Christian home and the Christian school. There lies our palladium, there our hope of ultimate victory. And if the school fails, the home, too, will pass under the captive yoke. All our energies must be concentrated on the school, all our strategic movements must begin there. What are we doing about it? Of the vast army of young men and young women who pass out from our Catholic colleges and academies yearly, how many remain uncontaminated by this vogue for vulgarity? And for how long? Do they set their faces resolutely against its enticements? Or, through fear of ridicule, do they succumb, exclaiming weakly, "These things are not sinful. After all we are not Puritans; in Rome we must do as the Romans do. We will taste and see!"

The pity of it all. If our convent girls and college boys would only go forth bravely, shouting valiantly the battle cry, *Soyons distingués!* Let us be distinguished, marked off from the common herd by the stamp of true Catholic nobility, what power for good they could exert. True modern Galahads and Elaines were these.

A Mayor and the Stage

ACCORDING to the revised and current edition of the Constitution of the United States, every man is free to say what he likes. This is known as freedom of speech. Any attempt to prevent him from putting his unconsidered statements into print, rocks our unstable Government to its foundation. This guarantee is described as the liberty to print, or the freedom of the press. Of late years, any move to come between a man and his fifth bottle, has been held equivalent to the infliction of a deep dent in the sacred palladium of our hard-won freedom. This is personal liberty. A fearsome thing is personal liberty, a right justifying any excess from race-suicide to the social evil and a corrupt stage.

The corrupt stage is at present engaging the attention of the mayor of Boston. This unenlightened person is possessed of but one idea, and that idea is plainly destructive of the whole fabric of our liberties, especially of our personal liberty to stage and publicly gloat over nastiness. The benighted mayor is endeavoring to undermine the following inalienable rights of the stage:

> Suggestive jokes and songs; muscle and Apache dances; wearing of costumes simply to display the female figure; portrayal of moral perverts and sex degenerates; mingling of female performers with the audience; portrayal of "dope fiends"; all words, actions, and situations savoring of immorality.

Jealous lovers of personal liberty will rest easy on learning that "prominent stage men" have "entered a strong protest." These Sir Galahads complain that the mayor wishes to enforce "the most drastic rules ever laid down." They are right. "Drastic" is a well-chosen term, and if the mayor wins his "unholy" fight, there is little doubt that all infractions will be followed by a "drastic" jail sentence. Socially considered, the mayor may be an enemy of "personal liberty," but he has intelligence enough to know that a drop of cologne will not deodorize a sewer.

"Westward Ho!"

AT present the call of California can be heard. As in '49, so again this summer thousands will hurry across the plains, breathe the pure air of the Rockies, and descend upon Eldorado with expectant hearts. The ingenuity of man, through mechanical device, artistic design, and architectural splendor, will amply reward their palpitating haste, while the gentle wash of the western sea upon the golden shore, will tease their imagination.

But to the Catholic sojourner, the trip may mean more than this. Under the shade of the eucalyptus, he will hear the story of the missions told. How the Franciscan Fathers in 1535 first disembarked at Santa Cruz Bay; how the Jesuits came in 1683 at the solicitation of the Spanish Crown to undertake the settlement of the country; how they labored until 1768 and were then expelled by Government decree; how the Franciscans took up their unfinished task, and carried it along until 1834. Under the beneficent endeavors of these Pilgrim Fathers of the farthest West, Christianity was implanted, civilization progressed, peace and harmony prevailed. The very word *"Padre"* connotes a mystic, hallowed, lingering idea of charm and rest, till one can close his eyes and hear the silver cadence of the mission bell.

Thus was the Cross implanted ere the gold rush came and Brete Hart wrote his "Luck of Roaring Camp." The California missions, "drawing cards" for tourists in this utilitarian age, are living refutations of the statement that the Catholic Church has been and always will be an institution of stagnation and retrogression. Down the St. Lawrence, up the Mississippi, around the Great Lakes and across the desert of cactus and sand, Catholic men of faith blazed the way.

America owes much to the Catholic missions. And now, the missions need America. Cut off by devastating war from their ordinary means of sustenance and sup-

port, in piteous appeal, they reach arms from all parts of the world toward Columbia for assistance. It is absolutely necessary, at this time, that the laity of America contribute generously, if the outposts of the Faith are not to be lost.

The truth is, the people of this country have been provincial. Busy building up their own land, they have had little opportunity and less inclination to gaze beyond the frontiers. But surely the time has now arrived for a broader outlook. The first step toward the new horizon can most fittingly be taken by viewing the examples of what mission work has accomplished in the past. The United States is a world power. That position has been thrust upon her, whether she desires it or not. Will the Catholics of the nation let it be said that they alone shirked their new responsibilities?

The "Ave Maria's" Fiftieth Year

OWING to the success with which the *Ave Maria* imitates the lowliness of the incomparable Maiden whose glory it has promoted so zealously, the fact that our bright contemporary quietly observed last month its Golden Jubilee, escaped the notice of many of the magazine's friends and well-wishers. The *Ave Maria* was founded in Our Lady's month, 1865, by Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, as a periodical "devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin." He felt that in a country that had been discovered by a great servant of Mary, of which the high feast is her Immaculate Conception, there should be published a magazine that would make her more widely known and more tenderly loved. This noble purpose has been fully realized, for without missing a single issue the *Ave Maria* has appeared each week for fifty years and has been contantly winning during that period new friends and readers. To Father Hudson, the venerable editor of the *Ave Maria,* and to all who have helped to make that magazine so eloquent a herald of Our Lady's virtues, AMERICA sends cordial congratulations.

The Difficulties of Aliens

IT is unfortunate that there exists in the United States so widespread a lack of information on the difficulties of aliens. The consequence has been that many immigrants who might long since have become devoted and enthusiastic citizens, have failed to take out their naturalization papers and are still debarred from that fuller participation in the blessings of freedom which should be the portion of all those who live under the American flag, at least in so far as they desire it. Most of those who seek our shores, come in the hope and anticipation of transferring their allegiance to the land of their adoption, only a small minority have made up their minds to exploit our country for purposes of gain and then go back to their old homes. And yet the process of naturalization involves such inconvenience and in many cases such expense, and is so hampered by lack of officials to further it, that at present there are among us no fewer than four million men who are not naturalized. Many of these could satisfy the tests, a large number of them are anxious to do so. For as aliens they suffer many disabilities. To instance only a few, they are restricted in the purchase, inheritance and disposal by will of real estate, they are excluded from many employments, from the benefit of social service and workmen's compensation and widow's pension laws.

There are, however, hopeful signs that a better understanding of their needs is a thing of the not distant future. A quarterly, entitled the *Immigrants in America Review* has just been started by the Committee for Immigrants in America, which announces itself as "a modest attempt to vitalize American public opinion into the adoption of a national policy with reference to admitted aliens." Nor has the committee restricted its literary efforts to the single task of getting out this magazine, it also publishes a number of books all bearing on different phases of the immigration problem. A nation-wide propaganda is also being pushed forward for the purpose of making the Fourth of July an Americanization Day, on which there will be public demonstrations of welcome to aliens who have become citizens during the year. The movement has been taken up in many cities. Very serious efforts are being made to secure greater privileges for aliens during the period that precedes their final admission to citizenship. In particular better facilities for their education, simplification and coordination of laws concerning their legal status, amendment and enactment of laws relating to naturalization, greater opportunity for getting employment—these are some of the measures for which the committee is working. Our country has been wasting its opportunities. It is now alive to the necessity of doing away with Italian, Jewish, Slav and similar movements, and has embarked on a national movement for the Americanization of the aliens of all countries into one nation and one people. The movement deserves all success.

LITERATURE

"American Thought"

PROFESSOR WOODBRIDGE RILEY'S "American Thought" (Holt) is not merely an exposition and history of the different thought-fashions that have come and gone in the course of American history; it is a criticism, and implicitly at least, a philosophy as well. It is this intermingling of the author's personal views and interpretations with the objective narrative that makes the reading of the book all the more instructive and interesting. Of some of these views and interpretations we wish to offer a few criticisms.

The epithet "American" in the title, "American Thought," would perhaps at first sight lead the reader to expect some recognition of Scholastic Philosophy, which thousands of Americans, both lay and clerical have accepted as the most rational interpre-

tation of human experience and reality. Yet that philosophy is studiously ignored, if we except a few incidental references, which reveal, on the part of the author, a regrettable misunderstanding of its teaching. In describing, for instance, the Scholastic conception of "substance," the author makes use of the following expressions which every Scholastic would repudiate: "In place of the Scholastic notion of occult substance," "an inconceivable substratum of sensible phenomena"; "it was only the unintelligible Scholastic notion of matter he (Johnson) disputed, and not anything either sensible, imaginable, intelligible," and then adds piquancy to his misconception by such tea-cup banter as "Jesuitical generalization."

This elimination of Scholasticism can not be accounted for, because it is an alien importation. So was Puritanism, so was the Irish Idealism of Berkley, French and English Deism, the Materialism of Pennsylvania Quakerism and the Irish, or to be conventional, the Scotch-Irish Realism of the Princeton school. Yet all these systems are in the author's estimation "American." Why not Scholasticism? Or is it because the author assumes that Scholastic philosophers are not American or they do not think?

While "American" is rigidly exclusive, "Thought" is generously inclusive. To the modern mind philosophy becomes mere "thought." It is more fascinated by the novelty and exhilaration of the chase than by the running down of the quarry. Yet to the unsophisticated lovers of wisdom, the outcome of thought is static as well as dynamic. Sir John Herschel said: "The grand character of truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming *unchanged* out of every possible form of fair discussion."

The grand character of American thought is perpetual changeableness, incapacity to endure. Each system is born only to die, to be again followed by a contradictory system equally short-lived. Judged even by the pragmatic standard of William James, American thought-systems did not seem "to work." For all these systems, appropriate epitaphs may be easily culled from the author's book. "Puritanism," in the words of Joseph Allen, formerly professor of History at Harvard, "has had its day; intellectually Calvinism is dead." "Deism," Professor Riley tells us, "failed to satisfy the cravings of emotional excitement." "Transcendentalism," which Emerson hopefully called "a perfect religion," the author gracefully confesses "has come and gone like autumnal foliage." "Absolute Idealism," writes the Professor, "with its cloud-capped pinnacles has likewise faded away. In its stead has arisen prosaic Pragmatism, which makes truth that which succeeds."

This practical standard of truth is, of course, as old as the world, and as familiar as the principle, "the tree is known by its fruit." But it is neither universal nor ultimate. Even should a "watchful waiting" eventually reveal the ripened consequences of some doubtful system or situation, what criterion, we may ask, is to decide whether these consequences are really a success? The pragmatic test can not answer. Men will differ on just what constitutes success. It can not be a measure of itself. But waiving the intrinsic limitations of Pragmatism, its dirge, in the opinion of Professor Riley, has already been sung. "It is out of the atmosphere of the actual (Pragmatism) that the new plant (New Realism) has sprung." It is difficult to understand the appropriateness of the words "plant," and "sprung," to express what is really not an intrinsic development at all, but rather a reactionary denial of American Pragmatism by the New Realism. But of course the evolutionary principle must be strained to assign a legitimate parentage to each new system.

One of the fundamental assumptions of Pragmatism is that "reality is changed by the very act of our knowing it." This the New Realism flatly contradicts. The author says: "The richness of reality, direct awareness of the world—these are the prime marks of the new philosophy." "It believes in a world independent of the knowing of it." "To them (New Realists), the world is no eject of the subject, no piece of human imagery, but its texture is made up of other stuff than mere thought." The truth is that the New Realism is the legitimate though belated offspring of the Aristotelian and Scholastic theory of knowledge. Even Professor Riley, though somewhat reluctantly, writes this certificate of its birth. "Such is the radical realism, a system hardly held before, save by Aristotle and the Materialists."

New Realism, at least in its main contention, if not in the minor details of its teaching, is in complete accord with Scholasticism. If space permitted, it may even be shown that a better understanding of the Scholastic theory of truth, on the part of the New Realists, combined with a closer analysis of the implications involved in the principles of the New Realism would harmonize the outlying differences between the two rival systems. It is this approach of the "Old," and the "New" Realism that is in our day the most hopeful sign for the future of philosophy.

From a study of the many ephemeral systems set forth in "American Thought" may we not justly conclude that no one-man philosophy, nor any strictly national philosophy can be an adequate interpretation of the things that are? A philosophy to endure must have the power of universal appeal, must be international. There is only one philosophy which measures up to this standard. It does so because it has never ignored the most stupendous fact of human history, Divine Revelation. That philosophy is Scholasticism.

MICHAEL J. MAHONY, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Catholic's Ready Answer. A Popular Vindication of Christian Beliefs and Practices Against the Attacks of Modern Criticism. By Rev. M. P. HILL, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

Some years ago Father F. X. Brors, a Jesuit of the Province of Germany, published a polemical work, entitled "Modernes A B C," which was admirably adapted to meet the controversial needs of his countrymen, for the book furnished readers with apt replies to the objections urged against revealed religion and the teachings of the Church. This work Father Hill undertook to translate, but soon found that before it would meet the requirements of English-speaking Catholics of to-day many changes and additions would have to be made. On certain subjects, for example, longer, fuller articles than the German work contained were deemed necessary, while such topics as Christian Science, Pragmatism, Theosophy, etc., Father Brors had not treated at all. The result was that "Modernes A B C" became, under Father Hill's careful hand, a practically new book, for "The Catholic's Ready Answer" is not merely a controversial work but "endeavors to inculcate right notions of individual duty, especially as bearing on situations in which conscientious persons often find themselves in the very complex life of the present age."

In nearly five hundred closely-printed pages are arranged, in alphabetical order, more than a hundred objections, ranging from "Agnosticism" to "The Virgin Mary," that are urged against Christianity and Catholicism. The unbeliever's position is first briefly stated and then follows a well-written and soundly-reasoned refutation. For instance, the old sophism "It matters little what you believe, provided your life is good" is exposed, Haeckel is discredited, the impracticability of Socialism is proved, and there are admirable chapters on the "Christian Ideal of Education," "Mixed Marriages," "Miracles," "Christ's Divinity" and "The Church." Father Hill is to be congratulated warmly on having written a book that will be of great value to teachers, catechists, instructors of converts and even to "the general

reader," for the author furnishes them with "answers" no less "ready" than convincing to many of the attacks made to-day against the Christian Revelation and Catholic morality. When a second edition of the work is called for, the publishers ought to give it a more sober-hued cover and better paper. W. D.

The Life of Cervantes. By ROBINSON SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Just three hundred years ago Don Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra, winning a race with "the great thirst" of dropsy that he saw driving death to drink up his life, put the last touch to "the best novel in the world beyond all comparison." Within a few months, April 23, 1616, eleven days after Shakespere's departure, having received Extreme Unction and finished his final dedication "with one foot in the stirrup and in the anguish of death," Fra Miguel, Tertiary of St. Francis, piously committed his soul to God. In character as in genius he belongs to the first order of greatness. Though from the dawn of manhood to an old age of penury and pain he had endured battle-wounds, slavery, imprisonment, poverty and obloquy, he never lost his faith in God or love of his kind, and he left a legacy of gentle laughter and kindly wisdom that still enriches the world. He prized more the hand that was mangled fighting for God and king at Lepanto to the hand that wrote "Don Quixote," and the wounds of Turkish bullets on his breast to the glories of authorship. His five years' slavery in Algiers, during which he repeatedly suffered torture and the lash for his unwearied attempts to free his fellow-captives and fortify them by his hymns to "Our Lord and His Blessed Mother and the Holy Sacrament," and his thirty-six years' slavery thereafter to toil and want and debt, during which he wrote the most joyous of books and was loyal to every duty of life, show him great of soul as well as of genius, and if they do not quite verify his statement that his works contain "no word obscene nor thought less than Catholic," they do show that there was "no mean streak in him, no running fault, no deplorable side to his nature." In 120 pages Mr. Smith sums up the true facts of Cervantes' life, clears away the obscurities surrounding author and work, and refutes the one charge, of an illicit connection, which the "Encyclopedia Britannica" still permits to stain his character if not its pages. This "Life" is rather a pendant to the author's excellent translation of "Don Quixote" than an adequate biography. His fine judgment and ripe knowledge of Cervantean literature should make the complete story of Cervantes from the same pen most desirable for the tercentenary year of 1616.

M. K.

Collected Essays. By RUDOLF EUCKEN. Edited and Translated by MEYRICK BOOTH, B.Sc., Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

This volume offers illuminating reading both for the truth and error it contains. There are nineteen essays in the collection, and most of them deal in a more or less intimate way with religion and morality. The author appreciates the great problems of the day, evaluates them to a nicety, discusses them in a sprightly enough manner, but in every instance offers a worthless solution. He himself is an unconscious victim of the *Zeitgeist*. Aware of the need of authority in the State, he yet rejects it in religion and, under the spell of Kant and Schleirmacher, falls back on a species of subjectivism by which the spirit of man is to obtain its highest expression. It is the old story of the loss of vivid faith in an imminent yet transcendant, personal God who revealed truth and put upon man the obligation of believing it. Dr. Eucken's system, or lack of system, would but perpetuate conditions under which morality is obliged to justify itself to man: not *vice versa*. For, after all, if subjectivism be our standard, religion will rise very little above man's needs and whims, which more often than not depend on environment. Thus will the presumption of socialists and others of like heart be justified. True, the author, as if scenting the difficulty from afar, strives to evade it by this apotheosis of Luther: "But in these struggles and cares his life is so entirely concentrated upon his own inner existence and so fully occupied with himself that it acquires a safe superiority to all social environment and becomes inaccessible to any considerations of mere expediency." In view of Luther's "Table Talk" and Grisar's researches, these are remarkable words, and if Eucken's philosophy of life is to stand or fall with Luther, then it falls and is smashed to pieces in the falling. But be this as it may, Dr. Eucken's thought leads nowhere, save perhaps to unreasonable individualism and its accompanying vices. However, the author makes the most of his ideas and has produced an interesting if impracticable book.

R. H. T.

Panama and Other Poems. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25.

A garland of verse woven by Mr. Stephen Phillips should be something of an event in the literary world. The past achievements of the poet justify the highest expectations. In his dramas, in spite of evident shortcomings, and although the characters speak and act, not as they would in real life, but as Mr. Phillips bids them say and do, there is a beauty of diction, a wealth of imagination, a control of the deepest and mellowest stops of English song which recall the verse of Webster and Marlowe. "Panama and Other Poems," however, will disappoint the reader. Lesser writers might claim them with some degree of satisfaction. There is, of course, the finely-chiseled line, the rich imagery and deft workmanship which are the author's characteristic gift. But from "Panama" to "The Quest of Haidee," the poems, with rare exceptions, have one great defect. They lack inspiration. Now and then the poet trembles on the dizzy verge of it. We feel the flutter of venturing wings, but the bird never soars and, dazed and trembling, returns to earth again.

To a poet, fully alive to titanic achievement, "Panama" might have been no lifeless argument. But power and mass are absent from our poet's lines. Neither the marvelous engineering skill, nor the world-wide consequences of the undertaking are firmly and sharply visualized. And to record the herculean struggle of man and science against the brawling opposition of Chagres and the grim reluctances of Culebra Cut no metrical instrument could be so inadequate as the prim couplet of Pope. Nor does the war poetry of Mr. Phillips rise to a high level of excellence. Catholic readers will detect a false note in "The Passing of Julian" and "Jesus and Joan.

J. C. R.

The Man Behind the Bars. By WINIFRED LOUISE TAYLOR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

There is much talk at present, some of it maudlin, much of it eminently sane, on the reform of judicial procedure in criminal cases. Many of the ladies and gentlemen who take a curious delight in harrying the feelings of the public by tearful recitals of the woes of the imprisoned burglar and gunman will probably give over their activities with the advent of the next sociological fad. Earnest students of law and penology, in time, no doubt, will bring about the desirable and needed reforms. In the interval, the public at large may examine its conscience on the treatment usually meted out to the ex-convict. The permanent reform of some of these men is almost hopeless. Their habits of thought and life unfit them for a place in civilized society. Despite all preventive measures, these human wrecks will, in all

probability, be always with us, and what to do with them is one of the questions which the new penology will be asked to solve. Others, beyond doubt, will readily and gratefully respond to a modicum of fair treatment. It is with the purpose of stimulating the public conscience that this volume has been published. Miss Taylor argues well for the necessity of a reform of our methods of dealing with criminals, "from the police court to the penitentiary," and for a more humane treatment of the ex-convict who is striving to reconstruct his broken life. When the spirit of Christ has penetrated our lives more deeply our eyes will discern and our hearts call forth the good that still exists in the hearts of men and women who have sinned. But it is not easy for us, who ourselves are sinners, to forgive utterly and, while hating the sin, love the sinner. Only God, it seems, can do this. P. L. B.

The Friar Preacher, Yesterday and To-day. Translated from the French of Père Jacquin, O.P., by Father HUGH POPE, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. $0.75.

To attempt to give an adequate idea of the origin and spirit of the great Order of St. Dominic in 152 24mo pages is a difficult task, and though the author has written an interesting book, one feels, after perusing it, that the work should have been three times larger. Then it would have been possible to carry further the historical sketch which terminates with the definite shaping of the Order under Humbert de Romanis, the fifth general. There is no more glorious page in medieval history than that written by the Sons of St. Dominic, but in English we have as yet no worthy account of their achievements. The Franciscans, owing to the vogue of the "Franciscan cult" among non-Catholic scholars, are coming slowly into their own, but the Dominicans have not had so sympathetic a hearing. Though this book is not a controversial one, nor intended for the general or non-Catholic reader, as it is addressed rather to Catholic young men who feel stirring within them the beginnings of a religious vocation, nevertheless professors and publicists of to-day, to whom the word Dominican suggests nothing but the thumbscrew and the stake, would perhaps receive some enlightenment from this little work of Père Jacquin's. J. F. X. M.

Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium. By CHARLES MORRIS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

The present world war has created an appetite for knowledge of the various countries engaged in the contest; and many are the cooks and many are the caterers ready to answer the hungry calls. Because of the rush of customers it is to be feared that much will be wanting both in the cooking and the serving. Charles Morris, a prolific writer for many years, is in the market with a book on the Netherlands, a point of interest at the present. The book has all the marks of hasty composition or compilation. It shows no signs of original study, it repeats blunders and inaccuracies of fifty years ago, and has not profited by the serious studies of more recent times. True, it does not pretend to be a history; it is rather a moving picture, and were it less one-sided and partisan, it would be a very interesting picture show. For one's sympathy will naturally be with the little people in their heroic struggle for home rule, as they ever will be with the victims of absolutism if not tyranny. Yet we must not call that white in the oppressed which we, with much vehemence, pronounced black in the oppressor. In such a contest as that between Holland and Spain, William the Silent and Philip II, everything is not white on one side and black on the other. In characterizing persons and actions care must be taken that the epithets in one sentence are not contradicted in the next. Real history demands more careful treatment and moving pictures should receive it, too. As an instance of the carelessness of the writer it is startling to find the famous dictum about the "scrap of paper" put into the mouth of the German Emperor. Perhaps the book was intended to sell, not to educate. P. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

On June 15, just seven hundred years ago, the English barons, led by Cardinal Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, forced John Lackland to sign the Great Charter. In the current *Catholic Mind* Dr. Guilday, of the Catholic University, reviews the events leading up to that important concession, examines the document itself and explains the attitude taken by Innocent III toward the transaction. This excellent article should be of keen interest to AMERICA's readers. In "Catholics' 'Divided Allegiance'" Father Fisher then proves that those who find difficulty in reconciling a Catholic's loyalty to his Church with that due his country "are practising and professing a similar double allegiance every day of their lives." Father Patrick H. Casey's earnest exhortation to "Use the Catholic Press" is the last paper in the number.

The spring number of *Pax*, the Caldey Benedictines' quarterly, appears in a new form. The artistic cover of olive, yellow and black bears on a tree which is rooted in *Amor Dei*, the names of the sainted abbots of Caldey, and improvements have been made in the type, paper and size of the magazine. Dom Aelred reports that the war is seriously menacing the temporal welfare of the monastery, and he appeals for more subscribers to *Pax* and for accessions to the ranks of the Caldey Helpers. In the contents of this number of the quarterly there is an interesting account of the earthquake in Italy, a description of the new foundations at Edermine, in Wexford, Ireland, where the refugee monks of Maredsous have found a home, a sketch of Dewi Sant, or St. David, the patron of Wales; a study of the artistic beauties of Monte Cassino, and several valuable ascetical papers. That picture of the Caldey refectory will surely foster vocations!

"Born a Catholic, a Republican of firm persuasion, a Freemason of wide repute, creeds and opinions have never succeeded in making him give or receive favors," says Alexander Kohn, B.A., the author of a brief "Life of General Joffre" (Stokes, $0.50). None of the anecdotes that are being told to illustrate the practical character of Joffre's Catholicism appears in this book. "So little is known, indeed, about the General that his biographer has found it hard to fill out 114 pages. The leader of the French army is portrayed as a grim, silent, tireless man whose specialty is trenches and whose passion is discipline. His career in the Orient and in Africa is reviewed, his success in keeping out of the Dreyfus affair noted, the chief credit for the three years' law of conscription is said to be his, and tributes are paid to the General's modest, simple character. This seems to be the only life of Joffre that has appeared in English.

Whoso takes up "Fits and Starts," by Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. (St. Louis, Herder, $1.00), will read it through, be he even a reviewer, and not in fits and starts. Its eighteen short stories are an instalment of the inimitable contributions that have given Gill's *Catholic Bulletin* of Dublin the wide popularity it deserves. Five treat of Australia and its "aboriginalities," one of a "Yankee live wire's" whimsicalities, and the rest of Ireland's own comicalities; but whatever the scene or subject, the humor of Ireland runs through them all, flavored with a rollicking quality of

good-natured satire that the author has patented. He is not in search of a moral, but his close observation of rich and poor, always with a humorous eye, never fails to find good among the absurdities and sordid things of life. There is pathos, too, as in "One Lily More," and, in fact, such an admirable mixture of laughter and tears as is only paralleled in the "Homespun Yarns" of the same narrator. Father Fitzgerald is a "charackther" in Irish literature.

Father Bernard Vaughan in an address he delivered not long ago at the solemn opening of the Robert Hugh Benson Memorial Church, Buntingford, England, said of the lamented author:

> His life was short; but what a psalm!—not the *Miserere*, but "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all He has done for thee." That was his psalm of life, and this is what you and I want—not to be pessimists, but to have the optimism of Robert Hugh Benson: to go about laden with the burden of sunshine and tell people to lift up their blinds and open their windows and let the light and warmth of God's sun into their homes and into their lives.

All who knew Mgr. Benson pay similar tributes to his cheerful, sunny disposition. Unkindness he could not understand and he shortened his life by answering himself at great length the numberless appeals for spiritual help that the mail brought him.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton says, in the prefatory note of "The Wild Knight" (Dutton, $1.25): "I leave these verses as they stand, although they contain innumerable examples of what I now see to be errors of literature . . ." "Nobody," he adds, "need read the book." Notwithstanding this humble warning, there are poems in the book for which the author need make no apology. "The Song of the Children" mingles the simplicity of childhood with the wisdom of years. A gimpse of the beautiful simplicity of "A Christmas Carol" may be had from its last stanza:

> The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee
> His hair was like a crown,
> And all the flowers looked up at Him,
> And all the stars looked down.

All the selections in "The Wild Knight" will doubtless be found in the volume of "G. K. C.'s" complete poems lately published in England.——"A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems" (Putnam, $1.25) by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert contains many rich descriptions of Italian scenery, though the images are a little confusing at times. The verses under the heading "The Homestead" are full of appeals to the affections, while "The Doorstep" and "The Hearth" might be read with profit by many of our modern travelers. There are too many verses packed into the volume.

Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge's "The German Army in War" (McBride, $0.50) is a very thorough account, in untechnical language, of the German military system, its war methods and organization from the days that followed the battle of Jena to the present time. Mr. Atteridge's purpose is to show Englishmen that their own army is trying conclusions with a very formidable fighting machine, and he warns them that to underrate such an opponent means disaster. From the evidence of the English troops at the front, it is clear that the German Army system has been able to produce great bodies of trained troops, who will face death unflinchingly in the teeth of overwhelming odds. While fully recognizing many admirable points in the German system, the author is not inclined to prefer universal service to the British scheme of enlistment. In treating the German interpretation of the law of war, he states simply the method of procedure followed by German commanders in the field. Mr. Atteridge handles his subject from the viewpoint of the writer of military history, fairly and critically.

EDUCATION

University Extension Work in Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS has entered formally into university extension work. Recently Governor David I. Walsh signed House Bill 2175, which provides for a department of university extension to be established in the State board of education. An appropriation of $25,000 is provided for this work in the year 1915. The progress of the measure through its preliminary stages has been interesting and by no means free from difficulties. In his inaugural address of last January, the Governor earnestly recommended enactment of legislation providing correspondence education for the "masses," who heretofore have received little or no share in the direct benefit of the enormous sums annually appropriated by the State for educational work.

PRELIMINARY WORK

A few months subsequent to his inaugural message, the Governor appointed an advisory committee to look into the details of this work. The committee was composed of Reverend Charles W. Lyons, S.J., President of Boston College; President Bumpus of Tufts College; Dr. Snedden, State Commissioner of Education; President Filene, of the Filene Corporation and Professor Ropes, of Harvard.

The committee reported a bill, by the provisions of which the university extension work was to be carried on by the State Board of Education. The bill was revised, and in changed form appeared as House Bill 2164, calling for a Commission on University Extension. The personnel of the commission was to include seven members, five of whom were appointed directly by the Governor, and one chosen by the Governor from the membership of the Board of Education. The Commissioner of Education was designated as the seventh member.

The "commission" measure was reported by the Committee on Education to the Ways and Means Committee which recommended to the House that the bill be "referred to the next general court." The report of the committee was negatived by a vote of 88 to 55, and a substitute measure (House Bill 2175) was introduced. This measure, which placed the work under the control of the Board of Education, was passed by the House after heated debate, by a vote of 137 to 85. In the Senate the measure met with opposition, but was passed after the appropriation of $50,000 for 1915 was reduced to $25,000.

ATTITUDE OF THE STATE BOARD

The success of the work now rests with the State Board of Education, and is by no means assured. The Board has been hostile to the work now placed in its control, and has adopted a reversal of attitude only when forced to do so. The record of the Board for the past six years, the period of reorganized activity, does not point to any notable progress in normal school development over which the board has had control since 1870. The Normal Schools of Massachusetts, ten in number, are sadly in need of readjustment and reorganization. Since the creation of the office of Commissioner of Education in 1909, the normal schools have been at a standstill academically, and this despite the fact that in 1914 over $850,000 was appropriated for maintenance and administration. Although authorized by law to supervise educational work aided wholly or in part by State appropriations, the Board has responded but indifferently to its duties in this regard, giving practically no attention to three of the Massachusetts textile schools for which in 1914 approximately $70,000 was appropriated.

Controlling and supervising for educational purposes amounts aggregating in 1914 $2,000,000, the Board has become one of the most expensive arms of the commonwealth. Save in the case of Jeremiah Burke, newly appointed member, and Assistant

Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools, the membership of the Board is collegiate in its attitude and point of view. How far such Board will come to earth, to recognize and provide for the needs of the common people, is a matter about which no prophecy can be attempted at this time.

POSSIBLE RESULTS

At present over 90,000 residents of Massachusetts are enrolled in a single Correspondence School conducted in Pennsylvania. It is safe to predict that of this total a large percentage will enroll in the State school should the venture prove a success. It is high time for the State educational officials to forego the field of pure academic theory, and get down to a workable level where the greatest good can be accomplished for the greatest number. With the financial support of the Commonwealth behind it, and an office equipment that costs annually over $58,000, the Board should have no excuse for failure to make a success out of the university extension project. Even its most ardent supporters can not claim achievement for the board in reference to the development of the State Normal Schools. Let us hope better things for it, and for the great mass of people who ought to be, and who will be, benefited by a proper administration of the university extension department. LESTER B. DONAHUE, PH.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Convent Inspection

A SECOND GRIM FAIRY TALE

THE Committee of Five halted hesitatingly before the private office of State Senator McCaffery.

"I don't like his name," ventured the Reverend Darksome Bigot; "it sounds Irish."

"And the poor priest-ridden Irish are all Romans," added Miss Prunella Prejudice, enigmatically.

"It must be faced to the bitter end," said brave Colonel Backwoods. "Onward, champions of righteousness and American liberty against Rome! Onward to the charge!"

THE INDICTMENT

Senator McCaffery met the charge with serene countenance, and graciously waved the quintette to seats within range of the battery of his smiles.

"What can I do for you to-day?" he said, with the air of grandfather patting little Freddie on his golden locks.

"We have here," began the Reverend Bigot, "a bill for the inspection of convents and other institutions of the Romish Church, and we crave your support."

Senator McCaffery's jaw shot forward a full inch, and the window barometer suddenly registered calm changing to storm. But Senator McCaffery had inherited a sense of humor from his priest-ridden ancestors, and so his jaw grew less hard, even if the barometer remained unchanged.

"For years," continued the reverend gentleman, "these institutions have grown up in our midst unchecked. But noble hearted Americans alive to our somnolent carelessness have cried: Who knows what heinous crimes may be perpetrated behind high convent walls?"

"Yes," bolted Miss Prejudice with triumphant logic, "if they are right before Heaven, why do they not let us go in and out as we choose?"

"Ah, why?" echoed Mr. Igno Ramus and Miss Very Prude.

"So we wish this law passed authorizing State officials——"

"Women especially——"

"To inspect at their discretion these mysterious abodes of shadows and somber-robed women. They must be allowed to study conditions, right abuses, free the imprisoned, and permeate all with the wholesome atmosphere of American freedom."

HOW TO PROVE IT

"Gentlemen and Ladies," began Senator McCaffery; "your bill is most interesting. Before I would recommend your presenting it to the Senate, you must gain for it the solid backing of definite facts. These it is your duty to acquire by a systematic course of—snooping."

"Snooping?" Miss Prejudice's eyes gleamed with a new light.

"Yes, let snooping be your occupation for some days. Disguise yourselves. I doubt much that convents would receive any of you were you to show yourselves in your true likeness. But disguised, you can visit these convents; spy out abuses; learn all their dark secrets; and then return with your facts to carry your bill triumphantly through the Legislature. May I suggest some fit disguises?"

Senator McCaffery turned his blue eyes toward the ceiling. He was thinking of his daughter as she knelt in consecration before the altar not three years back. His voice was gentle when he began.

ORPHANAGE AND HOSPITAL

"Miss Prude, for you I should suggest the disguise of helpless, innocent babyhood. Pass yourself off as an infant deserted by a drunken father and a wolfish mother. Lie in a basket of straw with nothing but rags for covering, at the door of a Catholic orphanage, and when the Sister hearing your plaintive cries opens the door, stretch forth bare, trembling arms in piteous supplication. Deceived by your disguise, she will pick you up and lay you against her heart throbbing with a wondrous pity, and bear you to a cot about which hover others in dress and gentleness like to herself. Now is your chance; snoop to your heart's content. For when you note the hundred and more cribs each with its tiny bundle of helpless humanity, and hear the crooning voice of these mothers by proxy and observe the depth and the breadth of human love when transmuted by the divine touch, you will know that you are in a convent-orphanage.

"For you, Mr. Igno Ramus, I suggest this expedient. Garb yourself as a penniless wanderer, and as you cross a busy thoroughfare, cast yourself headlong before an oncoming street car. Safe in your disguise as a homeless, helpless mass of bleeding flesh and broken bone, they will carry you to a Catholic hospital, where real Sisters live and work. Your first conscious gaze will rest upon a Catholic Sister; you will feel her calm, cool hand touching your splitting brow; her gentle voice will soothe your throbbing nerves, and from your bed in the midst of this convent-hospital, you may learn all the grim secrets of the Catholic sisterhoods. Snoop till you have grown tired with snooping.

REFUGE AND REFORMATORY

"Miss Prejudice, your disguise will require heroic courage; but I know your readiness to handle any sort of mud or mire if you can do so in the name of Anti-Romanism. Disguise yourself as a poor, broken woman, whose past is a livid blot and whose future is a dismal blank, whose soul and body are deadened with the weight of man's inhumanity and woman's criminal weakness. Write across your ashen brow the lines of shame and despair, so deep that men and women shrink from you as they pass you in the street. Then throw yourself at the steps of a Catholic refuge, and out of the depths of your misery, lift seared eyes to the Sister who answers your knock. When she takes you in her arms and for the first time you hear of the Saviour who loved even Magdalen, when you learn that there is hope even for the most pitiable of God's creatures, you will know that you are in a convent of the Good Shepherd. Then may you safely snoop.

"Your disguise, Mr. Darksome Bigot, will not afford you great difficulty. Ignorance is its first requisite; wilful wickedness, its second. Pretend that you are a lad of twelve who never knew the love of a mother nor the cherishing care of a father. Plunge your soul deep in the corruption of the alleys; train your hands to deftness of theft, your brain to quickness for crime. Weaken your body with the fumes of rotten tobacco and with vile food. Learn to fly furtively from the approaching policeman. Then when the hand of the law falls heavily on your shoulder, they will send you to a Catholic reformatory where Catholic Sisters will teach you for the first time what it means to look into the eyes of spotless womanhood, where your hands will change their criminal deftness for the cleverness of the skilled artisan, where the curse will give place to the prayer and warped boyhood will develop into upright manhood. There in that reformatory you may study conditions uninterrupted and suspected by no one. Snoop, while there's time for snooping.

THE QUIET HAVEN

"Colonel Backwoods, your disguise shall be that of a greybeard, who like an humble Lear, has felt the serpent's tooth of filial ingratitude. Clad in the garb of poverty, with a hopeless, hunted look in your eye and a quaver in your voice, dragging leaden feet from the homes of faithless friends, you will seek out a Catholic Old People's Home. If your disguise is complete and neglect and wretchedness are writ large on your face, a Sister will lead you by the hand; a Sister will clothe and feed your quaking form; a Sister will draw your soul upward from the present wretchedness to the glory promised to Christ's poor. In one so near the grave, they will suspect nothing; and in the midst of this blind and unsuspecting charity, snoop 'till you can snoop no longer.

"And when you have thus gathered from first hand the horrible secret of these "nunneries," and confirmed absolutely the vaporings of anti-Romanist writers, triumphantly return to offer your bill to the State Legislature. Can such skilful snooping fail of its due reward?'

Senator McCaffery lowered his blue eyes from the ceiling and gazed in surprise at five empty chairs. The Committee for the Inspection of Romish Convents had fled in search of a senator who was neither Irish nor blessed with a Catholic sense of humor.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

That intemperate organ of retrogression, the New York *Sun*, which has not hesitated on occasion to express its mind on certain wild phases of modern sociology and education, is again on the war-path. This time the hatchet is raised against "academic freedom," an idol scarcely second in sanctity, to personal liberty. In ordinary life, complains the *Sun*, when a man indulges a propensity to inflict upon an unoffending world mere drivelling bosh as matters of serious moment, he is likely after a time "to find his usefulness ended or curtailed in the connection which has been providing him with wages, salary or income." Not so, however, the college professor. An output of imbecile professorial opinion, especially if it finds its way to the Sunday supplements, has come to be "the most valid of titles to a permanent place on a faculty pay-roll," for any who dare to suggest that the said professor is "too big a fool to be allowed to hold his job" would be overwhelmed with the dreadful opprobrium rightly merited by all enemies of academic freedom. "There is no apparent security of employment for a proved ass except in a college or university chair. Once he has given proof, such proof of his quality, he has all but made his living sure for life." The *Sun* suggests that the exercise of the intellect should be restricted to persons duly certified by a Federal Thought Commission, as being possessors of an intellect. "There ought to be a law about it in a land which believes sincerely in the virtue of law-making to correct any evil."

Much of the popularity of "Billy" Sunday, even with those who accept neither his methods nor his doctrines is due to the fact that Mr. Sunday is not afraid to express an opinion. Instead of taking his doctrine from his congregation, he preaches what he believes to be the truth, regardless of whether or not it meets the approval of the congregation. Herein he differs from many an occupant of a Protestant pulpit who carefully plans his discourses with an eye to the susceptibility of his hearers. At the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. F. L. Patton, formerly president of the Princeton Theological Seminary, described this tendency as "the drift toward secularizing Christianity. Here is a recipe for a preacher of such theology: Take a few tablets of doctrine and a gallon of rose water. Put a little of the solution into an atomizer, and then let the minister spray the congregation while he prates about the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of benevolence." The decay of faith shows itself nowhere more strongly than in the modern pulpit. When faith is dead there is little left for the clergyman's discourses beyond hoary platitudes on "the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of benevolence," unless, as is often the case, he substitutes the Gospel of Sociology for the outworn Gospel of Christianity.

The far-reaching evils inherent in the improper employment of children in mines, quarries, mercantile and manufacturing establishments can not be eradicated by a gently-spoken message of sweetness and light. So long as men can find it profitable to exploit children in unhealthy and unholy environments, they can be moved from this policy only by a process of rigidly enforced law, ending, if found necessary, in the penitentiary. Yet law accomplishes very little unless reenforced by a correct public opinion; and it is encouraging to note that the National Child Labor Committee which has done much to further the passage of suitable laws in many States, recognizes the limited usefulness of statute legislation. "While we struggle for laws that are essential to the structure of progress," said Mr. E. N. Clopper at the San Francisco Child Labor Convention, "at the same time we recognize the limitations of this legislative method. We must emphasize the coördinate duties of home, school, religion and government." No doubt, any steps toward the removal of child-labor may occasion temporary distress in the community where it has long existed. This fact has been cited by many an employer, to show the awful effects of laws which prevent ten-year-old children from working all night in a glass factory, or twelve hours a day in a cotton mill. "Temporary distress," however, can hardly excuse the continuance of conditions which tend to perpetuate physical and moral evil in thousands of children.

By giving boys and girls a training which will make them useful members of the community, the parochial schools make their most valuable contribution to the general welfare of society. That they succeed in this task is fairly well recognized, but that the system relieves the State of heavy financial burdens is not, perhaps, equally well understood by the New York reformers who are proposing to tax them out of existence. Speaking before the Committee on Taxation of the Constitutional Convention, Mr. William D. Guthrie quoted figures which indicate the saving to the State made possible by the parochial schools. In New York City alone, the parishes care for 130,000 children for whom the State would otherwise be obliged to make provision. This would involve an initial expenditure of nearly thirty million dol-

lars for sites and buildings, and an annual per capita expenditure of forty dollars for the lower grades and one hundred dollars for the high schools. In spite of this, it is proposed to tax all property in excess of one hundred thousand dollars, held by the parochial schools.

> The public service now rendered by the parochial schools, said Mr. Guthrie, in consideration of which they are allowed an annual tax-exemption of $540,000, would directly involve, if abandoned, an increased annual charge or tax of fully $7,550,000. This one item of saving in the city budget is not only fourteen times the annual exemption of schools from taxation, but is fully three times the aggregate of all tax exemption allowed for Catholic churches, hospitals, asylums, homes and schools.

Putting the matter on the lowest basis it would be financially unwise to put a prohibitive tax on the parochial schools. Even with their help the New York authorities can not provide suitable facilities for the children. Were the Catholic schools to be crippled or suppressed, additional financial burdens would be thrown upon a community which at present claims to be overburdened.

At the recent election in Chicago, utterly irrelevant questions of nationality and religion were brought to the front, to add an element of excitement to a process never notably calm and unimpassioned in that city. What influence they may have exerted is known, if at all, only to those who are acquainted with all the forces engaged in the contest. Shortly after the election, however, the Mayor received the following communication from the Chicago Church Federation Council:

> As you know, the United Protestant Churches put forth every possible effort at the recent elections in your behalf; our representatives stood at the door of every Protestant church in the city on Sunday, and distributed a letter signed by Harry Wheeler, George Dixon, Marquis Eaton and other prominent citizens. I am sure, therefore, that the wishes of the church people will receive consideration at your hands.

After this weighty preamble, the Association begs the Mayor to use every effort to defeat a bill pending in the Legislature, which would legalize prize-fighting. There can be no doubt that in thus addressing the Mayor, these Protestant clergymen were acting upon their legal rights, and that the picture of the Council's agents standing at the door of every Protestant church in the city to urge the election of their favorite candidate, will cause tears of joy to spring to the eyes of the uplifter. But one wonders what the action of the Protestant clergymen would have been, had the representatives of the Catholic societies of Chicago stood at the door of every Catholic church in Chicago, to present the claims of their candidates, and had they afterward reminded the Mayor of the excellent work they had accomplished in his behalf. The wild cries of the Protestant clergy-leagues, that the Church must take no part in politics would be more convincing, did these associations make their conduct conform more nearly with the creed which they so loudly proclaim.

The Board of Education in a little Long Island town recently chose the local Methodist church as the place of the High School graduation exercises. A Catholic member of the class protested, but the Board held that no interference with its rights could be tolerated. Thereupon the other graduates yielded, says a New York paper, to the Board's arrangement. This is an instance either of short-sightedness or of petty persecution of annual occurrence in thousands of small cities throughout the country. Year by year there is a protest from Catholics, who do not care to have their children compelled to attend a Protestant church and to listen to an address which, quite likely, will deal with the iniquities of the Catholic Church; and year by year, the cry of "Catholic bigotry" is raised by persons of ingrowing minds who can not see that their own intolerance is the cause of the difficulty. It is plain that were the proposal made to hold the school exercises under Catholic auspices, the frantic brays of this crowd would fracture the welkin. Let us have a little consistency. Long ago it was decided that religious influences in the public schools would shatter our noble Constitution into innumerable fragments. Theoretically we are still committed to that position. We have made our bed and we must lie upon it. Until the day of sanity returns, in which parents will be allowed to give their children an education of heart as well as of mind, without being fined for it, let us not raise a menacing hand against our venerable and tottering liberties, by holding public school exercises under auspices of the Methodist Church.

The body of Father Maturin who went down with the Lusitania was reclaimed and brought to London where a requiem Mass was celebrated for him in Westminster Cathedral on May 24. At Oxford too, where the lamented priest was formerly chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates a requiem Mass was sung on May 17 and the Abbot of Buckfast preached from the text, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters, and He said: come." The Abbot said:

> The mind of Father Maturin had all the elements for a great catastrophe; there was in him the scornful independence of the Irish mind, the white-heat animosity of the French Huguenot, the deep-seated prejudices of the English mind, yet his mental struggles ended in the possession of the fullness of peace. That he had struggled hard and long was evident, that he had worked out for himself the wonderful lessons contained in the Eight Beatitudes was manifest from his glowing power of communicating the truth he possessed; but his struggle had not been with the powers of darkness; like the patriarch of old, he had struggled with God Himself, and had not left the struggle until God gave His blessing at the approach of daylight. . . . For Father Maturin Catholicism was not merely a haven of peace; he loved it not so much for its security, but it was essentially to him a fullness of life, his whole character was life, his speech was life, his whole conception of Christianity was life, and he became a Catholic because he wanted a fullness of life. The permanent, unchanging things of Catholicism were merely conditions of life.

Survivors of the Lusitania disaster report that the lamented priest was last seen giving conditional absolution to the drowning.

By the death of the Reverend Timothy J. Brosnahan, S.J., which occurred in Washington, on June 4, the cause of Catholic education has suffered a severe loss. Born in Alexandria, Va., in 1856, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1872, and after the usual course of studies was ordained priest in 1887. Father Brosnahan's career was marked by devotion to the education of youth. With the exception of six years, 1892-1898, spent as president of Boston College, his life was given to the classroom. Boston, Georgetown, Woodstock and Baltimore were witnesses of his unflagging zeal in this holy cause. A brilliant thinker himself, he strove to develop in all his pupils habits of clear, systematic thought. His success in this is attested by many who came under his influence. Despite the labors of the classroom, Father Brosnahan found time to write. He was a frequent contributor to the *Messenger*, the *American Catholic Quarterly* and *Donahoe's Magazine;* he published a text book on ethics and at the time of his death was engaged in writing another volume on the same subject. Some years ago when Dr. Eliot saw fit to attack the Jesuit system of education, Father Brosnahan replied in a pamphlet, "President Eliot and Jesuit Colleges," which for brilliancy of style and cogency of argument deserves the highest rank among controversial literature. The dead priest leaves behind him many friends who will remember him with admiration for his simplicity of character and splendid gifts of intellect.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The deadlock in the west continues without modification. In spite of numerous engagements at many points of the line, the only change that has been announced is the final occupation of Neuville by the French. For weeks this has been the scene of bitter hand-to-hand fighting, and for some time both the Allies and the Germans have been in the town. The Germans have at last been obliged to retire and the place is now entirely in the possession of the Allies. Its capture, however, has had no appreciable influence on the general situation.

Bulletin, June 8, p. m.-June 15, a. m.

In the Shavli district the situation is unchanged, although further south on the Dubyssa the Russians have forced the Germans to retire. At other points in Poland there has been renewed German activity, especially north of Przasnysz and on the Rawka. In Galicia, the Austro-German drive towards Lemberg, after having been arrested along the river San, has been resumed on a front that stretches forty-three miles from Cyerniawa to Sieniawa, which has again been taken from the Russians. West of Mosciska, however, the Germans are encountering vigorous resistance. The Austrians also seem to have suffered considerably, but their movement from the south has been generally successful. They are fighting north of the Dniester at Mikolaiow; have captured, evacuated and recaptured Zurawno; and although they were forced to retire south of the Dniester at Bukaszowice, are still fighting at Halicz. Further to the southeast the Austrians have taken Stanislau and advanced from Nadworna to the vicinity of Ottynia. Before Kolomea their offensive has been checked, but in Bukowina it has driven the Russians beyond the river Pruth, and raided Bessarabia.

Poland, Galicia and Buckowina

In the Trentino the Italians have pushed forward a short distance at a number of points, but have accomplished nothing of importance. Along the Isonzo, however, they have had more success. Gradisca and Monfalcone are both in their hands. Neither of these places possessed great military strength, but are important strategically. Their fall will facilitate the Italian advance on Triest.

Italian Success

When the last meeting of the Cabinet was called to discuss the final form of the third note to Germany, Mr. Bryan was found to be absent. On being summoned by the President, he read the document, but declared that he could not in conscience assume responsibility for it by affixing to it his signature. Accordingly he tendered to the President his resignation, which was duly accepted, and followed by the temporary appointment of Mr. Lansing to the office of Secretary of State. The American press has been practically unanimous in expressing astonishment at what it calls Mr. Bryan's inconsistency, his peace policy not having prevented him from signing two former notes, which were identical in purpose and much less pacific in tone. Much regret has been expressed at the fact that the action of Mr. Bryan has further increased the difficulties of the President in his efforts to maintain honorable friendly relations with Germany, as it is thought that Germany may give to the late Secretary of State's resignation exaggerated importance.

Mr. Bryan's Resignation

The official reply made by the United States to the German note of May 28, was sent to Berlin on June 8, and published in the American newspapers on June 11. Its tone is admirable for courtesy, for absence of bluster or menace, and for dignified friendliness. Never-

The Third Note to Germany

theless it is unmistakable in clearness, and uncompromising in firmness. Expressing gratification over the attitude taken by the Imperial Government with regard to the Cushing and the Gulflight, and in particular over its "full recognition . . . of the principle of the freedom of all parts of the open sea to neutral ships," the American note reiterates our former pronouncements with regard to the issues raised by the loss of American lives involved in the sinking of the Falaba and the Lusitania:

> With regard to the sinking of the steamer Falaba, by which an American citizen lost his life, the Government of the United States is surprised to find the Imperial German Government contending that an effort on the part of a merchantman to escape capture and secure assistance alters the obligation of the officer seeking to make the capture in respect of the safety of the lives of those on board the merchantman, although the vessel had ceased her attempt to escape when torpedoed. These are not new circumstances. They have been in the minds of statesmen and of international jurists throughout the development of naval warfare, and the Government of the United States does not understand that they have ever been held to alter the principles of humanity upon which it has insisted. Nothing but actual forcible resistance or continued efforts to escape by flight when ordered to stop for the purpose of visit on the part of the merchantman has ever been held to forfeit the lives of her passengers or crew.

Taking up the contention, contained in the German note that "the Lusitania was undoubtedly equipped with masked guns, supplied with trained gunners and special ammunition, transporting troops from Canada, carrying a cargo not permitted under the laws of the United States to a vessel also carrying passengers, and serving, in virtual effect, as an auxiliary to the naval forces of Great Britain," the note makes the following answer:

> It was its [the United States] duty to see to it that the Lusitania was not armed for offensive action, that she was not serving as a transport; that she did not carry a cargo prohibited by the statutes of the United States, and that, if in fact she was a naval vessel of Great Britain, she should not receive clearance as a merchantman; and it performed that duty and enforced its statutes with scrupulous vigilance through its regularly constituted officials. It is able therefore to assure the Imperial German Government that it has been misinformed.

At the same time the United States professes itself willing to consider any convincing evidence that the German Government may have in its possession to prove that the officials of the United States did not perform their duties with thoroughness.

Having thus shifted the question and put upon the German Government the necessity of proving serious neglect on the part of American officials, the note declines the proposed discussion of two points raised by the German note. Whether or not the Lusitania carried contraband of war, and whether or not it exploded when struck by the torpedo, the United States regards as irrelevant. These contentions she sets aside as not affecting "the question of the legality of the methods used by the Germans in sinking the vessel"; and again calls the attention of the German Government to the broader issues involved in the incident:

> But the sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the cases, principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will no doubt be quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or of international controversy. Whatever be the other facts regarding the Lusitania, the principal fact is that a great steamer, primarily and chiefly a conveyance for passengers, and carrying more than a thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war, was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or warning, and that men, women and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare. The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished made it the duty of the Government of the United States to speak of these things, and once more, with solemn emphasis, to call the attention of the Imperial German Government to the grave responsibilities which the Government of the United States conceives that it has incurred in this tragical occurrence, and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests. The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than mere rights of property or privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every Government honors itself in respecting and which no Government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority.

The final judgment of the United States with regard to the sinking of the Lusitania is thus stated: "Only her actual resistance to capture or refusal to stop when ordered to do so for the purpose of visit could have afforded the commander of the submarine any justification for so much as putting the lives of those on board the ship in jeopardy." After assuring Germany that the Government of the United States would consider it a privilege to serve the world by helping towards a mitigation of the present horrors, she has expressed herself as waiting a formal invitation from the Imperial Government to use her good offices. In the meantime while carefully abstaining from any discussion of the provocation and justification which the German commanders may have believed themselves to have for their past actions, the note says flatly, that "the Government of the United States confidently looks to see the justice and humanity of the German Government vindicated in all cases where Americans have been wronged or their rights invaded." Then follows the most important paragraph in the communication:

> The Government of the United States therefore very earnestly and very solemnly renews the representations of its note transmitted to the Imperial German Government on the 15th of May and relies in these representations on the principles of humanity, the universally recognized understanding of international law and the ancient friendship of the German nation.

Reiterating its refusal to admit that the proclamation of a war zone may operate in any way "an abbreviation of the rights either of American shipmasters or American citizens bound on lawful errands," and taking for granted that Germany questions neither these rights nor "the established principle that the lives of non-combatants

can not lawfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of a non-resisting merchantman," the document closes with the words:

> The Government of the United States therefore deems it reasonable to expect that the Imperial German Government will adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice in respect of the safeguarding of American lives and American ships, and asks for assurances that this will be done.

Owing to Mr. Bryan's resignation, the note bears the signature of Robert Lansing, Secretary of State *ad interim*.

Belgium.—Taking occasion from the publication in American newspapers of extracts from the German "White Book," the Belgian legation at Washington has issued a document which summarizes the German accusations, and then cites facts in refutation:

Answer to "The White Book"

> The German Government accuses the Belgian civilian population of having risen *en masse* and taken arms against the invaders, and of having organized corps of *francs-tireurs*. The German Government also claims, in this document, that the Belgian Government gave free rein to the passions of the population, and alleges that Belgium's accusations against the German army were invented to hide her own crimes.

The Belgian legation declares these accusations to be false, and asserts that they are mere statements for which the German Government has brought forward no proof. It insists, moreover, that they are in direct contradiction to "facts duly proved and established":

> At the beginning of the war, the Belgian Government issued the following proclamation, the text of which was reproduced among the documents published by the Belgian Commission of Inquiry:
>
> 1. A circular of Mr. Berryer, Minister of the Interior, addressed under date of August 4, 1914, simultaneously to 2,700 communes of Belgium, by telegraph, reminding the population that acts of hostility against the invader were reserved exclusively to the army, the Civil Guard, and corps of Volunteers regularly organized. Portions of this circular are borrowed textually from the Hague Convention, such, for example, as the portion concerning the population of a territory spontaneously taking up arms on the approach of invaders, which faithfully reproduces article 2 of the Regulations annexed to The Hague Convention.
>
> 2. A notice from the same Minister inserted daily in the newspapers and publicly posted in the larger part, if not in all, of the communes of the country in the early part of August. This notice advised the civilian population to "abstain carefully from any act of hostility against the foreign troops," and characterized as both "criminal" and "imprudent" "any act of violence committed by a single civilian."
>
> In the majority of communes, the local authorities repeated this official warning in the form of notices or communal orders duly posted on the walls and other public places. Similar notices were still posted upon the walls of unfortunate cities at the moment of their destruction and were pointed out to the German officers.

With regard to *francs-tireurs* the legation asserts that "No organized *francs-tireurs* war existed in Belgium. No evidence has been brought to support this allegation, and the allegation is denied by the various Commissions of Inquiry."

On the question of the alleged participation of the Belgian clergy in hostile acts against the Germans, the Belgian legation appeals to the results of inquiries reached by the German Bureau "Pax." As for the treatment of priests by the Germans, it refers to the Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Mercier, to information concerning the death of forty-nine priests and religious, and to the condition of the bodies, some of which have been exhumed, examined, and found to be abominably mutilated. Touching the cruelties committed against German soldiers by the Belgians the document says:

> All the statements of the "White Book" concerning alleged cruelties committed by Belgians against the German soldiers are in striking contradiction to the depositions gathered by the two Commissions of Inquiry, the Commission presided over by Viscount Bryce, and the Belgian Commission. Moreover, the "White Book" does not produce any proofs to support its statements.

The document closes with a parallel which sets forth Belgium's and Germany's conduct in the war, and ends with the following statement: "Between these two collections of evidence, the Universe will judge, if it has not already done so."

France.—France, like Great Britain, is experiencing some difficulty in securing skilled workers for the manufacture of munitions. During the last few months, it was stated in debate in the Chamber of Deputies, the Government, absorbed with the problem of strengthening the forces engaged at the front, withdrew many experienced workers from the factories, leaving their places to be filled by apprentices, and in many cases by women. When the weakness of this policy was realized, a further blunder was committed, by recalling untrained men from the ranks, leaving the expert workmen with the army. In reply, M. Millerand, Minister of War, admitted that the plans of the Government had not met the success hoped for, but added that the abuses which had been overlooked in a time of stress were gradually being eliminated. More than six hundred and fifty thousand men are now employed by the munition branch of the army service.

Munition Workers

Germany.—An extension of the German Empire beyond its present frontiers, to guard against future attack, was predicted, according to an Amsterdam despatch, in a speech made at Munich by King Ludwig of Bavaria. The King's speech is interpreted as meaning that Germany intends to retain Antwerp and the northern part, at least, of Belgium, and is the first noteworthy statement given by any German ruler, foreshadowing the possible intentions of Germany regarding territorial expansion. "Ten months have elapsed," said the King, "during which much precious blood has been shed, but

Expansion of the German Empire

it has not been shed in vain. The fruits of the war will be the strengthening of the empire, with extension beyond the old frontiers as far as is necessary to secure it against future attack." No official importance can be attached to the King's remarks. The *Vorwärts,* the Berlin Socialist organ, says that since discussion in the press of the aims of the war is forbidden, "we must content ourselves with the declaration that the speech is diametrically opposed to the war aims of German social democracy."

Great Britain.—Despite strong opposition from labor leaders, the Munitions Bill has passed the House of Commons. "It is very difficult to eradicate suspicion," commented the London *Chronicle,* "and some members thought that the bill was a subtle attempt to apply compulsion to the working classes in this country." "The Government," said Mr. J. H. Thomas, a Labor member, in the course of debate, "will never get what it wants by pointing a pistol at the head of labor. Let the Government say what it wants, and the labor leaders and the workers will quickly rectify any mistakes that may have been made." If any relaxation of the trade union rules was to be asked, he thought that the Government should guarantee the resumption of these rules at the close of the war. John Dillon saw in the bill an attempt to establish a dictator. "We must take care that the war does not result in the introduction of Prussianism into this country." In his Bristol speech on June 12, Mr. Lloyd George said that the Field Marshal had authorized the return of skilled workers from the front, to be employed in the manufacture of munitions.

The Munitions Bill

The Premier has announced that the response to Kitchener's appeal for three hundred thousand recruits has been satisfactory. He also reported in Parliament, that the total number of men for the army and navy thus far authorized was three million two hundred thousand. To set at rest the uneasy rumors that large forces had been mobilized secretly and that this policy would continue, the Premier said that this number would not be exceeded without authorization from Parliament. Great Britain's losses in men are 50,342 killed, 153,980 wounded, and 53,747 missing. These figures include the period from August of last year to May 31.

Recruiting

Ireland.—The dissatisfaction caused by the appointment of Sir Edward Carson, the organizer of revolt in Ulster against an Act of Parliament, to the Attorney-Generalship of England has been intensified by the offer of the Lord High Chancellorship of Ireland to Right Hon. James Campbell, his ablest lieutenant. As the Chancellor makes the nominations to all judicial and magisterical offices, and already the administration is in the hands of the very arbitrary Sir Matthew Nathan, who is acceptable only to the Ulsterites, Mr. Campbell's appointment would give the whole Government of Ireland to the bitterest enemies of Home Rule. Mr. Redmond's opposition induced Mr. Asquith to continue the present incumbent, Ignatius O'Brien, in the Lord Chancellorship, but his subsequent announcement of the appointment of Hon. John Gordon, another conspicuous Carsonite, to the Attorney-Generalship of Ireland, is equally unsatisfactory. Thus the Attorney-Generals of England and Ireland, the officials responsible for the execution of law, would be men who until last July were preaching and organizing armed resistance to the law.

Discontent with the Government

Mexico.—On June 12 the rival Mexican leaders sent their answers to President Wilson's demand that prompt and united action be taken for "the relief and redemption" of Mexico. Carranza's response is in the form of a proclamation to the Mexican people. Its chief points are these:

Carranza's Proclamation

> Contention that the United States should recognize the Constitutionalists. Declaration that the Carranzistas control all seaports but one and have authority established over twenty of the twenty-seven Mexican States and nine-tenths of the population. Assertion that the Mexican National Congress will call an election for President and that the "first chief" will deliver over executive authority to the President so chosen. "Notwithstanding that one of my first actions was to send a note to the State Department, one of the greatest difficulties has been a lack of mutual understanding with the countries of the world, including the United States," Carranza states, complaining of the non-recognition policy of this nation. He said events were now shaping themselves so that closer relations were probable. "The Constitutionalist Government is now in actual possession of sovereignty," is another assertion. "I think the time has come to call attention to the opposing factions of the futility of their action," Carranza adds. "I exhort these factions to submit to Constitutionalist government." In settling the land question, Carranza says confiscation of the "cientificos" land will not be resorted to, the plan being to distribute Government land not already parceled out and to purchase other land. Extension of public education is also promised.

Carranza's claims, however, appear to be exaggerated for Villa still controls a large portion of central and northern Mexico; there are other chiefs who rule like tyrants over certain sections, and the Villa and Carranza armies are still at a deadlock.

Villa, in his answer to the President's demand, maintains that the American Government has "no right to take any part in the settlement of our internal affairs," lays on Carranza the responsibility for Mexico's present condition, but denies that the country is as wretched as has been represented. Villa's assertions regarding the happiness of Mexico, however, are scarcely borne out by the latest reports from that country. The American Red Cross has as yet been unable to send supplies to the interior, where the population is starving. Hundreds of people, many of them children, are said to be dying of hunger in Mexico City.

Villa's Note

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Athletics and Scholarship

PHYSICIANS declare that athletics are not good for health; prominent educators who have investigated their relation to morals, are quite ready to admit that their enduring effect on character, is rather dubious. There is left, however, the question of their effect on scholarship. There is no doubt that athletics take up so much time that they hamper the acquisition of information, but then information is not education; the important element in education is development of mind. It is urged that the training required for many of the sports is actually a fine sharpening of faculties and an education in itself.

This is just another of the assumptions with regard to the effect of athletics which needs to be tested by actual observation. Dr. H. D'Arcy Power, of San Francisco, once wrote an article on "The Effect of Competitive Athletics on Scholarship," that is interesting reading. It appeared in the California *State Journal of Medicine* for October, 1913. Dr. Power was a member of the committee appointed by the State Medical Society of California to investigate the effects of athletic training in the high schools and universities. As his colleagues on the committee were devoting themselves to a consideration of ultimate physical effects he thought it might be a useful division of labor if he concentrated on a study of the mental side of the question. Through a post card *questionnaire* to which a large number of replies were obtained, he secured a significant series of opinions with regard to the effect of athletics on intellectual effort.

An analysis of the replies to the questions shows that sixty per cent. of all the teachers to whom they were sent, expressed the belief that the athlete is naturally disinclined to study. High school instructors place the number of athletes who are not inclined to study as high as seventy-five per cent. The second inquiry as to the falling off in scholarship is answered by an equal proportion of high school and university professors, and seventy-five per cent. of each group are agreed from direct observation that men in training are distinctly lower in class work. Some of Dr. Power's correspondents are quite explicit on this point. The surprise is that twenty-five per cent. of the answers should be to the effect that there was no such falling off. Some of us would be quite sure that the men who sent in *that* answer were very largely prejudiced for some reason in favor of athletics.

The answers to the other questions are still more striking. Ninety-four per cent. state that concentration on mental work is weakened and some think that it is quite destroyed by athletics; eighty-six per cent. note that there is a weakening of memory; eighty-three per cent. that there is weakening of will power; seventy-eight per cent. feel that there is a distinct loss of power to reason, apparently as the result of distraction and failure to occupy the mind properly with serious concerns.

I need scarcely say that the power of concentration of mind is the most important product of education. Education has been defined as the ability to apply the mind to a subject that one does not like for two hours continuously and thus make something out of the subject. This represents mental control, the most important result of education. It has long been recognized that the distractions of competitive athletics are particularly hard on concentration. Athletic authorities themselves acknowledge this by supplying special coaches for athletes and by holding "quizzes" and other forms of adventitious aid. Now, if there is anything in the world that impairs the value of education it is the helping of candidates over examination fences by such methods. Not infrequently the special tutors and coaches know the peculiarities of professors well and teach these students to answer, as far as possible, according to the mind of the professor, following his crotchets and responding to his vanities so that the marks may be better. Moreover, at smaller colleges particularly, professors who know that men have given time to "supporting the honor of the house," working for the college team, and so on, are almost involuntarily led, if they have any interest in athletics, to be easy on such men. In spite of these favoring factors seventy-five per cent. of the men fall in scholarship, though universities were established for scholarship and high schools are supposed to lead up to it, and nearly nineteen out of every twenty of those engaged in competitive athletics are noted as losing in power of concentration of mind!

More interesting still is the declaration that eighty-three per cent. of athletic students show weakening of will power. In the last article I discussed the question of athletics and character and made certain allowances as to the value of athletics in this regard, which manifestly a great many teachers of much wider and more recent experience than mine would not concede. Just how this loss of weakening of will power is determined I do not know. It is evidently with regard to studies and serious occupations. In the course of a series of conversations with teachers here in New York City during the past three months I have had many confirmations of it. They find that athletes lack self-control, have a tendency to become bullies, get to be rather foolishly vain and conceited, and above all have very little power to settle down to serious work. A paragraph from Dr. D'Arcy Power's article sums up the fact that not only do competitive athletics have the unfortunate effect of impairing mental control, but also that the students selected for athletic teams are just those who already lack more than others concentration of mind. The students who have certain mental abilities in a high degree may not be those seriously injured by athletics, but the athletes are just the ones who need a different

training from that which is given them in connection with competitive sports. Dr. Power says:

> Admitting that physical training is desirable though not indispensable, is competitive athletics a proper form of such training? The first point to be observed is that competitive teams are recruited from a small part of the student body. Let us ask what part? From the poorly developed, who need and would be benefited by exercise or training? We opine not. Such material does not provide the sinews of war. Do they represent the sensory type of mind, with its tendency to excessive introspection, suspended judgment, and slowness to act; whose possessors, even when muscular, would be benefited by the training of the campus? Again we opine not. The man who takes to competitive athletics as a duck to water is the individual of motor type, whose energies constantly bubble into muscular action, who naturally acts on the spur of the moment. He is of the fluid attention, who never learns to study. To such men competitive athletics is as easy as mental work is hard. But they not only do not need training along these lines, but all such training tends to further fix their unfortunate natural tendencies. The athlete must act, not think; so the greater the perfection of their technique the more automatic the working of their minds. Competitive athletics train the wrong man, physically and mentally. The view here propounded that the man who goes in for exercise is by nature averse to study is not only based on the psychological principles set forth, but is supported by the observation of the majority of teachers.

The conclusion thus reached would surely be echoed by all those who are deeply interested in the subject and have been observing conditions in our schools. Under the competitive athletic system those who need exercise the most and who would be benefited by it, whose mental capacity would probably be increased by a healthy interest in sports and games, whose senses would be trained to acuteness, whose muscles would be taught to respond to their wills, with speciál reflex action on their wills for good, take no active part. Those on the contrary who need that mode of training the least are entirely absorbed by it. Many of the character faults due to the preponderance of the physical element in these boys are thus emphasized and the place of the intellectual life is minimized. Teachers everywhere will confirm this and while there are exceptions by which bright students are also clever athletes, these are so rare as to constitute literally the exception that proves the rule to the contrary, and besides "for the honor of the house" and "the sake of the team" these young men are asked to make sacrifices of time and scholarship during the precious formative years.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Thoughts on Heredity*

IN the last article we saw that inheritance was a fact recognized by everybody and that the only reason why we refuse to wonder at it is because like other wonderful yet everyday facts, such as the growth of a great tree from a tiny seed, it *is* so everyday that we have ceased to wonder at it. It is there: we know that. But have we any kind of idea how it comes about? The duck does not, as a matter of common experience, come out of a hen's egg. Why does it come out of a duck's egg? Why doesn't it come out, if only rarely, from a hen's egg? In other words do we know what it is that explains inheritance or how it is that there is such a thing as inheritance? Well candor obliges me to say that we do not. In spite of all the work which has been expended upon this question we are totally ignorant of the mechanism of heredity. Nevertheless it will be instructive to glance at the theories which have been put forward to explain this matter.

All living things spring from a small germ, and in the vast majority of cases this germ is the product in part of the male and in part of the female parent. It is, therefore, natural that we should in the first place turn our attention to this germ and ask ourselves whether there is anything in its construction which will give us the key of the mystery. There is not, at least there is nothing definite as shown by our most powerful microscopes. To be sure there is a remarkable substance, called chromatin because of its capacity for taking up certain dyes, which evidently plays some profoundly important part in the processes of development. We may suspect that this is the thing which carries the physical characteristics from one generation to another, but we can not prove it and though some authorities think that it is, others deny the fact. Even if it be it can hardly be supposed that microscopic research will ever be able to establish the fact and that for reasons which must now be explained.

Let us suppose that we visit a vast botanic garden and in the seed-time of each of the plants therein contained, select from each plant a single ripe seed. It is clear that, if we take home that collection of seeds, we shall have in them a miniature picture of the garden from which they were culled, or at least we shall be in possession of the potentiality of such a garden, for, if we sow these seeds and have the good fortune to see them all develop, take root and grow, we shall actually possess a replica of the garden from which they came. Not exactly, it may be urged, for the distribution or arrangement of the seeds must have been carefully looked to, if the gardens are to resemble each other, otherwise than in the mere possession of identical plants. I admit the truth of this but can not here discuss it since it would take me too far from the main argument. At any rate we should have the same things in both gardens.

On this analogy, many have suggested that every organ in the body, we must go further and say every marked feature in every organ in the body, is represented in the germ by a seed which can grow, under favorable circumstances, into just such another organ or feature of an organ. This was the theory put forward by Darwin under the name of "pangenesis" and by others under other titles with which it is unnecessary to burden these pages. All these theories have been summed together under the name "micromeristic" that is small-fragmented;

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* The second of a series of three articles.

since they all postulate the existence in the germ of innumerable small fragments—seeds—which are capable of growing into complete plants or organs under favorable circumstances. Again this, even if true, does not by any means exhaust the matter, for it does not explain why the seed of the eye implants itself and grows in the right place in the head instead of making a home for itself, let us say, in the sole of the foot. But again we must pass over that matter.

There is nothing inherently impossible in this theory, indeed, if we allow that the transmission of inheritable characteristics is purely material, and it may be, there is hardly any other conceivable way in which it can occur. It is true that the seeds must be almost innumerable, but the germ, though small, is capable of accommodating an almost innumerable number of independent factors, if the prevalent views as to the constitution of matter are to be believed. And, as it is quite inconceivable that we can ever have microscopes which could detect such minute objects as the ultimate bricks of which the atom, not to speak of the atoms themselves, which compose the germ, consist, it is impossible that we should be able to say that the seed-theory is untrue. Even if we could see these ultimate constituents it is in the last degree unlikely that they would have any resemblance to the things which are, on the theory, to grow from them, any more than the acorn resembles the oak which is to spring from it.

But observe! the germ on this view must contain not only seeds from the immediate parents but from many, perhaps, all, of the older generations of the family, otherwise how are we to account for the appearance of ancestral peculiarities which the father and mother do not show? Moreover, since very minute things, like the inner angle of the eyebrow may independently vary, there must be an enormous number of seeds apart altogether from the considerations alluded to in the last paragraph. And many authorities who have closely considered the question have come to the conclusion that the complexities introduced would be so great that it is impossible to believe in any micromeristic theory.

Then, of course, we must look out for some other explanation and some have suggested that it is to be found in memory, the memory of the germ of what it was, once part of and the anticipation of what it may once more be. This again is an explanation not susceptible of proof along the lines of a chemical experiment but not necessarily, therefore, untrue. Of course there are two ideas as to memory. If we are pure materialists and imagine every memory in our possession as something stamped, in some wholly incomprehensible manner, on some cell of our brain and looked at there, by some wholly inconceivable agency, when we sit down to think of past days, then we must look on the germ, under the "enemic" or memory theory as consisting of fragments each of them impressed with the "memory" of some particular organ or feature of the body and 'Lo! we find ourselves back again in micromerism. If we are to take a non-materialistic view of memory we are plunged into a metaphysical discussion which can not here be pursued. A third explanation, which by the way explains nothing is that the whole matter is one of "arrangement." This is the view put forward in the last Presidential Address to the British Association and something more must be said about it in the last of these papers.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Christ and Woman

MODERN literature abounds in references to Christ's attitude towards woman. In view of the false impressions frequently created it is important to understand aright the Scripture lesson upon this point. They regard both the equality of the sexes and the distinction between them in God's spiritual kingdom upon earth.

The first and most obvious fact to be gathered from the Gospel records is the total absence of discrimination between man and woman on the part of Christ wherever there is question of the "one thing necessary." For both the same commandments are given and the same law of love; upon both are conferred the same general means of sanctification and spiritual perfection; both are encouraged by the same promise of reward and deterred from evil by the same threat of everlasting punishment. Together they are to be, at the resurrection of their glorified bodies, "as the angels of God in heaven." For like to those pure spirits they shall then "neither marry nor be married." They who are "accounted worthy of that world" are henceforth, in the words of Our Divine Lord, "equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." (Luke xx, 36) Surely a glorious consummation of woman's highest hope as of man's supreme ambition.

If to both, therefore, is pointed out the same sublime height of perfection as the goal of all their endeavors, both must likewise observe the same essential condition that they may attain to it: "Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The quarrel for mere worldly preeminence, which has extended even to the mutual relations between the sexes, can have no place among the true children of God. "Whosoever will be the first among you shall be the servant of all," is the law of Christ's kingdom. "For the Son of man also is not come to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a redemption for many." There is only one royal road for all and that is the road of the Cross.

Yet a distinction is made by Our Lord between the sexes, and is most strictly observed by Him in His spiritual kingdom upon earth, where there is question of the outward ministry. He best knew the nature of man and woman, for in love God had made them both. In studying, therefore, His divine dealings with woman it is well that we hold ourselves aloof from the clamor and

passion of the modern world and reverently take our place, in the silence of Bethany, at the feet of Christ.

Throughout the mortal life of Our Saviour woman's place was close indeed to His Sacred Person and closer still to His Divine Heart. Her service was first and foremost that of motherhood. The fact that the Eternal Word chose to be born of a woman, to be tabernacled within her breast and cradled upon her heart, has given to woman a sacredness and exaltation of which nothing can ever deprive her. Her service in the second place was one of intercession. Who can tell how greatly the faith and love of those two noble types of womanhood, the sisters of Lazarus, moved Christ to call back their brother from the dead! At Mary's word of salutation to Elizabeth, the infant Baptist was sanctified and at her prayerful suggestion the first public miracle was worked by Christ in Cana of Galilee. Woman's service, in the third place, consisted in ministering to Him, as the Gospels relate.

Whatever form, therefore, woman's service assumed, it was always, without exception, of a private or domestic, never of a public official nature. At no time was woman chosen by Christ for the outward ministry, for the preaching of the Gospel and the dispensing of the Sacraments. She was not numbered among the Apostles nor commissioned with the disciples. Christ's lambs and sheep were not entrusted to her and the government of His Church was not placed upon her shoulders. The distinction here could not have been drawn more definitely.

If these dispensations of divine love and wisdom are unintelligible to modern worldlings, they offer no difficulties to those who like Christ are meek and humble of heart. "I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it seemed good in thy sight." The things of the spirit can never be understood by the children of the world. The salve of humility has never been laid upon their eyes that they might see.

To the faithful soul God's ineffably holy will is reason sufficient for all that He may do. But does exclusion from the public functions of the spiritual ministries of Christ's kingdom necessarily imply a lesser love for woman on His part? Which of the Apostles could be compared with the immaculate Mother of God? Yet the power of forgiving sins and the mission of preaching the word was never given to her. She who loved and reared and nourished the Divine Victim for the world's redemption, was never to offer Him up in the sacrifice of the Mass.

Difference of function between man and woman can not, therefore, be accepted as the final standard of excellence. Our only true worth is the rank we occupy in the registry of God's nobility. Degrees of grace and not of office determine our nearness to His Throne.

Woman's place was in the affections of Christ and not in His award of public functions. Of the greatness and tenderness of His divine love for woman the Gospels offer abundant evidence. The final test of this love, the laying down of His life, was given alike to both the sexes. How delightful, too, Our Lord's divine conversation with Martha and Mary in the home of Bethany, how tender His love for the mothers with their children, how inexpressible the gentleness of heart with which He shielded the penitent woman and instructed the Samaritan at Jacob's well. It was He who gave to woman the exalted position she occupies in the Catholic home, by exalting the marriage contract to a sacrament, making man and woman one in Him. The depth of Christ's love for woman can in some way, be estimated by the generosity and devotion it awakened in her and the marvel of her fidelity to Him. When the Cross was raised on Golgotha the world was witness to the faithfulness of woman. "And here," reads the sacred text, "were many women afar off, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him." The hooting of the rabble, the fierceness of the executioners, the hatred of the Jews could not intimidate them. And when the body of Jesus was at last laid into the tomb, and Joseph of Arimathea had rolled the great stone to the door and departed, "there was there Mary Magdalen and the other Mary sitting over against the sepulchre." So again, early in the morning, the first day of the week, whom do we find upon the road to the garden, bearing sweet-scented spices for the anointing of their Lord, but the holy women? In the darkness of the early hours Mary Magdalen had anticipated even them, and great was her reward. What worlds of tenderness and love in those two words alone: "Mary," "Rabboni." This very fidelity of woman, to which the centuries were likewise to bear witness, is itself an evidence of God's affection for her. It reveals to us above all the strong chords of love with which the Heart of Jesus had bound her to itself. For her were reserved His first visits of consolation after His glorious resurrection.

Woman's place, therefore, must still be near to Christ's Divine Person, ministering to Him or His members, bringing to Him her little ones fashioned to His likeness, mothering all mankind in its needs and in its sorrows, pouring out in lavishness upon the Master's head and feet her ointment of all preciousness, filling the wide spaces of the Church with the sweetness of her sacrifice, winning for Him the hearts of men by the power of her intercession and inspiring them by her words and her example, abiding in fidelity beneath the outstretched arms upon the Cross, and ever receiving in fullness, the first divine consolations of His love. Her home will then be with Christ, where the humblest are the highest. Such, in part at least, is woman's sublime vocation in the Church of God. It is impossible to measure how far her influence may reach; it will be deep as life and will continue.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Our Young Men

II

I SAID in my first paper that having written so much concerning the dangers which menace young men's faith and morals, I had not left myself space to propose a remedy, and must leave that to a second paper.

I placed newspapers high up on my list of dangerous things; newspapers, magazines, and books. Of course, I mean secular newspapers; secular magazines, and non-Catholic books. On Sunday mornings I watch Catholics leaving the church and buying newspapers as they come down the steps. Those who do not buy thus usually have had them delivered already at their homes. At home, father will devote himself to the news and the sporting pages; daughter will secure the magazine, and "society" and theatrical sections; brother—well, big brother will have his own paper all to himself, and little brother will fight with little sister over the comic pages. Mother? She probably will have to attend to the preparation of dinner. And in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the paper will be vividly "yellow." It will reek with the rank fumes of sin and filth. It will either bristle with hostility to religion; or, what is worse, it will be steeped in the seductive spirit of religious indifferentism.

Seductive? Yes; for by nature we human beings shrink from strain and effort, especially at those times when we wish to relax. Sunday, for most of us, seems to be a day of relaxation, the relaxation of body and mind, instead of a day for the bracing of the spirit against the inevitable slackening produced by the week of life and work in the world that has gone before. Indifferentism to religious considerations; or the spirit of equal tolerance of religion and anti-religion, such as the big Sunday newspapers in my city showed recently when on one page of its highly-colored magazine it printed a picture of Our Lord rising from the tomb, and on the reverse page a picture of slimly dressed ladies with peek-a-boo parasols—this deadly danger of religious indifferentism is fertile in devising many comfortable, amusing, entertaining ways of leading the mind and the soul far off from that constant attention to danger which is absolutely requisite in this world of many dangers.

Is this a distressingly difficult doctrine—to affirm what we all say we believe, namely, that we *do* live amid dangers, and thet we *do* require to be ever watchful? Well, it certainly does seem too difficult for a vast number of young men. They prefer to pass it by and to yield a soft, weak consent to the world's sensual, distracting, and irreligious allurements and suggestions, which fill the pages of the secular press. Yet I think that no serious Catholic can doubt that most of the reading matter of the day is nothing but a drug for souls; an insidious narcotic at best, and often a virulent poison; and I must say that my personal opinion is that Catholics of the younger generation, with few exceptions, appear to be as much addicted to its debilitating and perilous use as most other young people.

What applies to the press is true also of the theaters, of the cabarets, the dancing halls, and the saloon; all these are freely frequented by Catholic young men, and generally they are nothing but nets set for their souls, baited or disguised with the enticements of sensual pleasures, usually of a grossly immoral kind. Do I sound like some dour Puritan? I hope not; but come now, is the case not so? Heaven forbid I should say anything to condemn or dampen gay spirits and true joy in life! Catholicism, as I understand it, leads to anything but that. I do not want to see young men all "dismal Jemmys," and our girls all "solemn Sarahs," arrayed in dun, or dusty black, and creeping through life like mutes at a funeral. But just the same, as one who has lived much in the world as it is, I do not propose to shut my eyes to the staring fact that most of the amusements, pastimes, pleasures, and recreations of the day in which Catholic young men mingle with non-Catholics are dangerous to their faith and their morals.

And as for such societies as the Y. M. C. A., and all other organizations formed by others than Catholics, and conducted by others than practical Catholics, I have the same uncompromising objection. A Catholic defender of the Y. M. C. A., in a recent number of AMERICA, has the ineffable boldness to say: "The Y. M. C. A., *recognizing that high morality can best be attained by means of physical training* . . . has attained a world-wide success." Imagine such a statement coming from one who says he is a Catholic! Does it not show to what an extent the modern poison of Protestant and atheistical rationalism has seeped into the thought of young men? For if it is true that high morality can best be attained by physical means, such as gymnasiums, running tracks, boxing gloves, swimming tanks, etc., then Catholicism is obviously wrong, and the sooner its churches are turned over to the Y. M. C. A. to be converted into gymnasiums, or to the Socialists and sociologists, to be transformed into "social service centers," and debating halls, and so forth, the better for Society. This idea that morality is a matter of physical, material factors, and is not fundamentally based upon supernatural reasons, has a strong and tremendously extended grip upon the thought of the world. The dangers which it produces confront our young men at every moment of their lives, at every turning of their ways. This idea is the spirit of socialism. It also inspires the destructive activities of these volatile, obsessed men and women—especially women—who have become inoculated with the sickening virus of sexual curiosities and fascinations disguised as "racial duties," "social service," etc., and who run about gabbling of "sex hygiene" and "eugenics," messing up the magazines and newspapers, making the public schools worse than ever, and, unfortunately, impressing a number of people who ought to know better since they claim to be Catholics.

Linked with this idea goes another—the idea of worldly success. The first idea proclaims that its mission is to turn this world into Utopia; free it from poverty, sickness, labor, sorrow, and at long last, probably, even death—though some of the high priests of this humanism chant ecstatic strophes about "the beautiful necessity of death: twin brother of life." It seeks to make young men believe that men, of their own power, by their own will, through "brotherhood"—a brotherhood sans the Fatherhood of God, what a monstrous thing!—and by means of art and culture and science and cooperation, and God only knows what else, can shape this world to their own idolatrous images of comfort and ease and pleasure. The blood-and-fire fumes drifting this way from blasted Europe should be answer enough to that frightful fallacy. The second idea very cunningly tells young men that the best way to help on the coming of Utopia, or the best thing anyhow, and never mind Utopia, is first of all to feather one's own nest thoroughly, to grab one's own personal share, or a little bit more (it will come in handy) of goods, and wealth, and pleasure, and success, and position in life—not in eternal life, but in this transitory, passing life. And how they go to it! Catholic young men are well up in that mad race. They may remind themselves for the space of one Mass on Sundays, and an annual or semi-annual turning aside to the Sacraments, that there is another life, and another world, and another success, and by just that much, "handicap" themselves in the race; but they soon put on extra steam and spurt to make up, apparently, for the lost time and the distracted energy. What shall we do to help them? We must all work hard for the fostering of the supernatural reasons for faith and morals in our young men. Our societies and clubs and organizations of all sorts are good: I have nothing but praise for them; but they are not enough. Protestant and non-religious bodies and individuals can nearly always do better than we can do in such societies, simply because they are experts in material and physical matters, and we are not, and, let us pray, never will be, except as we work in such ways from the inside to the outside, from the spirit to the form. The most practical and efficient organizers and workers that the world has ever seen: the founders of our great religious Orders—which are the true type of really effective "social service"—were first of all great mystics, living in constant, daily, hourly, continual consciousness of the supernatural world. Truly, I believe, that what young men need to help them to-day is not a further organization of clubs and sodalities and societies, and so forth. Those we have are excellent, and are to be encouraged; but the chief need seems to me for our clergy not to give one step of their strongest position away, but to advance still more and more their own knowledge that what our young men need is a fuller, much fuller measure of sacramental life; an extension of reliance upon prayer and daily, habitual employment of its power; a cultivation of an ampler acquaintance with our saints and holy souls, and a following of their example. I should like to see missions to young men multiply everywhere. I should like to see retreat houses opened for their use in every city and town. I should like to see the supernatural religious side of Catholic life insisted upon day in and day out, so that the only real protection against evil, the only adequate help to faith and morals, namely, the awakened and powerful conscience, will guide and guard our young. May the day come when in some gild of St. Joseph—the greatest saint of the hidden life of prayer, and the saint of work and service, too—a gild extending to every parish in our land, young men will be taught how to live a life of prayer in the world of work and duty, so that the spirit of prayer may be active in all the sodalities and societies, fertilizing and nourishing them all.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The Louisiana Leper Home

TWENTY years ago, the subconscious poison of leprosy made itself apparent on the surface of Louisiana society, with the alarming shock that a long unrecognized evil causes. While the greater number of cases brought to notice were of the poorer classes, wealth had its victims too. Awakened at last to the menace of the disease, the State of Louisiana purchased the present location of the segregation camp, at Indian Village, Iberville Parish, and took active measures to stamp out the plague. Four miles from a railroad, in the woods, on the banks of a turgid, sluggish river, the camp's isolation is complete. The main building selected for the resident corps of nurses was an old colonial mansion which had once been the scene of gay revelries.

The State interned as many lepers as it could seize, and placed nurses and doctors of its own selection there, but they revolted. The duties were too loathsome, the isolation too insupportable. Even science demands what it calls "suitable accommodations" for its researches. Furthermore, the "graft" of politicians, which seems inseparable from State appropriations, was working havoc with the funds. After a year's experimentation, it became manifest that the enterprise could not be thus carried on. Yet the free roaming of lepers throughout the State was not to be thought of. The officials were downcast and perplexed; until some one bethought him of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md. In answer to their appeal the Superior replied that the case was so extreme that she would prefer to call for voluntary service. She did so with the result that every Sister of Charity in the United States, numbering approximately 1,500, volunteered to go.

They were accordingly established to the number required, in the one-time house of mirth, which was then in the ruins of abandonment. The ground floor was converted into stables, a combination of hostelry, hen-house and cow-barn, to which inevitably the kitchen was attached. The cackling and lowing mounted to the Sisters' dormitory above. The walls oozed moisture; the roof admitted torrents of rain; the plastering showed the bare ribs of architectural decay. As if this were not enough to test the courage of the Sisters, there soon came a visitation of Providence in the shape of a tornado. The roofs of the cottages which had been reared for the lepers were torn off, the barns were blown to the ground and the frightened animals joined in the general lamentation.

The Governor and his officials were notified of the calamity, and the Sisters were instructed by their Superior to attempt no

renovation before the official inspection was made, hoping that some recognition of their deplorable condition would follow, and an improvement succeed. The State sent workmen, who repaired the leper cottages, but left the Sisters' house untouched. Whereupon that valiant woman, the Superior, took boat, and presented herself to the Governor, who was at the time in New Orleans. So the state of affairs was reported to the Legislature. and an appropriation was made which enabled the Sisters to build new barns and to repair their house and the cottages of the lepers. The resident nursing Sisters now have an airy dwelling, with wide, high corridors, and stairways protected by old-time balustrades. A pretty little domestic chapel is located just above the main entrance.

Between the Sisters' house and the women's cottages, near the road and the levee, is the bungalow of the resident chaplain. It is surrounded by a fence enclosing flower gardens and little walks. The chaplain's only companions are his books, two bird dogs, his guns and the lepers by the sullen river. Before the lepers' cottages is a raised and railed boardwalk, and the dwellings of the men and women are separated by a high wooden fence. The entire camp is surrounded by ordinary fences, such as enclose any farm, but at the front, and in the rear, you may perceive what you might mistake for the judge's stand of a racecourse. There is stationed a man with a gun. Between the men's cottages and the women's cottages stands a quaint little Spanish-roofed, pebble-dashed chapel, where Our Lord dwells to-day among the lepers even more perpetually than when they came to Him of old.

In 1888 there were twenty-three patients. To-day there are 104. Sixty-two per cent. of them are males, eighteen per cent. negroes. The cottages are spotlessly clean, and kept in order by the patients who are able to work. Corridors, porches and grounds are cared for in turn by the lepers. They like to keep employed. Each has his own towels, soap, linen, etc. The men, as a rule, are recalcitrant and ungrateful; the women, more tractable, if not more appreciative. When this is remarked by the visitor, the Sisters smile and say: "What would you have? Only one returned to give thanks to Our Lord. 'Where are the nine?'" Here and there, saintly qualities of charity and abnegation develop. One young girl is regarded as a "Little Flower." She is sweet-faced, not yet much ravaged by the leprosy, speaks French charmingly and English with a halt. She hopes to be discharged "pretty soon," and can not conceive how she had ever contracted the scourge. Not two per cent., however, in twenty years have been discharged as cured, yet all speak of "getting well" and "going home soon."

On the top of the laundry of the camp, the Sisters conduct a little school for the children, about ten boys, ranging from seven to ten, and a few little girls, boys and girls being taught at different hours.

The Sisters, with sterilized gloves, spread ointment on lint and bandage the lepers. Every day they do this, cleansing the sores, tying up the wounds, cutting off the powdered bones. Not one Sister has contracted the disease in their nineteen years of service. The surgeon and the physician of the camp come from the city at stated intervals during the month, when they are called for major operations or complicated cases. The patients also receive daily internal treatment. The ordinary remedy used is Chaulmoogra oil, given in capsules or hypodermically injected. Hot baths administered daily keep the flesh clean and pliable, reducing the pain. Fever sets in at intervals, when the patient is put to bed and scientifically treated.

The gaiety, sympathy and good cheer of the Sisters in attendance are not assumed, but a genuine trait of supernatural origin. It is the marvelous gift of a relative reward, which anticipates Heaven. One of these Sisters, little more than a girl, of Boston parentage, appeared particularly happy as she bent over the loathsome blackness of a negro patient. "Surely," says the Mission priest, "these Sisters do not die. They simply lay down the forceps and bandages, draw off their rubber gloves, grasp the Crucifix, and await the call, "Come, well done!'"

Although not one Sister has contracted leprosy, they suffer much from malaria, prevalent on the low plain below the water level. During the most unfavorable months capsules of quinine are a part of the menu in the refectory. An altar association, with headquarters in New Orleans, maintains the chapel, one dollar a year being the membership fee. Twice a month the chaplain offers Mass for the members and once a month the Stations of the Cross are made for the same intention. Once a day the patients gather there to recite the Rosary for living and dead members.

The six Sisters in charge of the lepers are paid $100 a year each by the State, or an average of twenty-eight and one-half cents a day. Secular nurses could not be secured and retained at any price. The annual appropriation from the State is about $31,000. To this $40,000 has been recently added for repairs, heat, light and water requirements. Governor Hall is the only Governor who has ever visited the camp, needless fear of infection tending to keep visitors away. Governor Hall described his visit with enthusiasm, and is quoted by a New Orleans newspaper as saying:

> The Leper Home deserves all and more than we will ever do for it. If there was only some way of getting the people to go there and witness for themselves the self-denial and sacrifice of the Sisters who have gone there to devote the remainder of their lives in nursing the afflicted, conditions at the Home would be very different. . . . I am going to do all within my power to see that the State gives more of its public funds to help in a small degree to add to their comfort while living. If they can give up their lives, it does seem to me that we, the people of this State, should give more freely of our money for their comfort.

Until a year ago, no Protestant clergyman ever visited his charges there. Now a minister preaches there once a month and a small Protestant chapel is being erected at a cost of about $800.

E. S. CHESTER.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A Riddle

To the Editor of AMERICA:

AMERICA is making it plain that it is no longer safe, for even eminent men, to invent or to expand papal documents, to cast slurs at Jesuits, or to throw mud at promising marks such, for example, as the Brazilian Church. When statesmen like Mr. John Lind, litterateurs like Mr. William Dean Howells, churchmen like Mr. Bovard, and historians like Mr. Vedder, are not to have free range for their fancy, where in the name of the laughter of the gods, are we to look hereafter for gems of historical untruth? Must we henceforth content ourselves with the dismal imitations displayed by the *Menace?* Heaven forfend!

The serious thing, however, is not that a perennial source of mirth is blocked, nor that certain superior persons have written that which they do not attempt to make good, but that the estate of gentlemen seems to have fallen so low in high places that men may, seemingly without discredit, withhold their tongues and their pens from apology or defense, when publicly accused of publishing untrue statements. Have we come to the pass when a man may retain his full stature and station as an exemplary citizen and as a light to the youth of the country, while comfortably resting under the imputation that he has attributed to his neighbor, disgraceful teaching which in reality was never uttered? Can such men continue, without explanation or apology, to frequent exclusive clubs, to move in cultivated society, to contribute

to high-class magazines, to occupy pulpits before stunning congregations, while mere cheating at baccarat threw England into a ferment and shook many fine names into the dust bins?

If this may be done, since it is done, what is honor? And why should training in honor be made a nuisance to youth, and a fetish to age. What conceivable hurt can the lack of it be to the youth who contemplates the harmless result? It seems the high may indulge in lapses from it without damage; perhaps the low do not count; so what is the use of the thing anyhow? After all is Falstaff's code right? Indeed, "Can honour set to a leg?"

Do not think my words written in lightness. I want information. What is the correct procedure in smack, up-to-date etiquette (not to say morals), when a gentleman has made a misstatement, whether through lack of information or inadvertence, either of which was probably the case in the instances treated of by AMERICA? It goes without saying that if misstatements are made with knowledge, gentlemanliness is automatically lost. In such cases is silence, or eternity as you well name it after Carlyle, permissible from the standpoint of morals or from that of a gentleman? I can not think it is. But a luminous example to the contrary is set before me by four distinguished fellow-citizens, and I confess to indecision, considering the standing of the names involved, between instinctive principle and evident example. How can these men fail to speak, and speak plainly, not mincingly as two of them did, and retain their self-respect or the respect of others? Will some casuist riddle me this riddle?

Flagstaff, Ariz. M. J. RIORDAN.

A "Modern Friar" and Prior M'Nabb

To the Editor of AMERICA:

That letter of "Modern Friar" is an astounding document. The writer has not caught Prior M'Nabb's spirit: there's the difficulty. It is a long time since the asceticism and intellectualism of the Middle Ages were written down so simply and appealingly. "Modern Friar" should make a meditation, lash himself during the space of a *Miserere,* sing the *Salve Regina* and then reread the Prior's article. The meditation, the penance, the chant would remove him from this age of apartments and waistcoats "marked down" and automobiles, and give him a vision of a garden of simplicity, with the atmosphere of the Middle Ages: the rereading would do the rest.

New York. A MEDIEVAL MONK.

"The New Theater"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "New Theater" movement appears to have again proved a failure. The first step toward the revival of the enterprise was an invitation extended to Granville Barker, the English producer, to present a trial season of repertory in New York. With a cautiousness begot of their former costly experiment, the founders wished to determine beforehand with what degree of popular support their project was likely to meet under the direction of Mr. Barker. The first step, no matter how gratifying the result may have been to the sponsors of the movement, proved to be a step in the wrong direction. Financially a success, in the larger interests of the drama the season was a discouraging failure.

Of the four plays presented, two, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" did credit to the taste and craftsmanship of the producer. Yet both, from the standpoint of popularity, were comparative failures. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," soon after its first presentation, was relegated to Saturday matinee audiences of school-children. Where legitimate drama failed, however, vulgarity and immorality triumphed. It is needless here to analyze at length the other two plays, both from the pen of Bernard Shaw. An atheist's banal ridicule not only of Christianity, but of all religion, "Androcles and the Lion," should never have been tolerated in a Christian community. The depravity of Daudebat in "The Doctor's Dilemma" would have made a self-respecting pagan blush. Neither play, in the opinion of the reviewers, was conspicuous for artistic workmanship; neither presented exceptional opportunities to the producer. There were many other plays at Mr. Barker's command which would have much more happily exemplified his peculiar methods of production.

Why did he produce them? A fund approximating forty thousand dollars rendered him independent of the box office. Did he wish to give a practical demonstration of his oft-vaunted devotion to Shaw? A non-commercial theater is worthy of serious attention only on the condition that its ideal is more elevated than that of the commercial theater. Mr. Barker's artistic impulse may be higher, but his standards in the selection of plays are by no means more elevated than are those of the average showman. If Mr. Barker is made director of the New Theater and permitted to follow the policy outlined during his late season, another show house will have been added to the already lengthy list of Broadway, but the great New Theater, founded upon the cornerstone of art and morality, will be as vague a dream as ever.

New York. THOMAS LANGTON.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A communication from the pen of "A Layman" in AMERICA of May 29, is entitled "Wasted Money." This good Catholic gentleman and some of his professional friends "discussed with much pleasure several topics of interest to Catholics, one of which was the extravagant and, from a Catholic standpoint, useless expenditure of money for floral tributes at funerals."

This custom, if I may judge by what seems the spirit, if not the strict letter, of his communication, "A Layman" would replace by the very good and pious practice of having Masses offered for the dead person's soul. "A Layman" and his friends seem to have overlooked an important consideration in their calculations. Evidently "A Layman" is not in the floral business, either as grower or as dealer. From the "florist's standpoint," floral tributes at funerals are not a "useless expenditure" of money.

Floral offerings at funerals are a "pagan custom"? I have heard of persons who wanted to suppress tears as being unchristian, forgetting, I suppose, that "Jesus wept" at the tomb of Lazarus, and that His Apostle bids us "weep with them that weep." The members of the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, never suspected that they were indulging in a "simply pagan custom" when they contributed an expensive floral piece on the occasion referred to by "A Layman." And they have no reason to be troubled over it. I do not know at this moment whether pagans were in the habit of sending flowers to homes on the occasion of a bereavement; but, if they were, what of it? Not everything that pagans have done is a "pagan custom," by any means. Pagans, like Cornelius mentioned in the Acts, prayed and gave alms. These were not pagan customs. They are human customs, prompted by such naturally good sentiments, when they are not prompted by God's actual grace as may be in the human heart, even after the fall of man. Now, Catholics are human—at least before a retreat by the Jesuit Fathers!—and they too have sentiments toward the dead and toward the stricken relatives of the dead, sentiments whose expression is about as natural as to speak or to breathe, and flowers, by their very nature, voice the feelings of the heart as eloquently as words, and, ordinarily, they cost more.

To the inspired writer the memory of the illustrious dead was as the beauty and fragrance of flowers: "Simon the high priest . . . shone in his days. . . . as the flower of roses in the days of the spring, and as the lilies that are on the brink of the water" (Eccl. 1: 1, 6, 8). Flowers—yes, a whole roomful of them—around the bier of the dead help to relieve the desolation and temper the bitterness of death, as they know into whose houses death has come and whose generous-hearted friends have attested their sympathy by floral tributes. Friends who will send flowers may be depended on to be generous enough, if they are of the household of the Faith, to remember also the departed soul. Those who bring floral offerings for the Altar usually make offerings for Masses also!

Here I am reminded of the course recommended to the Pharisees, when Our Lord said to them: "These things you ought to have done, and not to have left those undone" (Matt. xxiii, 23). Applied to the present case they would mean: "Send a floral offering to assuage a little the grief of the living, and do not fail to have a Mass offered, and to say your rosary, for the soul of their dead." And the one act no less than the other, a Christian can supernaturalize. The cost of a floral piece, borne by the donor, is trivial compared with the cost of a casket, compared with the "high cost of dying," and the high cost of sickness, and the high cost of birth, which fall heavily upon so many poor families. A discussion of these "high costs" would be, I think, more fruitful than a discussion of the present subject; and, if I may say so, more worthy of the brilliant pages of AMERICA.

San Francisco. A PRIEST.

Schools in the Philippines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent number of AMERICA the Reverend Poinvels, of Cantilan, Province of Surigao, Philippine Islands, makes certain statements concerning the public school system of that country which I, as former acting division superintendent of schools for Surigao and Agusan Provinces, can not let pass without challenge. He laments the fact that the public schools of the Philippines have passed into the hands of "our adversaries," who are "destroyers of religion"; and intimates that public school teachers are greater enemies of the Church than Protestant ministers. I have always thought, and still think, that the attitude adopted in this matter by the missionary congregation from Holland, of which Father Poinvels is a member, is due in great part to the fact that their European training and experience have incapacitated them from distinguishing between the reported active hostility of such "Liberal" governments as France, Portugal, or Mexico, and the benevolent neutrality of our own Government.

Surely the Reverend Father does not class the Director of Education of the Philippine Islands as an "adversary" of the Church when that official, in a general circular, prohibits all teachers, both American and Filipino, in "this Catholic country" from words or acts directed against the Church either directly or indirectly. Did an "adversary" plan the school code of the Philippines, which provides that, upon petition of a certain portion of the inhabitants of the district, parish priests may visit public schools therein three times a week to instruct the pupils in the doctrines of the Church? I have actual knowledge of the fact that the higher officials of this terribly hostile Bureau of Education usually consult, unofficially, of course, with the bishop before assigning a Catholic American teacher to his post. Is this evidence of a sinister design against the Church? It would be safe to say that over ninety per cent. of the Filipino teachers, who come more in contact with the pupils, and an unusually large number of the American supervisors and inspectors, are practical Catholics. If the Bureau of Education wishes to destroy the Church why give so many positions to Catholics?

The last Spanish Archbishop of Manila said to his flock as they watched the proud banner of Castile flutter down from the ramparts of old Fort Santiago and heard the guns of Dewey's fleet thunder out a salute to the glorious Stars and Stripes streaming boldly out over the ancient city: "The time has come to put old wine in new bottles." I commend this saying to Father Poinvels. Among the "new bottles" I might mention the Jesuit Fathers of Manila, who on various occasions have turned their splendid observatory into a temporary dormitory for male Filipino government teachers in attendance upon the summer normal school. It is only reasonable to suppose that the good Fathers improved the opportunity to sow seeds of truth in the minds of these young men, who went forth to all parts of the Philippines to help in the good work of raising a nation from ignorance. I can not let pass this opportunity to cite the example of my good friend and former pastor, Father Juan Aballe, of Ginatilan, Province of Cebu. This really superior man, although of the "inferior" Filipino race, is keen enough to see the evil consequences to religion of appearing to the Filipino public as an enemy of national progress as represented by the American schools. With remarkable tact and sympathy he has created a true "Catholic atmosphere" in the public schools of Ginatilan, and has not done violence, either to the letter or spirit of the school code, in the process. Ginatilan is known throughout Cebu as an excellent school town and at the same time as one of the staunchest Catholic towns in the Islands. If a Filipino priest can bring all this about, there is no reason why the same result can not be achieved by Europeans.

There is pessimism in certain quarters as to the outlook in the Surigao province. From actual knowledge of the situation I too am pessimistic as to the future of the Church in that part of the Islands unless one of two remedies be tried: either the gentler methods will have to be adopted or "the old wine will have to be put into new bottles."

Ottumwa, Iowa. A. J. MITCHELL.

"As to Shakespere's Heroines"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In comparison with the article in AMERICA of June 5, entitled "As to Shakespere's Heroines," it may be stimulating to note the following from Canon Sheehan:

> Even the women of Shakespere strike us, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, as wanting at least in those graces and sweetnesses that we are wont to associate with the female character. We make all allowance for the freedom of the age, its licentiousness, its bald, coarse language; and yet we venture to think that the women who were contemporaries of Shakespere in other lands were of a loftier and purer type than he has painted, and that he has done some injustice to the ladies of Venice and Verona when attributing to them certain grossèries of manner and speech that we think were hardly tolerated at that time beyond the coast of Albion. ("Parerga," page 126.)

Now, this is in distinct disagreement with Miss Gilmore's conception of the sweetness and delicacy of Shakespere's portrayal of women. Amusing and interesting as Shakespere's women may be, still, with exceedingly rare exceptions they fall far short of our ideals of what is noblest and best in womanhood. Too often they are lacking in due reserve. Their strength borders too closely on boldness, and their virtues are at best purely natural and earthy. Even the heroines Miss Gilmore holds up for our admiration, Ophelia, Portia and Rosalind, are not free from occasional coarseness of language. I think that a detailed examination of all the plays will signally fail to bear out the assertion that "nearly every play contains a heroine so good as to be a symbol of all that is best in human nature, so charming as to be a type of what is most attractive in womanhood."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. B. A. L.

AMERICA

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Lying Witness

IN the eleventh month of the war it is an old story. Acrid smoke hangs over the marred field where men lie dying. They know that it is sweet to die for their country; but sweeter, as the old phrase has it, to "die in the kiss of God." Glazed eyes grow bright as the weary priest of God approaches. Hearts that soon will be stilled, beat faster in the moment when the Eucharistic Prince of Peace, through the ministry of His earthly messenger, comes to wipe away all tears, to soothe all sorrows, forever. And as the messenger of healing passes on in his mission of mercy, his place is taken by a gentle Sister, a daughter of the King, the sweetness of whose pure womanhood, illumined by love that is divine, will point the way to her Father's house.

On the edge of the field skulks one who will never be found where men gather, for he lacks the elemental courage needed even by a camp-follower. Made by God, let him pass for a man; in his habits, he is an unclean bird, awaiting the dissolution of the unburied dead. His is no mission countenanced by decency. Soon he will cablegram to New York, a story of nuns who gouge out the eyes of the wounded; of assassin-priests who lie in ambush for detached enemies; of monks and friars who under the cloak of a spiritual ministry, murder the dying in the camp-hospitals. Presently, the united protest of friend and foe, of Catholic and non-Catholic, is heard; perhaps published; but too late. The charge has been made. Just so much has been added to prejudice; to hatred of the Catholic Church and her ministers. Refutation is useless. Those who believe, and they are many, are incapable of grasping a refutation, even if they are willing to listen to it. This is precisely the effect intended and obtained.

Hitherto French, Belgian, German, and in our own country, Mexican priests and nuns have borne the brunt of this attack; now it is the turn of the Italian Dominicans. "Treacherous papers," it is said, were found in one of their convents, while the friars themselves are pictured as experts in the art of heliographing the enemy, by night, it would seem, as well as by day. "Throw mud; some of it is sure to stick." Picture the Church as the enemy of Christ; her children as false to God and to every human obligation. "We have found this man perverting the people and forbidding to pay tribute to Cæsar." In every army in Europe, priests and nuns are bearing more than their share of the heat and burden of the day; yet from the very outset, the vile work of this slanderous press-agent has been exploited by a certain section of the American press.

Who is financing this press-agent? What power forces these American newspapers to publish his lying witness?

Our Lost Boys

GOD be thanked, the parochial schools grow stronger day by day. Catholic activity shows itself in the erection of hospitals, refuges, orphanages, and stately churches, tabernacles of the living God. For every form of human weakness, physical or moral, we have devised a ready remedy. One class only have we neglected. What are we doing for the boys and girls who have left our schools? They are not sick, they are not paupers, technically at least they are not orphans, and as yet they are not notorious sinners. Therefore they engage the activity of no organized force among us. But many of them need help, need it badly. No longer children, yet lacking the maturity of adults, they need direction in their reading, in their work, above all, in their quest for amusement. Opportunity in abundance is offered by non-Catholic and by anti-Catholic societies, and is accepted by many, while others prefer the easy way of the street. Meanwhile, as a body, we Catholics are doing practically nothing to retain the Church's relaxing hold upon these growing boys and girls, the fathers and mothers of the coming generation. Our negligence is little short of scandalous.

No blame is here intended, or assigned. We Catholics have had a work to do in this country, a more important work, to fix the stability of the Church in America, by laying deep the foundation of the parish church and the parish school. That work has been done, nobly, heroically. It is now time to extend our activities. The sooner we realize that thousands of Catholic boys and girls are daily and nightly learning the ways of perdition on the streets and in places of public amusement, the sooner shall we be jarred into some corresponding realization of our plain duty to these young people, now wandering like sheep without a shepherd.

In New York City, the Ozanam Society, still in its infancy, is doing admirable work in establishing club houses for boys which give all the advantages held out

by the non-Catholic social agencies. When this Society has become a national institution, with centers in every community, we shall have begun to fulfil our duty to our young men. An institution of this nature yields in importance only to the parish church and the parish school. Empty schoolhouses and churches sparsely-filled are the exception with us, but both may soon become common, if we are content to maintain our attitude of indifference while our young people drift away from us. The Ozanam Society has shown what earnest workers can do when wisely organized. Similar societies, established under ecclesiastical jurisdiction and lay management, would, if firmly united under a national charter, be a powerful factor in saving the next generation for God.

We have had enough theorizing. It is now time to act. AMERICA pledges all its support to the man or group of men, who will take the initiative in founding a national society to accomplish for the youth of the whole country, what the Ozanam Society is doing for the boys of New York.

Taxing Education and Charity

"AN Analysis of the Report of the State Board of Tax Commissioners" presented by Mr. William D. Guthrie before the Committee on Taxation of the New York Constitutional Convention, is a document of remarkable interest and unusual value. The Analysis contains no appeal to the emotions. Its plea for the exemption from taxation of churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and cemeteries, is based upon an impartial consideration of undeniable facts.

Contrary to common opinion, the amount of property now exempt, is comparatively small. In the State, the rating of this property is less than six per cent. of the total valuation of all real property (lands and buildings); in the city of Greater New York, it is less than five per cent. of the total valuation of all property. It is likewise somewhat surprising, in view of the numerous Catholic schools and hospitals, to learn that the larger exemption is enjoyed not by the Catholic, but by the Protestant institutions. Roughly speaking, Protestant institutions to the value of one hundred and fifty-eight million dollars, and Catholic institutions, assessed at ninety-eight million dollars, are exempted from taxation in the city of New York. Mr. Guthrie's main argument is that all this property "is devoted to the service of humanity and charity, without profit in any commercial sense, that they (the institutions) perform an essentially public function, and that they tend to advance the common welfare, peace and order of the community."

Confessedly there is much feeling at present against the continuance of this exemption. When not connected with religious bigotry, this feeling is based upon the false assumption that exemption means, ultimately, a higher tax-rate. Mr. Guthrie, however, shows clearly, first, that it would be a matter of some years before the State could assume the institutions now conducted by the voluntary associations, and next, that the State could not hope to maintain them with the economy characteristic of the private charity. The amount of public receipts now ceded through exemption is far less than the lowest estimate of the budget which would be required to found new institutions under State care. To refuse exemption would therefore increase, not lessen, the rate of taxation. Apart from this eminently practical consideration, to cripple the activities of charitable agencies which not only do a work which the State can not do efficiently, but exercise a salutary influence upon the entire community, would seem a decided violation of public policy.

The Last Stand

PUBLIC opinion is playing fast and loose in these uneasy days, with the ethical principles underlying the right of the State to declare war. War is not identified with murder, as the sentimentalists would have it, nor in itself is it a national blessing and a thing of glory. The State, if it has a right to exist, can not be denied just and necessary means of self-preservation. War is therefore a right, and sometimes a duty. But it is a duty not to be fulfilled, save when all other means of defense or redress have failed; a right to be held in reserve, even to the snapping-point of national honor.

As a people, our sense of honor has always been sufficiently delicate. There is no danger that by unworthy submission to unjust aggression, we shall be held the craven among the nations. But we have no illusions about war. We have had our share. For those that march forth we know that it means suffering and death, with a little, perhaps, of what the world calls glory; for war's innocent victims, the wives, mothers, children, who remain behind, dread and tears, and wounds unhealed even by the kindly ministry of time. This is a national consciousness. In these days of stress, let us not blind ourselves to our real creed. War, a right of the State, is our last, not our first means of national defense. Whoever would reverse the order, does not know what war means.

Theaters Old and New

WRONG-DOING has always had a prominent place in tragedy. Racine, Goethe, Shakespere, "Athalie," "Faust," "Macbeth" are only isolated instances, taken at random, of the universal instinct that has driven dramatists the world over, to portray sorrow as the consequence of sin. Comedy is apt to deteriorate and become demoralizing, but tragedy for the most part has exercised a distinctly beneficial influence on the life of nations. Nowhere, however, has its influence been so consciously sought and felt as in the old classic drama of the Greeks. The Athenian went through the Agora and round by the southern side of the Acropolis, and after paying his two obols climbed to his hard stone place in

the Dionysiac theater, not merely as a passive participant in a religious ceremony, but in a mood much like that of a man who assists at what we call a mission.

He looked to have his soul harrowed by the spectacle of awful punishment meted out to evil; he expected nothing less than a painful purification of spirit by the spectacle of swift retribution following fast on crime; he was disappointed if he did not leave the theater, chastened and corrected and better for the lesson. The audience no less than the playwright was well aware of the cardinal principles on which the play had to be constructed. A light piece was added to ease the tension produced by the serious part of the performance; but no tragic writer might gain the prize who did not conform, and strictly, to the time-honored custom of exacting heroic penalties for colossal sins. Romance and the dropping of human tears did not fail to please, for the heart of Athens was like the heart of the world, brimming with sentiment; but the laurel wreath was reserved for the competitor who made great men sin greatly, and then had them inexorably overtaken by pitiless punishment. Whether or no the sinner might afterwards win his way through great penance to great happiness was a detail for which neither the Greek tragedian nor the Greek audience cared overmuch. Sin, heroic in its daring, and retribution not merely in the form of anguish of conscience, but in actual expiation, was their insistent theme. The Furies had to be present, if not always in person, at least in their effects.

But the Furies have ceased to be popular on the stage. Sin it is true still stalks across the boards, but it no longer trembles under the heavy hand of outraged Justice. It has grown defiant, it parades under the guise of "amiable weakness." Carefree and careless, it goes on dancing and sipping the sweets of life, and laughing at the prudes who know not joy. The present tendency of the play is to justify not condemn violations of God's law. Wrongdoing, where it is not altogether condoned, only too often is palliated and minimized. Happiness, according to some of the playwrights, not dire atonement, is the consequence of infractions of divine law. And the consequence is that the theater is falling from its high estate. It no longer furnishes a corrective of moral standards, and an antidote to the arguments of passion; it rather serves to further blind the moral sense and to inflame the human tendency to evil. Many are the unwary who are frequenting it to their own destruction. And yet we smile at the ancients and prate of progress!

I Know Just How You Feel

DO you? Then you have paid the price of sympathy. You know the difference between going through anything and experiencing it, a difference not manifestly evident to that applicant for a position as a teacher, who was asked, "Have you had any experience with children?" "Yes," replied the applicant complacently, "I have been a child." Shakespere made two stages for the acquisition of experience, its achieving and its perfecting.

> Experience is by industry achieved
> And perfected in the swift course of time.

The reason why most persons can not say, "I know just how you feel," is because they shrink from the industry necessary to gain experience and through experience sympathy. They hope to get experience as they get a gentle tan, with no activity and no subsequent pain. Thinking is always hard; reflection is commonly harder. To reflect is to look back and no one likes to look back. "Forward, forward" is the incessant impulse of curious, eager, greedy, human nature. "Forward to fresh fields and pastures new," urges the jaded and sated appetite. No one likes to look back, especially upon failures, disappointments, sorrows. Yet mistakes are the best school of experience and the most skilled makers of sympathy. A thousand dinners you live through; one attack of dyspepsia gives you experience. If you stub your toe, you will look back, you will reflect, you will compare and contrast, you will do a deal of hard thinking, you will exercise industry and achieve experience in the art of walking.

"All experience is an arch" says another wise writer. Why is it the laughter and games of childhood draw from you nothing but a deep, low, lion-like growl? Were you not once a child? Is it not because the arch of your experience displays to your reflections no larger expanse than a pin-hole does for the eye? Sloth dwarfs and narrows the arch of experience; the humiliation of failure makes the vista still smaller and when it comes to sympathy, which is altruistic experience, there is often no aperture at all open to the vision. To say "I know just how you feel," demands the disinterestedness of transferring your experience to another. When charity would take wings to itself and let the hard lessons "by industry achieved" bear their swift messages of sympathy to a suffering heart, it finds that where there ought to be an arch, there is often nothing but a solid wall. You have, no doubt, heard of a spite-fence, a barrier erected on one's property for the purpose of affording to a neighbor a somewhat limited horizon. Spite-fences are a reversal to barbarism. It is a sign of enlightenment and mutual confidence to have no fences at all. Now one reason why many do not say, "I know just how you feel," is the presence of spite-fences in the soul. If the neighbor is of another nationality, another state or city, another political party, another clique or family faction, then there are no hands across the barriers. Against those barriers, the charity which took wings in sympathy beats itself to destruction. Only one thing removes all such hindrances and that is death. There are no spite-fences around the grave-yard. The heart does not beat which will not pray over all the graves of all the dead. That heart is dead itself.

How comes it that one woman will see a single scene of poverty and devote her life to the poor; another will

live in a hospital and be callous? A Damien will have such highly sensitized nerves that he feels sufferings five thousand miles away, and another will be a stone on the battlefield. Even the hard wood of the violin is said to grow mellow by harmony and to thrill with more delicate response as the time goes by. Sympathy for some is a sentimental shudder; for others it is a searing flame. There is one thing which makes all these sharp divisions and that is love. Love dissolves the stone from the heart and makes the callous hide as soft and tender as new-born flesh. Experience is the first payment you make for sympathy; you are the full owner of sympathy when you have love.

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf

THE WORKS OF FATHER MATURIN*

ALTHOUGH it was as a preacher that Father Maturin was best known to the public, in no less a degree will he continue to be known and appreciated as a master of the spiritual life in the five books (Longmans) which comprise the sum of his literary activity. Those who knew him in life prized to the full the deep qualities of his personality, but it is evident, from the many reminiscences that have appeared since his heroic death, that he was misunderstood by a great many persons, and some of this misunderstanding has been transferred to his last and greatest book, "The Price of Unity."

Father Maturin was converted to the Faith in middle life, and the fixed habits and experiences of his earlier training had become indelibly impressed on his character and mind: as he says himself, all the more forcibly as he speaks from his own experience, "a man of forty can not begin again, and start with a clean slate." But, as time will show, his twenty-seven years in the Anglican ministry, of which he spent twenty-five as a Cowley Father, combined with the wider and fuller grasp of truth and the deeper penetration into the workings of the human soul which were his as a Catholic, give him a unique position among spiritual writers. He set before himself always to draw out that which was best in his hearers and readers. With non-Catholics he sought, after the pattern of St. Paul, so to work upon that little of the leaven of Catholic truth that was held by the individual as to draw the soul onward to the fulness of the whole of revealed truth. And to Catholics he dwelt upon the treasure of spiritual riches which is their possession, ever urging them on toward the fullest development of all their faculties for the greater glory of God.

The life of the soul is the same in all ages and under all conditions, but the journey on towards the City of God manifests itself in different ways to different temperaments: a condition which is not always clearly apparent to spiritual directors. By education and personality Father Maturin had a peculiar gift for guiding the Anglo-Saxon character along the way of the spiritual life. This, it may not be an impertinence to say, is the special characteristic of his spiritual writings. During his long ministry as a Cowley Father, in his work as director of souls among Catholic-minded Anglicans in England, South Africa and America, and later as a Catholic priest, both in this country and in England, Father Maturin had an experience with the spiritual needs of a people to whom reticence in the affairs of the soul is almost a counsel of perfection.

Nevertheless, there is a wonderful penetration and a putting aside of all that impedes an immediate application to the very root and fiber of the spiritual life, which carries its conviction of truth at once. This is very clear in two books written while Father Maturin was still an Anglican, "Practical Studies on the Parables" and "Some Principles and Practices of the Spiritual Life." In the first of these two books the writer makes a direct application of the Parables of Our Lord to the needs of the Christian soul. Beginning with the Parable of the Sower, he shows the working of grace, of natural and supernatural hindrances, and then proceeds to show the need of co-operation by the Christian who has set his face forward to walk in heavenly places. Having laid down the necessity of the effort which every Christian must make to do what is right and to keep from what is wrong, in "Some Principles and Practices of the Spiritual Life" Father Maturin expounds the positive works which lead to the attainment of holiness. They are contrition, mortification, the Christian motive or definite aim of the spiritual life, self-oblation or conformity to the will of God, prayer, recollection, correspondence to divine grace, and perseverance.

"Self-knowledge and Self-discipline" was written in 1905, after Father Maturin had become a Catholic. In this book the writer develops the Christian doctrine of mortification, under the aspect of knowledge of God and knowledge of self. Here again, Father Maturin insists upon the positive side of the spiritual life: not "thou shalt not," but "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might." In this positive act of loving comes the knowledge of God, and in the light of that knowledge there dawns the knowledge of self. And the picture he draws is not that of morbid negation, but the joyful giving of *oneself* in this service. "It is in the splendid energy of positive action that the morbid power of sin is to be overthrown." From this follows, naturally, the discipline of self as a preparation for the revelation of love.

"Laws of the Spiritual Life" is the last of Father Maturin's ascetical writings. In it he shows, both in the moral and spiritual sphere, the government of law. Throughout the variety of the lives of the Saints, the energetic zeal of St. Paul and the contemplative zeal of St. John; the humility of St. Francis contrasted with the humility of St. Ignatius Loyola, each strikingly dissimilar, yet all developed under the laws of the spiritual life: diversity bringing forth unity, and in the Beatitudes the writer finds a complete working out of these laws. Throughout the complexities of life he finds that the one law prevails for all who seek the Kingdom of Heaven. Poverty of spirit, hunger and thirst for justice, mercifulness and purity of heart, these laws are the guiding principles of that life, no matter what our worldly condition may be. "Fly from the position in which God has placed you and the duty He has given you to do, and you fail of the testing and development you can get there alone."

The last and most important work of Father Maturin and, it must be confessed, the least understood, "The Price of Unity," is addressed mainly to High Churchmen; yet not to them as such, but rather to those who stand at the parting of the ways. Not to those who are settled in their religious beliefs, but to the soul that stands wavering on the threshold of the home of truth. It is a book redolent of the spirit of Christian charity and gentleness. "I have never been able," writes Father Maturin, "to understand the attitude of mind of those who speak with bitterness, still less with ridicule, of that which once had been their religious home." However

*The third of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

impossible he considered the claim of High Churchmen that their Church is a part of the Catholic Church, he had nothing but the kindliest memories and the greatest respect for the motives that inspired them. And in accordance with his appreciation of the tremendous matters at issue in this question of conversion, he urges others to be careful not to upset the faith of those who believe in what they have, but to develop that truth and help those who feel the instability of their position to look to where true peace and security alone may be found. It may be that the perplexities and difficulties set down in this book were the actual experiences of the writer himself; if this is so its value is beyond appraisal as a human document, the unbaring of a soul. For when conviction has been reached there is but one course to take.

> Therefore all side issues, even so grave a matter as the effect of the step he is contemplating upon the well-being of his soul, must for the moment be set aside. If a person is *sure* that he is convinced, *sure* that he can no longer honestly remain where he is, he must step forth alone, and say with Esther of old, "If I perish, I perish."

Not to the near-convert alone, but to the Catholic as well does "The Price of Unity" make its appeal. For if he who would draw near to the Vision of Unity and attain citizenship of the City set upon a Hill must know the price he will have to pay, so also does it become those who go up and down in the safe pastures of the Sheepfold to know at what a cost the wanderer gained the privileges they themselves so freely enjoy.

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

The Christ of the Men of Art. By J. R. AITKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

It has been said that the delineation of Christ is the supreme test of artistic genius, and it is a fact that the degree in which they have met it largely classifies the rank of the great painters of the world. "The greatest and best of the men of art have been strangely drawn to Him; the spell of the Christ has been upon them, and they have given us from pencil and brush, some of our deepest thoughts of the Son of Man." Hence a book that reviews comprehensively the notable painters of all lands and ages who essayed to picture Christ in the various phases of His manifestations during His sojourn among men, must necessarily summarize, if not adequately appraise, all that is supremely great in the artistic achievements of the Christian era. Mr. Aitken's stately octavo volume of four hundred pages, including a color frontispiece and forty-eight photogravure and half-tone reproductions, comes as close to this difficult accomplishment as could be expected from a reverent and religious-minded student of wide reading and artistic temperament who is hampered by an ineradicable Protestant bias. This is surely a serious impediment in the appraisement of a department of art which is essentially Catholic in object, inspiration and authorship; for the pioneer artists of the Catacombs, the early Byzantines, the schools that grew around the churches and monasteries of Italy and Flanders and culminated in the Great Masters, the renowned painters of Spain and France and Germany who learned to spread on canvas some semblance of Divinity and "have shown us not only His hands and His feet, but His face and His heart," were all animated alike by Catholic faith, traditions and ideals.

Not only does Mr. Aitken's Protestant bias impel him to glorify Cranach, whom Luther perverted from a capable artist into an anti-papal cartoonist, to depreciate the Van Eycks and most of the Dutch and Flemish school except the Protestant Rembrandt, to include many moderns who merely robed and posed a countryman Hebraically and labeled him "Christ," and even to overestimate Dürer in the unfounded belief that that Catholic genius was a Lutheran, but, with characteristic Protestant vagueness of belief, he is not quite sure whether Christ was God or merely a man, and fancies that the Christian artists, even of the Catacombs, were in the same predicament. His occasional attempts to dissociate them from the Catholic dogmas and practices of to-day vitiate his otherwise illuminating and appreciative story of Christ in the art of the early centuries, and to some extent, in the Catholic art of the world; and a like bias appears in his sketches and citations, and in the bibliography, which though quite voluminous, excludes La Farge and most other Catholic writers on art. The reproductions are not always happy, nor as numerous as the text induces the desire of, but the text itself is comprehensive and stimulating, in excellent style, and, with the exceptions noted, generally adequate to the theme. The author's sincerity and capacity are manifest, and those who appreciate a book of this kind will less regard his limitations than the spirit which prompted the criterion: "Hearts count more than hand, and soul than touch; if the heart be not clean and the soul be not honest, the white and stainless Christ will not appear."

M. K.

America's Greatest Problem: The Negro. By R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Company. $2.50.

The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861. A History of the Education of the Colored People of the United States from the Beginning of Slavery to the Civil War. By C. G. WOODSON, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The Negro. By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

Dr. Shufeldt prints, as the frontispiece of his book, a photograph of a Congo warrior and his wife attired with that disregard for the latest Parisian modes the climate of the Congo invites. The picture is typical of the contents of the volume. In spite of the fact that he signs himself "Major, Medical Corps, United States Army," the doctor approaches "America's greatest problem," not with the calm, scientific spirit of the impartial anthropological and sociological investigator he would have his readers believe him, but rather as an angry pro-slavery partisan of ante-bellum days. Entirely lacking the spiritual touch, and with a wholly carnal view, he describes the black man as an apelike monster with uncontrollable passions. Assuming that chastity depends on the physical elements in a man's composition, the doctor argues that the negro is unable to reach a white man's standard of purity. The contradiction of this hypothesis is shown in the edifying lives of thousands of Catholic negroes in Maryland and Louisiana, and the experience of hundreds of pastors in other sections of the South and all over the country.

Contact with the negro, the doctor imagines, would bring about the "complete rotting of the old Anglo-Saxon stock in this country." His remedy for this is to tell the negro we will "assist you to migrate to some other land, where you can build a civilization of your own, where your people can be made happy, prosperous and powerful, and attain a position in the world which they never can attain under Anglo-Saxon rule in America." The doctor is as inexact in his terms as he is unscientific in his method. He means "white" when he says "Anglo-Saxon," and really he ought to say Protestant, to be strictly correct in his fantastic assertions. If he would abandon such worthless authorities as the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the New York evening penny dreadfuls, and cite authoritative data, as Dr. Woodson and Dr. Du Bois do in their volumes, he would probably be forced to state with the latter that "the more we study the negro the more we realize that we are dealing with a normal human stock which, under reasonable conditions, has developed and will develop in the same lines as other men."

From Dr. Woodson's comprehensive testimony, gathered through a great variety of sources, he would see the proof of

this, especially among the Latin races, at whom he sneers, and in the communities affected by the French *Code Noir*. To Catholics, to use the words of the recent report of the members of the hierarchy charged with the distribution of the funds contributed annually for work among the colored missions, the negro is not merely a problem but a fact in our life and in the life of the Church in the United States. Of this position of the Church Dr. Woodson makes frequent mention and pays admiring tribute. He cites it from "the injustice that caused the liberal-minded Jesuit, Alphonso Sandoval, to register the first protest against slavery in America," down to the end of the era that brought such a terrible culmination to the change of slavery from a patriarchal to an economic institution. In the working out of the problem of the amelioration of the colored race through that only sure means, the belief in the true Faith, substantial help may be had from Dr. Woodson's book, which shows their persistent strivings to be enlightened, and that of Dr. Du Bois, which is a short general statement and fair interpretation of the well-known facts in the history of the race. Apropos of the topic of which these three volumes treat, it is of interest to note that the first bishop of native American birth was a negro: Francis Xavier de Luna Victoria, consecrated Bishop of Panama in 1751. He was the son of a freed negro slave, a charcoal burner.

T. F. M.

Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea. By JOHN T. DRISCOLL, S.T.L. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This is an excellent critical examination of certain phases of pragmatism, the philosophy of the pick and spade. The author has the rare faculty of pitching upon fundamental errors and exposing them simply and clearly. The chapters on Royce are worthy of special commendation. The criticism is keen, true and timely, for although Professor Royce's personal influence has waned considerably these last few years, yet the false ideas that he holds in common with so many others have worked havoc in the ethical and religious life of our day. Like a large number of modern thinkers, Royce tests religion by a metaphysical idealism, denies that Christ is the founder of Christianity, refuses to refer religious problems to Him for solution, and substitutes the community for God, making the former, not the latter, the origin and norm of religion. The commonwealth replaces God. This is precisely what has happened: the god of modern sociology, with its attempted secularization of charity, its contraceptives, birth control and what-not, is the State, and doctrines like Professor Royce's are accountable for this serious aberration. Father Driscoll is happy in his references. Kant, the father of modern immanence, might have been stressed a little more, and perhaps a word on Schleiermacher and Ritschl would not have been out of place. The influence of Protagoras is mentioned, but a sentence on Heraclitus, the author of Bergson's fundamental principle, would be fitting. The book makes interesting reading and is rich in suggestion for expansion and incursions into allied fields. The author has done a good work and is to be congratulated on his success.

R. H. T.

Poems of Émile Verhaeren. Translated by ALMA STRETTELL. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

Four volumes of Émile Verhaeren, "Les Villages Illusoires," "Les Heures Claires," "Les Apparus Dans Mes Chemins" and "La Multiple Splendeur," afford Miss Strettell splendid opportunities to display her talents as a translator and metrical artist. Even in the original, the poems are not easily mastered. They are frequently rugged to uncouthness, as obscure as certain passages of "Sordello." They defy the serenities of French verse. In theme and treatment, moreover, Victor Hugo is not more glaring in trope or color than the Belgian singer, nor Beaudelaire and Verlaine more cynically unconventional and outspoken. In these selections, however, we are not shocked by daring crudities of argument and expression. The harsher notes of a lyre frequently tingling with a cry of scepticism and sensuality have not been sounded. The translator has done her work well. The virile accents, the throbbing pulse and glow of the original have been preserved. Verhaeren has undeniable poetic gifts. His message, whatever it be, throbs with life. He trumpets it to the world with a full and brazen clangor which rouses the blood and compels a hearing. We catch in the present volume only a few bars, not the full gamut of his song. The reader is spared the Rabelaisian coarseness of "Les Flamandes," and is not harrowed by outbursts of sullen despair as, with all faith in God crumbling away, the poet staggers to the cheerless altars where Self and Nature are worshipped. The "St. George" and passages from "Les Heures Claires" cheer us even with a silvery note, decidedly welcome. They relieve the gloomy atmosphere of "Rain," "The Ferryman,' "The Grave Digger," etc. Verhaeren does not appeal to the noblest and the best of our nature. He looks down too much. Earth and the grosser things of earth loom too large on his canvas. The artist too often forgets God's unclouded heavens, the sunlight and the stars.

J. C. R.

The Curse of Adam. By P. M. NORTHCOTE, Ph.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.75.

This is a good little book on a very big subject. In it are sketched with a rapid but sure touch some of the most fundamental of the mysteries of our Faith. Original sin and its consequences, Redemption and Grace, and the need of personal effort to participate in the riches of Christ's Atonement are the main topics that Father Northcote has treated. It is a book to be read by Catholics who find themselves bewildered by the present reaction against the supernatural, and may well be recommended to those who are groping their way toward the Faith but have as yet no very clear realization of the demands made on all who would take Revelation for their guide. The author has enlarged on the wounds to human nature which are enumerated in the Council of Trent, and this part of his task he has done well. His insistence, however, on the vitiation and debasement of the faculties themselves does not seem to be wise. It might have been better, if he wished to discuss the subject at all, to choose the more common and easier doctrine that the faculties themselves have not been impaired, except in so far as they have lost those preternatural and supernatural gifts which would have given the poise, harmony and control of the powers of soul and body that are now so painfully lacking. A little more care might also have been taken to explain the manner in which original sin is transmitted. To say that "the soul is contaminated with its birth-stain by the body it animates" is scarcely explicit enough. There are other places also where the author has been brief, somewhat at the expense of clearness. No treatise, however, on original sin will ever be wholly satisfactory, and it is a question of choice as to what points are most useful to develop.

J. H. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The June *Month* opens with a good paper by Father Sydney Smith on "The Kikuyu 'Statement'" recently made by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The author shows how Anglican prelates are making "difficulties in the mission field about a few questions of what they deem to be ecclesiastical order, which is, at all events, a comparatively minor matter, while at home they can condone the surrender by those whom they appoint to teach

their people, of doctrines that appertain to the very root of all Christian belief." Father Pollen has another interesting chapter on Archpriest Blackwell, Father Thurston publishes some notes about certain practices observed in the Middle Ages for the relief of the departed, a timely article is made up from letters written by "French Jesuits at the Front," and there is the usual variety in the stories, verses and editorials.

Those who have read with interest Robert Dunn's vivid war letters in the New York *Evening Post* can find them gathered together in "Five Fronts" (Dodd, Mead, $1.25). He was with the English during their retirement from Mons, with the Austrians at Przemysl, with the Germans in Flanders and with the Russians in Bukowina. Mr. Dunn has little to say about "atrocities" but paints dark pictures of the present state of the countries the war has ravaged. He was more often near the firing line than "on" it, and of course saw only what the officers permitted him to see. While in the German trenches, this American war correspondent took two shots at the French and tries to defend the indefensible by saying that "the chance of hitting any one was about one in ten thousand," and that he was "subject to the orders and suggestions" of his hosts.

In "My Life Out of Prison" (Mitchell Kennerley, $1.50) Donald Lowrie has written a sequel to "My Life in Prison," a book that excited considerable discussion. He now tells of all the adventures he had since leaving San Quentin. He found employment at once on a San Francisco paper, then became a vaudeville "headliner," started lecturing on prison reform, and helped a number of "ex-cons" to begin all over again. The author does not believe that the State has a right to execute criminals and he holds erroneous opinions regarding the object of punishment. He pays a warm tribute to Warden McKenty's management of Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, which Mr. Lowrie regards as in many respects a model prison.

"The Red Spy" (Duffy & Co., Dublin, $1.00) is a story of the eventful Land League days in Ireland by D. M. Lenihan, who has evidently been through them and is intimately acquainted with their parliamentary consequences, and also knows how to write. Whether he knows how to construct a plot of enthralling interest is not so clear, for his hero captures the heart and fortune of his American millionaire lady love more easily and rapidly than has been the wont of Irish parliamentarians, but the light he throws on the epoch-making Irish movement of the eighties is illuminating, and the story makes pleasing if not compelling reading.——H. H. Knibbs, the author of a "best seller" called "Overland Red," has now turned out another cowboy novel entitled "Sundown Slim" (Houghton, $1.35), from the name of its hero, a poetical "bo," whom the dark-eyed Anita succeeds in domesticating. Another woman in the story "goes white" in the approved British fashion and ranch slang abounds on nearly every page.

Here are three books published for German readers by the Volksvereinsverlag of M. Gladbach: In "Mütterlichkeit" (M. 1.20) Anton Heinen speaks a word of warning for the nations, lest the lessons taught by the war may all too soon be forgotten with the return of peace. His advice is directed to all those concerned in the education of girls. Woman's vocation, he holds, consists in being true under all circumstances of life to the instincts of motherhood, even though not actually a mother, and the duty of parents and of teachers is to foster these in the growing girl. It is ordinarily sufficient, he teaches, for the instructor to keep this main object in mind and indirectly to insist upon it, and to safeguard the child or pupil against all adverse influences. There is much that is wholesome and inspiring in the book, though the author does not seem to appreciate fully the work accomplished in the schools by our Catholic sisterhoods.——A study of the Monroe Doctrine by a German specialist in international law must naturally be of interest to Americans. In his latest volume, "Die Monroedoktrin" (40 Pf.), Dr. Hans Wehberg offers an amply documental historical presentation of the question. No moral judgment is passed by him. His conclusion, however, is that, while this doctrine might readily become a dangerous instrument in the hands of some other nation, Americans have accomplished, by means of it, much that is good and noble. He holds that, though serious blunders have occasionally been made and the way to imperialism at times laid open by the improper application of the Monroe Doctrine, it has been successful in preventing the American continent from becoming "the wrestling place for the jealousies of non-American Powers." Another timely volume by the same author is "Aegypten" (40 Pf.). It deals briefly with the constitution, government and economic conditions of Egypt, keeping the important international situation in the foreground. "Turkey's right, as such," he says, "still continues intact. Egypt remains a half-sovereign State, as before, even after the English declaration of a protectorate in 1914, which was merely an act of violence." Several important documents are added in an appendix, among them the Firman of 1892 and the English declaration.

Those who are contemplating a summer trip to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton Island or Newfoundland would do well to take along a copy of Ruth Kedzie Wood's "The Tourist's Maritime Provinces" (Dodd, Mead, $1.25). The book's 440 pages are packed with all the information that a stranger visiting those parts of Canada could reasonably desire. Three good maps are provided and numerous illustrations. Particularly interesting is the chapter on the Miquelon Islands, France's sole possession now in North America.

"America to Japan" (Putnam, $1.25) contains a number of interesting papers, edited by Lindsay Russell and published under the auspices of the Japan Society of New York. The volume is well suited to give the reader a fair estimate of America's relations with our Pacific neighbor and, were the book widely read, there is no doubt that the lofty purpose of the Society in promoting peace and friendly relations between the two countries would be recognized.——In "Consignes de Guerre" (Paris Téqui, 3 fr. 50) Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, has gathered together a series of instructions given by him both before and during the present war. The sermons are what may be called "occasional" and, whether in peace or war time, the bishop always shows himself the true shepherd of his flock. He takes a strong stand in defense of the liberty of the Church and religious education in France, inculcates true patriotism, and tenderly consoles those who have been most affected by the fortunes of war. Not the least touching is his New Year's letter to his beloved priests and seminarians who have been called to the defense of their country.

Father Cecil Gomez Rodeles, S.J., has published in Spanish an interesting account of the present and prospective contents of the "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu," that vast collection of documents bearing on the early history of the Jesuits which Father Vélez and others began to publish more than twenty years ago. From 1894 to 1901 appeared the six volumes of Father

Polanco's valuable "Chronicon," containing the chief events in the Society's history up to the death of St. Ignatius in 1556. These were accompanied by four volumes of "Literæ Quadrimestres," consisting of periodical communications sent to the founder from the various houses of the Society. Five supplementary volumes of "Epistolæ Mixtæ," somewhat similar in character to the preceding, were published from 1898 to 1902 and the five volumes of the life, letters and "Spiritual Diary" of St. Francis Borgia began to appear in 1894. From 1898 to 1906 the "Epistolæ P. Hieronymi Nadal" were brought out, a critical edition of St. Francis Xavier's letters was published in 1899, and a second volume of "Scripta Varia," concerning the Apostle of the Indies is now being printed. A volume of "Monumenta Pædagogica" was published in 1902, and a book of the letters of Fathers Broet, Le Jay, Codure and Simon Rodriguez, and another containing 7,000 letters of St. Ignatius have also appeared. Add to these volumes two books of letters by Father Salmeron, a collection of James Laínez's writings and a biography of Father Bobadilla. Other volumes of "Monumenta Ignatiana," including extant matter relating to the "Spiritual Exercises," and a book of Blessed Peter Faber's literary remains are yet to be published. From the foregoing list of titles some idea may be had of what a great achievement the preparation of the "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu" is.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo.:
William Joseph Chaminade, Founder of the Society of Mary. Translated from the French of Rev. Henry Rousseau, S.M., by J. E. Garvin, S.M.

Duffield & Co., New York:
The Red Laugh. By Leonidas Andrieff. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Life of Paracelsus and the Substance of His Teachings. By Franz Hartmann. $2.00; The Movement Toward Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century. By George V. Jourdan. $2.50; The Laird of Glentyre. By E. M. Green. $1.25; Under Greek Skies. By Julia D. Dragoumis. $1.25; In Sunny Spain. By Katherine Lee Bates. $1.25; A Boy in Eirinn. By Padraic Colum. $1.25.

Ginn & Co., Boston:
Æsop's Fables. Edited by J. H. Stickney. $0.40; The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Edited by Martha A. L. Lane. $0.50.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Bred of the Desert. By Marcus Horton. $1.30; The A-B-C of Good Form. By Anne Seymour. $0.50.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Sermon Matter. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. $1.50; The Parish Hymnal. Compiled by Joseph Otten. $0.25; Luther. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Vol. IV. Translated by E. M. Lamond. $3.25; Als die Zeit erfüllt war. Das Evangelium des hl. Matthäus. Von Hermann J. Cladder, S.J. $1.15.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Home University Library: No. 95. Belgium. By R. C. K. Ensor. No. 96. A History of Philosophy. By Clement C. J. Webb. No. 97. Milton. By John Bailey. No. 98. Political Thought in England from Herbert Spencer to the Present Day. By Ernest Barker. $0.50 each.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Riverside History of the United States: Vol. I. Beginnings of the American People. By Carl L. Becker. Vol. II. Union and Democracy. By Allen Johnson. Vol. III. Expansion and Conflict. By William E. Dodd. Vol. IV. The New Nation. By Frederic L. Paxson. $1.75 each; Writing an Advertisement. By S. Roland Hall. $1.00; The Untroubled Mind. By Herbert J. Hall. $0.75.

John Lane Co., New York:
Jaffery. By William J. Locke. $1.35.

Libreria Religiosa, Barcelona:
Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia. Auctore Joanne Muncunill, S.J.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston:
The Sleepy-Time Stories. By Ruth O. Dyer. $1.00; The Heart of Uncle Terry. By Charles Clark Munn. $1.25; When I Was a Boy in Belgium. By Robert Jonckheere. $0.75.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. $1.50; The Ideal Catholic Readers. By a Sister of St. Joseph. Primer. $0.30; First Reader. $0.30; Second Reader. $0.35.

John Murphy Co., Baltimore:
The Church in Many Lands. By Rev. J. J. Burke. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
An Italian Dictionary. By Alfred Hoare. $12.00; Pieces of the Game. By Countess de Chambrun. $1.35; Edgar Chirrup. By Peggy Webling. $1.35; The Golden Legend: Lives of the Saints. Edited by G. V. O'Neill, S.J. $0.90; A Poet's Cabinet. Selected from the Works of George Lansing Raymond by Marion Mills Miller. $1.50.

EDUCATION

In the Matter of Spelling

IT was Huckleberry Finn who learned "to say the multiplication table up to six times seven is thirty-five,' but there he stuck. "I don't reckon I ever would get any further," he philosophized, "if I was to live forever. I don't take no stock in mathematics anyhow." Change the subject to spelling, and many among us can adopt Huck's report as a true statement of our own proficiency. We were not born to spell correctly; our horoscope presents heavenly bodies in malign conjunction; and a regard for the orthographical proprieties forces us to follow the practice of the college student reported by Professor O'Shea. "The writer will admit that his spelling is not up to standard," said this candid youth, "but when he has any literary work to do his trusty Webster is always beside him."

MOTOR-VOCAL, MOTOR-GRAPHIC AND DYNAMIC SPELLING

The pedagogy of spelling, like the art, is not simple. To revert to an early American method, Huckleberry Finn relates that "Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid" used to fetch her goggles, "and take a set at me with a spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow made her ease up." These data are somewhat scant, and the details relating to Miss Watson's physique and state of life, scarcely germane to the subject. But it would seem that Miss Watson held her unpromising pupil to be of the motor-vocal type, that is, he was a subject more readily responsive to, and retentive of, impressions first impinged upon his tympanum, than to impressions, virtually identical, received through the visual sense. Had Huckleberry been thought of the motor-graphic type, Miss Watson would have correctly put him to work, copying words from his spelling-book, and taking them subsequently from dictation. Had she asked him to write a composition, his spelling would have been termed "dynamic," and possibly his language as well. In any case she required work, a factor fairly common in the old, but not so common in the new, pedagogy. A combination of the primitive motor-vocal with the motor-graphic method, is much recommended by Provost Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania, and other authorities, who contrast the current cacography with the standards acknowledged in their boyhood days.

THEORIES

There is no lack of treatises on the pedagogy of spelling. We take a good deal of stock in the subject. Through the *Psychological Review*, one learned lady has given us an article "On the Analysis of the Memory Consciousness in Orthography" and the same Review has published monographs on "A Study of Lapses," and "The Relation Between Modes of Presentation and Retention." One of the best of recent general discussions is "The Child and His Spelling" by Cook and O'Shea. For the most part, however, the literature of the subject is confusing rather than helpful, both in theory and in suggested methods, and despite the renaissance of interest in spelling, or in the psychology of spelling, orthography is becoming a rare accomplishment. The college professor shudders at the atrocities committed by students fresh from the high school; the high school instructor asks sarcastically what new fad has displaced spelling in the grammar school; the grammar school teacher hints darkly, that the minds of her pupils were permanently warped during the unfortunate year passed in the first grade; and the business man, with the captain of finance, complains loudly that in the matter of spelling, the finished products of the grammar school, the high school, the college and the university, are equally absurd and impossible. Even the newspapers, and even AMERICA, oc-

casionally exhibit traces of the common fault. Linotypers, however, are notoriously peccant in this matter.

RESULTS

An amusing account of an examination in spelling is given by Professor O'Shea. The class, taken at random, included seventy Wisconsin University freshmen, with thirty-nine seniors and thirty freshmen from a local high school. Here are a few of the maimed and mangled specimens submitted.

1. Awful, awfull, auful, awefull, auwfull, awfle, awfful, auffell, affull, offel, offul, offull.
2. Benefited, benefitted, benifited, benifitted, benifit, benefitied, benafated, benifetted, benefitting, benfitting, benfited, benififfted, binefited.
3. Sieve, seive, sive, ceive, siv, seeve, scive, siev, sceve, seieve, cib, shaney, shafe.

The same authority mentions that in a class of 237 university freshmen and sophomores, "Macaulay" was misspelled by 181. Fifty-one ways of missing the word were discovered. These varieties should furnish valuable hints and principles to our industrious committees on simplified spelling.

RULES AND THE YOUTHFUL MIND

To discuss but one aspect of this complex question, it may be suggested that too much insistence on rules has been the making of many an anarchical speller. To submit to a small, defenseless human, a rule which says that "in monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable, a final consonant after a single vowel doubles before a suffix beginning with a vowel (x, k, and y are never doubled) except when in the derivative the accent is thrown back from the last syllable of the primitive" ("The Normal Course in Spelling") is to accredit this recently-breeched creature with a mind akin to that of the Subtle Doctor.

Most confusing of all to the youthful mind, with its almost grubby insistence upon positive values, are rules which indicate what does *not* happen. A grammar of elementary Greek, once much in favor, contained a marvelous set of rules for the accent. The subject was opened by an excursus, dense to the point of impenetrability, upon oxytones, barytones, paroxytones, properoxytones, and some terrible things, now dimly and no doubt incorrectly recalled as paralipomenons. The author then dove to a lower depth, leaving the hapless urchins floating on the surface, to discourse upon the precise syllabic point where the accent was *not* found, and to tabulate a dictionary-like list of exceptions. Thus did he hit upon the admirable pedagogical expedient of presenting every phase of his subject in the light of a negative, or of an exception. Many teachers are like him, and most compilers of rules have taken him as a model. The expert psychologist, who may be depended upon to point an obvious moral once in a while, now tells us that the value of these rules is exceedingly doubtful. He can quote you figures for it too; so many freshmen shut up in a room at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, with an illustrated spelling-book; so many caged in a cellar, with a set of rules; and present his report in the most approved of modern argot.

MORE RULES

What are we going to do in this important matter? This is a question which one who has never taught spelling is admirably qualified to answer. Miss Watson's plan seems to possess many advantages, particularly when reenforced by the motor-graphic method. An old teacher, now with the Lord, used to dictate the following "Rules for Learning to Spell":

1. Look at the word; look at it hard. 2. Pronounce it. 3. Spell it aloud from the book a dozen times. 4. Write it neatly, using the book, twenty-five times. 5. Compose a sentence which contains it. 6. Repeat, repeat, repeat.

Of course this method is not infallible. But many of his pupils became excellent spellers, the pride of the country-side, competent to dispute a spelling with the schoolmaster and even with the Dictionary. P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Fatal Fondness for Food

"THIS Marchioness," ruminated Mr. Swiveller, folding his arms, and scowling fiercely, "is a very extraordinary person—surrounded by mysteries and unacquainted with the taste of beer." Obviously Mr. Swiveller was not only drunk, but fully as unacquainted with the legitimate claims of the human stomach as the Marchioness was with the taste of purl. Beer, forsooth! that is a perquisite of your plutocrat. Let the rest of us sing when we can get bread. Certainly the Marchioness had once seen a small piece of meat, two whole square inches of cold mutton, and at the bidding of Miss Sally Brass had even dined upon it; at one fell gulp, I am sorry to say. Yet it is plain that her meals were not ordered of a size to suit her stomach, for it is told that she was wont to creep out after dark for bits of biscuit and "sangwitches" left in the office, and to concoct wine from orange peelings and cold water.

TONY SPINELLI

The Marchioness lived and suffered, and finally was filled with food in the pages of great-hearted Dickens, whose lance was ever balanced to drive against cruelty. But Tony Spinelli is a very real person and he lives in New Jersey. When Wall Street is steady, Tony works eight hours a day for a corporation in which a tender-hearted philanthropic Foundation with a blanket charter, owns stock of par value of half a million dollars. In return for his best services, Tony's monthly share of the profits is about forty dollars. Tony's wife goes out to wash clothes occasionally, thereby raising the solvency of the family treasury to fifty dollars. When the bills come in at the end of the month, Tony gets out a stub pencil, and adds them up thus:

Grocer, $25.00; butcher, $10.78; baker, $8.30; coal, $2.50; clothing for self and five children, $10.00; insurance on self, $2.04; insurance on four children, $2.00. Total, $60.62. Deficit, $10.62.

Tony smokes a pipe now and then, but neither drinks nor chews. Two of his children go to church and school, but nowhere else. His wife, an industrious creature, is seen at early Mass on Sunday, but otherwise never leaves the house, except to "do" laundry work in private families. She can't do very much, because the three children at home are small enough to claim a good deal of her time. No item of rent appears in Tony's budget. Perhaps he is a "squatter" or owns a hut of his own. "I don't know what's the matter," Tony anxiously reported to an Investigating Committee, "I don't seem to get ahead. I always fall back. I couldn't pay all the bills last month."

SEVEN-CENT MEALS

The answer is easy. To begin with, Tony has availed himself of his inalienable right to marry, a shocking social crime. Then he and his family are too fond of food. For only seven persons, he allots the disproportionate sum of $44.08. How can the prodigal expect to "get ahead" when he squanders twenty-one whole cents a day on his meals? Ten dollars for clothing is a wrecking extravagance. Unless Tony can overcome his fondness for food and clothing, his only remedy is to withdraw to the woods, where clothes last a long time, and where in season, nuts and berries may be found. In the days of their abundance, Tony and his interesting family may emulate the squirrel in laying up stores for the winter.

While it is probably true that hundreds of thousands like Tony, are keeping just one jump ahead of starvation, the unani-

mous testimony of capitalists bears witness to the serious danger to our whole economic system, arising from excessive wages. Yet let us not lose our heads. The danger is remote; for these unselfish capitalists are keeping watch that the country take no harm. How thoroughly practical are the methods which they have adopted, is evident from the testimony given at a recent legislative hearing in Albany, by a nineteen-year-old shop girl:

> Girls getting six dollars a week and less, think it extravagant to spend fifteen cents for lunch. They spend instead, six cents for coffee and rolls. They walk miles to get to work in the morning and back home again at night. They go without lunch to pay for a new dress, and if they eat regularly, they don't get any new dresses.

Like Tony, this girl and her kind can not see the folly of investing money in food and clothing.

EXCESSIVE WAGES

Other interesting figures are given in the preliminary Report of the New York State Factory Investigating Committee for 1914: "Of fifteen thousand women and girls investigated, representing the candy, paper-box and shirt-making trades, over eight thousand get less than $6.50 a week in the busy season." Note the final phrase. A worker who gets six dollars a week, gets precisely six dollars a week, not necessarily three hundred and twelve dollars a year. Expenses continue during the slack seasons, but wages do not. In the candy trade, half the single women received less than $5.83 a week. To earn fifteen cents an hour, a hand dipper must cover 720 pieces of candy with chocolate, or one every five seconds, and the work must be done in an unsanitary room of refrigerator-like temperature. In the paper-box industry, more than ten thousand workers are employed in New York City; more than fifteen thousand throughout the State. A common rate for covering boxes with slips of paper is ten cents per hundred. If you can cover six thousand boxes in six days, your reward will be six dollars; but this will require you to maintain a daily average of two perfect boxes per minute, for a stretch of nearly nine hours. Canners receive, according to the Report, from seven to ten cents an hour. The weekly average wage for women was $4.53, but one woman who worked for ninety hours a week during the rush season, received the marvelous sum of $6.75. As to the department stores, 85 per cent. of the women in five and ten-cent stores, and 51 per cent. of the women in other stores received less than $7.00 a week.

LYING STATISTICS

Let us study two other sets of figures and we shall have done with statistics. Of a group of men and women investigated by the State Commission, the weekly wages for 13,000 were less than $5.00; for 34,000, less than $7.00; for 68,000, less than $10.00; and only 17,000 received $15.00 or more. Half the employees with a department-store experience of five years, are receiving less than $8.00 a week; and only half of those with ten years' experience are receiving a weekly wage of $10.00. In New York as elsewhere, a man's labor, or a woman's, seems to be "worth" precisely what the employer agrees to pay, and no more. Motives of human need on the one side, met by motives of human decency on the other, have, apparently, very little influence on the transaction.

The Federal Report on the Condition of Women and Child Wage Earners shows the dangerously high level which wages have reached in the cotton-mill industry. In the New England States, wages for men averaged from $5.00 to $5.59 for fifty hours' work; for women, from $6.00 to $6.99 for fifty-three hours' work. Three per cent. of the women earned less than $2.00 weekly; 25 per cent. less than $5.00; 40 per cent. less than $6.00. In the Southern States, wages for men averaged from $3.00 to $3.99 for fifty-three hours' work; for women, from $4.00 to $4.99 for fifty-four hours' work. Eleven per cent. of the women were earning less than $2.00 a week; 39 per cent. less than $4.00; 73 per cent. less than $6.00.

THE THOUGHT-CONTENT OF THE WORKER

We need not pause to point out the malign physical effects of this excessive work upon women, with its consequent furthering of race-degeneration. But it may be noted that the vast majority of these industrious persons are wondering, with Tony, why they "can't keep ahead." They forget that their retrogression is due to their own fatal weakness. The evidence is all but convincing, that if we are not to become a race of pain-racked paupers, we must teach the laboring classes to check this disastrous passion for food.

The best efforts of our trained social workers are continually being overthrown by the recurrence of this unnatural appetite. One is led to believe that the total thought-content of the average worker centers in food. "When I pay seven cents for lunch," remarked a shop-girl, "I'm extravagant." "Sometimes I just long for a good thirty-cent meal," wistfully confesses a six-dollar-a-week girl. "I get so tired of these cheap dinners that sometimes I'd rather not eat at all." "You see yourself," explains another, "the only thing left for me to economize on is food. I don't take any breakfast; experience showed me that was the easiest meal to do without." Reckless of the consequences of extravagance, a fourth shop-girl spends eight cents for breakfast on a glass of milk with a raw egg in it, and a few crackers. "It's healthy and it's inexpensive," comments the lavish creature. "Sometimes when I want a real treat, I get an orange for breakfast, but that doesn't happen often."

CAPUAN INDULGENCE

Connected with this root-passion is the inexplicable desire for clothes. "Yes, I've got clothes," complained an ungrateful working-girl, "but that's about all you can say of 'em. I don't know when I've had a dress just because I wanted it, or just because it was pretty." A young woman of twenty who is receiving $6.50 in a millinery-shop thus outlines her iniquity: "I buy my clothes with my lunches. I have coffee and rolls for breakfast, that's six cents; coffee and a sandwich for lunch, that's a dime; and a real good dinner for a quarter." Capuan indulgence, this. "But, of course, when I need clothes, it's different. Then I have one meal a day, or may be, two, until the bill is paid." The extent of this evil is brought out by the example of the foolish girl who sold her hair to buy a pair of shoes. Hair, she argued, grows; shoes do not, save in a rudimentary state upon the cow. Possibly too, she found it easier to cut her crown of glory than her scanty meals.

WHAT IS LABOR "WORTH"?

This is the era of good times and good wages. Who can doubt it after reading the reports of the Investigating Committees? Yet "underpaid, underfed, undersupplied with all that contributes to civilized life" is the description applied to whole classes of laborers by recent students of social economy. Compared with certain grades of "sweaters," Tony Spinelli, the textile worker, and the shop-girl, are highly-paid specialists. It is a question how long right order can abide in a civilization which tolerates such conditions. That a man should live by his labor is a principle vital to human society, and the society which makes this impossibile is a society maintained in violation of the natural law, a society headed for destruction. The claim to a living wage is based not upon charity, but strict justice; it is not a concession but a right. "There is a dictate of nature," wrote Leo XIII, "more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." Any contract which looks to less is of its nature, invalid. "If through necessity," continues the Pontiff, "or through fear of a worse

evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is a victim of fraud and injustice." Commenting upon "reasonable and frugal comfort," C. S. Devas, the English economist, holds that these things should be secured the worker by his wages: 1. The means of physical existence: 2. Practical possibility of marriage; 3. A separate home; 4. Insurance against sickness, old age and industrial accidents; 5. Some access to the treasures of literature, art and culture.

THE AMERICAN STANDARD

"The American standard of living," says Mr. John Mitchell, "should mean to the industrious worker, carpets, books, pictures and furniture to make the home bright, comfortable and attractive; an ample supply of clothing, suitable for winter and summer, and above all, a sufficient quantity of good wholesome, nourishing food at all times of the year." Apply this standard to Tony Spinelli and the underfed shop-girl, and see how far each falls below it. Even a brief study of the underpaid laborer, forced to give body and such soul as a life of grinding hardship has left him, to unremunerative toil, is sufficient to show the danger which threatens the very fabric of society, so long as the employer is allowed to proceed on the theory that labor is worth only what he chooses to pay and the workman agrees to accept. It is also enough to indicate why oppression of the poor is counted among the sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"He is like the Jesuit of fiction," says the London *Times,* "who has only one allegiance which nothing can destroy; and if he professes another, it is only so that he may better serve the former." It is to the credit of the *Times* that with age, it has learned the value of the saving clause. "He is like the Jesuit" would have been the plump and easy calumny of the *Times* in other days. The new mind of the *Times* is commended to the thoughtful consideration of Mr. William Dean Howells, whose recent calumnies against the Jesuits are not only offensive and hopelessly out of date, but as yet, unretracted.

Juvenile Courts and parents who supply them with cases, says the *Sacred Heart Review,* may be interested in Aunt Sally's method of raising boys. So well trained were they, that her mistress asked one day, "Aunt Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?" "Ah'll tell yo' Missus," answered Aunt Sally, "Ah raise 'em wif a barrel stave and Ah raise 'em frequent." There is much virtue, doubtless, in a barrel stave, all unsuspected of weakling parents, but its efficacy is not sovereign. A Chicago Juvenile Court judge holds that even if the barrel stave or its equivalent be religiously retained, it will profit little, if parents are persuaded that their whole duty is bound up in the infliction of corporal punishment. Good example and unwearying parental watchfulness are absolutely necessary in the training of a child. Neither Church nor School can do all; in fact, if parents are not what they should be, the combined efforts of both may easily be frustrated. One of the most serious faults in much modern social legislation is its tendency to shift the burden of responsibility from the parent to the community.

The New York *Evening Post* for June 5, contains an exceedingly interesting account of the famous Ebro Observatory at Tortosa in Spain. The astronomical observations at Tortosa are confined to the sun, photographs of which are taken on every available day. Three other departments, each in charge of a specialist, are devoted to the study of atmospheric electricity, meteorology, and terrestrial magnetism. At the request of the Government, this last-named department is engaged in the work of plotting a magnetic chart of all Spain. "Since 1910," reports the *Post,* "the Observatory has issued a regular monthly *Bulletin,* printed in two languages, Spanish and French, giving the numerical data of observations in heliophysics, meteorology and geophysics. The Observatory also publishes *Iberica.* What the *Scientific American* is for America, *Cosmos* for the French, and *Nature* for the English, *Iberica* is for the Spaniard. The necessity of a weekly scientific magazine, well illustrated and with up-to-date articles, was long ago felt by Spanish-speaking people, and the new periodical amply suplies this need. For the benefit of those benighted individuals who still quote White's "Warfare of Science with Theology," and who believe that the Catholic Church is irreconcilably set against the progress of all scientific knowledge, it may be remarked that this famous Observatory was founded, and is conducted, by members of that body which above all others is most hostile to enlightenment, the Society of Jesus. It will probably remain in their keeping until a revolution comes along to supply the American press with new copy, as did the Portuguese revolution, couched in high-sounding phrases, on the intellectual enslavement of the Spanish people under the domination of the Jesuits. Then after the new apostles of liberty have blown up the delicate instruments with dynamite, the ruins of the Observatory will remain, as an example in point, of the ultimate failure of all Jesuit enterprises. Thus is history made, at least in America.

The practice of the modern metropolitan daily apparently defines "news" as anything unfit, in the estimation of decent people, to print. A man or woman with a brief in favor of some shocking violation of the law of God or man, is sure to find an eager welcome from a press, which in many a convention, has proclaimed itself the guardian of public morality. A plea for vileness is, or used to be, something out of the ordinary; but even to-day, when properly garnished, it will make the crowd "sit up and take notice," and is therefore, good "news." Within the last few months, the pages of the New York newspapers, notably the *Tribune,* have been opened to the defense of unlimited divorce, race suicide, the I. W. W. excesses, and successive polygamy, or the trial marriage. A press of this kind is nothing less than an advocate of moral corruption. There are in every community men and women, morally weak, who find in its pages a ready justification for the aberrations to which they are inclined. Psychologists and physicians bear witness that persons of this class are strangely and powerfully influenced by a defense of wrong-doing, no matter how flimsy, when made publicly by apparently reputable persons. A more serious aspect of the matter is the baneful influence exercised upon the young. One of the most serious duties incumbent upon parents to-day is to keep these newspapers out of their homes. Perhaps this duty is even more imperative when there is question of the popular magazines. It is hard to see how the boy or girl allowed free choice in the matter of magazines and newspapers can escape moral shipwreck.

Rev. John E. Copus, S.J., founder and director of the Marquette University School of Journalism, died in Milwaukee, on June 12. Born in Guildford, England, in 1854, he was educated at Archbishop Abbot's School, and was received into the Church in 1876. He came to America that same year, and engaged in journalistic work in Ontario, and afterward in Detroit, where for some years he was commercial editor of the *Detroit News.* He entered the Society of Jesus in 1887. Father Copus was a frequent contributor to the magazines, was the author of "The Son of Siro," "Andros of Ephesus," with other novels, and of a number of books for boys.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Two successes, which though considerable are not of great importance, have been gained by the Allies during the week. The fighting north of Arras has been of a very severe character, and has resulted in an advance by the Allies on Souchez from three sides and in the capture of Le-Fond-de-Buval. In the Vosges, where the French have been at a standstill for many weeks, the town of Metzeral has been evacuated by the Germans who are said to have retired to within three miles of Munster, the defenses of which have already been bombarded by French guns. Near La Bassée the Germans claim to have repulsed a number of vigorous attacks by the British.

Bulletin, June 15, p. m.-June 22, a. m.

In the east there has been constant activity, with the Germans as a rule on the offensive, all along the line from the vicinity of Riga to Czernowitz. In Poland, however, especially in the Shavli district, and from the Niemen to the Rawka, there have been only artillery duels, with but little fighting by the infantry. The Germans apparently have been endeavoring to keep the Russians occupied with the defense of many points of the line in the hope of preventing reenforcements from being sent to Galicia.

Austro-German Successes

In Galicia the Austro-German armies have been very successful. The Russians who were reported last week as having been driven from Sieniawa and the river San, and consequently as having abandoned the hope of cutting the German communications with Cracow, have been again defeated and driven out of Galicia and forced to retreat beyond the river Tanew. At the same time three Teutonic armies have been moving east towards Lemberg. The Russian defense of Mosciska had retarded their advance, but with its fall early in the week, they recovered their momentum. The army operating south of the Polish border has seized the town of Rawa-Ruska and is now attacking Zolkiew and Janow. The army which was halted before Mosciska has advanced along the railroad and taken Grodek, and advanced nine miles further towards Lemberg driving the Russians from the hills with little difficulty. Still further south the Austrians have made progress along the north bank of the Dniester and have taken Kamorno. As a consequence the Austro-German lines run almost from the Polish border south to the Dniester and are menacing Lemberg at a distance of twelve miles on the northwest, nine on the east, and less than twenty on the southwest. The Russians are powerless to hold back the Austro-Germans. Lemberg, therefore, and perhaps Galicia will be evacuated in all probability in the very near future. Along the Dniester from Mikolaiow to the vicinity of Halicz the situation is practically unchanged. Further south, however, the Austrians have made great progress. Last week they were fighting from Stanislau to Kolomea and thence along the river Pruth. From this line they have forced the Russians to retire to the river Dniester. Petrograd reports that the Austrians who were invading Bessarabia have been repulsed.

In the Trentino the Italians have continued their slow advance up the Adige river and have captured the town of Mori, which is on the railroad between Riva and Rovereto. To the east of Bozen, they have crossed the frontier, taken Cortina, and occupied the Sasso di Stria peak and the Falzerago pass. In the Carnic Alps they have successfully bombarded Malborghetto. Along the Isonzo with the exception of further gains in the vicinity

The Italian Campaign

of Monte Nero they have accomplished nothing important. Tolmein is still holding out, and according to Vienna, all attacks aimed at Goritz especially at Plava have been repulsed. Italy claims further consolidation of positions on the east bank of the Isonzo. Having advanced south from Monfalcone to within nine miles of Triest, the Italians have been halted by vigorous Austrian resistance.

The campaign in the Dardanelles is not making rapid progress. Except for the sinking of some transports by a British submarine, practically nothing has been reported of naval operations. Engagements on land, which have been costly to both sides have been announced, but as the names of places have been suppressed, the actual line of fighting is largely a matter of conjecture. Rumors are again active concerning the entrance of Rumania into the war on the side of the Allies, although it is generally believed that Russia's overwhelming defeat in Galicia has made such a step less likely than it was some time ago. In Greece, the protracted illness of the King is at present acting as a bar to further developments. The large majority gained by the war party in the recent elections would lead under normal conditions to the resignation of M. Gounaris and the Cabinet; and it is said that the King is almost certain, as soon as his health permits attention to public affairs, to ask M. Venezelos to form a new Cabinet. As M. Venezelos is committed to the expansion of Greece and to participation in hostilities, Greece's entrance into the war would follow naturally from his becoming the head of the Government. Reports from Athens, however, say that in all probability matters will rest as they are until Parliament meets as usual toward the end of July.

Other Items

France.—"War," General Castlenau has announced to the Government, "is now waged and must be waged, not by the shock of men, but by the shock of ammunition." The French press, together with a small but noisy section of the Opposition whose motives are not above suspicion, is now clamoring for more cannon and more ammunition, with as much insistence as Mr. Lloyd George. The need of reenforcements, however, is very real. At the outbreak of the war, the ammunition supplies for the three-inch field-guns were 1200 shells per gun, with a reserve of two hundred. Not many weeks were required to show the insufficiency of this supply. French arsenals and private factories are now producing about 170,000 shells daily; but the prodigality of the French army in ammunition almost exhausts the supply. These figures seem less exaggerated, when it is recalled that in the brief actions over a limited front near Souain in Champagne, the French fired more than 100,000 shells of large calibre. The greatly extended use of machine guns has also caused a scarcity of small arms ammunition. Fifty of these weapons firing at the rate of three hundred cartridges a minute, will use about a million every hour. The equipment of the French army, not providing for the reserve ammunition, calls for 300,000,000 cartridges.

The Problem, Munitions

Private letters written by Jesuits with the army, bear witness to the undoubted revival of religion among all classes. "Not a complaint, not a discordant note, and above all, none of those anti-religious demonstrations which were so painful in 1870," writes a chaplain in the North. "In 1870 at the sight of a soutane they would have cried out *'Les curés, sac au dos!'* An enormous number have come to Confession." Retreats for the soldiers are fairly common, and more than once the soldier-priests "have brought an apostolate into villages where religion had almost died." "Mens' bodies are being horribly mutilated," writes Père Cavrois, now an airman and an officer in the English service, "but untold good is being done in their souls." One hospital chaplain reports that out of forty-five deaths within a certain period, only four were without the Sacraments, and of these four, two were German Lutherans. Many conversions have been recorded; "it is well to carry a bottle of clear water for baptisms" says a chaplain. Equally consoling are the stories of "second Communions," i. e., returns to the Sacraments for the first time since childhood. These "returns" often include officers with large numbers of their commands. These details are from Jesuit sources. What a record could be compiled from the relations of the secular clergy, of the still legally proscribed sons of Benedict, Dominic, Francis, and the other religious founders! The providence of God has drawn a blessing from the malice which inspired the anti-Catholic Military Law of 1889.

The Revival of Religion

Germany.—An editorial statement of considerable importance appears in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of May 31. The question of the expansion of the Empire for the purpose of defense is certainly of very great importance; but it must be made subordinate to a question of even higher importance to Germany; "What is going to happen after the war?" It is unreasonable to believe, thinks the *Zeitung,* that any problem of world politics can be settled equitably or permanently, by recourse to armed force.

Territorial Expansion

Whoever sets the aims of Germany very high for the future will have to recognize that there would be little reason in a policy that sought to solve all problems of world politics by means of rifles, cannon and submarines. Gigantic as is Germany's strength against all its foes, it would nevertheless be a dangerous piece of foolishness if Germany, trusting only to its power, and without consideration of the other forces present in the world and the oppositions arising out of these, should pursue its aims as though it were alone in the world. The great statesman too, to whom present-day Germany owes its form, always aimed to apply blood and iron only so far as was absolutely necessary, and to make the fulfilment of the problems of the German people as easy as possible through his policies.

The *Zeitung* then proceeds to say that in so far as the annexation of foreign territory is necessary, either as a permanent military precaution or to bring Germany nearer to victory, "we must not set our hearts against it." But all conquest must be made with a clear understanding of its effect upon Germany's future foreign relations.

To make conquests merely to snatch as much territory as possible, is narrow and dangerous. It would be far more dangerous if it were to cause the solid coalition of States which have risen, up against us, and which under a policy that is at all wise will not be repeated, to keep together after the war. Certainly we do not want to rely upon good will and assurances of future friendship. That will never happen again. But neither do we wish to create relations that will necessarily and through times that can be foreseen, create for us invincible enmities.

"Business as Usual"

After ten months of war, writes a correspondent, the business of life goes on pretty much as usual in Berlin. Certainly neither famine, nor any reduction remotely approaching famine, can be seen in Germany. Recent reports, however, say that the Federal Council has declared void, all contracts calling for the delivery, after August 30, of wheat, barley, rye, oats, and crude sugar. The order indicates that these commodities are to remain under the control of the Government until the conclusion of the war. The problem of unemployment has been automatically solved, for there are now more "places" than there are men to fill them. Germany has a great reserve of useful women who are being employed to fill the posts left by the able-bodied men who have gone to the front. Many, by this time, perhaps the majority, of the tramway conductors are women; women are engaged as ticket-sellers in the subway, as elevator-attendants in the shops, and they are finding their way as clerks into the hotels and banks, and even into the munition factories. The Krupp workers now number considerably over one hundred thousand. Most of the work at present is on the manufacture of long range artillery. The production of the 42-centimetre gun, it is said, is but the prelude to the introduction in the near future of heavier guns of a far greater range.

Great Britain.—Not even the pressure of a great war can change the English national character. For good or for evil, it is conservative, and conservative it will doubtless remain, even when the penalty is national collapse. Yet it was an Irishman, Mr. John Dillon, who on the floor of Parliament voiced the national distrust of the proposal to introduce military methods into the munition factories. He did not believe, as the English people do not believe, that even the undoubted gravity of the present situation, could be invoked to justify ways and means which savored of "Prussianism." These might serve Prussia well, but England was not Prussia, and it was unwise to adopt methods which might liken her to Prussia. This speech evinces a true understanding of the temper of the English people. Jealous of the individual liberty held by them in a degree not enjoyed by other European people, Englishmen are quick to resent its abridgment, slow to subordinate it to the common welfare. They have never renounced it at the bidding of a government; on the other hand, with the danger apprehended, they have never hesitated to sink all personal differences to present an undivided front to the enemy. Yet it must be confessed that this result has been obtained, for the most part, only when the nation faced a crisis which seemed hardly distinguishable from defeat. No nation, perhaps, has been loved and served by its people with such prodigality; but a ministry bent on crimping personal liberty has never been successful. All this explains the disfavor with which the typical Englishman regards conscription and forced labor in the munition factories. A labor leader in Parliament expressed this English characteristic when he said that if the Government would let the worker know what was needed, the worker would endeavor to supply what was wanted, but the Government would get nothing by presenting a pistol at the head of the worker. Mr. Lloyd George, somewhat given to despotism, is wise in merely hinting at the "vastness of his powers"; he might have been wiser had he said nothing of them, for while his compatriots may be induced to give much, they will give but little under compulsion. At this writing the details of Mr. George's Munition Bill have not been published. According to the London *Times,* however, it is to be an ideal document, "based upon a volunteer scheme, imposing at the same time, upon the workingman, a restraint hitherto unknown." The *Times* thinks the bill will embrace the following provisions:

English Conservatism and the Munitions Bill

No compulsion; no military status; no semi-military discipline; a suspension, however, of trade-union rules which limit the employment of semi-skilled, unskilled and female labor and which restrict the output; prohibition on strikes and lock-outs. All disputes are to be settled by compulsory arbitration by three members of the existing bodies. The munitions department is to have the power to declare any munition factory a "controlled establishment," and employers' profits in such establishments are to be limited. Trade unions are to enroll volunteers from their ranks for work in "controlled establishments," wherever situated. A Munitions Court is to be set up to deal with offenses by the ordinary munitions worker, such as bad time, keeping a deliberate limit on the output, and bad work caused by drunkenness.

The Labor Unions, it is said, have declared that the Bill is a satisfactory compromise, but they will insist that any suspension of rules cease with the close of the war.

The Archbishop of York has submitted the report of the Commission appointed to investigate the matter of serious moral irregularities said to have been common in the recruiting camps during the early months of the war. The conclusion has been reached that "no evidence available justifies the belief that the conditions of war have resulted in any exceptional increase" in an evil which is not confined to England. The Commission bases its report upon inquiries made in sixty-two cities and coun-

An Alleged Disorder

ties. As the wild rumors set on foot by sensation-mongers are thus wholly discredited, the Commission holds that organization of Special Committees to deal with the alleged problem, is altogether unnecessary.

Ireland.—The declared intention of the Government to remove Ignatius O'Brien, a Home Ruler, from the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland and appoint Mr. Campbell, Sir E. Carson's chief lieutenant, in his place, has produced a marked change in the attitude of the Irish Party, nor has their hostility been softened by the alternative suggestion that another Carsonite lieutenant should be made Attorney-General. With Sir Edward Carson and F. E. Smith, the chief organizers of armed opposition to the Home Rule bill, holding guardianship of English law in the Cabinet, and another professed rebel against the law of the land controlling it in Ireland and also making the legal and official appointments which for some years were under the influence of the Irish Party, the future of Home Rule and of the Party is in jeopardy. Sveral Irish members have spoken openly against Mr. Asquith, impugning his good faith and rejoicing that they are freed from the leash that bound them to the support of measures injurious to Ireland and can now utter their real sentiments. The working of the Defence of the Realm Act seems quite in accord with the Government hostility to Irish aspiration. A large number of men in all parts of the country have been fined and imprisoned for uttering sentiments construed as unfavorable to recruiting, and a much larger number have been dismissed from Government employment or, if not employees, have been summarily ordered to leave their county or country for the same reason, but under no definite charge. Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, Secretary of the Cork Industrial Development Association, but also a prominent Irish Volunteer and Gaelic Leaguer, is one of many who were peremptorily ordered to leave the country in virtue of the Defence of the Realm Act, without charge of offence against it. While the whole force of Dublin Castle, vigorously directed by Sir Matthew Nathan, is turned to the suppression of the Irish Volunteers, who are pledged to defend Home Rule, the thirty thousand trained Carsonite recruits, who are pledged to oppose Home Rule, are still retained in Ireland. Despite the efforts of several members of the Irish Party, Nationalist recruiting has been meagre, and now that Irish members, dissatisfied with the Government's appointments, no longer advocate it, it has fallen off altogether. Meantime the Gaelic League is making unprecendented progress, and the Irish Unionist papers are complaining that its meetings are made the occasion of propagating anti-imperial ideas. The appointment of leading Ulsterites to prominent Cabinet and Castle positions has had the effect of provoking open opposition from the Irish papers whose Nationalist opinions were suppressed since the outbreak of the war.

Dissatisfaction with Government Policies

Mexico.—Affairs in this unhappy land are steadily growing worse. New complications arise daily and settlement of old difficulties is as far off as ever. The order given to Admiral Howard by our Government to land 300 marines and 300 bluejackets near Guaymas with a view to protecting from the Yaquis an American colony, some twenty miles from the coast, has aroused fresh hatred against the United States. The Villistas have "boosted" a new provisional President, Chaos, into office; the Carranzistas have begun to squabble with one another, and nothing permanent has come of President Wilson's warning to the warring factions to compose their difficulties. As noted before Carranza issued a manifesto to the Mexican people denying most of our President's allegations and bidding for recognition. Villa seems to have been more desirous of peace than the "First Chief." He sent Carranza a wire on President Wilson's declaration in substance as follows:

Eternal Tangles

AGUASCALIENTES, June 10, 1915.

General Venustiano Carranza,
Vera Cruz, Mexico:

In our opinion this declaration involves two perils, which may frustrate the ends of revolution and impair our sovereignty. First, the Cientificos, with any other group, might again enthrone themselves, with American assistance. Second, should the people not submit to this, the American Government might have recourse to armed intervention. In the face of these two imminent dangers, and without recognizing the right of the American Government to intervene in our affairs, we think that we should seek means that would permit the reunion and reorganization of the Constitutionalist Party, even though it be indispensable to make sacrifices of self-esteem. We believe also that this is what patriotism and the future welfare of our country require of us.

In such a sense, we propose to you that we take under consideration President Wilson's note, and that, if you are disposed, as we ourselves are, you advise us, so that we may discuss and agree at once upon the form and terms of procedure in the reorganization of the national constitutional Government. We have already placed ourselves in touch with the Chief of the Convention Government, as well as with the commanding General of the Army of the South.

In the hope that your action will be inspired for the good of the country, we remain, your obedient servants,

FRANCISCO VILLA,
M. DIAZ LOMBARDO,
In Charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs.

Villa also addressed a document to Washington which contained the following points: 1, he thanked Americans for their sympathy and expressed gratification that the United States claimed no right to take part in the solution of the internal difficulties of Mexico; 2, he blamed Carranza for the present muddle; 3, he denied that the safety of foreigners was not guaranteed; 4, he protested that education had been continued during the period of strife, courts established, mining laws amended, free coinage promulgated, agrarian and fishery laws put upon the basis of equity, and railroad, postal and telegraph service improved; 5, he denied any famine.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and the Navy*

TO the young man who is physically and mentally qualified for membership in its ranks, the navy of today offers excellent chances for improvement and advancement. Boys of from seventeen to eighteen years of age enlist until they are twenty-one, and those over eighteen for four years. While the nature of the service demands that the majority of recruits enter the navy as apprentice seamen or coal passers, special qualifications are always carefully considered by the recruiting officer, and their possessor can usually enlist in the branch where he can best use them. For instance, supposing that an applicant has had some office experience and can operate a typewriter, he may enlist in the clerical or yeoman branch and, after a course of instruction in the yeoman class, come forth in a few months, a full-fledged petty officer. In this rating a knowledge of stenography is desirable and, though not essential, leads to quick promotions.

In the same way a machinist, electrician, coppersmith, blacksmith, carpenter or plumber may enlist in the rating he is best qualified to fill, or be quickly promoted to it. Many ships carry printers, and some of the dreadnaughts have molders. Each ship has its own hospital corps, in which branch prospective pharmacists may find much valuable experience. All men in the service under twenty years of age are allowed to compete in the examinations for assistant paymaster, one of the most desirable positions in any service, from which the successful candidate may be promoted through the various grades to the position of pay director, which ranks with captain in the navy; the yeoman branch gives the best training for this examination. Yeoman may also take the examination for the recently created warrant rank of pay clerk; hospital stewards for pharmacists, and carpenters' mates, plumbers and ship fitters for carpenter; warrant officers after six years of service are given a commission and rank with ensigns.

The man who enlists as a coal passer may be promoted through the grades of fireman, first and second class oiler and water tender, to that of chief water tender, and chief machinist mate, may, upon examination, be warranted machinist, and upon the expiration of three years' service in this rank, may take the examination for a commission in the line of the navy.

So much for specialists. The average boy entering the navy, however, has his mind full of the handling of boats, the making of knots and splices and, above all, the manipulation of the heavy guns, and these, as well as signaling, come under the seaman branch. When a youngster leaves the training station to go aboard ship as an ordinary seaman, he can, by paying attention, become a seaman in a few months, from which he may be promoted to be a third class petty officer, either as coxswain, gunner's mate, or quartermaster. Assuming his age to be eighteen at the time of his enlistment, there is no reason why, by hard study and application, he can not gain a warrant as boatswain or gunner by the time he is twenty-six, and a commission as ensign when he is thirty years old.

In addition to the foregoing, by an order of the Secretary of the Navy, ten men are now selected annually from the enlisted personnel to be sent to the Naval Academy at Annapolis as midshipmen; selections are made by competitive examinations, which are confined to men under twenty-one years of age.

Apart from promotions the navy is full of opportunities for young men, and can be made the means of much physical and mental improvement. Regular hours, with plenty of sleep and rest, combined with the daily physical exercises and fresh air, make the best medicine in the world for the boy whose mother worries over his pallid cheeks and the dark rings under his eyes. Many a mother, indeed, who with fear and trembling saw her sickly or dissipated son go forth to join the navy, now freely gives her blessing to the service that in a few months, changed him into a robust, manly and sober lad.

Religion in the navy occupies pretty much the same place it does elsewhere, and religious toleration is found here in its finest and best form. The Irish-American Catholic boy works side by side with the Baptist youth of the southwest, and neither will know the creed of the other unless he happens to see him go to church. There are, of course, throughout the service small complements of Socialists and atheists, and a few who read the unspeakable *Menace,* but they usually learn to keep their tongues quiet. The bluejacket who has just come from the shower bath probably has in mind the letter he wishes to write home, and is not in a receptive state of mind to listen to denials of the existence of God, or to indiscriminate slanderers of innocent women, no matter what their creed.

Many ships carry chaplains, and aboard such ships divine service is held regularly on Sunday mornings, and is always attended by some. In warm weather "church is rigged" in the open air, and below decks as it grows colder. The Stars and Stripes are hung behind the altar, and the Union Jack draped over it. The "church flag," a white pennant with a blue cross, the only one ever placed over the Stars and Stripes, is hoisted on the flag staff, and the congregation kneels to worship God.

Catholic services draw a larger attendance than any other, a fact which many people fail to understand, as, although there are plenty of Catholics in the navy, they are scarcely in the majority; the reason, nevertheless, lies very close to the surface. The Protestant chaplain, kind though his intentions may be, can usually see things only from the viewpoint of a commissioned

*The thirty-fifth of a series of vocational articles.

officer, and this makes far more for exclusiveness than popularity. On the other hand the Catholic priest, whose life work it is to offer sympathy to those in sorrow, and consolation to those in sin, mingles freely with the crew, encourages them to tell him of all their cares and woes, works with them, and is ever ready with a cheerful word. He is usually also a leader in hours of recreation, ready to referee a boxing bout or umpire a ball game, and above all things he is a fighter. The bluejacket likes to attend service when he knows that it is conducted by a real man.

The extensive foreign travel, that the man-o-war's man enjoys, broadens his mind and makes him a better citizen. By the time he can speak of Naples, Tokyo and Monte Video with the practised ennui that we use in speaking of New York and Chicago, he can usually see the folly of drifting in life and is determined to make something of himself. Education and temperance are the watchwords of the present-day navy. Schools have been established aboard all ships, and should a man wish to qualify for advancement in the navy, enter college, or prepare for some mercantile position or civil service appointments, the way is open to him and there is no lack of assistance or encouragement from his superiors. The day of the reckless, rollicking, drinking and hard swearing tar has gone, and nobody mourns his loss, unless it be the parasites and vampires of the underworld who preyed on him. His place is filled by the boy from Kansas or Indiana, who insists on showing that a sailor can be a scholar, a gentleman, a red-blooded man and a Christian, all at the same time. When the time comes he will show that the qualities that brought victory to his predecessor are alive and throbbing in his own heart, and that in its purer and more refined form the metal of the American sailor has lost none of its strength or elasticity. He is no saint, and has no desire to be placed on a pedestal. He is a plain unassuming young American, with all respect for proper authority and true worth but greeting snobbishness and affectation with a good, old-fashioned grin.

ROBERT CONROY.

Thoughts on Heredity*

THE mechanism of inheritance must either be physical, that is to say of the micromeristic kind or it must be non-physical, that is immaterial. This is what emerges from the discussion in the last article and, so far as science goes to-day, it must be admitted that neither of these explanations can be said to be accepted generally by men of science or proved—perhaps even capable of proof—by scientific methods. If we know little or nothing about the mechanism of inheritance can we and do we know anything about the laws under which it works or has it any laws? Or are its operations a mere chance-medley? It is hardly necessary to ask the latter question for chance-medley could not lead to regular operations, operations so regular that a court of law may act upon their evidence. Yes: we answer to the first question very lightly but without perhaps always thinking what that affirmative answer implies, a point to be considered in a moment. It may at once be said that we do now know a good deal about the laws under which inheritance works itself out and that knowledge, as most people are now aware, is due to the quiet and for a time forgotten labors of Johann Gregor Mendel, once Abbot of the Augustinian Abbey of Brünn, a prelate of that Church which loud-voiced ignoramuses are never tired of proclaiming to have been from the beginning even down to the present day the impassioned and deadly enemy of all scientific progress. Mendel saw that former workers at inheritance had been directing their attention to the *tout ensemble* of an individual or natural object; his idea was analytical in its nature, for he directed his attention to individual characteristics, such as stature or color or the like. And having thus directed his attention and confined his labors mainly to plants, since the study of generations of most animals is too lengthy a process for one man to carry out, he did in fact discover that there are very definite laws, capable even of numerical statement, under which inheritance acts. There is no space to explain or discuss them here: suffice it to say that there *are* such laws, as is now admitted by an overwhelming majority of the biologists of to-day. Mendel's facts were hidden in a somewhat obscure journal; they lay dormant, much to his annoyance, during his lifetime. Years after his death his papers were unearthed and his discoveries have been proclaimed as being as fundamental to biology as those of Newton and Dalton to other sciences.

There are then laws. That means one of two things, either that these laws arose by chance-medley or that someone enacted them. It seems impossible when one surveys the orderly operations of nature among which are those conducted under the laws known by the name of their discoverer, Mendel, it seems wholly impossible that these operations arose by chance-medley. To me, at any rate, any such explanation is wholly unthinkable. But, if it be an impossible explanation as I and many thousands, not to say millions, of other persons believe, then there is no other way out of it than that these operations must have been planned by someone, in other words that there must have been a Creator and Deviser of the world.

People hide from this explanation and one of the favorite sandbanks in which this particular kind of human ostrich hides its head is "Nature." "Nature does this," and "Nature does that," forgetting entirely the fact that "Nature" is a mere personification and means either chance-medley or a Creator according to the old dilemna. There is a very curious example of this inability or unwillingness to admit—perhaps even to understand—the

*The last of a series of three articles.

force of this argument exhibited by those to whom one would suppose that it would come home with overpowering force, I mean, of course, the Mendelians.

The most learned of these and the most open-minded of men, hints in one place that though he does not think it necessary himself to believe it, yet it might at least be suggested that, if in a certain organism we find things so placed that a certain combination is bound to emerge in a certain generation, such a state of affairs might have been prearranged. Now if it was prearranged the awful fact emerges that there must have been an arranger, in other words a creative power. This explanation is taboo in certain circles. But one may reasonably ask what then? Is it really suggested that these orderly sets of occurrences may occur not once or twice only but thousands and thousands of times and this may all happen by chance? A very distant acquaintance with the mathematics of probability will show that this is a wholly untenable theory. We are generally answered by some purely verbal explanation like the personification of "Nature" already alluded to. Thus in the most recent discussion on inheritance in the last Presidential Address to the British Association, to which I have already alluded, the writer with whose explanation I have just been dealing states that he thinks it "unlikely" that the factors of inheritance are "in any simple or literal sense material particles," and proceeds thus, "I suspect rather that their properties depend on some phenomenon of arrangement." Now, in the first place, this is no explanation at all, for the mechanism of inheritance must be either material or immaterial. If there is a phenomenon of "arrangement" there must be something to be "arranged" and this something can hardly be other than material if it is to be "arranged" at all. But let that pass. What is far more important is to remember that if a thing is to be "arranged" there must be somebody to "arrange" it, for chance-medley can not "arrange" anything in an orderly manner or if it could do so once, can not be supposed capable of doing it a second time in a precisely similar manner, not to say capable of doing it countless thousands of times. Hence, though wild horses would not drag such an admission from many, we are irresistibly compelled to adopt the theory of a Creator and a Maintainer also of nature and its operations—so-called—if we are to escape from the absurdities involved in any other explanation. Thus there are very important and fundamental matters to be deduced from the very little which we know about inheritance just as there are from a hundred and one other lines of consideration related to this world and its contents. We do not know very much—it may fairly be said—we *know* nothing as to the vehicle of inheritance. We know a little but it is still a very little even in comparison with what we may yet come to know as the result of careful and long-continued experiment, about the laws of inheritance. What we do learn from our knowledge, such as it is, is the fact that we can give no intelligent or intelligible explanation of the facts brought before us except on the hypothesis of a Creator and Maintainer of all things.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Providence in Persecutions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Catholic men and women of my acquaintance have expressed wonder that such atrocities as have disgraced Mexico should have been permitted to take place. The case of those who may well be called the flower of Christ's Church is especially difficult to understand. Why did not Divine Providence intervene? An explanation of this point would be appreciated.

Hartford. WILLIAM FORBES.

TO the question thus proposed there is a twofold answer. Both philosophy and Faith have much to say on the subject. Neither the one nor the other perhaps will settle all difficulties, but each is quite sufficient to set at rest all doubts. The working of God's providence is too mysterious to be comprehended by any human mind. No one can even hope to understand fully the wonders of God's ways with men.

The philosophical answer to the question why God did not intervene to prevent the atrocities in Mexico is easier to formulate than to grasp. It simply comes to this: that such intervention was not necessary for the working out of God's plan for the universe. This much is certain, that God disposes all things, man no less than the lower creatures, so as to obtain the fixed, definite amount of glory He has in His eternal decree determined to obtain from the world. Having given man free will without making him impeccable, God had to reckon with the abuse of human liberty. His plan, therefore, including as it did, man's nature and his fall from grace, included also all the moral aberrations of all the ages, and therefore those of Mexico, not indeed as things willed by God, but positively reprobated and forbidden, and yet permitted. This permission was possible, because the divine wisdom and omnipotence enabled God to draw good out of evil, even out of moral evil of so shocking a nature as has recently disgraced Mexico. How this is accomplished one can not say. It may well be that the added intensity of the victims' love for God, and the generosity that Catholics of other nations have displayed toward the sufferers for God's sake, have gone far to make up the balance; and that what is still wanting will be supplied either by the final repentance of the evil-doers, or their glorification of divine justice by punishment in this life or the next. But no matter what may be the way in which the measure of God's glory is to be fulfilled by the Mexicans of to-day, its actual fulfilment is not a matter of doubt. That such is the case is clear from the very fact that God did not intervene.

But when all this is said, there still remains the great difficulty as to how the majesty and holiness of God can permit such sacrileges. And yet this problem is no different from the general question as to how it is possible for

God to permit sin at all. The sins of Mexico are of a peculiarly harrowing kind, but the affront to God that they involve is that which is common to all sin. Why does God permit sin at all? The answer is one of the inscrutable judgments of divine wisdom. It implies a knowledge of the divine desire for the formal glory that only free agents, and therefore those capable of wrong. can give; an understanding of the harmony of the divine compassion with the divine justice; a realization of the divine power to get good out of evil, and by so doing to obtain the amount of glory that from all eternity it has been His fixed decree to obtain; and an appreciation of the wonderful simplicity of the divine act by which God can concur with the act itself, while not concurring with or approving but positively prohibiting its aberration. Before such questions it is safer and humbler to bow in silent awe, waiting the revelation of the Beatific Vision for their complete solution, hoping meanwhile for strength, if not to sound the mystery of sin, at least to keep free from its contamination.

The answer given us by revelation is more consoling. The spectacle of the oppression of the Church and the persecution of those who have devoted their lives to the divine service, is not a new one. That God should permit His friends to suffer so keenly and His work to be hampered so seriously has been a subject of wonderment since the days when the Apostles kept themselves in hiding "for fear of the Jews." And yet those who have faith, although they have found themselves perplexed, have not been taken by surprise. Even a cursory reading of the Gospels makes it plain that such must be the case. Christ, the Son of God so suffered, and "the servant is not greater than his master." Christians therefore are under no misapprehension as to what they may expect. Prospective followers of the Lord are warned, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." There is no doubt that the Sign of the Cross, which is our most familiar household practice, is not merely a comfort but an admonition to hold the soul in readiness for the coming of tribulation. Clouds are the natural setting of the Christian life. About this we have no delusions. History has only confirmed the grim reality of the Saviour's prediction.

The fact that the followers of Christ have been persecuted in the past, and must be prepared to be persecuted in the future is a commonplace of Catholic thought. From early childhood disabilities and sacrifices connected with the profession of the Faith impress the lesson on the mind; privations of many kinds, petty it may be but painful, inure the will to patience; by frequent trial the heart is trained to rejoice in being deemed worthy to suffer something for Christ; and so, gradually but surely, the Christian comes to realize the bitterness and the sweetness of that hatred of which the Master said, "Because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." That it is so, is clear. Catholics never get far from the shadow of Calvary, they walk in a vale of tears. And all this happens, they are told, as a mark of special divine love, it is a sign of blessedness. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is exceedingly great."

These words of divine wisdom are evidently verified in Mexico. The flower of the Church has suffered for justice sake. For them, undoubtedly, there is laid up a crown with the just Judge, who has treasured up every one of their sighs for its recompense. Their wrongs have been more bitter than death; to be absolutely faithful to Him into whose keeping they have given their lives has cost them dear indeed. They have been tried in the fire and not found wanting. Judged from a human standpoint they seem to have lost all, but viewed them with the eye of faith their loss appears to be gain. They have not feared those who can kill the body, and they have kept their faith and their purity unstained. Therefore they should rejoice and be glad, for their reward is exceeding great.

Why has God permitted the atrocities in Mexico? For the same reason that He has always permitted His friends to lay down their life for their Friend. Because He loves the white-robed army of martyrs and their unflinching testimony. Because He knew the temper of Mexican hearts, and found them ready and glad to give the supreme test of loyal affection. And if they did not all die for His sake, it was not because they refused, but rather because there are other martyrdoms than those which are wrought by the sword, martyrdoms, bloodless indeed, but heart-breaking. To lose all that is dear, and to live on in sorrow and want and seeming abandonment, and yet never to falter in faithfulness, never to slacken in trust, but to be steadfast and true, through all, and in spite of all, and above all: this surely is a witness no less eloquent than to give one's blood to stain the sand of the amphitheater. Will any one question that it is a great privilege for the Mexicans to be given the strength to do all this for Christ, or that untold glory must result to God from such love as theirs? The lot of the faithful and religious of Mexico is hard but glorious; painful for flesh and blood, but uplifting and ennobling for the spirit; and if it makes them sharers in the shame of the Cross, it also worketh an immense weight of eternal glory.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Folly of the Eugenists

IT is a great danger to the State when sin becomes sanitary; it is of still greater danger when it attempts to become scientific. The last enormity is reached, as under Paganism it was reached, when sin becomes sacrosanct. It is of the very essence of Paganism before the Fall that the practices which have everywhere

wrought more national havoc than a Thirty Years' War were forced upon the nation not merely as a sanitary bylaw or a scientific conclusion but as a religious cult.

Books, like the "Task of Social Hygiene," by Havelock Ellis, suggest in polysyllables that these nation-wrecking enormities have in them "the glorious freedom of a new religion." But for the moment the remnant of religion still left in the world is too alert to allow its sacred name to be set up as a sign over the shams that are being hawked in the world's streets. It is in the name of science and of sanitation that the devil is at present offering his wares. Here let me digress wisely on the devil.

A great number of us have personal reasons for believing in a personal devil. In other words, we look on it as certain that there is somewhere in the midst of things a person of great intelligence, but with a bad conscience; there are many others who look upon the devil as a useful personification; others, to whom he is a harmless metaphor. Let what I shall say of him be received by each class of thinker according to his thought.

To return to Satan. He plays two chief roles. He is a roaring lion. This is his most popular and least successful role. Any person of medium intelligence can avoid him when he hears him roar. His most successful role is that of a mild-eyed statesman and philanthropist. Milton's most astounding stroke of genius was to strip Satan of his anthropoid make-up and his roaring; and to make him a politician with a hunger for the social well-being of the other poor devils. It is whilst playing this complex and highly intelligent role of philanthropist or politician and scientific thinker that he succeeds in his chief victory not over the wicked, for these he has always with him, but over the good, for these can be capturned only by a show of good.

It is no reflection on the good intentions or the good name or even the good family of such as Mr. Ellis to suggest that they are doing the devil's own work in a most effective way. So earnestly does Satan desire the cooperation of the good, that whoever would find him in the world of to-day at his hottest, must not seek him in a hades of the damned but in some socially minded sub-committee of the self-elect.

If I, in my own insignificant name, accused such books as the "Task of Social Hygiene" of being the devil's hand-books I should be even as the thing accused. But it is in the name of the Decalogue—about which Mr. Bernard Shaw has some pretty denunciatory fireworks—that I venture to tell the truth.

There are no ends of truths in these books; just as there is no end of good drink in the poisoned posset. But a lie is all the more damnable when recommended by truth, and immorality all the more devastating when coated with ethics; as a scoundrel is all the more dangerous when bearing the testimonials of a gentleman.

Now what have we to say about this muck-heap and the man with the muck-rake? Much every way? No, very little any way; for the sufficient reason that while a Catholic paper must at times be as coarse as a major prophet, it can not be obscene. The list of ingredients in this muck-rake will be almost enough—and more than enough—for the reputation of a paper of the decent-minded.

Neo-Malthusianism. The advocacy of this makes Bradlaugh quite mid-Victorian:

> But when it became generally realized that it was possible to limit offspring without interfering with conjugal life a step of immense importance was achieved (*The Task of Social Hygiene,* p. 16). Nystrom believes that the time is coming when it will be considered the duty of the municipal authorities, *if they have found by experience or have reason to suspect that children will be thrown upon the parish,* to instruct the parents in methods of preventive conception (p. 26).

A charming function for *Messieurs les Médicins* and for Guardians of the Poor!

Motherhood without marriage—and divorce by mutual consent. "Why should there not be, as of old there was, a relationship which, while of less dignity than marriage and less exclusive in its demands, should yet permit a woman to enter into an honorable, open and legally recognised relationship with a man. . . . Its establishment in Sweden has apparently been satisfactory."

Now isn't that the devil? And, dear reader, are you not satisfied with Mesopotamia—I mean Sweden?

Race Suicide. I mean as a national, more than a personal, activity. The "Task of Social Hygiene" is entirely satisfied with this yearly slaughter of innocents, especially in France. It might be interesting to publish, as an appendix to the second edition, the findings of the French Parliamentary Commission of Enquiry into this falling birth-rate. Apparently France is not so enthusiastic as Mr. Ellis.

Eugenics!

Eugenic certificates—God 'a mercy on us!—are to be issued. Now, do for heaven's sake read this:

> Eugenic certificates would be issued by a suitably constituted authority to those candidates who chose to apply for them and were able to pass the necessary tests. Such certificates would imply an inquiry and examination into the ancestry of the candidate as well as into his own constitution, health, intelligence, and character. . . . Its chief distinction would be that its possession would be a kind of patent of natural nobility (pp. 202-203).

Is not that a "gem" too beautiful "to blush unseen"? Dear reader, which of these flawless pearls of humor do you fancy? What about "the suitably constituted authority"?

There are several other enormities, all rung with the solemnity of a major devil. Almost the greatest crime of the book is to quote—Shakespere! From what we know of that excellent gentleman, and of his attachment to the Ten Commandments, these social-hygiene folk would have met short shrift from the rapier of his pen.

The whole ethos of the book and others of the sort is

summed up in one sentence, as all the scent of the rose is in one petal. "The superficially sympathetic man flings a coin to a beggar; the more deeply sympathetic man builds an almshouse for him; but, perhaps, the most radically sympathetic of all is the man *who arranges that the beggar shall not be born.*" It seems almost a pity that these arrangements were lacking in the case of the writer of this book.

Many a bad book has its good points. The immoralities which this book advocates are recommended to us by the sacred names of Science and Progress. I own that I have been too often in market-places not to be uneasy at hearing them. But it is satisfactory to know that these *modern* and *progressive* views are recommended to us, in moments of truth-telling because they are pagan! Mr. Ellis also makes a telling point out of some sexual customs of the Papuans. Does Mr. Ellis not feel that he is on very unscientific ground when he calls these views modern and progressive, yet finds support from Paganism and the Papuans? He would be on a firmer footing, historically speaking, if he described them as to be as old as sin, and as intellectual as the devil.

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

Italia Æterna

WHEN the voice of Italy called for war, it was a cry that carried farther than to the courts of Vienna, or the council-halls of Berlin, or the willing listeners in the war-chambers of London and Paris and Petrograd. For the word that came from Rome as a signal to the Kingdom that its period of peace was about to join a Europe's yesterday, mobilized not only the uncounted thousands of Italian lovers of a national vision, but the countless thousands of American lovers of an Italy all their own. And no American has visited Italy but to love her, the most eternal thing in this mortal world.

To those who have been the guests of that southern land the news of embattled soldiery in far-flung line will revive tenderer thoughts, recollections fairer, and memories more serene. They will not hear of Italian success or Italian loss without thinking of what Italy has been for more than twenty-five hundred years. For no single word can be filled with a larger, fuller meaning than the word Italy. It means the splendor of dream and romance, it means glory golden as a sun's dawning, it means the world.

In the days of men, empires full many have stretched forth their arms, casting the mantle of purple over sea and continent, but none yet has so blended its power with its spell as to rival Rome. Republics have risen and fallen, commonwealths captained by dreamer and by sage, but none yet has equalled the thousand years of the soul of Venice. Masters of art and singers of song have lived under every sun, but can any one city claim at once a Dante and a Michelangelo, as Florence can? Souls all saintly have ever filled the winds of the world with a fair sweetness, but since the dawn-tide of Christianity what city has made the universal appeal that is Assisi's? There is but one Francis, calling to the world from the Umbrian valleys with a voice of faith and love; there is but one Michelangelo, the superman of the chisel and the brush; there is but a single Dante chanting in *terza rima* the three-fold mystery of the after-world; there is but one fairy Venice-isle dreaming of gallant doges and the woven wings of their argosies; there is but one hundred-heroed, eternal Rome. This is the meaning of Italy, or a little fragment of her meaning. To learn her full-flowing significance were a life's work; but it is worth a life.

You who have seen Italy with a sympathy for her mission and an insight to her fair soul must feel all this with a very peculiar appreciation. You are far away from her shores now, over here in your own homes, living your own lives in the presence of the familiar faces and the old scenes and the well-known and well-loved associations of your days. But Italy is still with you. That blessed angel Memory goes with you ever, whispering its message of sweet hours that have vanished, reviving the fragrance of roses dead. In the calm moments of a morning walk there often comes flashing into the soul the vision of the far-lands, in the silent shades of a cathedral chapel the idyls of yesterday will steal as a distraction into quiet meditations, in the surging hurly-burly of multitudes there will sometimes rise the gleam of fairyland. For you have seen Italy.

Do you not remember very lovingly that day when first you caught the outlines of the villaed hills of Naples, and came into the harbor with song before you and flowers in your path? Do you remember the moonlit bay, verily the most beautiful thing in the world? Do you remember the orange pergolas of Amalfi's convent, and the music of Sorrento, and the lonely peace of Paestum and Pompeii? And Rome, is Rome ever far from your thoughts? At any hour you can evoke the deathless dignity of the Colosseum, and the unconquered majesty of the Forum, and the living beauty of the unrivaled dome of the ages crowning the superb glory of Saint Peter's. And many a day will give you back the vision of the white-robed dweller of the Vatican raising his hand above you as he breathes the *Benedicat vos.*

You will see Assisi in your hour of ecstasy, and with a renewed joy will walk the roseate hills of Siena. Florence you will not forget, dear, wonderful Florence, dreaming of her Medici days beneath the hills of Fiesole. Pisa, Genoa, Bologna, they, too, will flit before your mind, and the dying glory of old Ravenna. Venice will oft times use her lamp of Aladdin, and in a flash will carry you back to the gondolas and the sunsets and the jeweled splendor of the one Saint Mark's. The Venetian towns and the cities of Lombardy will repeat their charm: Padua and Vicenza and Verona, and the myriad spires of Milan. And then Lake Como, the star-land, the flower-land, the promise of paradise. Can you forget a single hour of Italy?

The beauty of Italy and the glory of her world: you can not forget it, you can not describe it. Turn now to another of her splendors. Pass for a moment to a review of the Catholic Church that chose the Eternal City as its soul's abode, flashing forth from the old stronghold of the Cæsars the warm flame of the world's spiritual life. Count the two hundred and sixty-two pontiffs, from Peter to Benedict the Fifteenth, who have carried the colors of the Christ through the nineteen centuries. What would the world be without the lives of Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, Hildebrand? Count the martyrs that have taught the world how to die; count the saints that have taught the ages how to live. Estimate, even as faultily as you may, the civilization that has issued out from the heart of Rome and from the soul of all Italy, and the calculation is beyond your power of expression.

Scan again but a few of the names that illumine the pages that chronicle Italian learning and art: Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, the Plinys, Quintilian, Marcus Aurelius, Boethius, Gregory the Great, Thomas of Aquin, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso; Giotto,

Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Perugino, Giovanni Bellini, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Tintoretto; Niccola Pisano, Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Michelangelo; Palestrina, Rossini, Verdi. But you could count the names forever. Italy's roster of eminence is safely supreme. Proud she might be, and haughty, and scornful of the stranger within her gates, the barbarian from the uttermost parts of the earth. But her heart is too large for that, her soul is too finely attuned to the harmonies of life. And she opens the gates of her every city, and the doors of every palace and temple, and bids you feel that what she has is also yours. Is it a wonder that acquaintance becomes friendship, and friendship a vow of fealty to the end? "Your gods shall be my gods" you have told her, and the pledging is true for aye.

You have seen Italy. You have seen her bloom in glory like a flower of the world's first spring; you have seen her living canvases breathing with recreated souls; you have seen her cathedral naves filled with the dream processions of centuries passed away; you have felt the enchantment of her hills and plains; you have caught the spell of her lagooned isles; you have watched the sun sink goldenly into her blue lakes; you have heard the soft voice of her seas chanting its threnody of eternal tears. You have found roses, you have found song, you have found silence, the great, eloquent, soulful silence of Italy. The dawn-light breaking over the edge of the eastern world has given you the faith of the ages, the prismatic colors of eve have taught you a hope eternal, and in the peaceful night a fair love has streamed upon you from the summer stars, the flame-tipped arrows of God's own care.

And yet you do not understand the whole of Italy; death will greet you ere you fathom Rome alone. For Italy is not a mere land bounded by sea and Alpine height, she is not a mere geographical division on Europe's soil, she is not a mere country with ever so complex a history. From the historian's grasp she slips into the ken of the psychologist, and there she rests, responsive indeed, ever answering, but inexhaustible like the eternal soul she is. Italy is—Italy. But discover little as you may of her secret, you have even so found many things. You know that if ever you seek a balm for a desire denied, if ever you ask a love for a love unloved, if ever you would exchange a shadow for a sunbeam, a tear for a laugh, a pain for a joy, a withered heart for a soul untorn, your search will end in Italy; if you seek wisdom, all wisdom lies here; if you seek beauty, here you will find it waiting; if you seek truth, the path will lead you to the Italian land.

But it is war-time now; and perhaps those dream cities of the far-away will see fighting men where roses grew; perhaps the peace and calm of medieval streets will give way to battle cry and tumult; it may be that the Angelus bells in a hundred wondrous temples will be silenced in the roar of the sunset cannonade; and reveries of the days that have been are futile indeed in the face of shot and shell. But the conflict will not last forever; the throbbing life of this too full day will abate, the chant of war will yield to peace-song, and the truce of God will once again bind the nations of the earth. And then the lands across the seas will call to you once more, call for your comings with all the tongues of a new-morn tranquility, with the welcome of the days of old. Yet, if you are kin with the men and women whom the years have seen in the wanderland, you can turn away from every singing voice save one; you can say nay to every appealing rhythmic tone save one; but when that one song, the song of Italy, calls from across the seas of the world, you will obey the summons, even as a soldier answers the trumpet note, or a child its mother's word. For you will see her, fair Italy, clearly as you did in the yesterday, with her arms outstretched and a smile on her fresh young face; and she will be waiting for you, and longing for you, and loving you. And so, with her song in your heart, and her wondrous face forever in your vision, you will seek again her greeting and bask once more in the summer gladness of the good Italian days.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Dr. Guilday and the Magna Charta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *Catholic Mind* for June 8 there is an article by Dr. Guilday on the Magna Charta, which is referred to with approval in AMERICA for June 12, to which, as a lawyer trained in the school and the traditions of the Common Law of England, I wish to dissent, and especially to the passage on page 299, in which he says that:

> To the nation at large, it has but little value. The commercial classes and the common people received only indirectly the benefit of its clauses, for the reader will not find there the idea of taxation by the consent of the nation. Trial by jury for the common man is not one of its remedies, nor can the origin of representative government by Parliament be traced to its sentences. The habeas corpus is a later work of English statemanship.

In this opinion Dr. Guilday differs from all the lawyers of England and America, among whom it is only necessary to name Coke, Blackstone, Hallam and our own Sharswood, all noted for their learning and knowledge of the law. If there were nothing else in the Charter than the well-known clause: "No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned or dispossessed or outlawed or in any way destroyed, nor will we condemn him, nor will we commit him to prison, except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land," the English-speaking peoples of the world would be indebted to the document for the civil liberty they enjoy. "The judgment of his peers" does not refer to a jury of each man's peers? "The law of the land" as Lord Coke says, means "due process of law." Arbitrary power frequently tried, sometimes successfully, to disregard these provisions, but always had to come back to them.

But the great benefit of this clause of the Charter was that it firmly established as a principle of the English judicial system the right of every man to a writ of habeas corpus. This is distinctly stated by Hallam in his "Constitutional History of England," Chap. 8, Part 2. And hence it is that *lettres de cachet* or similar processes never existed in England; an attempt at something similar was tried by the secretary's warrants against the infamous Wilkes, but were immediately held to be illegal. Further Lord Coke says that this clause prohibited torture, as a part of judicial procedure.

Dr. Guilday also says "the origin of representative government by Parliament can not be traced to its sentences." I beg leave to differ. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth clauses of the Charter distinctly say that no "scutages or aids," *i.e.*, taxes, shall be assessed except "by the Common Council of our Kingdom." The Doctor also says that the "commercial classes" are only indirectly benefited. On the contrary the Charter says that merchants may freely come and go, even beyond the Kingdom. In conclusion: in preference to Dr. Guilday's opinion I prefer to accept the unanimous judgment of the sages of the law, some of whom were almost contemporaries of the Great Charter, and it is a maxim of the law: *Contemporanea expositio est optima et fortissima in lege.*

Philadelphia. H. H.

For the Sake of Womanhood

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you allow me, as a mother, to express my heartfelt thanks in the name of womanhood and motherhood, to Father Blakely and Dr. Ryan for the splendid stand they took in the articles published in AMERICA for June 5. The evil they are combating so forcibly is one of the most appalling that menaces the world to-day, so shocking in fact that it ranks with infanticide and the divorce problem that is undermining the moral life of the nation. The articles can not but do much to prevent the spread of poisonous influences among Catholics, and it is to be regretted that they can not be given a wide circulation among Protestants as well. To think that a woman should act as secretary for a league that is doing its utmost to turn women from the observance of God's law! Catholic women at least, realizing as they do how low she and many others are trying to bring the standard of womanhood, should make every effort to keep it high, in the name and for the sake of that mother who long ago gave to a sinful world its Divine Redeemer, her Beloved Son.

Windsor, Vt. F. A. S. EVARTS.

One, not Many Clubs

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As many of your readers may already know, and as more of your Baltimore readers should know, the work of the Ozanam Association is being carried on in this city under the auspices of the St. Vincent De Paul Society. In the Settlement House here, considering our limitations we are doing fairly good work, but we are hampered by lack of funds and lack of cooperation. Cordial, heartfelt support of the work is wofully wanting. Here as elsewhere, diversification of effort and decentralization of endeavor stand in the way of a great good. The strength of unity is made apparent by the enforced contemplation of the weakness of division. Getting down to facts, I ask, what are we to do with the boy, or rather what are we to do for him? Locally Ozanam House has little to offer and the boy naturally seeks places where material advantages are greater and more alluring. There are, of course, exceptions, and it was one of the exceptions that roused me to write this in the hope, if it can be done in no other way, that either in Baltimore or elsewhere some other "certain rich man" might see and read and be moved to provide for our Catholic boys the things they long for; for which there is so great and pressing a need.

The exception is in his way quite an athlete, a fine one indeed considering his tremendous lack of advantage, and not a great many days ago he was talking about a Marathon race in which he had been entered as the representative of the St. J—— Athletic Association. He spoke longingly, wistfully and it was almost pitiful to realize the void in his life, a void that will soon, please God, be filled.

> Why, he said, why is it we Catholic boys have no place like the Y. M. C. A.? Why is it that Protestants have them and we have not? Why haven't we one institution where *all* the boys can go? Just think, here we have the Lyceum and the Athletic Association; four or five squares down the street in St. J—— parish there are four clubs; six squares up town there is that new one in St. A——; and then there is another in St. K——, and another in St. I——, and another in the C—— and another in St. P—— and another in S——. There are clubs in almost every parish. Why don't they all get together and have ONE good one. Not one of them is half so well equipped as the Y. M. C. A. Not one has a swimming pool, nor a "gym" that is really good. Why don't they spend the money on one place and have something worth while?

That was neither the time nor the place to explain that parish lines and parish traditions do more to prevent the erection of the really good place than any other influence or all other influences working together. The idea of keeping boys near home may be all well and good in some ways, but it does seem better to have a *really good place* away from home, for instance in the next parish, where all Catholic boys could go. Under the present scheme the home place is only half equipped, is not frequented by the boys. Parish lyceums which have for their object the encouragement of social intercourse between Catholic boys and girls are in a different class. They are in their way literary and dramatic societies, but once in a while boys want to be by themselves, and a parish lyceum is no place for basketball, or soccer, or the modified club life offered lavishly to our boys by those not of the fold. The boy who spoke to me actually hungered for such an institution; he longed for a place where he could go and find the things offered him in a building erected at a cost approximating $350,000, but he did not go. He yearned for those things, and he stayed away. Why? Because the men who ran the big building and its activities denied him a square deal and shut him out from full membership because and only because of his religion, and he was a man, every inch of him. But why, Catholic men, should that boy and others like him be called on to make the sacrifice, why should he have to be contented with second-rate gymnasiums, with poorly furnished and dimly lighted reading rooms, why should he read yesterday's paper and last month's magazine? With a little effort, and a slight yielding, we Catholics could do our duty and give our boys what they want, and what they need.

There is plenty of material and there should be ample support, but in the work parish lines must be forgotten, and all must join in united effort in the common cause of the Catholic boy. If for good reasons it is deemed inadvisable to close the parish club, and unify and centralize and crystallize the work, then must we look to the "certain rich man," who in the goodness of his heart and in the fullness of his love for the boys will give from his plenitude of this world's goods, and provide what it sometimes seems certain of our officials do not even want, albeit they loudly declaim against the inroads that are being made among our boys and young men, albeit they continually decry the chief cause of these deplorable conditions. When such an institution is established, it must be encouraged and furthered, not by word only, but actively and by deed, and to that end our pastors must lend their active efforts. It matters little whether or not as a consequence of the growth of what will eventually supplant the Y. M. C. A. in the hearts and minds of our boys, the parish club should fall. There may be a present loss, but it will be for the permanent and enduring good of the whole Church.

Weakness lies in disunion, and the strength of unity, which is the mainstay of the Church, should likewise be the mainstay of our efforts to hold in line those who will be the Church of the future, on whom reliance for the years to come must be placed. The boys who fall away or are seduced are obviously those most in need of moral influence and religious support; to draw them to that support and influence the counter attraction must be strong. In the consolidation of efforts for the boys lies the hope that the unity of Catholic action will herald the triumph of to-morrow.

Baltimore. MARK O. STRIVER, JR.

Costly Educational Experiments

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has occurred to me that the Catholic Educational Convention might profitably devote some time to the consideration of certain educational experiments, which have made themselves unmistakably felt in secular schools and have already begun to affect our own schools. That the State in this country will follow the enlightened policy of England and Germany and grant subsidies

to religious schools does not seem to be likely in any near future; that the grant if received would make up for the loss of liberty which would follow, is a debatable question. What then must Catholics do in the face of increasing budgets for the schools? They can oppose and should oppose costly experimentations. They should keep education democratic by simplifying and extending the facilities for elementary education. Specialized high schools and, above all, colleges supported by the State should be prevented by all possible means. Such schools are very costly; they are for a comparatively few; they are not for the poor because their children must labor. All this makes such schools for a special class and not for the whole people.

The number of elementary schools is not keeping pace with the increase of population. That fact should stop all experiments with older pupils and even with the very young until all who ought to have an education get the education they ought to have. Even elementary education must be watched. There are several tendencies cooperating to lengthen the grades below high school. In all education there is a continual shifting of the burdens of the higher grades upon the lower, there is an increasing complexity in the subjects taught and an insatiable demand for more time, finally there is the tendency in all schools to keep their pupils as long as possible. For these and other reasons pupils who once reached high school at eleven or twelve now do not arrive there until sixteen or seventeen. Our Catholic schools are following suit and so the large burden already upon our people is increased. In order to fill up the years thus added to elementary education either entirely new subjects or subjects hitherto proper to the high school are now taught in the last years of the grade schools. Can not the Catholic Educational Convention help us to take a stand against all this?

New York. D. F. P.

Funeral Offerings and Customs

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To one at least of your readers, much interested in the reform of our funeral offerings and customs, the statement, in the issue of June 12, by Joseph A. McNamee, that it was a nun in the "Convent of Mercy, Killarney, who first suggested, two years ago, that the pagan custom of using flowers at funerals should be discouraged," is a decided surprise. If the writer will refer to his file of AMERICA, page 40, in the issue of April 19, 1913, he will find an editorial that begins:

> We are pleased to note that the movement for the discontinuance at funerals of the presentation of flowers and wreaths, which are useless alike to the living and the dead and the substitution therefor of spiritual offerings is becoming widespread.

This was written more than two years ago, and in a place nearer home than Killarney. The writer of the editorial does not claim the idea as original, but he draws attention to the admirable custom in vogue among the Irish colonists in Argentina of having a novena of Masses, and Gregorian Masses, offered up for the dead, quoting several recently-published death notices to show how the idea was reduced to practice. The editorial continues:

> A long line of carriages will not speed the departed soul from Purgatory. . . . A long line of Rosaries would be more effective and one Mass is of more worth than the costliest of caskets. Poor and rich, according to their means, will better serve the souls of the dead and solace their own hearts by copying the Catholic example of the men of Argentina and refusing to associate worldly and unchristian customs with the sacred solemnities of death.

I know that in more than one of the dioceses of the West the sending of Mass memorial cards has been in vogue for several years. In Connecticut, and perhaps other New England States, there used to be a custom of taking the name-plate off the coffin before it was lowered into the grave. This sad memorial was then framed and hung up in the "company room," to proclaim like Ophelia's rosemary, "that's for remembrance."

New Haven. DE PROFUNDIS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent communication in AMERICA, it was stated that the first suggestion of discouraging the use of flowers at funerals came from a certain Sister Benedict some two years ago. It will interest your readers to know that the late Philip A. Kemper, a Catholic publisher of Dayton, Ohio, made the same suggestion at least twenty years ago. Even the detail of sending cards on which was noted the number of Masses friends intended to have offered for the soul of the deceased was included in the plan he advised.

Jersey City. A. F. BONDER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Ignorance of liturgical propriety is perhaps excusable in a layman, though I doubt it, but when a priest goes so far as to quote a eulogium of Simon the high priest in defence of the pretty but wholly unliturgical custom of covering up the coffins of the holy dead with flowers, the average lay Catholic may well wonder what we are coming to.

"A Priest" need only have looked at the woodcuts in his Breviary and Missal to see that the hearse of the departed is always covered with the funeral pall, which is its proper covering. The profusion of flowers is a product of modern Protestantism, which having lost all belief in prayers for the dead, does its best to allay the harrowed feelings of the mourners. The funeral pall of the old Catholic days symbolized the waiting of the holy dead until the resurrection, the departure of the spirit and the leaving behind of that which had been the temple of the Holy Ghost. The presence of flowers does not symbolize this; at best they are a kind of salve to the sorrows of the mourners, and, as "A Priest" says, more often than not are a greater source of profit to the florist's business than to the holy souls.

Boston. WILLIAM PARR.

Mrs. Nickleby and the Crozer Professor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I can not agree with "Relegatus" that "the 'Mrs. Nickleby and the Crozer Professor' article, in which Henry C. Vedder is taken to task by John Wiltbye, has done immeasurable harm to the cause it essayed to champion." His conclusion is the less admissible because in proof of it, he makes the statement that "the American mind has been trained to deal fairly with the irrelevant and that most of our fellow-citizens are quite ready to see the distinction between what is accidental and what is essential in matters of faith." In my opinion the American mind is ready to do so in everything else except matters of faith and religion. This is not a distinctive trait merely of the American mind, but of most minds outside the true Church of God. If this were not the case, there would be more of the essentials of Apostolic Christianity in the sects of to-day, and less satisfaction in mere accidentals. This is not my opinion only, but it is the opinion of many men who have spent their lives in religious instruction. Most men use more common sense in buying shoes than they do in choosing their religious beliefs or admitting accidentals or essentials in matters of faith.

Necedah, Wis. INQUIRER.

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"Ecclesia Anglicana Libera Sit"

THE first clause of the Magna Charta has during the past two weeks received much attention at the hands of Anglican apologists in support of their theory that the Church of England in 1215 was as independent of Rome as is its namesake in 1915. The contention is based on the opening words of the Charter which run: "The English Church [Church of England] shall be free, and shall hold its rights entire and its liberties unimpaired." To appreciate the passage rightly it is necessary to understand just exactly what is to be meant by *Ecclesia Anglicana,* and what by *libera sit;* to do this we must know what the thirteenth century framers of the Charter meant, not what twentieth century apologists read into it in the light of after events.

Ecclesia Anglicana, the English Church, meant nothing more than the Catholic Church in the two Provinces of Canterbury and York in which was included the kingdom of Wales. It was a geographic or national definition, and covered within its terms the *personæ ecclesiæ* or ecclesiastics from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the most insignificant cleric who had just received the tonsure, and no others. For the laity as such were not included within the scope of this clause of the Charter.

The *Ecclesia Anglicana,* or, as the term denotes, the clergy, were *to be free,* and this is to be understood as touching the immunities of the Church in the two Provinces mentioned: it had no reference whatever to independence of Rome; actually it accentuated dependence upon Rome. It touched upon matters between the king and the clergy, the question of scutage, or payment of sums of money by prelates as vassals of the Crown as provision for a specified number of fighting men in the king's army, and it concerned the free election by chapters to bishoprics and benefices, without interference by the iniquitous *congé d'élire,* whereby the king was able to take the nomination into his own hands and thus nullify the right of election that was inherent in the chapters. The Great Charter did not make or claim to make the English Church independent of Rome; the confirmation of appointments to prelacies was in the hands of the Pope until the Act of Annates passed in 1532, regulated the appointment of bishops, by ordering that the king should issue a *congé d'élire* to the chapter of a vacant see, together with a "letter missive" compelling the choice of his nominee. The English Church had always had its national assemblies, just as the Council of Maynooth and the Plenary Council of Baltimore were national assemblies; but the national life of the Church neither then, nor now, meant independence of Rome, though supporters of the Anglican theory profess to see in later opposition to papal taxations a revolt against the authority of the Pope, or in Cardinal Stephen Langton's opposition to a political document of Innocent III a declaration of independence on the part of the English Church. (See *Catholic Mind* Vol. XIII, No. 11.)

The body known as the Church of England which claims continuity with *Ecclesia Anglicana* is *not* free. Its bishops are appointed by the royal *congé d'élire;* they must do homage for their spiritualities and temporalities which they receive from the king's hand; its clergy on ordination have to take the Oath of Allegiance, and its liturgy and official body of doctrines may receive neither revision nor addition except by Act of Parliament: and the same Parliament knows it, not as *Ecclesia Anglicana,* but as the "Protestant Reformed Religion as by Law Established." Thus is it wholly independent of Rome.

Catholic Educational Convention

DURING the last days of June the Catholic Educational Convention will hold its twelfth annual meeting at St. Paul. Every endeavor has been made to ensure a large and profitable gathering. We hope it will be highly successful. Though we would not prove prophets of ill, we can not but feel, judging at least from past experience, that the Convention is likely to receive far less attention than it deserves from the general Catholic educational public. It has long been a matter for remark and regret that Catholics as a body have shown very little interest in the various educational congresses that of late years have exercised a decided influence on our national and sectional ideal and practice. Except when invited to play a prominent part at such gatherings, Catholic educators as a rule have been conspicuous by their absence. That Catholic names have appeared on but few of the numerous committees that have had a nationwide prominence, is not only a reflection on our status in the world of letters, but has been a distinct loss to the country. Catholic thought could not but have had a beneficial effect on the deliberations of the men and women who, in spite of evident sincerity, were often

groping their way in the dark. If we were not represented, the reason was simply that we had shown no interest in the general discussion of educational problems.

The same apathy has been noted with regard to exclusively Catholic conventions. They are not well enough attended. For years past every effort has been made by those in charge to make the meetings interesting and instructive. Papers have been read on subjects of vital importance by acknowledged masters, and ample opportunity has been provided for discussion. Gradually the field has been broadened, until to-day there is scarcely a department of school and college work that the convention does not consider. And yet no one can go from the non-Catholic conventions to our own without sighing, if not blushing, for the comparison. Something is wrong. The fault does not lie with the officials. At whose door is it to be laid?

The "Tribune" and the Jesuit General

"SHOULD the General of the Jesuits," explains the New York *Tribune*, "commit any act contrary to the laws of Switzerland, he could be expelled." This wise statement has all the objective truth of the multiplication table. "It is understood," continues the *Tribune*, following the lead of its foreign correspondent, "that the General has received a hint that he will be requested to leave, should he become concerned in any religious or political propaganda." This statement, too, may be news, but it is more. It is an insinuation that the General of the Jesuits will behave himself only upon the reception of governmental hints, enforced by governmental surveillance. The insinuation is justified, of course, by the open fact that for years the General of the Jesuits has been a notorious law-breaker in many European countries.

"Should the editor of the New York *Tribune*," explains the Berlin *Tagesblatt*, "commit any act contrary to the laws of Germany, he could be expelled. It is understood that the editor has received a hint that he will be requested to leave, should he become concerned in any religious or political propaganda." This paragraph was never used to mark the temporary stay of the editor of the *Tribune* in Berlin. But the first statement is certainly true, and the second might be. The unhappy editor, in the event of its publication, could enter no protest against either charge. But he might justly object to the insinuation.

Starving Nations

MISERY is supreme in a great part of the world. War, famine and pestilence are doing a deadly work, and nations are driven to a bitter and untimely end, in tears and despair. From Mexico and Poland especially rise the cries of the aged, and women and children, like a wail from the dying in the night. Gripping hunger is upon them and they lift their gaunt, white faces to heaven calling upon the God of pity to send them death, the angel of peace. The old are moaning their lives away; they are starving and there is no bread to break for them, and the lands are filled with weeping Rachels, whose children are not. The crucifixion of nations is enacted before our eyes and a million aye ten and more million people are crying to us from their crosses of pain: "We hunger and thirst!" This is a supreme hour for us, a day of grace in which to show Christ that the seed of His doctrine has not fallen upon stony hearts, but upon rich soil whence springs the divine flower of charity, the true test of a Christian.

The cry of Poland, Mexico and Belgium should constitute a special appeal to Catholics: for whatever may be said of the classes of these countries, the masses are Catholic. They have been true to the Faith; they have been guiltless of the crimes which precipitated this awful war by which an outraged God has delivered nations to their own counsels. They have not denied the Master, these simple folk. They have not flouted His standard, nor mocked His divinity, nor scorned His precepts. They labored in peace for their bread, and as they sang their song of content, war clouds formed of godlessness, broke over their heads and rained down upon them cruel and crushing misery. And now through no fault of their own, they are hungry unto death, and Christ has said, Whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of cold water in My name, because you belong to Me: amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward.

Viscount Bryce and the War

VISCOUNT BRYCE has put his finger on an open sore. Viewing the "Great War" from a religious standpoint in the *Laymen's Bulletin*, a new London publication, he points to the lack of religion in the nations now at arms and asks the pertinent question, "If there had been a higher standard of Christian thought and action among ourselves and elsewhere in Christendom could these things have happened?" National life is but the reflection of the life of the individual, and in the body politic the strength or weakness of each member makes for the soundness or puniness of the whole. Christian principles have not molded international policies in these days of vaunted progress, for the men who have dictated these policies have left God out of the counting. How could they do otherwise? Their private lives and social relations were guided by man-made moral codes, and when they met in the council hall of nations they could not slough off their work-a-day principles and draw up an international policy framed on the Gospel code.

Viscount Bryce has sensed the disease. Religion has been divorced from national life, for it has been a stranger in the homes of the individuals that go to make up the nation. He also points to the right cure, the only cure, the Gospel of Christ. It has been the strongest moral

force in history when men have not neglected or perverted its precepts. "It is the strongest moral force because it appeals to all men, not to those only who are fit to receive learning and philosophy. Further it has been and is strong because it appeals to the noblest and deepest parts of human nature." What are we to do about it? The Gospel must be applied to the facts of individual every-day life. "One must begin with one's own soul, denying each passion." Perfectly true. The Catholic Church has preached this to the rulers of nations and to the man in the street, year in and year out for twenty centuries. But the nations would not hearken. They knew more than the Church. Will the blood-lesson of the present day make them pause and heed?

Anthony Comstock

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK is said to be marked for destruction. For Mr. Comstock this is no new experience. Similar prophecies have been made of him a dozen times these last ten years. But Mr. Comstock survives to tell the public what he thinks of neo-Malthusians and similar foul birds, and, what perhaps is of greater consequence, to send one to jail occasionally.

Short-sighted, Mr. Comstock's methods may appear at times, even self-frustrating. This is only saying that like many a brave man and upright man, he is not infallible. But for forty years, despite the sneers of the "broad-minded," the blackjacks of thugs, and the amused indifference of the multitude, Mr Comstock has stood for the stern repression of public indecency. He has done more than adopt an attitude. Fire, acid, and prison-bars have been his useful helpers. Yet he is not a mere destroyer. In his many activities on behalf of neglected and ill-used children, and particularly in his insistence upon the sanctity of the home, and the necessity of religious education he has shown true constructive ability.

No doubt, Mr. Comstock's impartial energies are at times, "destructive of art." He will not admit for instance, that a back-room photographer, working with an eye on the police, is a Fra Angelico in his influence upon art; he does not think that ill-spelt pornography should be shelved with Aeschylus and Dante. On the contrary, he destroys the product and jails the producer. His malign influence is also felt by "business," the devil's business, proscribed, for instance, by the Mann Act and Section 1142, of the New York Penal Code. It is high time that Mr. Comstock be put in durance vile. Literature, business, art and the devil are unanimous in this opinion.

Mrs. Pankhurst in Paris

THE Maid of France was an excellent cook, as cooks were reckoned in those simple days. She was also skilled in farm work and the care of flocks; and such a mistress of spinning as to declare her willingness to compete in this useful art with any damsel in Rouen. Her voice was soft and low, "like a flute"; an excellent thing in a woman; "and when she spoke," declares a rough old soldier, "all her words raised a feeling of holiness in my heart." She avoids much or noisy company," writes the courtier de Boulainvilliers to the Duke of Milan, "and she speaks very little." The sentry often saw her on her knees far into the night; every morning when possible, she heard Mass and received Our Lord into her heart. She dearly loved little children, and at the head of her army, her gentle heart was often oppressed with homesickness. "Would that it pleased God my Creator," she said, "that I might leave my army and go back to my father and mother, and help them by taking care of their flocks with my brother and sister. How glad they would be to see me! But I am doing that which my Lord gave me to do." This saintly girl, the most womanly of women, moved through a rude camp like an angel of light, for on her heart, as on her banneret, she bore the device of her Crucified Saviour, with the legend, "Jhesus, Maria." '

Fresh from her triumph of assaulting bovine "bobbies," accosting irritable Prime Ministers, and attacking pillar-boxes with acid, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst leads a pilgrimage through the streets of Paris to adorn a statue of Joan of Arc with wreathes. This is a notable change of heart. Hitherto no contrast more striking than Blessed Joan and Mrs. Pankhurst could have been devised. The "votes for women" movement assumes a new aspect. Woman will lose nothing of the great gifts God has given her, when like Joan of Arc, she takes her place in public life in obedience to a divine call, and with the saving names of Jesus and Mary graven deep upon her heart.

Because!

IT is a venerable witticism, antedating the latest discovery of the earliest remains of man, that a woman's reason is "because." This revered and ancient remark has furnished countless occasions for cheap merriment on the part of shallow males since Mr. Pithecanthropus Erectus laid himself away for our scientific discussions. The laugher fails to note that his own philosophy is shallower than that which excites his laughter. When a woman says "because" in answer to your question "why," is it absence of all reason as Mr. Pith etc., thought, or may it not be the presence of various reasons, that has driven her to that last trench, "because," before the persistent attacks of your "why"?

"Because" may be a check to insistent curiosity; it may be the delicate shrinking of a timid reserve; it may be a jealous guarding of sacred personalities; most of all, it may be the hopeless acknowledgment of a vast and complicated assemblage of motives which baffle analysis and defy expression. If one may be speechless from having nothing to say; one may be speechless from awe, from bewilderment, from having too much to say. The most

generous and chivalrous conclusion to draw from the brevity of a woman's "because" is not poverty or paucity of ideas but abundant richness of sympathy and instinct. While many a profoundly philosophic man is tracing his laborious way through a jungle of reasoning, a woman has winged her victorious flight to a successful conclusion, which is adequately voiced in the triumphant but mysterious "because."

Indeed your "because" is fraught with momentous consequences for time and for eternity. "Because" may be the herald of your principles of conduct or your motive of action. That word, like the magic formula in the fairy story, may throw open to view the hidden depths of character. Herod we know, "because of them that were at table he would not displease the daughter of Herodias." John whom Herod beheaded, we know, "because he must increase and I must decrease." Magdalen took her place among the saints "because she loved much." Joseph rose to loftier heights of sanctity "because he was a just man," and ruled himself accordingly. The principle, the motive, you choose to act upon, is more yours than your flesh and blood, your distinctive carriage, your looks or even your finger prints. These last may all be inherited or at all events you had little to do with the making of them. But that "because" which you finally and deliberately elect to act upon, is the product of your liberty, your free self, not simply flesh of your flesh, but soul of your soul, an output of your character and index to its nature. You know now why that good man made the answer he did when he was taxed with performing a certain onerous work solely for the reason that he knew a good drink would solace him in his labors. Pausing to differentiate his motives conscientiously, he denied the charge. "No, I did not do my hard work *because* of the drink," he stoutly maintained, "but all the same let me just impress it upon you that I wouldn't do it without the drink, either," he frankly added.

You may not be able to discriminate with such nicety as that, or through self-deception you may be keeping uppermost a display of respectable motives to prevent a guilty conscience from ascertaining whether the fruit below is as ripe and rosy as that on top. You feel, what is most true, that it is better to have right principles and wrong actions than wrong principles with right actions. A wrong act passes; a wrong principle persists. Men in all ages have been guilty of base actions, but it was wrong principles which have been responsible for Mahometanism and Mormonism. A robber may blow up a building; an Anarchist would blow up civilization and not be ashamed. Why did Christ love sinners and hate the world? Sinners had been guilty of wrong acts; they had not, like the world, surrendered themselves to false principles. On the day of General Judgment "because" will be the final arbiter of all mankind. "Amen I say to you, because you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto Me."

LITERATURE

Mexico's Poet of the Home

THIS has been called the Poetical Age of Mexico. The nation seems to find its best literary expression in verse, much of which takes the form of war songs. The student who looks on Mexico from within sees singing poets marching before the warring armies and he reads in it things incomprehensible to the modern mind. The best-known and best-loved poet of Mexico is Juan de Dios Peza, the poet of the home, the Longfellow of Mexico. Unlike many other contemporaneous writers, he finds his themes in domestic life, many of his best-known poems being addressed to his own children. It is difficult to find a Mexican who will not smile affectionately at the name of Juan de Dios Peza and be able to quote a few lines from him. In humble, palm-thatched huts one sees on the shelf which holds the household treasures a gilt-bound copy of Peza, a bright-colored vase and a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. In time of peace it was a common thing to see a public reader in the shelter of a friendly doorway reading Peza to an interested audience of sandaled peons crouched around him, who gladly paid one or two of their hard-earned *centavos* for the privilege.

Peza was born in Mexico, on June 29, 1852. His companions relate that he wrote verse from early childhood. Endowed with a remarkable memory, he completed his primary studies and entered the National Preparatory School at the age of fifteen. Here he had the rare good fortune to have as instructors some of the most scholarly men Mexico has produced, and to have such associates among his fellow-students as Manuel Acuña and others. He owes more, however, to the fostering care of the headmaster, that philosopher and thinker, Ignacio Ramirez, than to any other. While he was still a mere lad Ramirez encouraged him to publish a small volume of poems to which Ramirez himself wrote the prologue. In it he says: "Hold fast, my young friend, to that which lifts you above all rivals when describing beauty, when lamenting a sorrow which has left invisible scars, or when draining from the chalice of memory the last drops of love."

Juan de Dios Peza is not only the first poet of Mexico, but he has the distinction of having introduced Mexican literature to Europe. He was sent to Spain in 1878, as the second secretary of the legation. Here his merits were recognized, he became associated with a coterie of the most scholarly young men of that period, and was much sought after in society. He was frequently called on to recite selections from Mexican writers in the most brilliant salôns of Madrid. Returning to Mexico, Peza devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, producing in quick succession three plays, and a volume of poems. A well-known Mexican writer says of Peza: "He has made a white and perfumed nest where little children flutter for comfort." Among the best known of Peza's short poems are: "Bebe," "The Cross by the Road,' and "The First Step." Here is a translation of the latter poem:

Up and down to-day in the corridor,
And laughing aloud in glee,
You made your first steps, daughter mine,
Alone in the world and free.

Impatient already from that first flight,
Eager and daring and strong,
You struggle to run away from the care
That has held you safe so long.

Soon, soon you will forget the guiding hand
Where your baby fingers curled,

And the listening love that at your call
Would cross the width of the world.

We are happy to-day for that first step,
And yet a sigh I borrow,
For the unknown ways where your feet must go
To-morrow and to-morrow.

The American who is eager to understand the Mexican's national character would do well to read our neighbor's favorite poets and novelists. Peza is an excellent author to begin with. ELIZABETH CHANDLER HENDRIX.

REVIEWS

Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVIth Century: Their Writings and Public Services. By W. FORBES LEITH, S.J. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. Six shillings.

To say that Father Leith has lifted the reproach of the Church in Scotland during the pre-Reformation period would be an impertinence: the reproach, such as it is, consists in a tradition of falsehood and scandal, at first deliberate, then eventually accepted as literal fact for want of better acquaintance with the truth. The writer of this book has chosen to occupy himself with a period of some sixty years, roughly from 1500 to 1560, when, if the intellectual life of Catholic Scotland had sunk to such a state of degradation as to give countenance to the dawn of the blessed Gospel light and godly learning which the Protestant Reformation is claimed to have ushered in, it would undeniably have been apparent. As the facts show, there is no evidence at all for the Protestant supposition. The Introduction, which gives in a general way the sum of the labors of Scottish churchmen, might suffice ordinarily to refute the accusation of intellectual decadence. But a bibliography of pre-Reformation writers, listing some sixty-seven names, presents a concise record of the literary activities of the Scottish clergy and some of their scholars on the eve of the Reformation. The titles of their works are given in full and the present location to which these works have been traced. The short biographical note appended to each writer gives an added value to the bibliography. Among these learned Scotsmen we find more than one Jesuit. A considerable number of the works tabulated are scattered in various libraries and museums of Europe, but many have been published under the auspices of different Text Societies.

If the light of learning had almost flickered out in Scotland, as we are told, how does it happen that during a period of twenty-two years, from 1513 to 1535, to be exact, more than eleven hundred Scottish churchmen proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts? This too in a day when there were no short cuts to scholarship! In many instances, as in the case of Father James Gordon, S.J., who died in Paris in 1621, the tradition of sound learning was carried on well over the Reformation period, and looking backward from 1603 to 1517 the University of Paris was ruled by no fewer than twelve Scottish Rectors. Enough has been shown to indicate the scope of Father Leith's work as an important factor in the better understanding of the actual condition of scholarship in Catholic Scotland during the sixteenth century, and as a valuable contribution to the history of the Church in that country. Several fine illustrations give an added interest to the volume, which, apart from its ecclesiastical character, forms an interesting chapter in the history of Scottish literature. H. C. W.

Alfred the Great. By BEATRICE ADELAIDE LEES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Miss Lees—we presume "Miss" is her proper designation—believes in "keeping up with the advance of historical and literary research." Without respect for anything but documents, she will not, for all that, let one of these pass without testing it thoroughly, like the Princess Ida, "in her own grand way." Take, for instance her discussion of the place and date of Alfred's birth. She begins with the "little town of Wantage," where, "as a modern statue in the market-square records, 'Alfred the Great, the West-Saxon King,' was born, 'A. D. 849.'" Then follows the testing:

> The only contemporary evidence for this accepted tradition is the opening of Asser's *Life of Alfred,* which has been copied by later chroniclers: In the year of our Lord's Incarnation 849, Alfred, King of the Anglo-Saxons was born in the royal 'vill' [*villa regia*] called Wanating, in the district called *Berrvescire* [Berkshire], which district is so called from the Berroc wood, where the box-tree grows most abundantly.

A purist might object that a statue can not be said to *record* an event which happened a thousand years before its erection; and a very mediocre historian knows that there is no *tradition* regarding Alfred's birth. There is Asser's categorical statement, and nothing else. But this is so clear and Asser's competency so evident, that one would think there were nothing more to be said. Not so Miss Lees, who comments on it thus: "Isolated as is this mention of Alfred's birthplace, there is no reason to doubt its truth." Of course not. Asser knew what he was saying. The author devotes considerable space to telling us how wrong we are on many points. For instance, Alfred did not learn to read out of the Psalter at his mother's knee, he did not penetrate Guthrum's camp disguised as a harper, he was not crowned in Rome, he did not pay Peter's Pence or send alms to the Indies, he was no blind papist, he did not die in 900, while as for the story of the cakes, it contains this glaring inconsistency that Alfred's host is now a swineherd, now a neatherd! The book is nicely padded out to about 500 pages with surveys of the state of Europe and of England before Alfred's day, a comparative view of Mohammedanism and Christianity, and digressions to a description of the Northmen's ships and their raids on France and in the Mediterranean. To conclude, the author was once tutor in Somerville College, Oxford, and seems anything but a Christian in the strict sense of the term.

H. W.

Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare. By CHARLES D. STEWART. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35.

This work is interesting in its chosen field, quite suggestive, and much of it sane and sound criticism. Upwards of fifty passages that have been bones of contention for editors are here examined. A good number of the lines are from plays of importance, and have long challenged the critics' cunning. The author wrests at the pen-point a meaning from the puzzling words: generally a sensible meaning often a convincing one, and the book emphasizes a new angle of attack. The author's first assumption is "the words as they stand are Shakespere's." Light is wanted? Seek it in Shakespere, in the context, in other plays, in his process of thought and in the drama's aim. But suppose the passage baffles us still? On the punctuation of the First Folio which is at times naive, if not weird, editors have always felt free to experiment, so Mr. Stewart, pepper-box in hand, does so too and, presto! there is more light.

When a hobby does good work there is a temptation to ride it hard. The discussion, for example, of the important "Macbeth" passage "Jump the life to come" seems to land him in the ditch. Bank and shoal may be different ideas, yet by "This bank and shoal of time" is surely meant but one thing, for the words do not conflict in sense. Also "The life to come" is plainly the life beyond the grave, despite the author's gratuitous denial. There is earlier reference to such a thought in Macbeth's remark about the witches, in

Banquo's warning and in Lady Macbeth's appraisal of her husband. The attractive conceit about the banks and shoals has really gotten the bit between its teeth and run away with its rider. The discussion of the "As You Like It" passage on page 147, moreover, is confused in its philosophy, and inaccurate in its definition of terms. Of some at least of these solutions we shall look to see notice taken in future editions of the plays. A. P. M.

The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By J. GRIMAL, S.M. Translated by M. J. KEYES, S.M. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. $1.75.

The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. By MAURICE MESCHLER, S.J. Translated by Sister MARY MARGARET, O.S.B. Second Revised Edition. Two Volumes. $4.25.

The first of these valuable ascetical works is a translation of the third French edition of Pére Grimal's book, and the other two volumes, which were translated into English six years ago, have now been brought into conformity with the seventh and latest German edition of Father Meschler's best book. "The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Christ" is written chiefly for priests and seminarians. *Sacerdos est alter Christus* is the keynote of the work. Under the general heads, Preparation, Realization, Heavenly Consummation and Eucharistic Prolongation the author proves from history, scripture and theology the eternal priesthood of Our Lord and holds Him before the reader as the source and model of priestly holiness. There is a gratifying scarcity of exclamation points in the book, and its practical lessons are not too lofty for use in this workaday world.

The most important alteration in the new edition of Father Meschler's work is his change of view regarding the question whether Judas retired from the Supper Room before or after receiving Holy Communion. The author now holds, with most commentators, that the wretched Apostle did not add a sacrilegious Communion to his other crimes. A short sketch of Father Meschler's career is also given. The volumes are more attractively made up than formerly, and the capable translator now has a name of her own. There are no meditation books on Our Lord's life superior to this one, for it is full of solid learning, its asceticism is taught by a holy and experienced director of souls, and the practical applications that abound make the volume a work of great value to priests who have sermons to write. W. D.

Memories and Milestones. By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.

In his preface the author writes: "It is a good sign when young men keep journals and old men take to publishing reminiscences. It helps the general atmosphere of thought and enriches everyone a little. A belief in this kind of literary conversation must be my excuse for publishing the ensuing volume." If the reader does not subscribe to the same view, we can not promise him many hours of recreation or enjoyment in perusing this volume of essays. The appreciations of William James, Horace Furness, Henry Chapman, Mr. Brimmer, Mrs. Whitman, Charles Eliot Norton, Charles W. Eliot, Maria Weston Chapman, Julia Ward Howe and Alfred Collins will doubtless be welcomed by their immediate friends, but the volume will scarcely interest the general reader. And in order to interpret aright what would otherwise seem to be an excess of hero-worship, it will be well to bear in mind that, in many instances, the writer is merely recording the impressions left on him during his college-days at Harvard. Here and there, when he writes with the maturity born of age and experience, he reveals keen powers of analysis. A case in point is his estimate of Charles W. Eliot. Mr. Chapman believes that Eliot is neither a thinker nor an artist; he has not the point of view of a cultivated man, nor has he reverence for cultivation *per se*. He was merely a financier. As president of Harvard, his principle was: "Size first; the rest will follow." His elective system was a corollary of this axiom. His administration at Harvard was a splendid financial success, and to this he owes his ascendancy, even over those who were his peers in moral force, and intellectually his superiors. The paper on "Greek as a Pleasure" is suggestive, especially to teachers who are tempted to treat a Greek text as a mere peg on which to hang technical grammar, philology, history, mythology, etc., to the utter neglect of literary appreciation. Though many of the pages of "Memories and Milestones" do not rise above mediocrity, at times the author shows remarkable ability as a stylist. D. J. C.

Yale Yesterdays. By the late CLARENCE DEMING. Edited by Members of His Family. With a Foreword by HENRY WALCOTT FARNAM. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25.

This interesting book is made up of thirty papers originally contributed to the *Yale Alumni Weekly* by the late editor of the New Haven *Morning News*. It is the college of some fifty years ago that for the most part is the setting of this capable journalist's reminiscences. He records and describes the beginnings and progress of such venerable institutions as the "Fence," the "Wooden Spoon," the rows between "Town and Gown" and the 'Burial of Euclid." "Chapel," the author avers, was reckoned by most of the students "an arch foe and a weapon of discipline rather than a spiritual agency." Therefore the art of enjoying surreptitious naps was widely cultivated, and the monotony of the Calvinistic services was broken on one occasion by introducing a dog into the chapel and on another by setting free there a squawking rooster. Mr. Deming also relates with what glee the Yale boys drew up their coat collars and shivered when an out-of-town parson delivered a florid apostrophe to balmy spring one April Sunday while a blustering snowstorm was beating against the windows. Obviously the chapel was not considered a particularly sacred place. Of the numerous pranks the author recalls, perhaps the most ingenious was the effective silencing of the college bell by inverting it and filling it with water one cold winter's night. "Yale Yesterdays" contains entertaining recollections of old worthies like Professors Newton, Hadley and Loomis, Dr. Field, Ik Marvel and E. B. Mason, and there are twenty excellent illustrations in the book. W. D.

A History of the Western Boundary of the Louisiana Purchase, 1819-1841. By THOMAS W. MARSHALL. Berkeley: University of California Press. $1.75.

This is the first comprehensive study of the negotiation of the western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase viewed in its entirety. As the author confines himself to the topics immediately bearing on the policy of the United States Government, he has not dealt with the boundary question during the Spanish-French régime. The field covered extends from the treaty of 1819 to the survey of the Sabine line in 1841. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to those who in recent years have dealt with the diplomatic history of our southwestern frontier, yet he has by no means followed the beaten track of accepted theory. In the moot question of the reason of Wilkinson's betrayal of Burr, Mr. Marshall is of the opinion that Wilkinson while stationed on the western frontier sold his services to the Government of Spain. Nor does the author agree with the common theory of American historians that the claims to Texas were given up in exchange for Florida. He holds that the purchase of Florida was de-

cided upon as early as 1818, and it was the Oregon territory that was the price of our waiving Texan claims. He unhesitatingly differs, too, from the opinion of many American historians regarding the sincerity of Andrew Jackson in relation to Texas. There are thirty good maps in the book, among them a large guide map, and one of the Pinchardo Boundary Commission hitherto unpublished. All who are interested in this chapter of American history will find Mr. Marshall's volume well worth their study. G. C. T.

The Stewardship of Faith. By KIRSOPP LAKE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Dr. Kirsopp Lake, while Professor of the University of Leiden, did some excellent work on the subject of the New Testament text. He is not so scientific as Professor of Early Christian Literature in Harvard University. The present work is based on lectures given at the Lowell Institute in 1913. Dr. Lake's explanation of his title shows how far removed he is from our Catholic ideas, for faith is Luther's trust in Christ, and all Christians are stewards of faith in that they express their trust in Christ in one way or another. And so, "The Stewardship of Faith" is the multiform and manifold expression of the trust in Christ down the centuries. To the Catholic theologian faith is not trust at all, but an act of reason—the acceptance of a truth solely on the authority of God revealing. Dr. Lake makes profession of profound esteem for Catholic theology and has made some effort to understand it. This effort has been hindered by his use of Modernistic writers. These lectures show that one more Protestant professor of ecclesiastical science has gone hopelessly wrong in the way of Modernism. Religion is made to be a life and not a thing at a stand-still. Quite so; but religion is a life by its dynamic activity of grace in the soul, not by a process of evolution of doctrine. So far as its doctrines are concerned, the religion of Christ is one and never changing. The Church of Christ has no right to change His teaching to suit the changing times. The command was given for all times to teach the same set of doctrines—even to the end of the world. "Teach ye all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii, 20.). No Catholics, let us hope, attended the Lowell lectures of this Harvard professor who purposes utterly to destroy the Christianity of Jesus Christ. W. F. D.

The Protomartyr of Scotland: Father Francis of Aberdeen. By MATTHEW A. POWER, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.45.

The Venerable John Ogilivie, S.J. A Sketch of His Life. By DANIEL CONWAY. London: Sands & Co. 6d.

The late religious history of England, Scotland and Ireland is a striking illustration of the aphorism that: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." In Ireland, despite unheard-of efforts to root out the Faith, the people are still Catholic. In England the long and glorious line of martyrs heartened many a family to cling to Catholicism, either by flight to the Continent or by braving the fines and forfeitures at home and the countless disabilities of recusants. In Scotland the martyrs might be counted on one hand, with a finger or two left over, but the country at large was submerged in a deluge of Calvinism. The first of Scotland's martyrs is Father Francis, a Trinitarian Friar in Aberdeen. Almost nothing but the fact of his martyrdom is known. He was the victim of a mob's fury, was stabbed several times and his body cast into the flames of his burning church. The Venerable John Ogilvie, S.J., Scotland's last martyr, is better known, as he was formerly tried and executed for the Faith in Glasgow. Even before his trial he was subjected to the torture of loss of sleep for eight nights and nine successive days. Three hours intervened between his trial and execution. Father Francis died in 1559 and Father Ogilvie in 1614. These little books are useful biographies of the martyrs. P. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The promoters of the birth-control movement have of late been supplying the periodical and daily press with so many specious defenses of immoral practices that the contents of the *Catholic Mind* for June 22 should be a corrective for the wicked propaganda. Father Tierney's paper on "The Church and the Sex Problem," which opens the number, explains the only kind of sex hygiene that Catholics will tolerate being taught in the schools; then follows Father Blakely's well-reasoned attack on "Conscious Birth Restriction"; Dr. Ryan in an "Open Letter" approaches the same subject from another angle, and in the concluding paper Dr. O'Malley frankly expresses his opinion of "The Committee on Birth Control." This number of the *Catholic Mind* will prove of special value to clergymen, teachers, publicists and social workers.

S. Macnaughton's "A Green Englishman and Other Stories of Canada" (Dutton, $1.35) is an unusually good collection of tales. The discerning author records the changed outlook on life experienced by the men and women who come to the Dominion from the mother country, and makes his readers realize the optimistic, work-loving spirit of the Canadians. One or two of the volume's eight stories, however, are quite tragic, the effect of the long and silent winter on Hester Leach being particularly well described. But the dour Scot who is the central figure in "The Man Who Succeeded," the account of Peregrine's development into a dyed-in-the-wool Albertan, "The Kid's" adventures, and the prosperity that attended the jest of a merry groomsman are all happily-ending tales. The book is clean besides.

In "Rational Athletics for Boys" (Heath, $0.90) Frederick J. Reilly, Principal of Public School 33, Bronx, New York City, attacks the prevailing system of school athletics by which a few lads are "trained" for a "team" and the rest neglected. As an antidote he offers this manual of "rational athletics," which provides a system which all the children can follow and thus reap the benefits that come from healthy exercise. That the author has already achieved success is shown by the recorded results of his training in the increased chest-measurement, etc., of the pupils. Mr. Reilly also tells the flabby-muscled business man how to mend his ways. If the price of this little book were not so high, more school teachers would buy it.

"Waiting" is the latest effusion of the apostate Irish priest who, having married a Protestant evangelist in London, supports his establishment by fictional slander of the priesthood from which his conduct severed him. A grasping, tyrannical and vulgar priest, and an ideal schoolmaster who marries an ideal Protestant lady against the "Ne Temere" provisions, provide the dual motive of the book; the priest must be driven from the schools and Catholics be made free to marry as Protestants while retaining all their Catholic rights. The filling in is somewhat specious at first, as the author knows the details of Catholic life, but his hate grows with his pages, and he throws in such Protestant bits as "Catholics never read the Bible." As a part of the widespread propaganda to drive the priest from the mar-

riage-altar and the school, the font and cradle of Christian life, the book has its significance, but its virulence is too obvious to have much influence anywhere, and its incidents, when they are possible, are so clearly untypical that in Ireland the "waiting" is likely to be indefinitely prolonged. Macmillan of London and Kennerley of New York are the publishers. The New York Macmillans, who repudiated another of the same author's libels that was also published by their London namesake, evidently declined to handle it.

Here are four recent volumes bearing on the war. With a cry of alarm as the title of his book, Paul Vergnet's "France in Danger" (Dutton, $1.00) two years ago called the attention of Frenchmen to a peril that he claimed was at their doors. In the light of present happenings many of his forecasts are remarkable. For some time, according to the writer, French national life had been threatened by a party of doctrinaires who were working for a Greater Germany. Beatrice Barstow is the capable translator of the book.——A British "Eye Witness's Narrative of the War" (Longmans, $0.75) will give those desirous of it an opportunity to review many of the Press Bureau despatches they read in the papers from last September till the end of March. The battles on the western front, from that of the Marne to Neuve Chapelle, are described without emotion, and the hard life of the trenches is vividly pictured.——"War's New Weapons" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50), according to Baron Hrolf von Dewitz, its author, is "an expert analysis in plain language of the weapons and methods used in the present great war." The chapters on aircraft and submarines are especially interesting. Both the Baron and Mr. Henry Maxim, who writes the preface, do some very plain talking when treating of America's unpreparedness.——M. D. Pétre's "Reflections of a Non-Combatant" (Longmans, $0.75) consist of nine papers giving an Englishwoman's rambling thoughts on the present conflict. She brings to the subject little that is fresh.

In "Alice and a Family" (Macmillan, $1.25) St. John G. Ervine has written a quaint and entertaining story of South London life. Alice herself is an amusing child who effectually carries out her promise to a dying wife to be a "little mother" to a number of children scarcely younger than herself. Her measures are rather Spartan in character, but are justified by results. Her greatest difficulty is with the father of the family, whom she has to bully a good deal before she brings him to time. In the end she marries him off to a sensible woman, and at the last page leaves the reader with the assurance that she stands in fair prospect of reaching that consummation herself.——"The Heart of Uncle Terry" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., Boston, $1.25) is a story of the Maine woods by Charles Clark Munn. The theme of the sentimental part of the book, that life is a long series of illusions, though it takes up the greater portion of the dialogue, is weakly done. Of the different characters Uncle Terry is the most refreshing and has more sane philosophy than the younger people, Ollie and Vance, who hold the central position for the purpose, it would seem, of expounding their views on illusions. Adventures abound and there are good descriptive passages.

It is safe to predict that "Jaffery" (Lane, $1.35), William J. Locke's latest novel, will soon be high in the list of "best sellers." Given a fair and unconventional Balkan widow suddenly transplanted to London, a burly war correspondent, who is a heroically faithful friend and lover, an amiable young couple who delight in "managing," and we have actors and a setting that this clever author is sure to make interesting. With remarkable literary skill he keeps his readers smiling while he unfolds a tragic tale. Even Liosha, however, is out of place on that tramp steamer, and she would have to be virtuous indeed to come unscathed out of some of the situations into which the author puts her.——Clara Mulholland's story of "Sweet Doreen" (Herder, $1.10) brings in the familiar figure of the rack-renting Irish squire whom a fair maiden persuades to mend his ways. Those wide-eyed "Catholic kittens" have now found their way to Ballygorst!

EDUCATION

The Woman's Education Exhibit

THOSE who think that feminine education is a new phase of evolution or a novel development of human history would have received a severe shock had they accepted the invitation given by the Trustees of the New York Public Library to enjoy a private view of objects illustrating 2,000 years of feminine education. Happily the exhibit is to last several months, so all who wish can see it. The manuscripts, books, portraits and needlework on exhibition are from the library of George A. Plimpton, Esq., who thus commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of Barnard College, an institution of which he is now treasurer. Mr. Plimpton's collection proves conclusively that since Christianity has been able to exert a profound influence on mankind, representative churchmen have been promoting the thorough development of woman's mind.

ST. JEROME'S LETTER TO LAETA

The exhibit opens very appropriately with St. Jerome's letter to Laeta, in which he advises that Roman mother to put letters of various kinds into her daughter Paula's hands and to teach her the meaning of them. He adds the warning: "Take care that she does not conceive, in these early years, a dislike for study that may follow her into a more advanced age." St. Jerome realized that the child's education should not be made burdensome, and that tact and judgment are needed if the child is to be lured successfully along the path of learning. If it is thought that this is putting a modern significance into words of St. Jerome, not justified by the few simple phrases that he uses, recall that the Saint was familiar with the problems relating to the education of women, and that his friendship with Eustochium and Paula had made him appreciate the value of feminine education quite as well as any one in modern times.

ST. BONIFACE, ST. THECLA AND HROSWITHA

The next exhibit is a letter from St. Boniface, who was commissioned by Pope Gregory II to do for the Germans on the right bank of the Rhine what Augustine, at Pope Gregory the Great's behest, had done for the English. Though the work of Boniface was successful, he saw that educated women were needed to assist him in lifting the converted Germans to a high religious plane. His experience in England with communities of nuns had shown him how much their example and influence meant. St. Boniface was convinced, moreover, that children most readily imbibe the deep spirit of Christianity in religious schools. As a result of this letter, St. Thecla, illustrious in her day for sanctity and learning, went to his help and ever since has been looked upon as a coworker with St. Boniface in the conversion of Germany. Next is a copy of a fine old edition of the comedies written by Hroswitha, a nun of the tenth century, who lived in the Benedictine convent of Gandersheim along the Rhine. In a preface that Cardinal Newman might have written in the nineteenth century, or Monsignor

Benson in the twentieth, Hroswitha says that her reason for composing these comedies is because many monks and nuns, to improve their literary style, are reading the plays of Terence. But his plays, far from making for edification, can scarcely fail to be a source of temptation. Accordingly Hroswitha, with the approval of her superiors, wrote comedies in order to furnish monks and nuns with reading that will be no less edifying than educative. Yet the tenth century has been called the darkest of the "dark ages."

THE "ANCREN RIWLE"

In the exhibit there is also an excellent copy of the *Ancren Riwle*, "The Anchoresses Rule," which was probably written for three Cistercian nuns by Richard Poore, Bishop of Salisbury. This volume is one of the most important documents in the history of the English language. Dr. Garnett, for many years keeper of the printed books in the British Museum, declares that this book "well deserves to be described as one of the most perfect models of simple, eloquent prose in our language." That remarkable volume, it is worthy of note, was written for women to read seven centuries ago.

LEARNED ENGLISH LADIES

Then there is the "Mirroure of Our Ladye of Syon," dating of the first half of the fifteenth century, recalling that gracious Bridgettine nunnery from which came the famous cope of Syon. The library catalogue of Syon shows, moreover, how broad were the intellectual interests of these medieval nuns. The ladies of the Renaissance are represented by Vittoria Colonna, and the ladies of the English Renaissance very properly by Isabella the Catholic, Catherine of Aragon and Mary Tudor, all three of whom did a great deal among English women of the early sixteenth century; Sir Thomas More and his daughter, Roger Ascham, Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth are, of course, represented. The charming, scholarly and beneficent Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of King Henry VII, has a distinguished place in the exhibit. The inscription beneath her portrait chronicles that she founded professorships at Oxford and Cambridge, invited Erasmus to England, founded Christ College, Cambridge, and was the patron of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. All this interest in the development of woman's intellect came, be it remembered, before the so-called Reformation, reported to be the source of all intellectual progress in modern times. Lady Jane Grey, Roger Ascham and Queen Elizabeth seem to be products of that movement, but in reality they are not, for their education was secured under the still enduring influence of the older pre-Reformation conditions. After the Reformation, however, with the suppression of the monasteries and convents, woman's education received a serious set-back from which it is only beginning to recover in our time.

THE CANADIAN URSULINES

Some pictures of the old Quebec convents, which were the first institutions for the teaching of girls in this country, are interesting. The accompanying inscription runs:

> In 1639 Madame de la Peltrie founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec and the Sisters took in Indian and French girls to instruct in religious and secular studies. This was the first institution for the instruction of girls founded in North America. By 1641 there were about fifty girls, French and Indian, at the school.

The series of pictures shows how intent was that distant generation on providing opportunities for feminine education; for though the convent was burned down twice in the course of some twenty-five years, it was restored each time on a larger and better scale. To many people this proof of the interest taken by French Catholics in the education of women, long before any attempt to educate the sex was made in English America ought to be enlightening. We are now learning, however, that under the Catholic Church, in both French and Spanish America, much ampler facilities for education were provided than in English America. The exhibit makes it clear that convents represented a refuge for women who wanted to live the intellectual and spiritual life rather than the domestic, and found in the cloister a haven of peace and devotion. The women who thus set themselves apart from the world have always been the teachers and the models of other women, and their holy lives have exerted a higher religious influence than any mere teaching of ethics could possibly effect.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Catholic Women's League for Social and Civic Reform

IT has been found in many great cities, especially those with a cosmopolitan population like New York, that there are certain aspects of social and civic work which, by their very nature and complexity, do not respond so intimately to the influence of the clergy and religious as to that of lay persons. This may be due in some remote degree to the fact that in the popular mind, even of Catholics, the clerical and religious states are in some fundamental way quite apart from the secular state, and consequently there has been prevented that fusion necessary to bring about a desired result. It will be granted that there are frequent instances, not of a spiritual nature, which respond more readily to the influence of, say, the doctor or nurse than to that of the priest or nun; there is of course no guiding principle in such matters. But conditions in life exist where the influence of the lay Catholic is more potent than that of the cleric or religious, and it is amongst such that the sphere of action of the League of Catholic Women for Social and Civic Reform is found. In other words the League stands for the solidification of the lay apostolate of Catholic women.

THE OBJECT OF THE LEAGUE

The work of the League is not political, nor is it directly charitable. Its purpose may be summed up as the promotion of social, civic and religious conditions by the federation of all Catholic women engaged in planning, financing, undertaking and executing such good works, whether devotional, charitable, educational or beneficiary, as are sanctioned by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York—for the activities of the League are, for the present, exercised in the archdiocese of New York. It will be seen that the prime object of the League is unification and co-operation. In pursuance of this object the League has representatives in the following organizations: the Municipal League, the Consumers League, the Child Labor Committee and the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation.

In connection with the National Civic Federation the League has been able to co-operate with the Vacation War Relief Committee, and a workroom has been opened in which some thirty unemployed women have been given temporary work making garments of various kinds. Of the output of the workroom a part has been sent directly to Europe for the relief of war sufferers and the remainder has been distributed to the poor of New York. The report submitted at a recent meeting, the last of the season, shows that of the number of garments produced in the workroom which by arrangement are shared with the Vacation War Relief Com-

mittee the League received as its share 2784. Of these 750 were sent abroad for distribution among war sufferers, and the remaining 2034 have gone to the relief of the poor and necessitous of Greater New York through the medium of the various Catholic Sisterhoods and organizations that work among the needy. Notwithstanding generous donations in kind from benevolent persons in New York, the League is under the necessity of providing some seven hundred dollars each month to meet the expenditure of the workroom. The employment offered in the workroom is understood to be merely of a temporary nature, and the workers are paid an emergency wage, sufficient to ensure them the necessities of life. By means of the Employment Bureau permanent work is sought for the women in which they are placed immediately opportunity affords. During the past month permanent situations have been found for eight persons from the workroom.

WORK IN RECREATION CENTERS

Another direction in which the League operates is in Recreation Centers, and a vigorous attendance to this part of the work has been given by Miss Elizabeth Marbury. In connection with the Consumers League, the League has interested itself in the welfare of Catholic girls employed in department stores. This is a field in which the members may reasonably expect to do a maximum amount of social work. This work is one which commends itself very well to women whose time is at their own disposal, as being eminently suited to undertake the organization of recreation centers, clubs, holiday homes and other branches of social work, which up to the present have largely been in the hands of definitely Protestant or so-called non-sectarian organizations. That a work of this kind is badly needed is shown clearly by the fact that a considerable number of Catholic girls have sought membership in the Camp Fire Girls, which is under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. A similar recreational organization is needed for our Catholic girls, especially for girls engaged in the monotonous daily round of a department store. The League is also working in connection with the reception of immigrants, and a member has been appointed to attend the Women's and Children's Courts in the interest of Catholics who unfortunately may find themselves there.

A CATHOLIC GIRLS' CAMP

The latest work undertaken by the League is one that is very much needed right here and now, one that we may hope to see taken up by Catholics in different parts of the country. The League has been given the use of two large bungalows at Belle Island, near Stamford, Connecticut, for the months of July and August, and a summer camp for women and girls will be conducted somewhat on the order of the summer camp organized by the Y. W. C. A. The idea is to give working girls from the city a free holiday for two weeks in ideal country surroundings, and arrangements have have been made to accommodate sixteen girls at a time. The first batch of sixteen will take up their quarters on July 1, returning to their homes on July 15, when the next batch will arrive. By this means it is hoped to give sixty-four girls in all two weeks of complete rest and change from their ordinary environment without their being at any expense. The bungalows are built right on the shore of the Sound, and the camp will be under the immediate charge of Mrs. Pitcher, a lady widely experienced in work among girls and women. The girls will be taught swimming and games, and long walks and study of nature will help to give them, for once in their lives at least, a wider outlook on life than they could ever gain from the drab life of the city, relieved perhaps by a day at Coney Island. The results of this summer camp will be watched with interest, and important data will be forthcoming for further ventures of the kind.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

The most prominent need of the League at the present time is for increased membership. True to its original object of being organized to look after existing charities and not to develop new ones, membership in the League implies no overlapping or division of interests. By a union of effort it becomes possible for Catholic women to exert considerable influence upon social and civic conditions, and representation in existing societies insures that the interests of Catholics are not to be put aside as of no account. There is room for homes or clubs, not institutions, for Catholic working girls, where for a sum commensurate with their income workers may live in agreeable and proper surroundings, without the constraint of multitudinous rules and observances which invite infraction at every turn. To inaugurate such a work there are no people more capable than women of the world who come from Catholic homes and have received their education in Catholic schools and colleges. A residential working girls' club, under lay care, has already been started in New York, having as one of its outstanding features an entire absence of petty regulations. It has, up to the present been successful. A work of this kind is but one branch of social activity in which the League might engage, given a sufficient membership and the necessary funds. For the work of the League and its development is entirely in the hands of Catholic women themselves. The central office of the League is at Room 901, 18 East Forty-first Street, New York City.

H. C. WATTS.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Illinois Legislature is considering the passage of bills which provide penalties for those who contribute to the dependency or delinquency of children. An investigation shows that of 3,416 dependency petitions filed in a single year in Chicago, the majority were caused by the use of intoxicating liquors by parents. No one familiar with the daily calendar of the Children's Court can have failed to notice the number of instances in which a drunken father or a worthless mother is brought into the record. Little good can be accomplished by punishing the juvenile offender or putting him on probation if unfavorable domestic conditions are allowed to continue. The Illinois laws propose to "get at the parent" by bringing him within the speedier and more direct action of the Juvenile Court. The principle is good, and has already been incorporated in State laws and city ordinances. The only danger to be apprehended from legislation of this kind is that by providing excessive penalties, or by giving courts undue authority in family difficulties, it may defeat its own ends. Too often has this been the fate of social legislation, good in principle, but unwisely formulated.

Monsignor Laurentini, Secretary to the Propaganda, has recently expressed his great gratification over the progress of the seminaries for foreign missions recently established in the United States. In a recent interview with the Rev. Charles Friedrich, Procurator General of the Society of the Divine Word, which conducts one of these seminaries at Techny, Illinois, the Secretary said that it was imperative, if the foreign missions were to continue, that an interest in the work be fostered in America, and particularly in the United States. On account of the war, the foreign missions are suffering not only for lack of means, but for want of missionaries, and it is quite possible that because of the disturbed conditions which will continue long after peace is concluded, the European countries may never be able to re-

sume their old place of preeminence in this work. "It is my conviction," said Mgr. Laurentini, "that the providence of God is now calling the Catholics of America to enter vigorously upon the field of foreign missions." Nor is there danger that the formation of American vocations for the missions will endanger the progress of the Church at home. The generosity, both personal and corporate, involved in this work, will draw down the richest blessings of Heaven upon the Church in America.

According to statistics just published by the "Department of Labor," the cost of living in the United States is higher now than it has ever been. For fifteen articles which are served on the table of the workingman in the United States, the average price for the year 1914 was two per cent. higher than that in 1913, and about five and a half per cent. higher than in 1912. In the words of a contemporary:

> The American workingman is now paying an average price of 102 for what he got in 1913 for 100 and in 1912 for 97.4 per cent. The statistics show that the cost of living has increased steadily for these fifteen articles since 1907, when the average price was only 81.9. In 1908 the average price jumped to 84.2, in 1909 to 88.6, in 1910 to 92.9, in 1911 to 91.9 and so on up to 102, the average price which the American workingman paid in 1914.

Some day our laborers will demand the reason "why" in a vigorous manner.

At the "Magna Charta" celebration of the New York Constitutional Convention, ex-Senator Root thus summed up two theories concerning man in the relation to the State:

> There are but two underlying theories of man in the social relation to the State.
>
> One is the theory of the ancient republic under which the State is the starting point from which rights are decided, and the individual holds rights only as a member of the State. That was the theory of Greece and Rome and the Italian republics.
>
> The other is the theory of the Great Charter, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Statute of Treasons, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights, the Massachusetts Body of Liberties and the Declaration of Independence of the American Republic that the individual has inalienable rights of which no government may deprive him, but to secure which all government exists.

The speaker repudiated the first theory, noting that a logical conclusion from it would be that the State is not bound by the rules of morality which bind the individual. The ex-Senator is getting old fashioned, but he is right nevertheless.

In a pamphlet entitled "Roman Catholicism and American Citizenship," Amasa Thornton, a Congregationalist, gives some views on the public and Catholic schools that may be of interest to the Guardians of Liberty. In the course of a plea for a better feeling among Americans of all denominations he says:

> We send our little girl to a Catholic Parochial school and she talks to her mother and myself about what happens in the schoolroom. If there was anything like teaching disloyalty to our country's institutions and spirit, I would be certain to hear of it. She is taught that there is but one flag, that it is her duty to love the Stars and Stripes and all they stand for. She goes to a Congregational Sabbath School on Sunday and is distinctly Protestant. I send her to the Parochial school because I feel that the moral atmosphere there is safer and better to be in than the atmosphere of the public schools. I am as loyal to the American public school of my boyhood as any man of the United States. I have a board off the old red schoolhouse in which fifty-seven years ago I began to learn by A, B, C's, in my office, and I look at it with affection many times a day, but the public school of to-day lacks the spirit that hung around and pervaded the old red schoolhouse and is no longer so anchored in the great underlying fundamentals necessary to a correct development of the child, as it was once. Catholics should not be considered un-American because they wish their children to be trained in religion and morals when they are being educated. For the sake of my country I wish the moral and religious training applied by the Catholics in their Parochial schools would be largely applied in the public schools.

Mr. Thornton will never be President of the United States nor get a seat in the Cabinet for that matter.

The Detroit University *Tamarack*, after calling attention to the fact that in some States the students of Catholic colleges are not allowed to contest for the "National Peace Oratorical" prize, sums up the successes of Catholic students as follows:

> The first prize of the National Contest was awarded by unanimous decision to Mr. Wennerberg of Boston College. In the Massachusetts contest, first place was given to Mr. Wennerberg, second to Mr. Lane, Holy Cross, Worcester; in Pennsylvania, Mr. Clare Fenerty of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, won first place; in Maryland, Mr. Codd of Loyola College, Baltimore; in Wisconsin, Mr. Glenn McWilliams of Marquette University, Milwaukee; in Missouri, Mr. Thomas Goeke of St. Louis University, while in the Northwest, Gonzaga College, Spokane, won the honors over Montana University, Montana State College and the University of Idaho. No wonder some States exclude the students of Catholic Colleges from the contests.

The following paragraph, of deep and delicate spiritual import, is taken from the pages of the *Living Church*. That journal received it from one Abbé Volet, who, so far as he can be traced, is a voice merely:

> The work accomplished by the infernal society [the Society of Jesus] in the century since Pius VII reestablished it (after Clement XIV had so justly suppressed it) is no less abominable than that in earlier ages. They have made themselves masters of the Papacy; one owes to them the new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, the Infallibility and the Universal Episcopate of the Pope, the heretical cult of the Sacred Heart, the canonization of Liguori, whose infamous moral teaching is their own; the general ultramontanization of all the Roman Catholic clergy; the general religious ignorance of all the faithful; the disfiguring of the old Catholic worship by a crowd of new devotions. In a word, they have shown themselves now, as before, the corruptors of the Church's faith, ethics and worship.

These sentiments are worthy of the Ozark country, or of those far reaches of Arkansas, where one may still find persons who firmly believe that the Pope is Antichrist and that all Catholic priests have horns and hoofs. But to the *Living Church*, and, doubtless, to the Missouri publishers now under indictment as purveyors of obscenity, they are precious, very precious, and so replete with wisdom and Christlike charity, that they must be republished for the edification of all Christian men and women. Every one to his taste. The *Living Church* knows best, doubtless, how to consult the tastes of its readers.

The Most Reverend Louis Philippe Adelard Langevin, the second archbishop of St. Boniface, Manitoba died in Montreal on June 15. The deceased prelate was born at St. Isidore, Province of Quebec, August 23, 1855, and received his education at St. Mary's College, and at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. In 1881 he joined the Oblates and was ordained priest in the following year. For three years he served as a missionary attached to St. Peter's Church, Montreal, and at the end of that time was sent to teach theology at Ottawa University, a position he held for eight years, serving at the same time as dean of the theological faculty. He was superior of the Oblates at St. Boniface, and became rector of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, in 1893. In 1895 he succeeded the late Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface. The late Archbishop's life was filled with good deeds. He completed his cathedral in 1908, took a prominent part in the Plenary Council of Quebec in 1909, and was an active promoter of the great Eucharistic Congress held in Montreal in 1910.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In spite of severe engagements in Belgium, at Souchez, in the Labyrinth, along the heights of the Meuse, north of Verdun, and in Alsace, neither Germans nor Allies have gained any notable success in the west. The advantage has been with the Allies in Alsace, where they have continued their advance to the south of Metzeral, and with the Germans on the heights of the Meuse, and in the Vosges, where they have captured an important hill which dominates the surrounding country. The deadlock remains unchanged.

Bulletin, June 22, p. m.-June 29, a. m.

The fall of Lemberg came more quickly and with less resistance than was expected. Its evacuation by the Russians followed immediately after their retirement from the hills of Grodek, and was delayed only long enough to transport into safety guns and ammunition. It is the culmination of the Austro-German success in Galicia, and is a very remarkable achievement. Experts have attributed it chiefly to the effectiveness and number of heavy guns which literally blew to pieces the lines of the Russians; to whom, however, no one denies the credit of having conducted an orderly retreat under extremely adverse conditions.

German Success in Galicia

After the capture of the Galician capital the Russians made tremendous efforts to check the Austro-German drive, and for a time they were successful, for they not only were able to hold their own to the north and south of Lemberg, but by vigorous attacks they drove back their enemy across the Dniester. After three days, however, their offensive exhausted itself, and with the exception of the army along the Dnicster to the southeast of Halicz, which has had a respite after the bitter fighting of the last week, they are again in retreat. North of Lemberg, to the east of Rawa-Ruska and to the northeast of Zolkiew, they are retiring towards the Polish border; while south of Lemberg they have been forced from the hills east of Mikolaiow, and are now giving way all along the front that stretches from Bobrka to Zurawna. Still further to the southeast the Austrians have crossed the Dniester at Halicz. Renewed German activity is in evidence at many parts of the Polish battle line, and there are signs that point to another attack on Warsaw in the near future, especially from the north and south. West of Warsaw comparative quiet prevails.

Great Britain's memorandum to the Government of the United States, which, as clearly stated by Ambassador Page, is not to be understood as an answer to our note of protest against what we have characterized as unjustifiable interference by the blockade with our rights as neutrals, is concerned mainly with a statement of the efforts which Great Britain has made to deal fairly with American interests, but omits any discussion of the principles of international law underlying the dispute. It denies, however, that our contention is just, and declares explicitly that His Majesty's Government "can scarcely admit that on the basis of actual facts any substantial grievance on the part of the American citizen is justified or can be justified, and they therefore confidently appeal to the opinion of the United States Government as enlightened by this memorandum."

Great Britain's Memorandum

The Italian campaign made no marked progress during the week. Italian dispatches claim several unimportant successes, but for the most part are content to state that there has been a general and methodical carrying out of plans. Their failure to make large gains is attrib-

Other Items

uted by them to the difficult nature of the territory in which they are operating, and to the large reenforcements which the Austrians have received, presumably from the Galician front. At many points during the week the Italians were forced to take the defensive. In the Dardanelles the Allies claim to have had some success, but the situation has not yet undergone any important modification, although it is said that the ground gained has given the Allies a point of considerable strategic value. In the Caucasus both Turks and Russians claim victories in the vicinity of Olti.

The appointment by President Wilson of Mr. Robert Lansing to the post of Secretary of State has been received with almost universal approval throughout the country. Mr. Lansing has long been recognized as one of the foremost authorities on international law, and since 1892 has frequently represented the United States in disputes with other countries.

France.—More than one correspondent has spoken of the lack of military hospital facilities in France during the first months of the war, due in large part to the fact that so many hospitals had been closed and so many Sisters sent into exile, by the anti-clerical laws. Conditions are, however, improving. It is said that at present more than three thousand Sisters, returning from foreign exile, have been graciously allowed to minister to France's wounded soldiers. "All the patients praise the hard work of the Sisters," writes a correspondent in a recent number of *Figaro*. "But they have one favorite, Sister Barbara. From the instant that we set foot in the hospital we heard nothing but praises of Sister Barbara. Every one is proud of her, every one but herself, who accomplishes her daily work, piously, simply, gaily."

Sister Barbara

She has labored for twenty years and has never had a day's rest. One can count by thousands the poor creatures whom she has helped to live and to die. She has words for all, of consolation, of edification, of cheer. But she is not afraid to speak her mind. She has spent many hours taking care of the German wounded, but she says that she trounces them with her tongue. But she sat up for three whole nights with a little Bavarian lieutenant, and she does deeds of extraordinary self-sacrifice for other German patients. One can not judge of her kindness by what she tells herself.

Sister Barbara is but one of thousands who, when peace is concluded, will go back to exile, unless official France experiences an extraordinary change of heart.

The total amount of credits voted since the beginning of the war exceeds fifteen billion, one hundred and twenty-three million francs. On June 25, by a vote of 492 to 1, the Chamber of Deputies authorized an additional credit of five billion, six hundred million francs, which, it is thought, will cover all expenses for a period of three months, beginning with July 1. The Minister of Finance urged that France purchase as little as possible abroad. There was no monetary depreciation, he said, and in some respects the economic conditions of the country had improved. There is less unemployment than in January, and the traffic of the railroads is now eighty-five per cent. of the normal.

The New War Credit

Germany.—On June 21, the authorities informed the administration of the Berlin *Zeitung* that publication would be suspended for an indefinite period. According to the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Government was forced to this action "by an impassioned campaign carried on for some time, in which, more or less frankly, the eyes of readers were to be opened to dangers confronting the Empire," because of the Government's weak stand in vindicating its policy of submarine warfare. The *Koelnische Zeitung* regrets that the news of this suppression was cabled to foreign countries, leaving the impression, at variance with the facts, that the general policy of the Government was disapproved by the nation. The *Koelnische Volkszeitung* has no word in condemnation of the Government's action, but even points out that other journals, hitherto unmolested by the authorities, are equally guilty. Suspension was lifted, however, on June 24, and in that issue of the *Zeitung*, Count von Reventlow, whose articles are supposed to have brought on the suppression, renewed his interrupted discussion of violations of the laws of neutrality by the United States. On June 26, the Berlin *Vorwärts*, a socialist paper, was suppressed because of the publication of an article on "Social Democracy and Peace."

Press Censorship

An unofficial report, issued on June 18, and published in some of the German newspapers, states that the German and Austro-Hungarian armies have taken prisoners, 1,610,000 of the enemy. Of this number, 1,240,000 are Russians; 225,000 French; 24,000 English; 41,000 Belgians, and 50,000 Serbians. More than one hundred detention camps are now maintained in Germany. Shut off by high palisades from the outside world, each forms a small city by itself, for the population may range from 2,000 to 10,000. The prisoners are divided into battalions, and the strictest military discipline is maintained. During the week prisoners are kept at work, either in the camp, or outside in shops and factories; on Sunday religious services are held. Physicians are attached to the camps, which are thoroughly inspected from time to time by the military authorities.

Detention Camps

Rumors that negotiations looking to a treaty of peace with Russia had been begun are strongly denied at Berlin. In Germany, as in the other countries at war, the popular feeling seems to be that the time of peace is still in the indefinite future. In his speech at Munich, after the fall of Lemberg, King Ludwig of Bavaria said this victory brought the day of peace nearer, but he warned his hearers that "our watchword must continue

No Peace Negotiations

to be 'hold out in patience.'" The King attributed the success of the German arms not only to the troops, but to all "whose self-sacrificing labor has filled the place of those called to the colors; to those engaged in the factories and in agriculture, who have enabled us, although encircled by foes, to meet from our own resources the requirements of the country and the army and to feed our people."

Great Britain.—The long-expected Munitions Bill has received the assent of Parliament. It makes strikes and lockouts illegal, provides for compulsory arbitration, gives power to subject "slackers" to fine, limits the profits of employers, creates a volunteer army of workers, pledged to go wherever they may be required, and contains other provisions which will give the Minister full power to carry out the plans he has devised to develop the production of munitions. As to compulsory service, Mr. Lloyd George, in response to an inquiry, said that the Government, if it could not otherwise procure the laborers necessary to the welfare of the country, would proceed to use every means possessed by the State as an ultimate reserve. "I have had a discussion with the trade union leaders," reported the Minister, "and told them that if an adequate supply of labor could not be obtained, compulsion was inevitable. They answered, 'Give us a chance to supply the men needed in seven days.' The seven days will begin to-morrow, and advertisements will appear in all the papers. The union representatives have engaged two hundred town halls as recruiting offices, and the assistance of everyone has been invited." No age limit has been set. The volunteers will not wear uniforms, and although not under military discipline in the strict sense, will give their full time to work as ordered. A certificate will be issued stating that they are working "for King and Country." It is estimated that nearly a quarter of a million of men, outside of those already engaged in the manufacture of munitions, are available for this service, and recruiting, especially in Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool, is said to be more than satisfactory. "Once more," reports the *Post,* "the volunteer system seems likely to justify itself." "We are confident that in a week from now," says the *Westminster Gazette,* "the leaders of organized labor will be able to report that they have done what they have undertaken to do, and will do more if the Government asks for more."

The Munitions Bill

Ireland.—The voluntary transition of the Home Rule Government into a coalition Cabinet, which includes Sir E. Carson, Lord Lansdowne and F. E. Smith, the chief organizers of armed rebellion against the Home Rule Act, and the attempt, partly realized, to replace Home Rulers in the Government of Ireland by Ulsterite champions, have given an opportunity to Nationalist papers and leaders to express their real feelings which had been hitherto repressed by the Defence of the Realm Act. "The country," said Sir Thomas Esmonde, "is amazed and angry at this sudden and deplorable turn of events," and the entire press, which hitherto supported all the Government policies, is in accord with him. It is generally accepted that the Home Rule agreement is at present a "scrap of paper," and that the matter will have to be fought out all over again. The enactment of conscription is also considered imminent, for the Irish Party has passed a strong resolution against it, and the hostility to it is intensified by the knowledge that its incidence could, and probably would, be made to fall most heavily on Ireland. Mr. John Hegarty, a Cork Post Office official, who was dismissed for belonging to the Irish Volunteers, has been tried twice in Dublin, under the Defence of the Realm Act, and though it was proved that he signed circulars condemning recruiting and advising cooperation with German invaders, he was acquitted by the jury. Others tried before juries on similar charges have been also acquitted, with the result that all such cases are now put before military officials or judges of summary jurisdiction, who invariably sentence the accused, often charged only with casual expressions against England or favoring Germany, to heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment. Mr. Hoctor, the popular parliamentary candidate for North Tipperary, appears to have hit off the general attitude: "Ireland is my country and that is all I am concerned with. We have arrived at the most critical time in our history. . . . God only knows what may happen, and I would have much to say on the question, but there is a law known as the Defence of the Realm Act which precludes a man from giving expression to his judgment." The Dublin *Leader* sums up the situation with: "Carson is in the Cabinet and Carson's army is still in camp in Ireland." The crisis precipitated by the war was too big for Mr. Redmond, but this, the most influential Nationalist paper in Ireland, sees hope in the fusion of the best elements of the National with the Irish Volunteers, and though "the country is seething with political discontent, the Irish nation is not down and out yet."

Political Discontent

Mexico.—During the past week little has happened south of the Rio Grande to make brighter the prospect of peace. While the population of the country is starving, food is being exported, it is said, to purchase munitions of war. In January, February and March of this year $400,000 worth of foodstuffs was sent to Cuba from Carranza's territory. The Associated Press reports that, on June 1, Carranza troops killed Bishop Candena, eighty-five years old, who resided at a college in Tlaxcala, and Fathers Quiroz, Bazen and Lara, the founder of the orphanage at Ocatlan. Zapata seems to have entrenched himself in Mexico City, and

"More Turbulent Than Ever"

Carranza has been unable to drive him out. The "first chief" has informed the United States Government that under no circumstances will he consent to treat with Villa, and that he will consider no compromise measures whatever, for he is determined to crush his adversaries by a military campaign. Meanwhile, Villa's troops have undertaken to protect the Americans whose lives and property have been imperiled by the attacks of the Yaqui Indians. A Villista commander again told Admiral Howard that if United States bluejackets were sent ashore at Guaymas, serious trouble would follow. General Emiliano Zapata's brother, Eufemio, also gives his views of what the revolutionists think of intervention, saying: "Never will the Mexican be intimidated by the braggadocio of the Yankees. We will answer with our lives if necessary." On the other hand a prominent citizen of the Capital is quoted as saying to an American: "Your soldiers need not come with bayonets. Let them come with corn. They will be received with cheers by the populace here." As communication with Mexico City has been cut off since June 18, the real state of the Capital can not be ascertained. Four members of Carranza's Cabinet have resigned, it is said, and a lack of harmony between Villa and Gonzales is also reported. General Huerta and General Orozco, suspected of intending to head still another revolutionary movement in Mexico, were arrested near El Paso, Texas, on June 27, by the United States Collector of Customs Z. L. Cobb and Col. G. H. Morgan. The two Mexicans were charged with conspiring to violate the American neutrality laws. On giving heavy bonds, they were released pending an inquiry.

Rome.—Certain American papers, especially two in New York City, largely patronized by Catholics, are just at present doing the Holy Father a grave injustice by printing malicious reports concerning the attitude of His Holiness towards the warring nations. In view of this, the following letter of the Pope to Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, containing as it does, sentiments of universal charity, is illuminating:

The Pope and the War

It was Our purpose in the early days of next June to convoke the Sacred Consistory in order to provide for the many churches at present without a Pastor and to avail Ourselves of an opportunity so favorable to consider with the Sacred College of Cardinals other grave and urgent matters affecting the government of the Church; unfortunately, however, painful happenings which are known to all have hindered us from doing so.

Now that Our words can not be directed to the entire Sacred College assembled together, We deem it opportune, Lord Cardinal, to address them to the venerable Assembly of which you are the worthy Dean.

In Our first Encyclical, moved by the supreme desire to see the awful carnage which dishonors Europe cease, We exhorted the Rulers of the belligerent nations, in view of all the tears and blood that had already been shed, to hasten to restore to their peoples the vital benefits of peace. "May those hearken to Us," We said, "who have in their hands the destinies of the peoples. Other ways there certainly are, other methods there are, whereby the rights infringed can be asserted; to these, an armistice having been meanwhile arranged, let them have recourse, sincerely animated by a right conscience and by good-will. It is charity toward them and toward all the nations and not Our interests which make Us speak thus. Let them therefore not permit that Our voice, which is that of father and friend, be addressed to the winds." But the voice of the friend and of the Father, We say it with a heart crushed with grief, was not hearkened to; the war continues to imbrue Europe with blood, and on land and on sea even means of offence which are contrary to the dictates of humanity and to international law are not avoided.

And as if that were not enough, the terrible conflagration has extended even to Our beloved Italy, making one fear for it also that sequel of tears and disasters which is wont to accompany every war, even when successful.

Our heart meanwhile bleeds at the sight of so many misfortunes. We have not desisted from devoting Ourselves to relieve and diminish, as far as lay in Our power, the deplorable consequences of the war. We give praise to God, who has been pleased to crown with happy success the efforts which We made to obtain from the belligerent nations the exchange of prisoners of war unfit for further military service. Furthermore, recently We have also exerted Ourselves, and with hope of success, in favor of wounded and sick prisoners of war, not wholly unfit for military service, with a view to render their condition less grave and to facilitate their recovery.

But the needs of the soul, which so transcend those of the body, have above all engaged Our paternal attention. To this end, We have furnished the military chaplains with the most ample faculties, authorizing them to avail themselves for the celebration of Mass and for assisting the dying, of privileges which can only be granted in the most exceptional circumstances. Of those faculties and of these privileges We intend that not only priests who are now called upon to act as chaplains in the Italian army should avail themselves, but also all priests who may in any capacity find themselves in the ranks of that army. And We conjure all, through the charity of Jesus Christ, to show themselves worthy of a mission so holy, and to spare no pains or labor so that the unspeakable comforts of religion may not be in anywise lacking to the soldiers in the arduous struggle.

The hour through which we are passing is painful, it is a terrible moment: but *sursum corda.* More frequently and more fervently let us send up our prayers to Him in whose hands are the destinies of the nations. Let us all address ourselves with confidence to the sorrowful and immaculate Heart of Mary, the most sweet Mother of Jesus and our Mother, that she may by her powerful intercession obtain from her Divine Son that the scourge of war may soon cease and that peace and tranquillity may return. And as, according to the admonition of the Holy Scriptures, to draw down upon the earth the divine mercies, the ardor of prayer ought not to be separated from generosity of sacrifice and of penance, We exhort all the children of the Catholic Church to practise with Us for three consecutive or separate days, according to each one's choice, a strict ecclesiastical fast; and We grant that this pious practice of Christian mortification may avail to gain, on the usual conditions, a plenary indulgence, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

May the echo of this Our voice reach all Our children who are afflicted with the ruthless scourge of war and convince them all of Our participation in their woes, for there is no sorrow of the child which does not find an answering chord in the heart of the Father.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Why Have Competitive Athletics?

WE have discussed different phases of this question of competitive athletics. They take an immense amount of time, they consume an almost endless amount of energy, they involve great expense—they are the direct cause of a certain number of deaths every year and some rather serious injuries, and yet not only are we proceeding with them but we are increasing the attention to them every year in spite of the protests of those who realize how much they are interfering with scholarship. Physicians are agreed that they are not good for health, though this is one of the excuses beneath which they have masqueraded into their present position. They are more than doubtful as regards their effects on morals for while they do harden a youth physically and make him more capable of standing pain and restrain him from excesses during the actual period of training, the motives for which this is done are so low and unworthy that they do not produce a habit and can scarcely redound to the upbuilding of character.

Why then are competitive athletics continued in our schools? Let us be candid with ourselves and examine some of the reasons that undoubtedly sway educational authorities in their acceptance of them. The first and most important is publicity. There is no way by which a college or school or its professors, and above all, no way by which the students of a college or school can obtain so much publicity as by success in athletic contests. Now publicity is the fad of our time. Nearly everybody wants to get before the public. We seem to forget that it is notoriety and not publicity in any proper sense, and above all not fame that mention in the newspaper confers.

For young folk principally publicity represents the satisfaction of a childish vanity, and yet educational authorities are encouraging it or at least patronizing the institutions by which it is secured. The less young folk get into the papers the better for them in every way. That is particularly true of young Americans. It is rather difficult to get the papers to print the names of those who obtain prizes for scholarship, but the winners of athletic contests very soon find their names in print. It is not that the newspapers have entered into the conspiracy to bring about an eclipse of the good scholars in favor of the athletes, but that newspaper editors and reporters know very well that their readers do not care for lists of class prize winners, while there are many people who want to hear about physical prowess, even though shown by callow youths at the high schools. We are yielding to this spirit in what seems to me a very unfortunate way. Our civilization will be materialistic enough in its interests without encouragement of the cult of the physical from educational authorities.

As a matter of fact university faculties calmly discuss the question of athletics from the standpoint of the publicity afforded by them, and frankly declare that the students of to-day will only go to universities of athletic fame. Hence to increase attendance publicity is fostered. In the past in order to secure victories in athletics, though there has been some reform in this matter, faculties often winked at abuses by which professionals or semi-professionals represented institutions. In one case in a large eastern city there was a series of flagrant substitutions of players not belonging to the schools, on high school teams in order to win prizes. Think of the ethical effect on the characters of all who are engaged in this procedure, or even on all those who knew of it. But it is argued boys will go to those schools only where there are winning teams, and the faculty *must* provide a winning team. True the boys do choose their schools and the parents are obeying their children. What a nice series of interlinked *non sequiturs* there is in this state of affairs which practically compels faculties—so they say—to encourage competitive athletics at the expense of the health as the physicians say, the scholarship as educational authorities say, the mental training and concentration as psychologists say, and the moral status of youth as those interested in that question declare, though the one duty of the faculty is supposed to be to secure the good of pupils in all these respects.

There are added elements in this problem. Parents like to see the names of their children in print. They rejoice more at a son's athletic standing than over a prize for good conduct. A medal for the running high jump or fancy diving or gymnastic excellence is exhibited to every visitor at home, but it is really more than a little old fashioned now and quite a bore to those who have to stand it, to show pride in the intellectual attainments of one's children. Nothing that I know makes so clear the change that has come over modes of thinking in recent years as this cult of the physical.

The abdication of authority in the family in favor of the rising generation has extended beyond the limits of the household, however, and personally I have the feeling that the real reason why we have had so much competitive athletics in spite of the many reasons that can be alleged against them, is that a certain abdication of the faculty in favor of the students has taken place in our modern institutions of learning. This abdication is represented above all by the elective system which has worked havoc with our American education, but it can be traced in many other details, as in the gradual shortening of school terms and the lengthening of vacation, in the reduction in the competition for prizes and the relegating of academic distinctions to the back ground, in the lack of discipline and particularly in the abolition of modes of punishment, quite as much as by the policy of encouragement of athletics.

Mr. Dooley characterized the elective system years ago by representing President Eliot standing at the gate welcoming the Freshman, who appeared to begin work at

the university, with the cordial greeting "Now what would you like to have our professors study for you?" This same attitude of currying favor with students in order to increase their numbers, is to be noted with regard to much of the policy that has gradually grown up in our American educational institutions.

I do not think that I could characterize in print quite as I should like this abdication of the faculty. For me discipline is the one important word in education. Discipline of mind, discipline of body, discipline of will, discipline of heart. There is no need of institutions to train people to do what they like, for they will do that whenever they get the chance. It is rather amusing that faculties should thus practically declare the nullity of education. According to the universal supposition, and surely the members of the faculty themselves would be the last to deny the truth of that supposition, the teachers in our colleges are considered to be men who have most benefited by education. They, if any, should know what the young man ought to do to receive most benefit from his education. They should be ready to act not only in an advisory capacity, but in a judicial and decisive function for the direction of youth. Instead of that they have allowed themselves to be influenced by whatever pleases the young men.

Outdoor exercises and sport and interest in games are all ideal occupations for certain periods of youth, especially growing youth, that must accommodate its growing muscles and skeleton to each other, day after day as tissue changes occur. But competitive athletics, especially intercollegiate games, are not only unnecessary for this, but they introduce a number of very undesirable elements into a youth's life. The feverish sense of competition, the betting spirit, the professional coach, the desire to win at almost any cost, the liability to overstrain, the fact that only a few of the boys are occupied actively and that the vast majority take their athletics on the benches, through their lungs and their pocketbooks, all this is eminently unfortunate. I am a thorough believer in sport, I was on practically every team at college, baseball, football, hockey, tennis and handball. I believed in all, practised them and still believe in them, but competitive athletics are doing and have done much more harm than good. A dozen years ago when I wrote an editorial for a medical journal saying that the sacrifice of young lives by our Fourth of July celebration was insensate and unjustified, I was told by my chief that the idea was all right but that it would be quite impossible to hope to break the American people of the habit of celebrating Independence Day with the din of fire works, in spite of all the danger involved for the young folk. I have lived to see the movement for a safe and sane celebration of the Fourth grow and spread until we have one-tenth as many deaths and scarcely more than one-hundredth as many injuries as formerly. Notwithstanding the entrenched position that competitive athletics occupy in our college I hope to live to see the time when sport for the many and games for the crowd will come to replace competitive athletics—and when these games will be played not in special suits but in every day clothes so that they may be indulged in for half an hour or an hour without necessarily making a half-day of a bit of recreation. Certainly until that time comes the scholarship of our universities and colleges will continue to be the laughing stock that it has been for some years, because all matters scholarly have become entirely of second-rate interest compared to athletics and social matters in academic life. In the meantime we must at least preserve the high school and grammar school boys from the disturbing effects of competitive athletics, upon their ideals and their health.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Newman and Gladstone

I HAVE always thought the mystery of Gladstone much more difficult to fathom than the much talked of mystery of Disraeli. After a good deal of reading and thought I have succeeded in coming to some sort of conclusion in regard to the latter. I think that I really have the hang of Disraeli—as far as a European may. But I feel, I must confess, almost as far as ever from getting the hang of Gladstone. It is quite impossible to read some of his speeches, that on the Bradlaugh case, for instance, and that on the Parnell Commission, without believing the speaker to have been both high-minded and fundamentally sincere. It is the eloquence of these great deliveries which has undoubtedly created the legend of the spotless and chivalric Gladstone. On the other hand if we follow his career, even as interpreted by his almost adoring biographer, Lord Morley, we come over and over again upon acts of spiritual meanness from which I really believe that Disraeli would have shrunk. It is with one of these strange "faults" in Gladstone that I am concerned here.

Every one knows that, whatever may have been his secret thoughts on the subject, Gladstone professed throughout his life to be one of those High Churchmen who regard Rome with peculiar abhorrence. Writing in 1845 he spoke of Newman's letters announcing his probable conversion as stamping him as a "disgraced man." He never spoke of any conversion to Rome except as "a Fall." But most especially is this sort of bitterness to be found in the famous essay which he wrote in 1874 on "Vaticanism." In that pamphlet he laid especial stress upon the disastrous effect of the definition of Papal Infallibility upon the political position of Catholics. He declared that definition to be fatal to freedom and to "place the civil allegiance of every Roman Catholic at the disposal of a foreign power."

Very well. There are a great many people in England who will warmly approve of Mr. Gladstone's professed views on this question. Now let them hear the little story which I am about to tell.

In 1881 Gladstone was engaged in an attempt to crush the political and social aspirations of the Irish people. In pursuance of this policy he had first strained the existing law to the uttermost and then procured a new law overthrowing every security for personal freedom and placing the liberty of all Irishmen absolutely at the disposal of Dublin Castle. He had thrown the Irish leader and the flower of the Irish representation into gaol. He had failed. The Agrarian and Nationalist agitations in Ireland went on with increasing vigor. It was when he found the weapon of coercion breaking in his hand that he had recourse to an act of baseness which it is extraordinarily difficult to reconcile with the character of the man who, however much he may have compromised with his conscience, was certainly not without high aspirations and fine qualities.

We have seen what he thought, or at any rate professed to think, of the Catholic Church. Well, he knew that the great mass of the Irish people were members of that Church. And he was not ashamed to appeal secretly to this very same "tyranny" which he had denounced as inconsistent with freedom, with civil obedience and patriotism, in order to procure a censure on those honest and faithful priests who had bravely taken the side of the weak against the stronger. And in order to make this appeal effective he was ready to use, if he could, the influence of the man whom he himself had declared to "stand disgraced" on account of his conversion.

The selection was, it must be admitted, not without a certain cleverness. Had the appeal been made, say, to Manning with his wide democratic sympathies and his affectionate enthusiasm for the Irish people, it would have met short shrift enough. Newman was a more hopeful case. Newman was and always had been a Tory. In his early youth he had, when staying in France, pulled down the blind that he might not behold the tricolor. Time, and, perhaps, to some extent, his conversion from Anglicanism had made his views, in his later years, wider, more philosophical and less rigid. But a Tory he remained. In one of his last letters he exclaimed: "How dreadful this democracy is!" Nor had he any special affection or sympathy for the Irish people. We know from the "Apologia" that his detestation of O'Connell was actually one of the causes that delayed his progress towards the Catholic Church. "Break off with Mr. O'Connell in Ireland," he writes to a Catholic correspondent, "before you talk of reunion." Here again, his conversion undoubtedly softened him, but it never made him really at home with the Irish, and I think that any one who studies closely the history of the failure of his scheme for a Catholic University in Dublin will come to the conclusion that it was largely attributable to the underlying antagonism between the Oxford Tory and the representatives of the very racy and popular Catholicism of Ireland. Further, Newman, Tory as he was, had continued to follow Gladstone's political career ever since the "Church and State" days with interest and admiration. Newman was therefore not a bad person to select for Gladstone's purpose. But when we consider that Gladstone's savage denunciation of the political influence of the Vatican had actually led him into a controversy with Newman, it must be admitted that his request that Newman should induce the Pope to intervene for the purpose of crushing the liberties of Ireland was rather cool.

Gladstone wrote to Newman, and sent him a number of extracts from speeches made by Irish priests during the Land War. He accompanied them with a letter in which he wrote: "I ask you to read the enclosed papers; and to consider whether you will write anything to Rome upon them. I do not ask you to write, nor to make any reply to this letter, beyond returning the enclosures in an envelope to me in Downing Street." After referring to Peel's attempt to obtain a Papal denunciation of O'Connell he reverts to the present case and says:

> Some members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland deliver certain sermons and otherwise express themselves in the way which my enclosures exhibit. I doubt whether if they were laymen we would not have settled their cases by putting them into gaol. I need not describe the sentiments uttered. Your Eminence will feel them and judge them as strongly as I do. But now as to the Supreme Pontiff. You will hardly be surprised when I say that I regard him, if appraised of the facts, as responsible for the conduct of these priests, for I know perpectly well that he has the means of silencing them; and that if any one of them were inclined to dispute the decrees of the Council of 1870 as plainly as he denounced law and order he would be silent.

I really think that in the face of that letter, when taken in conjunction with his famous pamphlet on "Vaticanism," Gladstone stands, to use his own energetic expression, "a disgraced man." For just consider what he is doing. He is invoking a power which he has declared to be abominably tyrannical and an apostasy from true Catholic principles, which he has denounced especially for its alleged interference with national politics, he is appealing to it, he is asking it to interfere in national politics, he is asking it to interfere on the side of oppression, and he is asking to be his intermediary a man whom he has called "disgraced" for having submitted to that power at all. He is trying to procure the ruin of a number of priests whose sole offence is that they have stood by their country and by the poor when he was oppressing both, and he is prepared to crush them by means of an authority which he himself has not only repudiated, but denounced as fatal to freedom and to civil obedience!

Newman replied politely, but cooly, declining the task of informer against his coreligionists, and telling Gladstone in effect that if he had any complaints to make of the discipline of the Irish Church, he had better go to the Irish bishops. But though Newman was now old and his great fighting days were over, he could not forbear one of those quiet stabs which his hand knew so well how to inflict. With an oblique reference to their Vati-

can controversy he remarked that he had always thought that Mr. Gladstone "overrated the Pope's powers in political and social matters." He was infallible, without doubt, in questions of faith and morals, but his plenary powers could not be invoked on such a question as "whether a political party is censurable or not." The rebuke was deftly given, but it was less than Gladstone deserved.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

The Songs We Sing*

"LET me make a nation's ballads, and I care not . . . ." Oh, I beg your pardon; I might have known that you had heard that before. At any rate, you will probably agree with me that the men who write the present ballads would have small chance of making any sort of law. It takes brains to write most laws. Besides, the fashion of writing laws in doggerel passed out of vogue with the last of the Druids.

Of course, the present race of song-writers may be estimable men morally and intellectually. I only say that you never could surmise it from what the critics call internal evidence. The songs we sing! Ye immortal and abused Muses, the songs we sing! Such lyrics, such themes, such marvelous rhythm! The first suggests the virgin efforts of a rather backward schoolboy; the second, suggests a dozen others of earlier date; the last, a rhythmical boiler-riveter or a packing case falling down stairs.

No one who aspires to a bowing acquaintance with culture thinks of building up a library of Bertha M. Clay's, or The Duchess's or Mary Jane Holmes's condensed sobs and sighs. But it is a matter of common custom to gather a musical library that begins with the last of the dialect songs, and ends with the latest tearful ballad. Men and women who in college or school days learned to ornament their library tables with Shakespere and Tennyson and Thackeray and Lamb, heap high their expensive piano with Berlin and Von Tilzer, and Gumble and Schwartz. At which the shades of Beethoven and Mozart and Schubert and MacDowell do weep!

There are some current songs that might be paralleled with say, McCutcheon's unreal romances of imaginary kingdoms. A very few rank higher. But for the great out-put that flows over the music counters in a pitiless flood, The Duchess standard of literature would be unapproachable.

For it takes at least some physical energy to type out the yards and yards of manuscript that go to make up a novel. It takes only nerve to write a song. Education? It is the proud boast of many a lyrist that he never went beyond the multiplication table, a rather obvious boast, while at least one notorious compiler of music, picks out his melodies with the index finger of his right hand. Rather frequently, he does some bad picking. The speed with which these musical hacks grind out their work is the only thing that wins even the slightest respect for their ability. Tennyson spending hours over a line of his exquisite lyrics, would have small chance on the staff of a modern musical publisher, while many a man who might have been a good barber or an efficient waiter or a satisfactory ribbon salesman or a fair coal heaver, is making a fortune overwhelming the suffering public with wretched songs.

Before me lies a copy of one of these songs, modestly termed by its publishers, "The Greatest Song about the Greatest Game in the World." "The Game of Love" they say, "is one ballad in a thousand. Never before have its smiles or sorrows been portrayed so naively, so ingeniously, or set to such heartfelt Arcadian-simple melody as in this latest hit." Did Schubert, when he was weaving Goethe's lyrics to his charming melodies ever dream of praise like this? Rejoicing that I had come upon a song of surpassing beauty, I read, I paused, I—but read the refrain for yourself:

> Sometimes it's joy for a girlie or boy,
> Then blue as the skies up above.
> Sometimes you're sad, sometimes you're glad,
> When you play in the game of love.

No, unsophisticated reader, that is not a parody, nor the poetical maunderings of a love-sick chambermaid. That is the most naive, the surpassingly ingenuous expression of the tenderest of emotions. That is painting the lily. Fancy the lily! That is a modern song!

The first line with its fresh use of the word "girlie" and its rhyme of boy and joy, recalls the simple charm of Lovelace at his best. The vivid suggestion of the second plunged the mind in a riot of imagery, simply overpowering. The sky, and lo, it is blue! not only that, but it is up above! What power of observation! What a mastery of the charms of nature. Where in all Pope do you find one line comparable in its startling antithesis to the third? The last, summing up in a single adverbial clause the tenderest experiences of a period from calf-love to senility, has a compression, a vigor that suggests the songs of Pippa Passes.

And the heart-felt, Arcadian-simple melody! Ah, let us give credit where credit is due; attribute it not to the heart but to the memory; call it not felt, but recalled. Simple? Aye, rather say inane, stupid, altogether foolish! A little observation and a bit of memory work bring some startling results. A change of tempo but a strict retention of melody of a bit from the venerable "Under the Bamboo Tree," give us the first four bars. Three bars and a tie pass unrecognized, the philologist is not omniscient; then four bars of a song from the ill-fated Mr. Bluebeard, and a tag end of four bars drawn from the common fund of popular endings, and this little song is rounded with a Theft.

It is not so long back, that some clever advertising man uncovered a pet fallacy of the commercial world. A new invention does not become popular, he said, because it

*The first of a series of four articles.

fills a long felt need. Whoever felt the need of a telephone till we had them? Whoever knew how comfortable limousines and electric lights and thermos bottles and typewriters would be, till they had been invented? The real idea in business is to invent your machine and then create a need for it. Such a factitious need the music publishers have been successful in creating. Their business has been commercialized to even a more exasperating degree than the book or magazine industry. Song after song they hurl at the public's head, pouring through their sub-stations, the moving picture house, the cabaret, the ten cent store, the neighborhood theater, a continuous flood of sheet music. Their staff of writers knows no holiday, no respite from labor. Their days are spent changing, revamping, copying, varying to the maximum of mathematical arrangement. Their nights are spent in popularizing the results of the day.

Yes, the popular song has become as much a part of modern life as the newspaper, and almost as frequent. It is one of the outgrowths of our growing craving for novelty. Devoid of merit, musical or literary, its one claim to recognition is its newness, and that is the last thing to commend it to a thoughtful man. It is fatal to a taste for good music. And morally? Ah, that is a whole subject in itself.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

The Protestant Tradition

RESOLUTIONS of the Southern Baptist Convention at Houston, Texas, supporting the *Menace* propaganda and imputing anti-American and other crimes to Pope, Church, Delegate and Hierarchy, provoked indignant and well-deserved protest from the Catholics of that locality. And yet what else could they expect? Bigotry holds its last stand in Dixie. Catholic growth and the opportunity of comparing real Catholics with traditional Protestant imaginings have weakened or routed it in most of its northern strongholds, leaving it in possession of unscrupulous manipulators and their ignorant and fanatical dupes. But down South it is different. Even yet there are large tracts where people have never seen a priest and picture him with horns and hoofs. The good folk are little to blame. They have heard him thundered against in their pulpits till they have become convinced that everything Catholic is an abomination. Visiting such a community to perform funeral rites for a lone and transient Catholic, the present writer was met by the Sheriff, who enjoined the greatest caution, as the people, unlike himself who had been once to New Orleans, had never seen a priest. The villages and the whole countryside had gathered as to a circus and were visibly disappointed on seeing nothing more out of the ordinary than a Roman collar. When they heard the beautiful prayers of the Ritual, and the Catholic doctrine on the subject, further explanation was requested, with the result that the leading residents asked for a permanent priest and promised to erect a Catholic church, where they would "get the Word of God straight and have no cussing out of nobody."

But the village and backwood preachers will not discard the "cussing-out" feature, and even their more urbane brethren, North and South, are seldom loth to use it when opportunity invites. It is their stock in trade, and logically the reason of their existence. Protestantism, in its essence and origin, is a protest against the Catholic Church, and obstinate, impassioned protest is wont to develop into the "cussing-out" process. It did in the case of Luther, who from his initial revolt set a pace in slanderous malediction and filthy vituperation that his most virulent and vulgar disciples find impossible to outstep. The specimens of his methods presented in chapter 26 of the fourth volume of Father Grisar's "Luther," just issued by Herder, are frequently veiled and euphemized since literal renderings would be unprintable, but even in this guise his vilifications of the Papacy and its defenders and even of his own sectarian opponents, are such that their utterance on our streets would cause instant arrest. His main asset was slanderous abuse. To him all Papists were "the devil and his hirelings," but the Pope himself was "Anti-christ," "a dirty —— sack of maggots" and other things unmentionably vile. "It is thus we should learn to make use of such words," he advised. "We must curse the Pope and his Kingdom and revile and abuse it, and not close our jaws but preach against it without ceasing"; and to those who deem him "capable of nothing but damning, scolding and slandering the Pope and his followers," he replies: "Yes, and so it must be," for "what is it if I abuse the devil as a murderer, miscreant, traitor, blasphemer, liar? . . . What else are the Pope-Asses but devils incarnate"? He intended to "go down into the grave cursing and damning the miscreants," and, when he died, "to turn into a spirit that will plague them."

Erasmus deemed him mad, but if so there was determinate method in his madness. The Petrine texts, the promise of Christ that the Spirit of Truth would teach His Church all things and abide with her all time, and the actual apostolic succession of doctrine, authority and practice for fifteen centuries, could not be set aside by argument. Hence to dethrone the God-given authority of Christ's Vicar, and erect in its place individual infallibility, to extirpate the sacrificial and sacramental beliefs and observances of all Christian generations and destroy the ethical teachings of Church and Scripture by making an indefinite "faith" do duty for good works, slanderous ridicule and vulgar appeals to passion were indispensable weapons. This armory of vituperative calumny Luther used with an unbridled and brutal license that none other has compassed, and commended the practice to his disciples.

They accepted the legacy. They were constrained logically to follow his methods or reject his doctrines. Fortunately not all the heirs of his protests were or are logical. Under the influence of Catholic environment

and a native sense of justice, the large numbers who have shed all of Protestantism but its name will not "curse the Pope and his Kingdom"; but those who still adhere to his heresy or retain of it but its sediments of bigotry, adopt also the Lutheran methods of protesting. But their powers and the public keep them far behind their master. "Nothing is too bad to say of the Pope and the Papists," Luther reiterated, and so exhaustively did he charge them with every conceivable wickedness that the echoes of even the *Menace* and its kind are faint in comparison. His befoulments of Pope and priesthood are even less quotable than those of the *Menace,* and his typical characterization of Joachim of Brandenburg, solely for that prince's loyalty to the Church,—"Liar, mad bloodhound, devilish Papist, murderer, traitor, desperate miscreant, assassin of souls, archknave, dirty pig and devil's-child, nay the devil himself"—is a hard headline for the most virulent of our modern bigots. "Pig, devil, anti-christ," flanked by the vilest adjectives, were his pet epithets for Pope and Papists, and all their doctrines and doings he incessantly assigned and consigned to the devil. Essaying to smother his opponents in contempt and hate, he balked at no lie or slander, no falsification of Scripture, history or fact, no appeal, however base, to local, national and racial antipathies and to the cupidity and licentiousness of peasant and of prince.

Hence we are rather surprised at the comparative mildness of the Southern Baptist excoriations of the "Romish Church." Having roundly charged Catholics in general and the Hierarchy and Papal Delegate in particular, with plotting to control the Government and thus "fasten their faith or fallacies upon the consciences of a free and enlightened people," these self-confessed apostles of civil and religious liberty stigmatized opposition to the *Menace* propaganda, and commanded our public men to keep away from Catholic functions and functionaries, to allow no committals to Catholic institutions and "to kill all Romish schemes" for excluding improper matter from the mails; and they exacted immediate acceptance of their demands on the ground that "Baptists have borne the brunt of the battle which has given religious liberty to the people of the United States." All this is quite Lutheran in substance though in manner a vast improvement on Lutheresque. They are consistent with him, (1) In falsely charging the Catholic Church with the political aims and activities that are notoriously their own, for Luther, while denouncing the Catholic authorities on the same plea was feverishly building up his evangel by unscrupulous political intrigue; (2) in threatening public men who are friendly to Catholics, a practice of which we have given one sample from Luther's library of calumny; (3) in trying to remove all restriction from the mail, for not otherwise could Luther's own writings get through; and (4) in posing as champions of civil and religious liberty while engaged in destroying it for all except themselves.

The statement that the Baptists bore the brunt of the battle for civil and religious liberty in the United States is brazenly Lutheran. The less than 10,000 Baptists then on this Continent were not heard of in connection with the Revolution, and it is notorious that the Catholics, the only denomination to which Washington paid tribute for their patriotism, had, with our French Catholic allies, the dominating influence in securing equal religious and civil liberty for all, as they were notoriously the class that had been previously denied it. The oft-repeated charge that Catholics are scheming for political control is equally brazen, but we are glad it is made and hope it will continue to be made till Catholics realize their political ostracization and insist on their citizen rights. We have over three million voters, about one-fifth of the whole, and yet while Baptist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Nothingarian, are all equally eligible, a Catholic, even though he combine the concentrated qualities of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, is barred by Protestant prejudice from the Presidency. Our twenty millions are represented by the merest sprinkling in Congress, by not half a dozen in the Senate, and in the National Cabinet of the party to whose election they contributed one-third of the votes, by not even one. So meek are we that we uttered no word of complaint against such glaring discrimination; nay, the woods and wards are teeming with Catholics who cry out "inexpedient" when a Catholic, however qualified, is suggested for a position of prominence; and yet they charge us with scheming for political control! Our most effective answer, and our best service to our country, is to see to it by every legitimate means at our disposal, and they are ample, that this un-American ostracization shall stop, and that neither we nor others shall be filched of one jot of our constitutional rights by that politico-religious discrimination which Mr. Taft lately branded as supremely narrow and unrepublican; in other words to actualize Cardinal O'Connell's recent advice to the Federated Catholic Societies of Massachusetts: "Stand firm against this false Americanism, and stand firm for your faith and civil rights, and all true Americans will stand with you."

As to the Baptist Conventioneers and their kind, things are not as bad as would appear from the resolutions. A thousand of the "Messengers" had departed before the anti-Catholic anathemas came up, leaving their discharge to some two hundred firebrands. As we have seen, the bigotry of the Baptist population, as well as of the Methodists and others, is due more to ignorance than ill-will. Our most effective answer to that kind of bigotry is to live Catholic lives, and exemplify our Faith by our works, supplementing this best of object lessons by the diffusion of Catholic truth. Had we the men and the means to show the Catholic priesthood as it is, Catholic doctrines as they are, and Catholic conduct as it should be, in every parson-ridden district of South and North, the Baptist resolutions and kindred fulminations would die unborn, or fall on unheeding ears.

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

What Happened on July 4, 1776

TRUMBULL'S painting "The Declaration of Independence," in the rotunda of the Capitol, supplies the idea of the event that the Fourth of July is thought to commemorate. Standing in a picturesque group the fifty-six Fathers of the Republic are supposed to have then affixed their autographs to the immortal Declaration. This however is fiction and to people who read their history as they do their daily papers, headlines only with guesses at the rest, it is a shock to learn that the Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4, 1776 at all, nor in fact until some weeks later. The sequence of events was in this order.

On June 7 Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution in the Continental Congress declaring: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." This was debated and adopted on July 2, by the vote of twelve colonies. That evening John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail:

> The second Day of July, 1776 will be the most memorable Epoca in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding Generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn Acts of Devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with Pomp, Parade, with Shews, Games, Sports, Bells, Bonfires, Illuminations from one end of this Continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.

Thomas Jefferson then began to write the Declaration, which was the official explanation "to a candid world," why the resolution of July 2 had been adopted. He had the document ready on July 4 and Congress was quick to accept the draft. John Hancock as President of the Congress, attested it, it was ordered printed, and the next day copies were distributed throughout the colonies. There are no authentic records of any bell-ringing, or rejoicings for the document was not imparted to the general public until July 8 when Colonel John Nixon read it from a platform that had been erected to observe the transit of Venus. "Few respectable people were present," records Deborah Logan, who saw from her garden adjoining the audience that listened to Nixon.

On July 19, Congress ordered that the Declaration adopted on July 4, should be engrossed on parchment and signed by all the members. On August 2 fifty-three or fifty-four signed the document, the others signing it later. In this regard it may be remarked that a popular Catholic tradition is upset by the fact that Charles Carroll was not present in Congress at all on July 4, 1776; in fact he did not join that body until July 18. Neither was his signature "of Carrollton" an incident of the signing of our great charter. The "Last of the Signers" had used this designation for ten years before; from the time he returned to his native land from college at St. Omer, when his father gave him the Carrollton manor. Writing in 1765 to his friend Edmund Jennings he signed himself "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" adding "by which appellation, if you favor me with an answer, direct to me your letter."

The first formal Catholic celebration of Independence Day took place in Philadelphia, on Sunday, July 4, 1779. when M. Gerard, the first French minister to the United States, invited the President, members of Congress and other distinguished citizens "to assist at a Te Deum which will be sung, on Sunday the 4th of this month, at noon, in the new Catholic chapel, to commemorate the anniversary of the independence of the United States of America." The "new" chapel was St. Mary's church, so called to distinguish it from old St. Joseph's in Willing's alley. The sermon of the occasion was preached in French by the chaplain of the French embassy, the Rev. Seraphin Bandol, a Recollet friar. What he said so pleased the members of Congress that they ordered an official translation to be printed. In making a report of the event to his government M. Gerard said: "It is the first ceremony of the kind in the thirteen States, and it is thought that the éclat of it will have a beneficial effect on the Catholics, many of whom are suspected of not being very much attached to the American cause."

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A "Journal of Opinion"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *New Republic* for June 19, is a comment on a short article I wrote for AMERICA (June 12) about the attempted repeal of section 1142 of the New York penal code, which makes it a misdemeanor to give information subversive of the end of marriage. The *New Republic* calls itself in a subtitle a "Journal of Opinion." When we really know a thing we are certain; when we know in part we have an opinion. As it is impossible to be certain about many things, and a cocksure dogmatism is vulgarity, the *New Republic's* subtitle is commendably modest. When, however, a teacher of the public is a journal only of opinion in matters where certitude is possible and a duty in a responsible instructor, mere opinion is ignorance; and there are many degrees of ignorance.

I said the most helpless idiot is as far above a non-existent child as Saint Bridget is above a committee on birth control, and on this text the *New Republic* asks questions:

1. "Must we say that all potential children should be born?" Potential is a distinguishable term, but in general we say that the more children we have in the world the better, even if the number runs over into the frontier of potentiality, or annoys the wheat statisticians.

2. The *New Republic* asks again "Are we to take a firm stand against celibacy, which denies to so many children the right to be baptized?" That question is altogether irrelevant; it has no connection whatever with the matter at issue, which deals with married folk, and the nature of marriage, to the exclusion of celibacy and the nebular hypothesis. Given a married man and woman they must fulfil the obligations of marriage. Celibacy has no more to do with this than Mesopotamia has.

3. "Will Dr. O'Malley tell us which is the greater virtue, to bear children that they may be baptized, or to have no children for the glory of one's own soul?" I should not tell, because this question also is utterly irrelevant. Nevertheless, I assure him that if one is married it is a much greater virtue to bear children that may be baptized, than to have no children for the glory of one's own soul; and that for several reasons, the most important of which is that granted marital intercourse it is ordinarily impossible "to have no children for the glory of one's own soul." Saint Paul said celibacy for the glory of God is better than marriage, but that is yet another story altogether.

4. "How large a family, in fact, does Dr. O'Malley desire a woman to bear? May she stop after the fourteenth infant, or must she say to herself: 'There are still non-existent children, some of them helpless idiots perhaps. I will bear them that they may be baptized.'" No; I should not have her stop at the fourteenth—the limit is the menopause in normal cases, which might come after the twenty-eighth child, if you like. She must say to herself exactly what the *New Republic* suggests.

A human monster, in the technical medical sense of this term, which is born alive as a mere part of a trunk, without head or limbs, is beyond all our understanding better than a non-existent being. *Esse est absolute melius quam non esse* is a rudimentary axiom of metaphysics, which is a very exact science when it has not been made in Germany or at Harvard on German models.

Existence or reality is a perfection; non-existence is a defect of all reality. Sometimes non-existence may be deemed good *per accidens,* in as much as non-existence removes a certain evil, but that again is irrelevant. As Saint Thomas Aquinas said speaking of a leper's wife: *"Et quamvis generatur infirma proles tamen melius est ei sic esse quam penitus non esse."* [*Supplement to the Summa Theologica,* Q. 64, a. 1, ad 4].

The difficulty in arguing with the writer in the *New Republic* lies in the fact that he (or is it she?) is of the opinion that baptism and eternal life with God are thin consolation for big board bills and disturbance in the wheat pit, but I know that the sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory of the things to come. To attain harmony I should have to make the writer a Christian, or he would have to make a man of "opinion" of me, and the weather is too hot for that.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The Later Interpretation of Magna Charta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the current issue (June 26) of AMERICA your esteemed correspondent, "H. H.," has taken me to task for what is apparently an iconoclastic vein in my article, "Magna Charta's Centenary" which appeared in the *Catholic Mind* of June 12. If it were solely a question of the later interpretation put upon the Great Charter by English constitutional lawyers, or if it were a question of the important influence which the Magna Charta, germ-like, has had upon the larger freedom Englishmen have won for themselves since 1215, there would be no point at issue between your correspondent and myself. But it was neither that later interpretation nor that influence which I discussed in my article. It was the Charter itself. I cannot claim with your esteemed correspondent to be "a lawyer trained in the school and traditions of the Common Law of England," and for this reason the conclusions of my study on the Magna Charta, which by the way are by no means new or original, may be at fault. Before being obliged to make that admission, however, I beg leave to submit the following to your correspondent. He writes as follows:—*The Magna Charta gave to the English-speaking peoples of the world the civil liberty they enjoy.* To support this, "H. H." offers the following arguments:

A. *Trial by jury.* 39th Clause, "No *freeman* shall be arrested or detained in prison or deprived of his freehold or outlawed or banished or in any way molested; and we will not set forth against him or send against him unless *by the lawful judgment of his peers* and by *the law of the land.*" It has been usual to read this clause, says a recent commentator on the Great Charter, as containing a guarantee of trial by jury to all Englishmen; as absolutely prohibiting arbitrary commitment; and as undertaking solemnly to dispense to all and sundry an equal justice, full, free and speedy. This traditional view has been strengthened by Blackstone, Hallam and Creasy. Apart from the fact that "H. H." may have been misled by an inadequate traslation of this clause, there are serious reasons for believing that this traditional view, which is shared by your correspondent, is an exaggerated one. There are three crucial questions in this clause—the meaning of the word *freeman,* the value to be put on the words *by the lawful judgment of his peers,* and the meaning of *the law of the land.*

a) The commentators mentioned by "H. H." in their enthusiasm for the Magna Charta extend the word *freeman* to embrace the entire population of England—churchmen, merchants, yeomen and villeins or serfs. The words *homo liber* (freeman) are vague, but one fact is certain: *homo* in medieval law-Latin does not mean man in the sense of *every man;* it rather signifies *baron,* that is, all feudal vassals whether of the crown or the nobles of the realm. The word *free* decidedly excludes all villeins and possibly the burgess class which would partly include the commercial class. For this reason, I am inclined to believe that the word *freeman* has a much more restricted meaning—probably extending only to the holder of a freehold estate. In the 34th Clause of the Charter, the word *freeman* clearly means a country gentleman, and it would be difficult, even with the large knowledge of Blackstone and others, to prove that it has not the same meaning in Clause 39. A modest historical estimate places the number of *non-freemen* in 1215 as five-sixths of the realm.

b) The words *per judicium parium* are also vague because their meaning will depend upon the content of the term *homo liber;* but even granting the construction put upon *by the lawful judgment of his peers* by the traditional view, it does not deserve to be held up as something new. This feudal usage of being judged by one's equals antedates the Magna Charta and is found indeed among the feudal usages of Continental Europe.

c) *Per legem terrae* had a more technical meaning in 1215 than the phrase *the law of the land* as used to-day. Coke's interpretation (*Second Institute,* page 46) is his own peculiar one, and the right translation of the words is that the freeman was granted the right to the "test" (*lex*), i.e., battle, compurgation, or ordeal.

B. *The Habeas Corpus.* The 36th Clause: "Nothing in the future shall be given or taken for a writ of inquisition of life and limbs, but freely it shall be granted and never denied." Again I must submit that we are not concerned with what Hallam and others have *read into* the Magna Charta. This clause, the usual one given in support of the Habeas Corpus has no bearing whatsoever on the same. It simply regulates the conditions of trial by combat.

C. *Representative Government.* The 12th, 13th and 14th Clauses quoted by "H. H." in support of the claim that the origin of representative government is to be seen in them, are in reality restrictive. They restrict the right of attendance at the *Commune Concilium* (Edmund Burke saw in this the House of Commons!) to the freeholders of the crown and abolish the privileges of the counties to send representatives. Your correspondent has given the traditional view in quoting the famous words, "no scutage (which he erroneously translates, *taxes*) or aids shall be imposed in our kingdom unless by common council of the kingdom." Scutage, of course, was not taxes in our sense of the word, but the payment of money as an alternative for military service. Here again careful discrimination is necessary between what the Charter says and its later developments. It is certain that the germ "no repesentation, no taxation" is found here, but only the enthusiast would claim that the historical content of this clause is the same as the principle appealed to by the American people in Revolutionary days.

The Magna Charta is a great historic document, and as Doctor McKechnie has said, it is no disparagement to it to confess that part of its power has been read into it by later generations and lies in the halo, almost of romance, which has gradually gathered around it in the course of centuries. Your correspondent has aroused a very interesting question, and I should be very glad to send him fuller references to these different parts of his letter which I have taken up for reply.

PETER GUILDAY, PH. D.

The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

"Americanization Day"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The fear that some of your readers may not properly comprehend the result of the movement to hold "Americanization Day" ceremonies throughout the United States on the Fourth of July, which you mention in your editorial, "Difficulties of Aliens," in AMERICA of June 12, impels me to dwell on the dangers underlying this proposition.

It seems at first glance a good thing, but when we look

deeper there are several grave mistakes in the movement, which happily some of our New York newspapers have already perceived and have commented on editorially. It is all very well to seek each year to impress citizens with the solemnity of their obligations to their country, but certainly we must agree that there should not be any distinction made between different classes of our citizens. As it is, many of our native born are fit subjects for such lecturing; some of them accept much too lightly the rights for which their forefathers shed their blood. Nowhere in the Constitution or in our scheme of government is there any distinction made between native and naturalized citizens, save in the one instance, the qualification for president. By the very fact that we gather together our naturalized and lecture them as a class apart from the main body, and propose to do this every Fourth of July in every city and community throughout the country, are we not fostering a dangerous political division of our citizen body into "Native-American" and "Naturalized-American"? "German-American," "Italian-American," etc., is but a step removed. Nowadays, we hear and see so much about the grave menace of the "hyphenated American." In what way shall we more surely make this sort of Americans than by fomenting an unnatural and artificial demand for naturalization, and the building up of this class distinction? This "Americanization Day" scheme is simply a wave of hysteria impelled by a few persons who might better inoculate into their own systems a truer sense of patriotism; it smacks of paternalism; the very idea of telling the naturalized that they must do what they have already taken an oath to do, is insulting to say the least. Assimilation, which is the goal sought, can never be accomplished by these pernicious methods.

Then, too, the furtherance of movements to cause our alien population to seek naturalization can have but one result, the stirring up of an artificial and unnatural demand for naturalization. Citizenship is a privilege, not a right. It should properly be sought by the alien himself without any urging by foolish "reformers." The man who is practically dragged in by the heels and urged to renounce allegiance to his native country is not accomplishing his naturalization in the way we desire. Better that foreigners should never join our citizen body than that our standard of citizenship should be lowered by the naturalization of men who are not thoroughly familiar and in accord with our institutions and to whom the oath of allegiance means merely the road to pecuniary gain. The acquirement of this sort of citizens threatens the very foundations of our liberties.

"Americanization Day" is an insult to those who acquire citizenship through altruistic motives; it needs no ceremony to impress upon such people the high privilege they have attained. On the contrary, no amount of "Americanization" ceremonies, either before or after naturalization, will truly Americanize him who acquires citizenship indifferently or through ulterior motives.

Brooklyn. HUGH L. HANLY.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems a pity that a suggestion, thoroughly Catholic in aim and origin, should fail to receive the hearty approval of those specially chosen by God to foster the supernatural. "A Priest" in your issue of June 19, takes exception to the letter of "A Catholic Layman" entitled "Wasted Money." His logic is not so fair as the flowers he would have us place on the coffin of the departed. Money spent on flowers is not wasted, he tells us, because the florist derives profit from the customer. Neither then is money spent on trashy novels wasted, because the bookseller profits by the sale: neither is money wasted when lavished on expensive gowns, for the modiste profits thereby. Money is never wasted, "A Priest" would have us believe, so long as someone profits by the expenditure. A marvelous economic principle indeed! "A Priest" also tells us that "Catholics are human—at least before a retreat by the Jesuit Fathers." Perhaps "A Catholic Layman" did catch a little of the "inhuman" spirit of Ignatius of Loyola, whose sons are buried with simplicity and without flowers, but not without many Masses and many Communions being offered for their souls. But put the question fairly to any good Catholic: Would you prefer me to place flowers on your casket, or have Masses said for your soul? If he be "human" he may choose the roses; if inhuman, he will choose the Masses. The scent of roses can not cool the flames of purgatory; the Blood of Jesus can extinguish them.

"A Priest" cites Ecclesiasticus, but to what purpose it is hard to see. "Simon....shone in his days....as the flower of roses in the days of the Spring...." Be it so. Simon led a good life—what mention here of flowers wilting on the casket of the dead? II Mach. xii: 43 is a more pertinent text: "He (Judas Machabeus) sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead." Not a word about "flowers....around the bier of the dead to help relieve desolation. . . . of death." Nor is the quotation from Matt. xxiii: 23, more to the point which as applied is taken to mean that we should "send a floral offering....and not fail to have a Mass offered." The text reads: "These things you ought to have done, and not to have left those undone." With as much right it could be applied as follows: First have a Mass said, for the soul rather than for the body; and then, if you will, send flowers, for they are of but secondary importance, although in themselves a graceful tribute.

Is it true that they only are truly sympathetic who forward floral tributes to the homes of the dead? To me it seems that they are my deepest sympathizers who try to assuage the pain of those dear to me; and this they do most effectually by having Masses said for my departed loved ones. A card bearing an offering of Masses carries a far more sympathetic message than does a card embedded in roses: for roses speak of death and decay, a Mass tells of resurrection and reunion. A "Priest" contends that "friends who will send flowers may be depended upon ....to remember also the departed soul." Will "A Priest" be kind enough to let "A Catholic Layman" know how many Masses he receives next month from just such friends? Will he note the number of floral pieces at his next six funerals and let "A Catholic Layman" know if he received as many or one third as many Masses for the departed soul? Many can not afford a floral piece, who could readily have a Mass said, and thus, on a card, "voice the feelings of the heart as eloquently as words." "A Priest" seems convinced that all is as it should be as long as we are certain of the flowers and doubtful about the Masses. Far from it. Once the custom of Mass-offering is as common as the offering of flowers is to-day, then we may busy ourselves about the whole roomful of flowers.

Lastly "A Priest" swings over to a new topic and asserts that a discussion concerning the "high cost" of a "casket" "of dying," "of sickness," would be more fruitful and more worthy of AMERICA. What about the undertakers, and druggists and doctors and casket-makers? In the earlier part of his letter "A Priest" chides "A Catholic Layman" because he failed to take the "florist's standpoint" into consideration. "Evidently 'A Layman' is not in the floral business" Evidently too, "A Priest" is not in the undertaking business, neither is he a doctor nor a casket-maker. Do you, "Catholic Layman," inhuman though you be, keep up your agitation. The souls in purgatory will be with you, the florists and "A Priest" may be against you.

San Francisco. Z. M.

AMERICA

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An interview in which His Holiness, Benedict XV is supposed to discuss the war with the representative of a newspaper syndicate has been published with comments in the American press. Catholics will do well to remember that it is not the custom of the Holy See to address itself to the world through the medium of the secular press. Pontifical Documents have already disclosed the mind of the Sovereign Pontiff on the great conflict. Whatever pronouncements His Holiness may be pleased to issue in future on this matter, will no doubt be conveyed to the world through the same official and authentic channels.

The Great Task: 1863-1915

"FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation." Fifty-two years have been added to the fourscore and seven, since at Gettysburg Lincoln looked beyond that field of valor, to consecrate in imperishable words, the whole American people "to the great task remaining before us." By the blessing of God, we are not what we then were, a broken nation, a house divided against itself, a people overwhelmed with the miseries of war. One flag is ours, one country, one undivided allegiance.

Deep and wide our fathers laid the foundations of our country's greatness. It is now our task to perfect what they so nobly began. That there are dastardly influences at work to-day, threatening the destruction of the very principles upon which all stable government and civilization itself must rest, it would be folly to deny. A religion which canonizes moral anarchy is creeping in among us, slowly, insidiously, and surely. Its god is self; its highest virtue, selfishness; its primary effect, a weakening of the individual's sense of responsibility to lawfully constituted authority.

Nothing but the religion of Christ which proclaims unselfish love of country a Christian virtue, can avert the baneful effects of this anarchy from the commonwealth. Not by making a fetish of a flag, nor by rhapsodical protestations of patriotism, can we transmit unimpaired to future generations all that is noble in our national heritage, but only by exemplifying in our private and public lives, the principles of Christianity. This is "the great task before us"; a personal task, more urgently insistent than the burden which pressed upon our Fathers in the darkest day of internecine strife.

Mother Mary Xavier

ANOTHER of those remarkable women who have contributed so powerfully to the upbuilding of the Church in the United States has heard the summons of death, and laid down the burden that for so long it has been her duty to bear. A pioneer, weak indeed in sex, but strong with the strength of her love for God, has gone to the grave, with the glory of more than three-quarters of a century of heroic and successful labor on her aged head. Throughout the States of the east, orphans and foundlings are mourning for her mother's care; little children without number are weeping for the children's friend; those for whom her ministering hands have eased the pain of fatal disease, are wishing that they might have been taken, and she left; and students old and young, subjects lay and religious, are pondering sadly on the meekness of her gentle sway. And yet they are not selfish in their regret. One and all, they are glad for her sake that she has gone to her reward.

Mother Mary Xavier Mehegan, who died at Convent Station, on June 23, leaves behind her an extraordinary record. If she had done no more than "live pure, right wrong, follow the King," for sixty-eight years, she would have done much. That she should have been judged worthy to direct for fifty-six unbroken years the many and varied works of a large community of Sisters of Charity, is a still clearer testimony to her high qualities of mind and heart. Those who prefer to test excellence by material results need only look to the numerous schools, parochial and industrial, to the hospitals, orphanages, infant asylums, academies and homes for incurables, that have grown up under her supervision and are directed by her community in the dioceses of Newark, Trenton, Boston, Hartford and New York. And no one who has seen the College of St. Elizabeth will doubt that she has left in its imposing and artistic group of buildings an enduring monument to the courage and loftiness of her educational ideals.

Certainly Bishop Bayley acted wisely when in 1858 he asked that Mother Mary Xavier should be appointed superior of the little group of sisters who banded together to aid God's work in the diocese of Newark; but even his clear judgment could scarcely have known how deep in wisdom was that request. No one who was acquainted with Mother Mary Xavier doubted that she would do great things for God, but few if any, and surely not even Bishop McQuade, dared to hope that she would live so

long, or accomplish so much, or that there would be so marvelous a development of that extremely modest foundation. Bishop Bayley built far better than he knew. He himself left the diocese, but she stayed on. Other bishops came and went or died; but she not only laughed at death, but continued at the selfsame post. The result is a community of more than 1,200 Sisters, whose zeal, efficiency, and scholarly attainments due in a large degree to the wise direction of their foundress, may be seen in the fruits of their labors in the numerous institutions under their control. Mother Mary Xavier is dead, but her work is imperishable; it is built on the "Rock of Ages," and will live on, a glorious monument to a noble and valiant woman.

Entanglement

"ONLY this I have found," says Ecclesiastes, "that God made man right, and he hath entangled himself in an infinity of questions."

Three years ago, two young people, wiser in their own conceit than in the wisdom of ages, met. He was a college professor, grandson of the poet Longfellow; she a woman of refinement, culture; a "discerning temperament" as the world rates a vision that, often, is not discernment, but blindness. They loved; they married; with a ritual of their own devising, studiously shorn of all reference to the supernatural, with the legal witness of a justice of the peace. Thus was hallowed the dawn of their married life. God's great gift of motherhood was given her, but happiness came not with it. And so a seven-night since, she slipped down to the sea, and sought to still her earthly sorrows in its troubled flood.

Thus ended her unquiet life, "entangled with an infinity of questions," which all the tumbling waters of the sea could never loosen. It may be, poor brooding spirit, that she knew not what she did. As the roaring of the waters died away and the forlorn soul trembled on the brink of eternity, perhaps the light of a brighter world, in which she saw and acknowledged her dependence upon her Creator, fell upon the sea to form a pathway to her Father's home. It may be so, but as man judges, her death was doubtful, and she no peace-parted soul, but one rightly followed by maimed rites.

Silence were her kindest epitaph, but he who shared her life, has rushed to tell of it to the morbidly curious, to the casual listener in the street. "Being freed from supernaturalism, she did not share the conventional fear of death. I am glad that it was by an act of her own, and not by a horrid accident. Our life together has been a beautiful comradeship and has had a tremendously tragic but beautiful end."

Good they have made evil, and that which is sinful they have termed good. Life has its puzzles, but God knows the answers which we need not know. They who reject Him but entangle themselves in an infinity of questions, in which life is not worth living.

Censorship and the "Movies"

NEW YORK has fewer laws unduly restricting personal liberty than most of her sister States. She has never invoked the majesty of the law to introduce finger-bowls into country-taverns; her sovereign dignity is not offended when her fair daughters lavishly ply the powder-puff; guiltless of *lèse majesté,* the placid cow may nightly plod her homeward way along the highways of the Commonwealth, unbelled and unlanterned. The State of New York, in brief, does not regard her citizenry as composed of so many swaddled babes. In the ordinary private affairs of life, she wisely thinks that they can care for themselves. If they can not, no one can; a principle which legislators will wisely keep in mind.

Yet the principle can be carried too far. At a recent hearing, held before a Committee of the State Constitutional Convention, the proposal to establish a Board of Censorship for moving pictures, met with strong opposition. "The people of this State," it was argued, "are competent to decide whether or not the present voluntary censorship is sufficient." With all due respect for the unutterable wisdom of the "People," and judging, moreover, by some of the films which the People thought might be displayed in the City of New York during the past winter, it does not seem that this competency pertains to them. Mr. William A. Brady thinks that the present low estimate of the stage is due to the fact that the theatrical managers give the public not what the public should want, but what it actually does want. Mr. Brady is a witness who ought to know.

"Human natur'," as Mr. Squeers remarked, looking back upon a checkered career, "is a rum 'un." As it exists in certain individuals, it craves cocaine, an immeasurable supply of whiskey, white lights and gay ways, together with malodorous plays and bad "movies." Religion and education check or destroy the craving in most of us; but law is needed to keep temptation out of the way of our weaker brother.

A Call to the Faithful

SOME of our schools for Indian children are threatened once again. An act of injustice has been done, that deprives them of means to carry on their work. There is a fund known as the Tribal Fund, which though in reality the property of the Indians, is administered by our Government. For years, by the wish of the Indians themselves, and in accordance with a custom declared legal by no less an authority than the Supreme Court of the United States, part of this Tribal Fund went to the support of "Mission Schools." The money belongs to the Indians; they wish the schools in which their children are educated to obtain a share of it for their support; the Supreme Court says that the Indians are justified in their desire; but, lo! a Government official, one man, mark it! the Comptroller of the

Treasury, sets his wisdom against the desire of the owners of the money and the decision of the Supreme Court, and on a mere technicality, a straw in itself, but a steel girder to a man with a delicate, political conscience, decides suddenly and without previous warning that no part of certain Tribal Funds can be given to certain mission schools. Such is the fate of democracy; it crumbles before the decision of one man with a conscience, and four schools will crumble with it, unless help is forthcoming. For this last reason the venerable Cardinal of Baltimore has issued a letter which reads in part as follows:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Four Catholic Indian boarding schools of Oklahoma for the children of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Tribes will be deprived after July 1st of their contracts by reason of a recent decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury. The loss per year occasioned by this decision is more than $25,000. These schools for years have been accorded contracts payable out of Choctaw-Chickasaw tribal funds. The change of policy came without warning and unexpectedly, as these funds will be disbursed the coming fiscal year under the identical law which is in force this year, during which time the schools in question have received their contracts and payments as usual. While we hope to obtain relief from the next Congress, a year must intervene during which the schools will be without support. These institutions are the fruit of years of sacrifice and devotedness and they are accomplishing a noble and necessary work: it would be a crime to discontinue them. We therefore call upon the faithful everywhere for special contributions for the upkeep of the Catholic Choctaw-Chickasaw schools during the coming fiscal year.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
President, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

A "century of dishonor" marked our treatment of the "Red Man"; for the sake of justice and honor it is to be hoped that a similar century may not begin in this era. But if it does, Catholics should not be wanting in charity to their unfortunate brother, the Indian.

I Have Been Dead

"IT isn't fair, I say, Mother, and I don't know how long I can put up with it." There was bitterness in his tone, and discontent showed itself in the way he threw to one side his workman's hat and dragged a stool into place and swept the poor cottage with a glance that hardened more and more till it met the wistful gaze of his mother. "Well, Mother," he resumed lamely, "this growling, I know, makes you feel bad, but to-day I felt as I never felt before that I wasn't getting a chance. Here are most of the boys who played with me a few years ago, now making names for themselves. There's Daniel who has become a lawyer, and John is a priest, and Michael is a doctor. Then others are succeeding in trade and business. If I only had the chance, I could do something for you, Mother. . . . Now, don't stop me. I know what you are going to say. Of course, you are satisfied, but you are too easily satisfied. I want to give you the best there is, and I can't do it, stuck in that old shop. You will say that father once did well and was happy and that you don't want anything more. But what if I got sick, what if I died?—Forgive me, Mother, I'm not myself to-night and havn't been right for some time. 'God will provide,' you tell me. Right, Mother, I'm getting worse than the heathens.

. . . . . .

"Do you remember my bitterness last week? Don't look at me that way, Mother, I am not going away again in a hurry. I wouldn't have been brought back to you unless it was meant I should stay awhile. I say, do you remember the way I growled? That was the beginning of the fatal fever, I'm sure, but whether it was or not, I've got that salt off my tongue. It is just this way. Suppose a war came down upon us. We seem now to be a city where one section would not look at the other, and in the same section where one street would not speak to another, and on the same street where neighbors are always quarreling and in the same house where brothers and sisters are snapping at each other. Ah, but then comes the common enemy and differences disappear. The city becomes one loving family. The great evil of death throws its shadow over them all, and they flock together and cling to one another. What are all their petty trials before the agony of war? There are, you well know, giants and pygmies among the blades of grass and, if I were a cricket, I would know it, but now standing high above the field, I would laugh if I heard the grass-blades were fighting about their size. So it was with me, Mother. I was getting small and cranky. The dust of life tormented me as if I were all eyes, but now all the dust falls on calloused horny hands. The great, the terrible enemy met me. I forgot all my troubles. The world became my family; man became my brother, when I came to die. . . . Don't start, Mother, I am sure it won't happen for a long time again. You see me now, glad my comrades have succeeded in life. I do not note where I am different from them, but now I see where I can be a success in my own way or where I can at least try to be a success. There is pain about me and I can be a doctor to it; there are snarls and I can disentangle them a bit, though I don't know much law, and there is sin everywhere which I can, though no priest, help to stop.

"I was lost and am found again. I was dead and am come to life. Heaven has come nearer to us all. I have been sent back from it by One Who has come down from heaven. Now what a change! A new spirit has come into the world. The neighbor has been discovered, and he lives across the seas as well as here, and men are going to seek him and serve him. Luke, the doctor, is going and Matthew, the banker, and Andrew and Peter the fishermen and many others. They are forgetting their own little troubles, and giving themselves to man. My grumbling has gone forever. All other evil is nothing now; all other good is little when set beside heaven and His Kingdom. I am going back to the shop to-morrow. Why, Mother, He was a carpenter Himself.

. . . . . .

"He went into a city called Naim, and when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother. The Lord saw her and said to her, weep not. And He said, 'Young man, I say to thee, arise,' and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

LITERATURE

Poesy and Prohibition

IT were a curmudgeonly and niggardly spirit that would embrace within its own enfolding and clutch to itself all that flushes life with joy, leaving but the husks and sweepings to the less favored. So, in this sunny and springtime spirit of fair play and share and share alike let me but make my own the divine musings of poesy, and the world were well counted lost, and whatever of romance clings to the academic delights of statistics is freely yielded to the lovers of prohibition.

To the prohibitionists I leave the airy graces and delights of the degenerate Greeks and Romans, and choose rather to descant upon the deeds of the mighty Vikings and Berserkers, those valiant founders of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, who, with a quaint conceit which lacked the grace of amiability, and with a breadth of imagination worthy of a better cause, drank mighty draughts of mead and ale from the skulls of their enemies. The fashion has passed, though there is at the present day a farmhouse in Wales where one may drink water from what is known as the skull of St. Teilo. But it is significant that these warriors who, in their search for adventure put themselves at the mercy of the stormy northern seas in vessels of remarkably frail construction, who spent the better part of their lives going upon the great waters, never at any time saw in the same the possibilities of a beverage. In later times, too, when the softening influence of Christianity had settled upon their descendants, it was matter for marvel to the hagiographers that certain holy Celtic monks attained the limit of austerity by drinking water!

The degenerates of the classical times who wreathed their brows with the leaves of the vine, the while they chanted "highbrow" lyrics in praise of wine, may well be left to fight it out with the prohibitionists, and cull what flowers of consolation they may from the lays of Macaulay:

> And in the vats of Luna
> This year the must shall foam
> Round the white feet of laughing girls
> Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There is a wafting of the robust spirit of the Northmen in their kindlier moments, which seems to have sought some sort of affinity with the very human and democratic Muse of such stalwarts as Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who is a Catholic, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who is not; a choice which, though arbitrary, relieves the situation of religious prejudice. With a kind of gigantic confidence and a largeness of vision Mr. Chesterton heaves himself up over the edge of the earth and sings as he beams upon the world:

> Feast on wine or fast on water,
> And your honor shall stand sure;
> God Almighty's son and daughter,
> He the valiant, she the pure.
> If an angel out of heaven
> Brings you other things to drink,
> Thank him for his kind intentions,
> Go and pour them down the sink.

But such geniality takes on a different hue as the vision of Mr. Chesterton strays from feasting or fasting to the more mediocre habits of what he would call "efficiency":

> The Saracen's Head looks down the lane,
> Where we shall never drink wine again;
> For the wicked old women who feel well-bred
> Have turned to a tea-shop the Saracen's Head.

But the finest frenzy and most subtly veiled sarcasm of Mr. Chesterton has been reserved for the English political Nonconformist Conscience, upon which he falls, lashing it under the figure of its favorite tipple, cocoa:

> Tea, although an Oriental,
> Is a gentleman at least;
> Cocoa is a cad and coward,
> Cocoa is a vulgar beast;
> Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
> Lying, crawling cad and clown,
> And may very well be grateful
> To the fool that takes him down.

This same thoroughness of Mr. Chesterton is apparent in other of his playful lyrics. There is his vegetarian, for instance, who maintains that the drinking of "decent fermented liquor is just simply the triumph of vegetarianism":

> You will find me drinking rum
> Like a sailor in a slum,
> You will find me drinking beer like a Bavarian;
> You will find me drinking gin,
> In the lowest kind of inn,
> Because I am a rigid vegetarian.
> . . . . . .
> No more the milk of cows
> Shall pollute my private house,
> Than the milk of the wild mares of the Barbarian;
> I will stick to port and sherry,
> For they are so very, very,
> So very, very, very vegetarian.

It is quite in keeping with the large-hearted public spirit of the Vikings that Mr. Belloc should have chosen, of all the characters at his command, a sailor-man, addicted to a vigor of expression that surpasses the finest efforts of the landsman, to awaken the echoes of a quiet Sussex village with the rollicking ditty:

> Now the Faith is old, and the Devil is bold,
> Exceedingly bold indeed;
> And the masses of doubt that are floating about
> Would smother a mortal creed.
> But we that sit in a sturdy youth,
> And still can drink strong ale,
> Oh, let us put it away to infallible truth
> Which always shall prevail!
>
> And thank the Lord
> For the temporal sword,
> And howling heretics too;
> And whatever good things
> Our Christendom brings,
> But especially barley brew!

But the deep-sea orthodoxy of the sailor-man pales away to insignificance when in lusty tones he roars out a hefty song against all his unforgiving enemies:

> Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!
> A Catholic tale have I to tell!
> And a Christian song have I to sing
> While all the bells in Arundel ring.
>
> I pray good beef and I pray good beer
> This holy night of all the year,
> But I pray detestable drink for them
> That give no honor to Bethlehem.
>
> May all good fellows that here agree
> Drink Audit Ale in heaven with me,
> And may all my enemies go to hell!
> Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!

"'Tis rank blasphemy!" said a graybeard who listened to the ditty, while the standers-by felt into a quarrel about the quality

of the verse, which quality has been a matter of debate ever since. Nor may the quarrel be settled until it be decided, beyond all contradiction, which be the more outrageous heresy; the heresy touching the orthodoxy of the sailor-man, or the heresy touching the quality of his verse. Until which time it is agreed that the moral pointed by Mr. Chesterton holds the field:

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like trumpets down,
When good drink had been dishonored
By the tipplers of the town.
When red wine had brought red ruin,
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us Soda Water
As a torment for our crimes.

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. Innocent III, 1198-1216. By the Rev. HORACE K. MANN, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. Vols. XI and XII. $6.00.

In the course of his valuable undertaking Dr. Mann has reached a very remarkable character of the Middle Ages, Pope Innocent III, and in these volumes gives a full account of the various activities of this famous Pontiff. Fortunately for the biographer, the sources for the work are more than usually abundant and reliable, so he is able to write a faithful history of this "guiding star of the destinies of Christendom."

Born of noble parents and gifted by nature with talents above the ordinary, Innocent received in his youth the best education his times could afford. He studied under the leading masters in Rome in his boyhood, went to Paris, then rising into prominence as the first seat of learning in Europe, where he studied philosophy and theology, and next mastered canon and civil law in Bologna. This knowledge was of great service to him in the solution of the countless difficulties he had to settle as Pope. To the end of his days he retained pleasing memories of the scenes of his studies and feelings of gratitude for those who had aided in his scholastic success. When it lay in his power he promoted them to ecclesiastical dignities; and, when a dispute arose between the nascent University of Paris and the local authorities, he forbade any curtailment of the professors' rights, leaving them the largest powers to prosecute their teaching vocation. His patronage of education was not confined to this important occasion. His virtue, learning and executive ability won for him the esteem of his fellow-cardinals, and in the conclave following the death of Celestine III he received their unanimous vote and was elected Pope at the extraordinary age of thirty-seven. He was consecrated and installed with great pomp. His contemporary biographer tells us: "Against the rebellious and contumacious he was severe, but was gracious toward the lowly and the dutiful. . . . In matters of justice he was inflexible, though ever prone to mercy." His severity and inflexibility were needed to vindicate the rights of the Holy See over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and Sardinia, the donation of Mafilda and the patrimony of St. Peter. From the time of St. Gregory and the robber Lombards to the time of Pius IX and the robber House of Savoy, from the days of Henry IV of Germany to Henry VIII of England, the property of the Church, given for God and the poor, appealed to the greed and ambition of rulers and States, to kings and republics. In the interest of law and of justice, he engaged, through the eighteen years of his reign, in a contest for or against the Emperor Otho, according as Otho had law on his side or sided against justice. Philip Augustus, the astute and unprincipled King of France, by the repudiation of his wife and by his encroachments on the rights of the Church, engaged Innocent's attention to the day of his death.

The tyranny, rapacity, cruelty, one might almost say beastliness, of John of England brought down on the tyrant's head the sentence of excommunication and even deposition, and yet, because the law had not been observed in the matter of Magna Charta, Innocent refused to ratify the proceedings of Runnymede. In other kingdoms and nations he used his learning and his power to right wrongs, spread the Gospel, promote peace, organize heirarchies, diffuse learning. From Armagh to Armenia, from Lisbon to Livonia, from Morocco to Norway he made his influence felt. He organized a Crusade, he summoned a Council, he put down a dangerous heresy, and established or encouraged the foundation of three religious Orders, the Trinitarians, Franciscans and Dominicans. He died in 1218, at an early age, yet he might well say: *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

P. J. D.

The American Books: American Literature. By LEON KELLNER. Translated from the German by JULIAN FRANKLIN; **The Indian To-Day.** By CHARLES A. EASTMAN; **The American Navy.** By REAR ADMIRAL FRENCH E. CHADWICK; **The American College.** By ISAAC SHARPLESS; **Municipal Freedom:** A Study of the Commission Government. By OSWALD RYAN. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $0.60 each.

"This series," say the publishers, "is designed to present a popular authoritative discussion of typical American problems and movements" which they claim should prove of interest, not only to all American citizens interested in solving these problems, "but to every foreigner visiting this country who seeks an interpretation of the American point of view." It is curious, therefore, that it was necessary to go so far afield as Bukowina, and select a Polish Jew professor in the University of Czernowitz to give this German "interpretation of the American point of view" of our literature. Professor Kellner begins by perching himself on Plymouth Rock and, in a comparison of the history of the United States with its literature, ascribes the accomplishments of the 250 years following 1620 to the descendants of "the little band of seekers of freedom" who came across in the Mayflower. "Do not all heroic acts of ancient and medieval history," he exclaims, "shrink into insignificance by the side of this miracle?" The literary interpretation that follows is not quite so nonsensical. A chapter on the character of American literature precedes brief views of the work of ninety-two writers, but among them the only Catholic is "Uncle Remus" Harris.

Native talent has unquestionably been found in Dr. Eastman, who describes the present status and future outlook of the North American Indian, for he is a Sioux himself, and he does not mince his terms in telling of the century of dishonor our Government has to its discredit in its treatment of the vanishing race. He burnishes up the most resplendent style of halo for his Indian. It is due, however, no doubt, to Dr. Eastman's Presbyterian affiliations that he starts out as early as page 12 of his narrative with such a slander as:

> I have no wish to discredit the statements of the early explorers, including the Jesuit priests; but it is evident that in the zeal of the latter to gain honor for their Society for saving the souls of the natives it was almost necessary to represent them as godless and murderous savages—otherwise there would be no one to convert!

He pays several generous tributes to the Catholic missions and their schools on the present reservations, but, although he finds space to eulogize Bishop Hare, Bishop Whipple and a number of other missionaries of the various

sects, he never mentions Father De Smet, Father Weber, Father Ketcham, Father Westropp, Father Westmann, Mother Katherine Drexel or a single other Catholic of the hundreds of valiant toilers in the work for the salvation of the Indian.

Admiral Chadwick traces the development of our navy from its inception in colonial days. He believes naval power is paramount power and is convinced that we need a great navy "to command safety and peace," and if the United States is to remain a world power. As to whether John Barry or John Paul Jones should be given the title of "Father of the Navy" he would deny the distinction to either and bestow it on Commodore Edward Preble. Impartial critics will probably urge that Admiral Chadwick is most unfortunate in making so marked, what he himself calls, the "race sentiment" in his advocacy of Preble's qualifications.

What Dr. Sharpless, who is President of Haverford College, tells of "The American College" is intended, he says, to give "a fair idea, hiding neither blemishes nor virtues of that peculiarly national institution" which, he asserts, occupies a "niche between the high school and the university" and "has no exact counterpart in the educational systems of other countries." His story is, of course, all about the Protestant and "non-sectarian" sort of college. He mentions the Catholic college but once: in the statement that there are 56 of them among the 596 institutions recognized by the Bureau of Education. His 200 pages supply no reason why any Catholic should patronize the system of which he is an exponent.

The commission manager idea, as a panacea for the evils, political and economic, of partisan municipal government, has been vigorously advocated of late. In "Municipal Freedom" Oswald Ryan offers, in handy form, the aims and details of the commission plan, information often sought for and not otherwise so compactly presented. Where they have been tried commission governments have not always measured up to the ideals their promoters set for them, proof that human nature is about the same under both systems, and that genuine political reform has to begin with the Ten Commandments as its basic principle, and the awakening of the consciences of the individual voters as its progressive ideal. T. F. M.

A Far Country. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

As long as Mr. Churchill confined himself to filling in the outlines of fact and let the moral take care of itself, as in the "Crossing," "Crisis," "Richard Carvel," and even "Coniston," he supplied the fictional color very well, but when he fares forth with a dubious moral to start with and dresses it up in distorted facts, article and garments make a motley misfit. Having shelled religion interminably from "The Inside of the Cup," always at long range and seldom making a hit, he now turns ill-aimed but noisy guns on education, politics, eugenics, sociology and finance with equal persistence and ineffectiveness. He is indeed a prodigal in a far country, and though he travels 509 pages, supplemented by countless asterisks * * * that utter the unutterable, he fails to get home. He runs into a tract rather than a story.

And yet the vital problems he encounters, with the many actual and striking conditions and incidents from which they spring, would make matter for a strong and useful story had the author the key to their solution. The miseducation, at home and in Harvard, of Hugh Paret, a New Englander of "Scotch-Irish" and other superman genealogy, his gradual suppression of conscience as a corporation lawyer and buyer of bosses and legislatures, his parallel deterioration in moral and family relations, and his final recovery under adversity of the better ideals of his youth, could be set into a narrative of dramatic dénouement. But Mr. Churchill lacks the directive principles requisite for the setting and the climax. Identifying Christianity with the vague, illogical and unsatisfying religion he was reared in, he makes his Paret adopt such catch-phrases as that God is but "a stream of tendency," and when the tendency takes him to the rocks, he gets himself out by the study of ontogeny, phylogeny, and, above all, natural theology, which was recently invented in a Scotch University and, unlike other theology, is not decadent but scientific. He is also greatly helped by lighting on "'All living things come from the egg'—Harvey's dictum"; hence he will teach his children embryonic and biological evolution and also "how to control the future of the race," and so save it. This will settle all our sociological, economic and governmental troubles, but "we have first to cast off the leading-strings of authority," and, like the Prodigal, "risk our lives and our souls." We must chew the husks of swine before dining on fatted calf, thus upsetting the moral of Christ's parable and all Christianity along with it. Such is the nondescript but not very far country of Mr. Churchill. It is the land of religionless uplifters who can not or will not lift their feet out of marsh nor their heads out of fog.

M. K.

Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia. Auctore JOANNE MUNCUNILL, S.J. Barcinone: Typis Librariæ Religiosæ.

Father Muncunill's theological writings have already recommended him to students who wish to follow the traditional lines of development. His latest work, a treatise on the Church, is a large volume of 655 pages, and is by no means inferior to what has already come from his pen. He treats first of the nature and properties of the Church, then of the Church's head and his prerogatives, afterwards of the Church's hierarchy and members, and lastly of her relation to the State. There are also two appendices, one of which is concerned with the syllabus of Pius IX, and the other with the exposition and refutation of Modernism. In method Father Muncunill is not popular, but scholastic and severe. The syllogism is his constant medium of argumentation, and his attitude is dogmatic throughout. Assuming from the very outset, as demonstrated in other treatises, the divinity of the Church and the divine authority of Sacred Scripture and Tradition, he avoids the historical and philosophical treatments, and devotes himself to the investigation, elaboration and demonstration of revealed doctrine concerning the Church. Citations from the Councils, from the Bible, and from the Fathers are his staple of proof, although occasionally an argument from reason manages to slip in. The book is intended primarily for the class room, and presupposes a course in fundamental theology, but it will be invaluable for reference and for the solution of objections. It can not be praised too much for that quality which is the common possession of the Spanish mind, for it is clear, not only in language and thought, but in arrangement. One finds things where they ought to be and there is never any doubt as to Father Muncunill's meaning. The "Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia" is the work of a Jesuit who has grown gray in the chair of theology. J. H. F.

Types of Teaching. By LIDA B. EARHART, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Methods of Teaching in High Schools. By S. C. PARKER. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.

The first of these books was written to help teachers to determine a method of procedure in the class-room. There are a number of practical hints offered to the teacher of

the elementary grades. "Experience both with teachers in training and with teachers in the class room confirms the idea that many are limited in their understanding of subject matter and in their use of method." So in the working out of class problems the writer speaks from experience. For that reason when she is not speaking of the theory of education her ideas are well worth consideration. But when she takes up the matter of education from the psychologist's viewpoint there are many principles enunciated that are open to challenge. For example James' three laws of habit-formation are put down as positively as if there were no disputing them, and we cannot close this chapter without feeling that in the mind of Lida Earhart the child can be well trained if the teacher is familiar with modern physiological theories. The lesson plans at the end of the book are all good and worth reading.

The purpose of the second book is to introduce students to a consideration of the principles which underlie instruction in high school subjects. It is intended for the use of those who are preparing to take up the teaching of secondary school work, and the chapters on lesson-planning, the use of books, on economy in class room management, show that the author is making use of material employed in his own classes. Mr. Parker takes the view that all instruction should be adapted to contemporary social needs, and based on sound psychological principles. He is consistent enough in following out his theory but it is an open question whether or not all educators will agree with that theory. There are many good suggestions of practical import in the book.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The July *Bookman* announces that May's most popular novels were these: "The Turmoil," "Pollyanna Grows Up," "Angela's Business," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Harbour" and "Still Jim." The books have already been noticed in AMERICA and, with some reservations, commended. The taste of the readers of "best sellers" seems to be improving.

The July *Catholic World* opens with an interesting account of the labors of the Franciscans and Jesuits in California, by Z. J. Maher, S.J.; E. T. Shanahan, S.T.D., treats of "Evolution and Progress," and "The White Eagle" is continued by L. P. Decondum. There is an appreciation of Lucie Faure Goyau by Virginia Crawford, and a good paper on "Assisi" by C. H. A. Wager. "The Silver Cord" is a clever story by Grace Keon. Walter Elliot, C.S.P., writes on "Vocation" in his clear and forceful style. "A Notable French Convert," by J. L. O'Brien, A.M.; "The Irish Volunteers," by R. F. O'Connor, and "Sunbrowned with Toil," by E. F. Garesché, S.J., make up the rest of this number, marked by the usual variety of subjects readers find in the *Catholic World*.

The July number of the *Catholic Historical Review* (Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.) contains items of interest dealing with the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Bishop Shahan writes on the late Bishop Maes, and Bishop Charles Warren Currier has a paper on "Outlines of Cuban Ecclesiastical History." The Rev. Dr. Henry has an excellent biography of Dr. Cummings, of New York, well known in his day as a hymnologist, and the Rev. Henry Schuyler contributes an exhaustive study on Father Sebastian Râle, S.J., the Apostle of the Abnakis. The department of Documents is much enhanced by two original manuscripts from the Purcell collection, one on the foundation of the American College, Rome, and the other on the laws governing chaplains during the Civil War. In the department of Notes and Comment the editors have given us a valuable addition to our knowledge of smaller publications, such as the history of parishes and dioceses which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The Bibliography continues its introductory note with an explanation of the value of historical methodology in the study of American history.

Father Francis Cassilly, S.J., the author of that useful booklet on vocation, "What Shall I Be?" of which thousands of copies have been sold, now wishes young people to ask themselves the question, "Shall I Be a Daily Communicant?" (The Loyola University Press, 1076 West Twelfth Street, Chicago; cloth, $0.30; paper, $0.10). In twenty-two brief chapters the author explains the decree of Pope Pius X on Daily Communion, meets the common objections against the practice, presents its advantages alluringly, and ends with appeals to his readers to become Eucharistic apostles. "Shall I Be a Daily Communicant?" is admirably suited for circulation among school children and ought to find a prominent place in the vestibule book-rack during a mission and after. Father Cassilly's attractive little book should bring fresh throngs of boys and girls to the Holy Table every morning.

"Edgar Chirrup," by Peggy Webling (Putnam, $1.35), is the story of the ups and downs of an actor's career. The reader is carried from London to the States, to Australia, and back again to London, and his interest in the hero never flags. The stage is painted very accurately, with all the glamor of the view before the footlights melting into the cold reality of the business and bustle of the greenroom and the manager's office. Men and women live and breathe in the story's pages as few characters in modern novels do. The writer's descriptive touches are also excellent, the death scene in the last part of the book being particularly dramatic in its strength and pathos. "Edgar Chirrup" has about it the flavor of Dickens.

George V. O'Neill, S.J., has selected from Jacobus de Voragine's "Legenda Aurea," which William Caxton translated and printed for English readers, some two dozen lives of saints, has provided them with scholarly notes and furnished the book with a good biographical introduction. "The Golden Legend" (Putnam, $0.90) thus abridged becomes readily accessible to those Catholics who would like to know something about one of the most popular works of the thirteenth century, and who would enjoy reading Caxton's quaint English. "For in like wise as gold is most noble above all other metals, in like wise is this Legend holden most noble above all other works."

An anonymous author, who mentions in her dedication, a number of American Catholics, has written in "Aunt Sarah and the War: a Tale of Transformations" (Putnam, $0.75) the best story with the present conflict for its theme that has come to the reviewer's desk. The book reflects admirably the new spirit that has seized the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and yet is written without bitterness. The story is unfolded by means of a series of very clever letters that passed between Captain Owen Tudor, at the front, and his Aunt Sarah, and between Miss Pauline Vandeleur and Aunt Sarah. A Catholic atmosphere pervades the book, the witty heroine and brave hero will make numerous friends, and the change in Aunt Sarah's attitude toward the war is indicated with great literary skill.——M. E. F. Irwin's

novel "Come Out to Play" (Doran, $1.25) is the biography of "Truffles," who grows up to manhood without a serious purpose in life, merely plays at everything he undertakes, and comes at last to an evil end. The book is spun out too long. It would make a better short-story.——"Bartimeus," the author of "Naval Occasions and Some Traits of the Sailor-man" (Houghton, $1.25), has brought together twenty-five sketches and stories of the British tar who flourished before the dreadnought came. The spirit of the service among officers and men, the training of a middy and Jack's life afloat and ashore are well described. The author traces the curious practice of saluting the quarter-deck to a "custom that has survived from days when a crucifix overshadowing the poop required the doffing of a sailor's cap."

"Bred of the Desert" (Harper's, $1.30), by Marcus Horton, is a "Black Beauty" for grown-ups, in which not only the horse, but the maiden as well, is "bred of the desert" of Arizona, while a man from the East completes the interesting trio, about which a plot, simple in outline, is cleverly centered. The book, for its interest, will win readers, but the human language used of horses' doings will beget smiles of skepticism. A better way of arousing whatever pity brute beasts should have shown them is the author's dramatic account of two wild horses' struggle for life.——During Russia's war with Japan Leonidas Andreief wrote "The Red Laugh, Fragments of a Discovered Manuscript" (Duffield, $1.00), the supposed ravings of an officer whom the horrors of the conflict drove mad. Alexander Linden's translation of the morbid book has now been republished, as the present war is doubtless thought to make such a work "timely." But American readers should have been spared this frantic Russian's "thrills."——In her preface to "Pieces of the Game" (Putnam, $1.35) the Countess de Chambrun apologizes for the "frivolity of publishing fiction in a moment of such tragic realism" as the present. But her story about the scandals of Washington diplomatic life would be just as unsavory in times of peace.

Mothers who have difficulty in getting their little ones to go to sleep will be glad to know of Ruth O. Dyer's "Sleepy-Time Story Book" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., Boston, $1.00). Instead of tales about pirates, wolves, ogres and wizards, which are calculated to banish rather than induce drowsiness, the author has provided some two dozen nature stories on such somniferous themes as "How the Rose-Bush Went to Sleep," "The Coming of the Sandman" and "When Mother Shakes the Dreamland Tree." According to directions "the stories should be told in a slow, soft voice, letting the tone linger on the words" which are "lulling and soothing." The book is prettily illustrated by Bertha D. Hoxie and appropriately "dedicated to Mildred, who always takes her nap."——The same publishing house has brought out, for older children, Robert Jonckheere's "When I Was a Boy in Belgium" ($0.75). He tells about the games he used to play, how he went to school, how he made his First Communion, and how, when a young man, he forsook the Church and became a Protestant. The author's naive account of the way the Antwerp Y. M. C. A. got hold of him is quite instructive. His foolish mother "did not see any harm in my going there, as long as I was with men and boys speaking about Jesus." Query: Would Robert have been asked to write his reminiscences for American children, had he kept the Faith?

The Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald's "Stray Leaves or Traces of Travel" (Christian Press Association) and the Rev. J. J. Burke's "The Church in Many Lands," (John Murphy, $1.00) are books made up largely from diary jottings. The Bishop of Victoria led a Canadian pilgrimage to Rome, Lourdes and Paray le Monial in 1900 and has now published his reflections on what he saw during the journey. "Jottings of a Trip to Scotland" and the notes he took during other visits to Europe complete the volume. Not long before the war broke out Father Burke sailed east from this country and, guide-book in hand, observed as he traveled, the conditions of Catholic missions in Hawaii and the Orient. He saw in Palestine, Italy and France many sights that stimulated his piety.

"Sermon Matter" (Herder, $1.50), by the Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R., places at the disposal of those who are engaged in the ministry of the Word some good thoughts on the chief virtues and duties of the Christian life, the love of God and our neighbor, and on the sins opposed to those virtues and duties. The Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist are especially well treated and there is a clear explanation of the Church's teaching on the seven capital sins. The volume is made up of five distinct series, each series containing a careful treatment of some special subject. Priests will find it worth while having this volume at hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
Elementary Algebra. By H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes. $1.00.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
The Life of King John Sobieski. By John Sobieski. $1.50.

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Service of the Sacred Heart. By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. $0.35; Friends and Apostles of The Sacred Heart. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. $0.75; Sister Gertrude Mary: A Mystic of Our Own Days. With a Preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. $0.90.

Libraire Beauchesne, Paris:
Patriotisme Impérialisme Militarisme. Par Lucien Roure. fr 0.50; Journal d'un curé de campagne pendant la guerre. Par Jean Quercy. fr. 3.00; Jeanne la Libératrice 1429-1915. Par Mgr. Baudrillart. fr. 0.75.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
Pushing to the Front. By Orison Swett Marden. $1.00; The Meaning of Christian Unity. By William H. Cobb. $1.25.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Come Out To Play. By M. E. F. Irwin. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Canterbury Chimes. By Frances Storr and Hawes Turner. $0.75; Elsbeth. By Margarethe Mueller. $1.25; Genevieve. By Laura Spencer Portor. $1.25; The Making of Western Europe. By C. R. L. Fletcher. $2.50; A Walk in Other Worlds With Dante. By M. S. Bainbrigge. $2.00; Reticence in Literature. By Arthur Waugh. $1.25.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco:
The Art of the Exposition. By Eugen Neuhaus. $1.50.

Laurence J. Gomme, New York:
The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. $0.60; The Light Feet of Goats. By Shamus O'Shiel. $1.00.

W. F. Hall Co., Chicago:
Memoirs of Father Mazzuchelli, O.P., with an Introduction by Archbishop Ireland. $1.50.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Early English Hero Tales. By Jeanette Marks. $0.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Naval Occasions. By "Bartimæus." $1.25.

John Lane Co., New York:
Russian Realities. By John Hubback. $1.50.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
The Romances of Amosis Ra. By Frederick Thurstan.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Call of the Open: An Anthology. Compiled by Leonard Stowell. $0.80.

The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.:
The Lord's Prayer. By Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. $0.40; Life of Father Richard Henle, S.V.D. By George M. Stenz, S.V.D. $0.40; Fireside Melodies. Vol. II. $0.15.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Seal and Flag of the City of New York 1665-1915. Edited by John B. Pine, L.H.D. $1.00; Aunt Sarah and the War. $0.75.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Church. By John Huss. Translated by David S. Schaff, D.D. $2.50.

Gregorian University, Rome:
De Ethica Naturali. Auctore C. Macksey, S.J.

Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:
Der Gymnasiast. Von P. Ingbert Raab, O.M.Cap. M1.60.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
Undercurrents in American Politics. By Arthur Twining Hadley. $1.35; Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century 1700-1725. By Willard Higley Poems. By Brian Hooker. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Introducing Mr. Henry Herring

IN the year of grace, 1763, when the Chancelleries of France and England were playing the great game of world politics with an empire as the stake, the worthies of the village of Chester, in New Hampshire, were deep in the consideration of matters no less weighty. They were brooding over the selection of a schoolmaster, a thing not lightly done. Their reflections were brought to what was deemed a satisfactory close by the appearance of Mr. Henry Herring. Him they pitched upon to instruct their youth in reading, writing and cyphering, "according to his ability and their capacity," a phrase often met in the pedagogical contracts of those days. His tenure of office, however, was but brief, for it is set down in the town records for 1765, that "Henry Herring, the former schoolmaster, has become a pauper and warned out of town."

"WARNED OUT OF TOWN"

With this the unfortunate Henry slips from the pages of history. Why he was "warned out of town" is not clear. Perhaps he had become like to another New Hampshire teacher, one Burke by name, abiding in Francestown, who, as we learn from the delightfully indiscreet *chronique scandaleuse* of the village, was "overfond of rum and cider." Poverty was surely no just cause for driving Henry into the wilderness; rather, it was a condition common to most schoolmen of the period. In 1732, to cite another instance, the selectmen of Ipswich, in Connecticut, appointed Henry Spiller to set up a school, rather significantly allowing him the use "of the room in the southeasterly corner of the almshouse." This choice almost argues the gift of prophecy in the town fathers, and it was assuredly convenient, for within a year Master Spiller was "on the town."

It is pleasant to read, however, that he bravely resumed the fardels in the following year, when he "was allowed and approbated" to set up another school, "being," unlike Mr. Burke, "a person of sober and good conversation." But it is further recorded that "the selectmen do not promise him any encouragement for his services herein, other than that the parents or masters of the children he shall instruct are willing to give him themselves." One of the earliest American examples of damning a schoolmaster with faint praise, this *caveat emptor* attitude of the selectmen would hardly have recommended Henry for a Carnegie Retiring Pension. To Mr. Spiller himself, with the straw of the almshouse still in his hair, it must have seemed but another of the buffets of outrageous fortune. His subsequent history remains a prize for dusty delvers into the records of the town of Ipswich; but it is to be hoped that a man so courageous did not end his days as a public charge.

THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLMASTER

In his "Early New England Schools" (Ginn & Co.) Mr. Walter Herbert Small has gleaned from the public records of the old New England towns many quaint and interesting details concerning the colonial teacher and his work. His position was somewhat curious. Technically it was one of honor. He had a special place in the meeting house, if indeed he did not lead the choir, and for a time, in some localities, he was exempt from all forms of taxation. But even allowing for the difference in money values between those days and our own, it does not seem an exaggeration to say that, in the smaller communities at least, he was a miserably-paid wretch, forced to eke out an existence by additional avocations hardly in keeping with modern ideas of the teacher's work or dignity.

HIS HONORARIUM

In 1661, the town of Dedham, in Massachusetts, struck a contract with Michael Metcalf "to keep school, so long time as God shall enable him," and this significant phrase is also found in an agreement made in the preceding year by the same community with Thomas Marrit. For five months' work Master Marrit was to "have the full sum of ten pounds," and, if he got it, we hope he did not expend it foolishly; but the wiser Master Metcalf bargained for a weekly stipend of seven shillings, eight pence, cannily preferring a bird, however small, in the hand. Forty years later Sudbury, which has since grown into a better frame of mind, chose two masters at thirty shillings a year. Generous Dorchester, in 1678, authorized the selectmen "to look out for a schoolmaster" and "to agree with him, not exceeding forty pounds a year." But this municipal extravagance is exceptional. Many a village instructed the authorities "to engage a master as cheaply as they could," and although numerous strange fish rose to this bait, these terms are still common in the United States.

In return for his honorarium, the schoolmaster of 1660 was expected, according to Boone's "Education in the United States," (1) To act as court messenger. (2) To serve summons. (3) To conduct certain ceremonial services of the Church. (4) To lead the Sunday choir. (5) To ring the bell for public worship. (6) To dig graves. (7) To take charge of the school. (8) To perform other occasional duties, among which were preaching, and acting as town-clerk. Service No. 7 does not refer to teaching. It means that the teacher was, on occasion, the janitor of his temple of learning. The list reads like a combination of the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy, and makes it fairly plain that Satan found little for the hands of the New England schoolmaster to do.

PAID IN KIND

It should be remembered, furthermore, that the pedagogue rarely saw anything that looked like real money. Michael Metcalf, of Dedham, was paid in wheat and rye; John Legat, of Hampton, New Hampshire, in butter and cattle; Ichabod Wiswall, of Dorchester, made such shift as he might on pease and barley; though all secured, from time to time, some pittance in coin. Money was scarce; indeed, Mr. Small points out that, as late as 1781, a common medium of exchange in Maine was lumber. In 1687, the good folk of Hingham were paying their taxes, and their teacher, too, it would seem, in wooden pails, a most inelastic currency; the yeomen of Woburn, in shoes; in Taunton, the standard was pig iron, while in some localities a property owner might discharge his assessment by driving a cow into the treasury, if the town had one. The Harvard College account book, from 1650 to 1658, indicates that at quarter-times this noble institution must have borne a close resemblance to a modern department store or commission house. Governor Dudley paid his son's bills in Indian corn; his loyal subjects imitated him by bringing collectively, "a sheep weighing sixty-seven pounds, two bushels of wheat, thirty-five pounds of sugar, eight bushels of malt, a bushel of parsnips, thirty pounds of butter, three bushels and three pecks of apples, four quarters of a wether and three quarters of a sheep, a fat cow, eighteen yards of satin, five yards of kersey, three yards of yellow cotton, and two thousand nails."

SOME EARLY TYPES

Scarce as teachers were in those early days, here and there a town record shows that academic freedom was sometimes outraged by the turning adrift of an unsatisfactory incum-

bent. On a memorable occasion it was voted, in the Up-Neck district near Hartford, first, "that the schoolmaster read a paragraph before this meeting," and next, "that the schoolmaster be dismissed from keeping school in this district." But many a pharisee must have sat in the chair of Moses and, indeed, it is difficult to see how this could have been avoided. In classic Boston, in 1635, it was not thought strange that the schoolmaster should be requested "to take the cows to keeping that are on the Neck," and, in 1738, the Milton schoolmaster was likewise a cordwainer and a cobbler. Providence's first pedagogue kept a public house, and Dedham had a master "who taught for three dollars a month, prosecuted his studies, and improved his hours of relaxation by making bird-cages."

Malden, in 1697, was moved to install John Moulton, who had spent all his life at sea, and was sixty-six years of age. A few years later this ancient mariner was succeeded by a weaver, who soon gave way to a shoemaker. One wonders that, with this wealth of material, the selectmen did not hit upon the plan of founding vocational schools. "Had a kind Providence given him health," it is written of this last worthy, a "shoemaker he might have remained to the end. But he appears to have possessed a feeble constitution and to have been troubled with many ills; and the selectmen, vexed and perplexed by their annual duty of providing a schoolmaster, and thinking, perhaps, that a sick shoemaker might make a passable teacher, prevailed upon him to leave the lapstone and enter upon a course of study with Mr. Emerson (the minister). Graduating after a few months . . . he took up the rod, which he wielded with a zeal which, tradition says, was not always tempered with discretion."

The physical exercise connected with his preceptorial duties seems to have reacted most favorably upon his health. When he died, after a quarter of a century most profitably spent in his second vocation, few there were in the community of Malden upon whom he had not left a lasting impression of his vigorous personality.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Catholic Boys' Protective League

UNDER the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, and the directing control of Reverend Thomas J. Lynch, Supervisor of the Catholic Protective Society, there has lately sprung into existence in New York City an organization that is destined to be a power for good in the metropolis. It is known as The Catholic Boys' Protective League.

The object of the League is to look after the moral welfare of the Catholic boy. New York is an overcrowded city, and our young boys in very many localities are driven by the congestion and often by the poverty of their homes to spend most of their days and too much of their nights on the streets. Far too many of them are growing up with but little more training than that which they get from their street companions, and as a consequence a certain number of them are becoming delinquents.

PURPOSE OF THE LEAGUE

The percentage in our courts and prisons, though remarkably small considering our great population, is relatively far too large. It has been demonstrated by the effective work of Father Lynch in the Children's Court that care and watchfulness on the part of generous and zealous Catholics can do much toward keeping the young from the machinery of the courts.

And just here the Catholic Boys' Protective League, with its thousands of contributors and workers, although only two branches covering the central district of Manhattan, have as yet been organized, is stepping in to aid Father Lynch to carry his work farther afield into other departments. The League will meet the boy on the street, follow him to his home, study conditions there, and by help, spiritual, medical, legal or pecuniary, bring about better conditions, if needed, in the environments of his home. In this it will work in conjunction with the St. Vincent de Paul and other societies, for in union, in Catholic union especially, there is strength. Play-grounds, recreation centers, boys' clubs and summer camps all come within the scope of the League. Each member of the League, and it is the intention to get every Catholic interested, is asked to contribute only one dollar a year.

METHODS OF THE LEAGUE

The officers and committees are elected and appointed in the different branches; all are to be in touch with a supreme general council, the Superintendent of which is Mr. Martin J. Moore, who as head for years of the Catholic Protectory, and lately for six years the efficient Overseer of the New York City Reformatory, comes into his position well equipped with a life-long zealous experience in dealing with the wayward and would-be wayward boy.

Following the boy from his home or the street to the court, the League is to have its representatives in all the courts to watch over the interests of the accused, and to stand ready to take him under parole. If the boy goes to prison, the League is to keep its eyes on him there; and at this point let me speak, as one who has been a prison chaplain for three years, of the need there is of Catholics being watchful of the work done and of the systems being introduced into our prisons in general.

THE "HONOR SYSTEM"

There is a great deal of talk and much "press-agenting" of so-called "kindness to prisoners" and of the "honor system." The fault with this talk is that it seems intended to convey the idea that our prisons in the past have been strongholds of torture and brutality. This is an untrue and an unworthy insinuation. This honor system, as it is called, seems to be, as it is working out in practice, merely the removal of all restraint and the admission of license heralded as liberty. *It is a system that apparently disregards the soul, God and sin.* Give the prisoner his fling, make him happy some way or other, take no notice of indulgence of his passions, give his evil tongue full rein and he will cause his overseer or his warden no trouble. The trouble or insults he may give the overseer's subordinates matter not; nor do the cruelty and oppression he exercises upon his fellows count a straw. The advocates of this system do not seem to realize that there can be beneficial discipline without official brutality.

KINDNESS OR LICENSE

The press-agency of this system is hoodwinking the inexperienced and the unthinking by the deceptive use of the shibboleth of "kindness," tending to make incautious people think that one who is not an advocate of this system must necessarily be an advocate of brutality. Our Catholic schools and colleges maintain a wholesomely strict discipline and watchfulness over morals, yet they are not driven to brutality. It is clear, of course, from a Catholic point of view, that there can not possibly be any reform for our boys, if their souls are kept steeped in an unchecked flood of sin and obscenity. Hence, I say, it behooves us to watch the system being introduced for the care of our boys. In many

cases, it leads directly to juvenile immorality of a most serious nature. Above all let us be slow to be trapped by the misuse of that word "kindness"; let us make sure first, before we endorse it, that it does not mean lawless license.

This "honor system" as at present working out, with its openly-admitted ribald license and its silently contumelious indifference to religious influence which indeed is often banished, seems calculated to send back to our cities only moral degenerates and possible "rippers." Far better would it be for our courts to parole the incipient criminals under the care of a society like that we describe.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

The final work of the League is to receive the boy on his dismissal from prison, get him a home, if needed, find him employment, see that he attends to his duties as a Catholic, and win him away from evil companions. As can readily be seen, such a League has extensive, difficult but noble work before it; yet, judging from the business-like methods and the enthusiasm of the two branches already formed, it is destined to be a success and a power for civic and Catholic good. Through this League the Catholics of the city of New York bid fair to set a model that can be advantageously emulated by the Catholic bodies in our other large cities.

June 23. JOHN A. COTTER, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain on Hart's Island.

NOTE AND COMMENT

President Hadley of Yale, in his address to the graduates of that university last week, said that unnecessarily large money allowances and automobiles offered problems in college administration that did not exist in the past. Despite this, he holds the view that to-day "there is more serious study inside of the college and outside of it." Yale may be an exception, but it is likely that most colleges find that the touring car and the bulging purse do not make for higher intellectual life. It would be interesting to go over the honor rolls of our colleges, and see whether the names inscribed there tally with the student list of auto drivers.

It looks as though the American women were more successful than their English cousins who seek to convert mere man by smashing windows and hurling stones for the cause. The American "antis" must view the year's legislative triumph with concern. Still their feelings may be soothed by the offer of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* of "ten thousand dollars cash to any anti-suffragist who can supply proofs that the business of voting would occupy more of her time or do more damage to her feminine modesty than her present enterprise of ranting against the suffragettes on the stump and in the newspapers."

Quoting some commonplaces of Catholic philosophy from an article, "The Fatal Fondness For Food," which appeared in AMERICA for June 19, an editorial writer in the Detroit *News* asks: "Is this from the *Masses* magazine? Is it the embittered utterance of a revolutionist? Has some youthful convert to the doctrines of Emma Goldman or Eugene Debs been pouring himself out in print?" Perhaps that editor is writing with delicate sarcasm, but he seems to note with some surprise the appearance in a Catholic review of an article which defends the right of the laborer to an equitable wage. Cardinal Newman once wrote that if the Catholic Church were on the other side of the moon, he verily believed that most Englishmen would know more about her. But the moon is a readily accessible luminary. For the majority of non-Catholic Americans, Catholic philosophy is on the other side of one of those heavenly bodies whose light shining through space for centuries, has not yet reached the earth.

Fifty Chicago pulpits were vacated, a few Sundays ago, because the *Associated Advertising Clubs* had come to town, and the "ad" men wished to preach on truth. "We believe in truth the cornerstone of all business!" was their motto. No one can find fault with such excellent sentiments. They should be written large over every desk "down town," and what is more, they should be deep in every business man's heart. Still it must have struck the readers of the daily press that the Chicago churches turned things round about in having the business man teach truth to the Church. It is *the Church* that is empowered to teach truth to the business man and to every other man.

Adams and Jefferson were no doubt great statesmen, but both were singularly deficient in knowledge on some topics. On May 6, 1816, the former wrote to the latter anent the restoration of the Jesuits and expressed the fear that "swarms of them" (Jesuits) would come into the United States, gypsy-like, in many shapes and disguises, printers, editors, writers and schoolmasters, putting the purity of elections to a severe trial. Jefferson replied on August 6, approving some of his friend's ideas, but forgetting, strange to say, to add to the disguises which the Protean Jesuits adopt those of baker and candlestick maker. The bewitchery of folly is no respecter of persons.

Moving pictures have not only become a permanent means of amusement but a colossal industry as well. A recent report says:

> The stability of the high grade motion picture business, as well as the colossal proportions which this industry has attained, is evidenced in the fact that the Paramount Pictures Corporation has signed a twenty-five year contract with its producing manufacturers, allowing them a minimum guaranty of more than $100,000,000. One idea, ably carried out by efficient and artistic directors, actors and actresses, is regarded as responsible for the great success of the Paramount Pictures Corporation. The idea is simply to give the best; to spare nothing to lend the best possible settings to the pictures and to obtain the best type of directors and photo players for the pictures. The millions of people who go to see the pictures prove, according to the Paramount view, that the taste of the public is for high grade films and not for the crude productions so frequently seen in the nickelodeons.

Perhaps clean plays can be staged after all, if the people want them, and the Paramount Picture Company is teaching a lesson to the vaudeville-theater managers.

In the death of Sister Mary Martha, which occurred at Kingsbridge, on Monday, June 21, the Sisters of Charity have lost a valiant woman whose life has been an inspiration to all who were brought in contact with her. At the early age of nineteen she dedicated herself entirely to the service of God in the religious life, and since then she has known no day of rest from strenuous labor. For a time she taught in the Institute of St. John the Evangelist, later becoming principal of the school. In 1882 she established the Cathedral school, leaving it in 1886 to assume charge of the orphan asylum now situated at Kingsbridge, New York City. For twenty-nine long years Sister Mary Martha has been the guardian of thousands of boys, whom she has trained with all the zeal and tenderness of a mother. Her death leaves a void in the souls of many who will bless her name for years to come for the good that she accomplished during a long life of prayer and labor.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The storm centre in the west has shifted from the region north of Arras to the Argonne and the Vosges. There have been furious encounters in both places resulting in trenches passing from one side to the other, but the results of the fighting seem to have left the situation pretty much what it was. Interest attaches especially to the German offensive in the Argonne, because it is thought to be the prelude to another of the strenuous German efforts to break through the French lines which have made the fighting in this section particularly costly and bloody. The Crown Prince according to reports is in command, and large bodies of troops are said to be gathering for a new assault that has the isolation of Verdun for its objective. Heavy guns of the type that broke the Russian resistance in Galicia are being massed, it would seem, for a new drive, and bitter fighting is expected. Already Verdun is surrounded on three sides, and if the Germans could succeed in forcing their way south from Binarville, where they gained some ground during the week, towards St. Mihiel, they would necessitate the evacuation not only of Verdun but of a large part of Lorraine. The proximity of Metz, and a network of railroads make the concentration of troops and the transportation of supplies very easy in this district. The advantage of the fighting which has taken place in Alsace has rested with the French. At the Le Prêtre forest the Germans have advanced four hundred yards on a front of one mile.

Bulletin, June 29 p. m.-July 6 a. m.

The Argonne

The campaign in Galicia is developing as expected. Everywhere except along the lower Dniester the Russians are falling back, not in disorder but deliberately and with occasional strong stands. The Austro-Germans are following up their victories and are daily recovering more of Galicia, the complete evacuation of which seems to be a thing of the near future. The Austro-Germans are moving north through southern Poland towards Ivangorod and Warsaw in two divisions: between the Vistula and the Vierpz, after having driven the Russians from the San and the Tanew, they have advanced as far as Josefow, Krasnik, and Turobin; between the Vierpz and the Bug, after forcing the Russians from Tomaszow, they have crossed the Labunka, west of Zamosc, and taken Komarow. The Austro-Germans are also moving east through eastern Galicia, and are engaging the Russians along the Bug from Kamionka to Busk; they have also crossed the Gnila Lipa and are advancing towards the Ztota Lipa. They have failed, however, to dislodge the Russians from their positions along the Dniester from Mariampol to Bessarabia.

Campaign in Galicia

At other points in the eastern battle line there have been no important developments. A naval attack was made by the Germans on Windau with the purpose of invading the Baltic provinces. An engagement followed between the German and Russian fleets, during which a German mine layer had to run ashore. Otherwise little damage was inflicted on either side, but the German attempt to land troops had to be abandoned.

The Italian campaign in the Trentino has been practically at a standstill during the week, although it is reported by Rome to be progressing favorably. The invasion seems to have been intended to accomplish no more than a seizure of the passes through which it has frequently been predicted that the Austrian troops would try to force a way into Italy. In the district north of

The Italian Campaign

Triest, heavy rains delayed the Italian operations, and in the beginning of the week the offensive was for the most part on the side of the Austrians. Later it passed to the Italians who succeeded in capturing a peak near Plezzo that dominates Tolmein. Further north the Italians are still bombarding Malborghetto, and are trying to force the Predil pass. The engagements which have taken place elsewhere are of minor importance.

Official reports from London and Paris record success against the Turks in the Gallipoli peninsula. Progress has been made toward Krithia on a front of almost a mile. Seven Turkish trenches were carried by assault. Public opinion in London, which has been growing restive over the silence maintained by the Government with respect to the operations in the Dardanelles, has been somewhat pacified by the victory.

Other Items

Montenegro has again seized the coveted Scutari. It will be remembered that two years ago, after having captured it from the Turks, she was forced to evacuate it by the threats of the Allied Powers of Europe. Her present move was precipitated by Servia's entrance into Albania, and is justified by her on the plea that other nations have occupied other parts of Albania. Montenegro's action has angered Italy, as the seizure of Tirana and Elbasan by Servia had already done. The consequence has been that the Italian Government has sent protests to Montenegro, Servia, France, Great Britain and Russia.

The State Department has been informed by the American Consul at Bristol, England, that nineteen Americans lost their lives, when the Armenian was sunk by a German submarine off the cost of Cornwall. The steamship was a British vessel on its way from Newport News, Va., to Avonmouth, England, and was laden with a cargo of mules and horses, presumably for the British army. Steps are being taken to determine whether the Armenian was armed or not, and also whether she was under charter to the British Government, and hence might be regarded by the Germans as an auxiliary cruiser. The incident has not aroused much feeling in the United States, nor is it likely to complicate further the difficult relations between Germany and ourselves.

In fact it is thought that the incident may smooth the way towards an agreement between the American and German Governments on the subject of submarine warfare. The new type of submarine which was engaged in the affair seems to have demonstrated the possibility and feasibility of the procedure for which President Wilson is contending; for not only was the speed of the submarine such that it was able to overhaul the steamer, but being mounted with rapid fire guns, it was also able to compel surrender without special danger to itself and crew.

Austria.—A meeting of prominent national economists of Germany and Austria-Hungary recently took place at Vienna. Their resolutions recommended the establishment of a tariff union between the two countries which would be of the most far-reaching consequences. By it the tariff barriers between the two Central Powers would be almost entirely broken down. Only on certain articles, where the different cost of production in the respective lands requires it, would even a slight tariff be retained. The aim could then be to pursue a common economic policy in regard to all other countries. The assembly furthermore resolved to enter at once into communication with both Governments that the first steps might be taken as soon as possible for introducing the proposed union. If established, it may mark a new era in the economic history of the world. The clause by which a tariff sufficient to equalize the cost of production between the two countries is possible may help to make the proposal still more acceptable. It sets aside at least partly the great difficulty previously urged against such tariff union by conservative Austrians who feared that Austria-Hungary might not be able to compete economically with Germany. No time can be more favorable than the present for inaugurating the movement which may give a new impetus to Austria-Hungary and materially strengthen Germany. Dr. Rieser, the president of the Hansa-Bund, is reported to have stated at this conference that the four great Powers allied against Germany and Austria-Hungary had not only come to political agreement with one another, but had likewise jointly passed a number of economic resolutions. One of the most important of these, according to the Zürich correspondent's report of the speech, prevents any of the four Powers from entering upon a commercial contract with Germany and Austria-Hungary, unless the consent of the other Powers has first been obtained. Whatever may be the immediate result of the meeting, it is clear that the close economic and industrial alliance of the two Central Powers of Europe is now more likely than ever to be effected.

A Proposed Tariff Union

France.—The decline in the birth rate has been particularly noticeable since the beginning of the war. The rate in 1914 was about 1,000 daily, but at the beginning of this year, it is said, the figures dropped to 850, and there has been a steady monthly decline. In the last week for which figures have been published, June 6 to 12, there were only 356 births in the entire country. In this same week 2,800 births were recorded in the city of New York; about eight times the number recorded throughout France. A tax on unmarried men with a prolongation of their military service, a lessening of the service required of fathers of families together with a diminution of the taxes on the heads of families, are some of the legal measures which have been proposed. But as has been pointed out more than once within recent years by students and by commissions appointed to investigate the questions, statute law can do but little to check this evil.

Ominous Figures

It would seem that France is to follow the example of England in creating a Minister of Munitions. This action has been determined upon by the French Cabinet, to decentralize the work of administration, thus freeing the Minister of War from all concern about minor details, and giving him a larger leisure for the consideration of more important matters. The action of Parliament in passing the Dalbiez law which enables the Government to withdraw skilled munition workers from the ranks, seems to have been prompted more by the consideration of future than of present needs. It is claimed that the army, at least since last October has never been short of ammunition, and that the production of shells is at present in excess of the army requisitions.

Munitions

Germany.—The attitude of the various denominations towards the Church is gradually undergoing a change. Men are daily learning to understand more completely the absurdity of their former prejudices. Strictly Protestant journals may now be found admitting that their judgment of Catholics has been erroneous and that it is entirely unjust to many citizens who are doing their duty manfully. They still fail to grasp the principles which animate Catholics and imagine that it is despite these principles rather than because of them that Catholics are evincing their wonderful spirit of loyalty. Such misconceptions, it is to be hoped, will likewise disappear when the outer bulwarks of bigotry have once been demolished. This of course is not the work of a day, nor of a single campaign. The recent order of a Catholic prelate that all the church bells which could be spared in his diocese should be turned over to the military authorities and converted into weapons for the protection of the Fatherland is but one of countless instances in which the Catholic hierarchy of Germany has shown itself ready to make even the greatest sacrifices for the sake of the nation. The myth that Catholics are wanting in patriotism has been effectively dissipated. It now remains to convince the world of the truth that the highest patriotism can only be the outcome of the purest Catholicism.

A Better Understanding

Great Britain.—The opinion expressed by the *Westminster Gazette* that the labor leaders would do more than was asked by the Government, seems on the whole to be justified. The seven days granted the Unionists to make good their pledge to supply the needed munition workers without recourse to conscription expired on June 30. The results are said to be satisfactory. "The volunteer system," reports Mr. W. E. Morgan, assistant in this department to the Minister of Munitions, "has justified itself as applied to munition workers. During the last two days the enrolment averaged 10,000 per day." The Minister of Munitions has announced that certain concessions will be made in the final draft of the Munitions Bill. The chief amendment, it is thought, will limit the power of compelling arbitration in labor disputes, where the actual manufacture of munitions is not affected. Particular objection to forced arbitration had been registered by the coal miners who contend that they have never been "shirkers." A conference has been set by the Government in which the Minister of Munitions will propose measures to bring about an increased output by voluntary means. Meanwhile the dispute which threatened to cause a strike of 20,000 miners in South Wales, thus endangering the coal supply for the navy has been settled through Government intervention. In a meeting at Cardiff a compromise suggested by the Government, to hold for the duration of the war was accepted by the workers.

The Munition Workers

The London *Telegraph* gives the following compilation of the approximate casualties of the British expeditionary forces during the last three months. April, 639 officers and 19,000 men; May, 3,600 officers and 26,000 men; June, 2,200 officers and 62,000 men. Although from time to time the call is made for compulsory recruiting, the Government contends that up to the present, the volunteer system has met the needs of the situation. In the House of Commons, Premier Asquith refused to answer the question as to whether the Government would state the terms on which peace would be possible. "It would not be in the public interest," the Premier asserted, "to add anything to what I have already publicly said on the matter."

Recent Losses

Hungary.—The entrance of Italy into the war has greatly intensified the national patriotism of the Hungarians. Attacked by their former ally they have been roused as never before. Subscriptions to the war loan at once poured in from all sides and men asked to be sent to the Italian frontier. A big religious procession was held at the capital "for the victory of our just cause and our honest weapons and for an honorable peace." The right hand of the saintly King Stephen, the famous national relic of Hungary, was carried through the streets, and it is estimated that 100,000 persons took part in the imposing Catholic demonstration. At its head was the imperial representative, the oldest son of Archduke Joseph. Then followed the Cardinal Prince Primate Csernoch with a majority of the bishops, Government representatives and State and municipal officials. The scene vividly suggested to the onlookers of many creeds that the Catholic traditions of Stephen the Saint were again renewed throughout the land, that Hungary is a Christian State and that its people are resolved that it shall remain a Christian kingdom. "Our good sword will lead us on to victory," a press correspondent writes from Hungary, "and the Cross will preserve for us the fruits of this victory." No apprehension is felt about the out-

A New Awakening

come of the war, since it is believed that the entrance of Italy into the great struggle can not change the situation. The Tyrolese Alps, it is argued, are far more impregnable than the Carpathians which even the overwhelming Russian forces with their strong artillery could not cross. Special attention is likewise called by the Catholic press to the activities of Latin Freemasonry in the course of this war and the consequent confusion of the Hungarian lodges which have now broken off all relations with their Italian and French brethren.

Ireland.—From every Nationalist quarter rises a cry of distrust of the present Government. Sir E. Carson, and F. E. Smith, sometime promoters of armed rebellion against the law are now beheld controlling the law of Great Britain, and Mr. Gordon, one of their most prominent supporters, has supplanted a Home Ruler in the administration of the law in Ireland. The recent trials before judges of summary jurisdiction of men, and even women, accused of much milder expressions against recruiting than those of the Northcliffe papers, and of much less seditious utterances than those of Carson, Landsdowne, Smith, and Gordon, resulted in sentences of heavy fines and long imprisonment. Mr. S. Keffington's food-strike, reducing his six months' sentence to six days, has given national prominence to an eccentric and otherwise negligible individual. The dissatisfaction of the Irish Party and their declared resolution to oppose any attempt at conscription have brought them into practical unity of purpose with the extremest elements, but the recent elections show that their war policies have lost them their former grip on the Irish electorate. The Irish Volunteers are increasing their members and equipment and are absorbing the serviceable elements of the National Volunteers. The weather has been exceptionably favorable to agriculture needs, the Gaelic League organizations are more vigorous and widespread than ever before, and from every viewpoint, national and economic, the Irish *Leader* seems justified in declaring that all looks well for Irish Nationality.

The Coalition's Unpopularity

Mexico.—"Never will I draw my sword against the people of my beloved Mexico," protested General Huerta, after being arrested along with General Orozco, near El Paso on June 27, for conspiring on United States soil against his country. If this unusual interest shown in the movements of Huerta had been manifested in the case of other revolutionists who plotted from within our borders the ruin of Mexico, that wretched land would doubtless be nearer the enjoyment of peace than it is to-day. Some other Mexicans were subsequently arrested in Texas, charged with being conspirators, and an investigation is to be held on July 12. Orozco having fortified his bond and disappeared Huerta was again arrested on July 3 and imprisoned. All communications with the Capital had been cut off by Zapata, who seems to have frustrated Gonzales' attempt to relieve the city. According to reports received at Washington on July 1, through the Brazilian Minister, grocery stores in Mexico City were looted by rioters on June 25. In a dispatch to his American agency Carranza gave orders to "Deny as many times as may be necessary that any people are dying of hunger. This is nothing but a falsehood spread by the reactionaries." Presumably, what's said three times is true. The "First Chief," has not yielded an inch, and notwithstanding President Wilson's threatening appeal, the hope of any cooperation among the warring faction seems as distant as ever. Meanwhile the American Red Cross has for the present given up all hope of bringing relief to Mexico for no access can be had to those points where distress is most acute. Contributions to the relief fund, moreover, have been very meager as "a large element of public interests are opposed to the United States sending food into Mexico with one hand and arms and ammunition with the other." General Porfirio Diaz whose forced retirement from the presidency of Mexico in 1911 started the present revolution, died in Paris on July 2 at the age of eighty-five.

New Complications

Rome.—Regarding the interview the Holy Father was reported two weeks ago to have given a representative of *La Liberté*, a French journal, Cardinal Gasparri, according to a dispatch in the secular press, said that M. Latapie, the interviewer, "invented entirely many grave assertions." "The Pope," the Secretary of State continued, wished Italy to remain outside the conflict upon receiving concessions from Austria, because he desired that Italy should not suffer the horrors of war, and he was preoccupied with the delicate position of the Church if Italy entered the conflict. War once declared, the Church became entirely neutral. It has not in any way tried to prevent Catholics from doing their duty according to their consciences, and it has done everything for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers.

The Pope and "La Liberte"

"M. Latapie," said the Cardinal in conclusion, "will have the honor of being the last journalist to be received by the Holy Father during the war." The *Osservatore Romano* makes this comment on the distorted interview:

The ideas of the Pope must be sought again in official pontifical documents and not in words never uttered but which were attributed to the Pontiff and which were reproduced with fantastic interpretation in the newspapers without respect for the august dignity of the Pope. Additional evidence of this lack of respect is found in the discussion of the letter from the Pope to Prince von Buelow. An effort has been made to give it political character and significance, whereas it was a private letter replying to Prince von Buelow, who unable to visit the Vatican, believed it well to write the Pope to take leave of him and ask his benediction for the princess. Attempts are being made to distort this letter into a political document and the newspapers even ask its publication without regard to the Pope.

"As "fresh news" is not always accurate news, Catholics who wish to learn the Holy Father's views on the war should prudently wait for the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, the only "official organ of the Vatican."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

An Open Letter to H. G. Wells

MY DEAR WELLS: I foolishly and rashly undertook the task of writing a little essay about your book "First and Last Things:" I promised to do what is called "reviewing it." For this task I am not competent. I am not sure that anybody is, but I am quite sure that I am not. A review is either a summary, telling people what is in the book, or a judgment of that book, or a mixture of both. Now your book upon the "First and Last Things" contains so much of a human being, and is so full and free from repetition that I don't see how it would be possible to summarize it, except as one summarizes a character or an historical period by reading over and over again, and by leaving one's judgment to the process of time. As for judging, which is the second part of "reviewing," I again confess myself incapable. I can only measure by certain clear standards where generalities are concerned; for instance, I can distinguish between what is known and what is guessed in physical science, and between the emotion produced by good verse compared with the emotion produced by any passionate patriotic revenge mixed up with good verse. But when it comes to the appreciation of something so organic as a personality and what that personality thinks, I can only express an opinion equally personal, and that would not be "reviewing."

What I had better do, I think, is to tell you how the book strikes one in the literature of our time. What its place is and will be.

You will agree with me, I think, that the distinction between men to-day is the distinction between those prepared to discover and to express the truth, and those not concerned in this matter. The former happen to be in modern England as we know it, a very small body indeed. It was but a short time ago that I was analyzing to my constituents at Salford—a few years more or less—the exact nature of the power which a man like the late Lord Rothschild and his successors could exercise over the financial Committee which we call the House of Lords. My constituents were delighted, but (will posterity believe it!) the press, that is, Harmsworth, who owns two papers in that district, and sundry other wealthy men, reported everything in that speech except that capital passage. There is one example. And you may say in general that the world around us to-day in this island (not in Ireland) thinks the truth less important than it has been thought at any other period of which we have record.

You know what the politicians are; the professional politicians; a clique of men all closely intermarried with a few dependents hanging on to them. The last thing they think about is the truth. *They* are so far removed from it that they do not even understand that some few men about them care for it. You know the journalists. You know how everything is written to order; how many a hearty drinker writes purulent teetotalism because his cowardice is owned by some wealthy gutter snipe or other who has never been taught to drink like a man. You know the rich, and the amazing contrast between what they say at table and what they say in public. You will agree with me, therefore, I am confident, that the men who want to know the truth and to express it, are in England, and especially in London to-day exceedingly rare.

Now you are one of these. If you find Paris is well built you say so. The discovery gives you pleasure, and the expression of the discovery gives you pleasure, and you are indifferent whether for the moment some rascally Jew millionaire is on his trial for treason in France or not. If you think that you have discovered an honest speech-maker in the United States, you say so, and you are indifferent to the prejudices of intimate friends in the matter. And so forth. I am confident that if, by personal experience, you discovered that a man had actually lifted himself off the ground by force of will, and had done a piece of "levitation," you would record the fact with enthusiasm, and would take a great deal of trouble to impress it upon your fellow-beings, and so forth.

Now the people who want to tell the truth to-day are the people who will count with our immediate posterity. The hypocrites won't count—you can smell around you the tawdry and malodorous relics of the reputations of dead Cabinet Ministers; the vast host that repeat phrases don't count. The few who desire to discover and to express *do* count. Therefore, your book will most undoubtedly be regarded one year after another as the development of our time proceeds.

My next business is to lay down as a proposition which I shall not prove, but upon which the whole of this my appreciation depends, that the modern world is very rapidly settling down into two fairly clearly marked bodies of opinion.

You know how, at high tide, a harbor will look like a big lake, full of every sort of diversity and conflicting interest of wind and minor current, and ripple and patch of calm. You know how, as the sea begins to suck back its own the currents grow stronger and more defined, but there is still complexity and confusion; and you know how at last some great sandbank will heave itself above the falling waters, and they will run in two single, direct, silent, puissant bodies of water solid upon either side.

Something like this has happenned to the modern world. A generation or so ago it was that pleasing, complex, easy thing which older men still remember. At least, it was that upon the surface. Only those who knew the depths (Lacordaire was one) were sure by the confirmation their surroundings showed them, that deep currents were in the nature of our society. The tide has fallen, and with every day it is more clearly apparent that conviction is dividing into two bodies of thought,

violent, hating each other, utterly distinct. One of them is Catholicism, and the other is that which you see shaping around you.

I say wisely "bodies" of thought. Not theories, but things, not conclusions but enthusiasms alive with passion.

I remember that in one of your books you represented some fashionable fellow or other, whom I think you talked of as a cleric of the "Huysman" sect. He, in that future society that you were describing, stood for some paltry fad or other, some millinery, some archeological amusement, such as may tickle wealthy women. You know, of course, that when I say Catholicism I do not mean that. When I say Catholicism I mean what the people mean who sell flowers near Victoria station, and what the little hump-backed man means who sells papers somewhat further on. (This is not libel, for the hump-backed man is poor.) For I had a game the other day, laying a bet as to whether those in communion with the See of Rome were properly described in current English as Catholics. I referred it to the popular voice, and discovered all the way down Victoria Street that when an ordinary Englishman says Catholic he means Catholic. On this account do I use that word, but if anyone prefers that in writing to you I should use the word Papist or Romanist, or R.C., or even that to me meaningless word "Christianity," I should be delighted to use it, so that we know what is meant by the word. Well, then, to return. I say the world is falling into these two bodies of thought, and falling rapidly, and the proof is, that the transcendental dogmas unproved and unprovable of the anti-Catholic side in Europe are beginning to be accepted wholesale and in bulk, precisely as are accepted the dogmas of religion.

Now I confess the interest of your book to me is to guess upon which side of the sand-bank, thought of your "First and Last Things" character will ultimately and decisively fall.

Here, I beseech you, Wells, to wait a moment. I am not interested to discover whether the sources from which it springs are Catholic or not. They obviously are not Catholic. What I am interested in is the process of appreciation apparent in such thought and the development of it. I catch at once in your book the opposite of mere words: the salt of reason. You would never say (as Shaw has said) that life is a "miracle." That is Hyde Park. A miracle is a highly unusual event: something out of the order. Life isn't. You would never say (as I heard Bax the Socialist say), that Catholicism is reduced to lessening "peasant areas." You know that New York and Paris and the rest are not a peasantry. You have met men: you know that the men who all over Europe and the world are saying that they have loved too late the unspeakable beauty are—worse luck for them!—not peasants. You may even know—so wide your reading—that my quotation is a tag from Hippo. When you say that "the personality of Christ" does not appeal to you I naturally remain indifferent, because the phrase "personality of Christ" means whatever any reader chooses to make it mean. It is (to use the faded jargon of the universities) "subjective," or, to talk plain English, "made up out of one's head," and I can understand that you or any honest man would be repelled by any simulacrum made in their own image by those who go about doing good in a quiet way. The root of the interest in your book lies surely not in your attitude towards such things, but in its hesitations between positive assertion and sympathy. Perpetually do I find in it marks of sympathetic or emotional attraction to that which has given all its life to the anti-Catholic camp. On the question of immortality, for instance, you do not ask yourself whether men continue to live or do not continue to live after death, but rather whether you feel inclined that they should do so. On that prime question whether things are a pyramid which grows from an apex or whether they are not rather a cube whose molecular structure is pyramidal; whether we should feel the dynamics of the universe to proceed from or towards personality; whether a certain direction is *up* or *down;* whether the universe was made or makes, and in general, *whether there is a God*—on this prime question (whereupon all true thought reposes) you tell me that sometimes, looking at a view or at the night, you feel a mysterious communion with a great personality. In words far less admirable than your own, and with intelligence wholly inferior to yours, the very modernists say such things. But surely the problem with which the mind of man wrestles is not whether he likes it or feels that such a personality should be, but whether it *is.* Its quest is something deeper than passing impressions, its concern is with the fact.

When you talk not of that with which you sympathize or that which you feel, but of that which you intellectually accept (or as we Catholics should say, of your Faith), you give a certain number of postulates upon the one side, but you give also a certain number of postulates upon the other.

For instance, next to the prime question whether there is a God, comes the quarrel between Nominalism and Realism; the great awakening of the human mind after the Dark Ages fought out that quarrel, and the Church decided against Nominalism. Now your book is nominalist, whereas we are realist. You are nominalist when you say that general terms lead men astray. In general, the intellectual framework of the book is of the school, or, rather, the army, opposed to ours; but every now and then, like a man choosing things in a shop because he likes them, and therefore choosing divers things, you strike a strong note upon our side. For instance, you distinguish in more than one place between what is known and what is guessed—that is a purely Catholic habit. Today we Catholics alone maintain that sanity as a body. You show in more than one passage a distaste for the dreary, repeated assertions of things never seen: things the supposed existence of which reposes upon nothing

less flimsy than a Jacob's ladder of hypotheses; that distaste is a profoundly Catholic distaste. I think that if it were put up to you which meant more to you, beer or the chemical analysis of beer, you would say beer. I think that if it were put to you whether you were more sure of oak than of the analysis of oak upon any scientific lines, you would plump for oak. More: in that vastly most important point, the stuff of humanity, you are perpetually dragged by your powerful intelligence towards seeing men. You try to mix your Socialism with the fact, Man. It won't mix, but at any rate you try to do it, and no other Socialist to my knowledge does.

So I ask myself as I lay down the book for the third or fourth or the fifth time, into which watershed the stream of thought you represent (and largely originate) will fall when we are all dead. It is a profound question, the answer to it is all important, and I do not pretend to furnish that answer; but of one thing, at the risk of repetition, I will again affirm that I am certain, and that is that it *will* fall upon one side or the other; there are only two. Their dualism and their antagonism will be increasingly apparent as we grow old, and perhaps before the end of our time may lead to wars—and more wars. Already in France, which is the arena, men are ready to die on either side.

Is it not an entertaining debate?

HILAIRE BELLOC.

The Young Man and Shorthand Reporting*

ON August 22, 1903, a small group of shorthand writers assembled in St. Augustine's churchyard, Philadelphia, and assisted at the unveiling of a bronze tablet erected by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association in memory of Thomas Lloyd, first shorthand reporter in the United States. Mr. Edward V. Murphy, official stenographer of the United States Senate, the principal speaker of the occasion, among other things, said: "Born in London in 1756, Thomas Lloyd was educated at the Jesuit College of St. Omer, in Flanders, where he was trained, not only in religious and secular knowledge, but, as he subsequently asserted, in 'republican principles.' In 1771 he emigrated to America, and settled in St. Mary's County, Maryland. While a pupil at St. Omer he studied a system of shorthand said to have been invented by the Jesuits, but the authorship of the system is contested, and it is claimed that it rightfully belongs to Robert Graves and Samuel Ashton, who in 1775 published, 'The Whole Art of Tachygrapy; or Shorthand Writing Made Plain and Easy.' As Lloyd was a pupil at St. Omer from 1763 to 1770 it is not probable that the system which he was then taught, and which he presumably followed, could have been originated by Messrs. Graves and Ashton." Thomas Lloyd was the shorthand reporter of the first national House of Representatives, and published, in four volumes, "The Congressional Register, or History of the Proceedings and Debates of the First House of Representatives of the United States of America." Thomas Lloyd was a soldier, a patriot, and a philosopher, and the story of his active life is well worthy of study by young Americans. A contemporary of Lloyd's was William Sampson, an Irish exile, a skilful shorthand reporter, who in many cases acted both as counsel and reporter. Sampson was a compatriot of Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell. It was Sampson who in 1813, in a criminal case, tried in the Court of General Sessions, New York, raised, and had settled for all time the question whether a Catholic priest could be compelled to divulge the secrets of the confessional. This subject is treated of in Sampson's work, "The Catholic Question in America." These two names are mentioned to show the high character and achievements of two men who followed shorthand reporting as a profession. The faculties it brings into play, the discipline of the brain and hand it necessitates, the numerous qualifications required in its successful performance, all entitle shorthand reporting to be placed above mere mechanical work. Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "Shorthand, on account of its great general utility merits a much higher rank among the arts and sciences than is allotted to it. Its usefulness is not confined to any particular science or profession, but it is universal; it is therefore, by no means unworthy the attention of men of genius and erudition."

Many people make no distinction between the young girl fresh from a three months' course in a shorthand school, laboriously taking down the slowly dictated letter of the business man, and a shorthand writer who after years of study and unremitting toil has acquired the wonderful art of verbatim reporting. There is a marked difference, and it could be readily demonstrated if the young person, without experience or speed, were asked to take down and transcribe a rapidly delivered sermon or the cross examination of a voluble witness in a law case.

What is required to enable one to succeed as a shorthand reporter? There must be the ground work of a solid English education, a thorough knowledge of the principles of grammar, composition and rhetoric; a strong constitution; an absence of nerves; deftness of hand; alertness of brain; a retentive memory, and unflagging industry. The average rate of speaking is about one hundred and fifty words per minute. This may be decreased to one hundred, but more often it is increased to two hundred and two hundred and fifty words per minute. A shorthand reporter will frequently write in one day's session in court a total of fifty thousand words, involving one hundred and fifty thousand distinct movements of the pen. A steady hand must be guided by an intelligent brain, and an ear that must recognize each and every utterance. In one case the evidence may relate to the various parts of an automobile or a locomotive, in an-

*The thirty-sixth of a series of vocational articles.

other to the organs of the human body, and the many diseases to which they are susceptible, and in still another to electricity and its mysterious elements and forces. Consequently something more than a superficial knowledge of mechanics, medicine and chemistry is required by the all-round reporter. The wider his range of knowledge the easier his work. The hearing must be acute to catch the words as they fall from the lips, the mind should act quickly to form the figure in shorthand representing the spoken word, and the fingers should be deft to place that action of the mind on paper. Success in this profession is within the reach of the self-made man as well as the college graduate. The educational requirements, in order to obtain a certificate under the Certified Shorthand Reporters' Law passed in 1912, are a Regents' high school certificate or its equivalent. This law is modeled upon the Public Accountants' Act and provides that any citizen over twenty-one years of age may apply to the Board of Examiners appointed by the Regents of the University for a certificate, and upon passing the required examination the applicant has the privilege of placing the letters "C.S.R." after his name. The examination prescribed by the Board of Examiners is severe, calling for a twelve-minute dictation of 2,050 words at a speed graduated from one hundred and fifty to two hundred words per minute.

Before the introduction of the talking machine many shorthand writers were trained and acquired the necessary speed to become verbatim reporters while employed as amanuenses by official reporters who dictated their notes to them. This training, which was always effective, is no longer available, as all shorthand reporters now dictate their notes to the phonograph. The only way open to a young man wishing to enter this profession is to master thoroughly the principles of some standard system of phonography, and then by constant practice gain the speed necessary to pass the examination prescribed by the C. S. R. law, or the Civil Service examination for court reporter which calls for a maximum speed of two hundred words per minute. During the time the beginner is acquiring this high speed and efficiency he may be earning a salary ranging anywhere from six hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year as an office stenographer.

There are in Greater New York one hundred and fifty shorthand reporters holding official positions in court at salaries ranging from two thousand to four thousand dollars a year. In addition to their salaries official shorthand reporters are permitted by law to receive fees for transcripts of their notes which often reach an amount equal to their salaries. The cost of typewriting and office expenses must, however, be deducted from the gross annual amount received. There are about seventy-five unattached shorthand reporters engaged in the business of general reporting in the Borough of Manhattan and twenty-two hundred follow the avocation in the United States. It may be fairly stated that an expert shorthand reporter in New York City can earn between three and six thousand dollars a year. Many professional shorthand reporters are members of the Bar. A knowledge of law and the rules of evidence is absolutely indispensable for successful reporting of law cases. Though the work is strenuous and nerve racking many court reporters are still in the harness after thirty years of active service. In the city of Rochester, two years ago, a shorthand reporter laid down his pen after completing fifty years of note work in the Supreme Court.

The oldest shorthand society in the country is the New York State Stenographers' Association organized in 1876 with a present membership of 233. The National Association has a membership of upwards of 1,000 with representatives in every state of the Union. The proceedings of the New York Association, published annually since its organization, contain many papers of high literary value. A room in the New York Public Library contains 3,500 items of shorthand literature, 2,600 of these being the collection of the late Charles Currier Beale of Boston, purchased by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association and deposited in his library. This is the largest public collection of English shorthand literature accessible anywhere.

The men comprising this profession are noted for their devotion to duty and their appreciation of the dignity and responsibility of their calling. The shorthand reporter seldom appears before the public, and his voice is infrequently heard, yet when he does speak his words are listened to as the voice of truth, reproducing impartially and accurately recorded utterances.

PETER P. MCLOUGHLIN, C.S.R.
Official Stenographer, Court of General Sessions, N. Y.

The Morality of the Songs We Sing*

THE history of song has yet to be written. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the history of song can never be written. It is part of that intimate personal history of the souls of men which no investigator can hope to touch. It is not a matter to be tracked down bit by bit in legal documents, in the secret letters of diplomatists nor the long records of births and deaths and fines and imprisonments, or martyred dead and heroic living, of lost causes and triumphant campaigns, that make the treasury of the critical historian. It lies far back of these things, influencing them; frequently enough, accompanying them; often inspiring them; but as intangible as ideals or heroic thoughts or the movements of the soul. The power of song is something that can be felt; it eludes the bondage of the written word.

Intangible as is the influence of song, no period of history has failed to acknowledge its influence. The triumphant song of the Israelites when the Red Sea flung down its liquid walls to overwhelm the hated

*The second of a series of four articles.

Egyptian, rings with magnificent power after the lapse of forty centuries. Then it was a victorious pæan that raised fearful hearts from despondency and thrilled to heroism courageous souls. The fifteen hundred who knew how to die, carried with them as they marched from Marseilles to Paris, a brand of revolution that fired whole villages as they passed. Far less potent to stir the hearts of the French peasants was the glint of the sun on their arms and the lusty resolve in their faces, than the heroic song that heralded their coming and stayed behind them when they had gone. A victorious army goes forth to battle with song on its lips. One deformed Tyrtæus who can sing an army to victory is worth a brigade of Athenian soldiers not less to-day than in the days when Sparta leaped at the throat of Messenia.

The subject of the power of song is so fascinating that one can scarcely tear himself from it. The rude songs of John Ball, mad Priest of Kent, kindling the hearts of the English peasants to revolt; the song of Roland, refreshing the courage of the battle-worn, sun-beaten Crusaders; the lyrics of the Troubadours and the Minnesingers sustaining in honor a chivalry that was fast dropping from sheer weight of years and faults, rise to the mind to attest its influence on the souls of men. On the other hand, the songs of the skilful Lorenzo de Medici, tyrant of Florence, come as proof of its corrupting influence. The policy of that shrewd despot had been to keep the people frivolous and gay, to sweeten his own usurpation with a honeyed acquiescence to their passions. One of the first blows struck by Savonarola at the tyrant's enervating power was given when he changed the licentious songs of the pleasure-loving Florentines into hymns to Our Saviour and His Mother.

Yet all this proving of an axiom has been rendered at least excusable by the prevalent attitude. It was left for our times with their minute psychological investigation, to disregard practically at least, the union of song and soul. "Oh, that's all right; it's only a song, you know!" And because it is a song, it sinks deeper into our memories than the novel that we read; because it is a song, it touches emotions more vividly than the lyric divorced from music. "It is only a song!" And for that very reason, its morality, good or bad, is as vital to our national life as labor legislation or internal revenues or the launching of a fleet of dreadnoughts. Yet because it is only a song, we are blissfully drowsy while the mills of the musical publishers grind long and hard.

The song to-day is largely the child of the theater, but with this difference. The theater does not go outside its compass of four walls. The song goes straight to the home. The theater has a local habitation and a name; the song is omnipresent. It is shouted at you by the passing messenger boy; the talking machine whirls it at your head; you find it at the home of your friend; you ask a caller to sing, and she does: that song; finally, some one of the family invests in it and it is with you still. Even a lesser degree of faults in a song makes it more potent for evil than a play, in that it so easily multiplies its presence.

Now recall that a really popular song runs into an edition of a million or so copies, from each of which one or more, usually more, young persons will sing; and you will realize how vitally important it is that that song be at least harmless. Recall, too, that the song is not perused secretly in some obscure corner far from the eyes of others; it is sung in the home, and hence with at least the tacit paternal acquiescence, by companies of young men and young women whose sentiments, if not their passions, are at the tender period. It is repeated again and again until its words and theme become as familiar as Mother Goose was to a well-informed child of a decade ago. Does it then become a matter of "It is only a song" if that song is so soft and so sentimental that one would not think of taking the lines out of context and reciting them? Is it a mere nothing that your daughter, whose modesty is dearer to you than life, sings with her young guest a musical dialogue which trifles with the once sacred signs of plighted affection?

This is not a sweeping condemnation of youthful gaiety. Heaven forbid! Under the kindly eyes of the Church, the Maypole with its festive songs and dances became an integral part of the life of young England, and it is a fact worth noting that for many who sing the songs, the words are largely an unimportant companion to the music. But the gaiety which is fostered not by the spontaneous joy of youth, but by the commercialized nonsense of music publishers, is not worth preserving. Much of the music is merely frothy trifles; no one expects youth to wear the mien of wrinkled care, sing "Die Valkyrie" and spend the evening reading the encyclopedia. Much of it is a mere matter of maudlin sentiment, which while it will not corrupt, will lessen the fine sense of delicacy and maidenly modesty long the mark of Catholic young women, while it teaches young men to regard that same modesty in girls as mere antiquated prudery. And a large part of it broadly hints at the shameful things that public honor once forbade the light. Modern frankness of speech finds an echo in many a modern song; what the eugenic professor treats with grave severity, the song writer treats with a trivial laugh.

A moment's thought, or often enough, a trip to the domestic music cabinet will show, I think, that these strictures are not exaggerated. When one of the leading purveyors of popular songs confesses that he was playing the piano in a cheap music hall before his compositions became the rage, it is not strange that their morality should be sometimes dubious. The success achieved by the censorship of films has inclined some to clamor for a public censorship of songs. But it is not an indisputable question. Undoubtedly, the censorship of the "movies" has been an immense boon to mor-

ality, and after the eye, the sense to which the strongest appeal can be made is undoubtedly the ear. Yet there is nothing constructive about public censorship. At best, it is merely repressive. It prevents occasions of sin from arising; it does not touch the real trouble lying deep in the hearts of men. Moreover, it creates no substitutes for the songs it eliminates; it merely interdicts. Such a state of things is unnatural, recalling the old days when Puritanism made happiness and joy cardinal sins. So, while law-made morality may be negatively wholesome, it is never positively and aggressively good. A blank canvas is certainly no occasion of sin; but a wonderful Madonna with a master's hand, is a positive occasion of good. In the end, private censorship is what counts, the censorship of the home. That is really constructive.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Ethical Society Religion

THE religion of the Ethical Society is religion in its thinnest of thin solutions. It is the very last gasp of evangelicism just before it forgets the ancient Sabbath. It is an atavistic clinging to the skirts of New England and Exeter Hall respectability, which consisted mainly in a hebdomadal appearance at the meeting-house. It calls itself a society, not a sect; it uses a music-hall instead of a chapel; its minister, with no "Reverend" before his name, is a lecturer, and it discourses scientific agnosticism in an air of very subdued ecclesiasticism, produced for the most part by the fact that it is Sunday afternoon and by the dulcet strains of an organ. It is the *ne plus ultra* of Protestantism, a religion with all the most modern conveniences and luxuries, the Pharisee of all Pharisaic religions, sinless, penanceless, soft, clean, and velvety. It is a cross-breed of Heidelberg and Oxford, of the elder Thomas Arnold and Haeckel, an irridescent thing, all surface and no body, like a snake's sloughed skin. In a word, it is the old human effort, carried to extravagant lengths, to serve God and Mammon, with both eyes on Mammon.

The Ethical Society does not care whether you call God a Force or the Soul of Humanity. It is all-comprehensive in its litany of perfection, and welcomes Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and Jean Jacques Rousseau as well as St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi. Of course it has to wince at and excuse the scientific shortcomings of the pagans, the private morals of the French atheist and the "superstition" of the Catholic saints. There is no question of how the two Catholic saints would regard the Ethical Society. And I seriously doubt whether the two ancient pagans, or the more modern one, would appreciate very highly their welcome into the Ethical Society. For, after all, their mental activity was vigorous within its bounds; while the intellectual quality of the Ethical Society is distinctly shallow, muddled and effeminate. As there is honor among thieves, so there is honesty among pagans. We may call him an honest pagan who dares to stand by his paganism in all its natural hideousness and disdains to disguise it in principles and sentiments stolen from Christianity. The members of the Ethical Society are not honest pagans. It is unnecessary to add that they are in no sense Christians.

Mr. Horace J. Bridges is head of the Ethical Society in Chicago, and his book, "Criticisms of Life: Studies in Hope, Faith and Despair" (Houghton), gives the reader a fair notion of Ethical Society religion. In the book's first chapter he deals with what he is pleased to cite as four striking instances of religious conversion, namely, that of St. Augustine, of John Stuart Mill, of Shelley, and of Francis Thompson. We are all familiar with the first of these instances. But the religious conversion of Mill, Shelley and Thompson has rare value as news. No extant biography of the persons concerned has any explicit reference to a fact of such spiritual importance. It is necessary, therefore, to place ourselves at Mr. Bridge's feet and listen to his explanation.

In his "Autobiography" Mill has a chapter entitled "A Crisis in My Mental History," in which he describes the despair that filled his soul, at one period of his life, over the barren materialistic outlook to which his philosophy committed him. He seriously contemplated suicide. In this mood he was reading "Marmontel's Memoirs" and came to the passage "which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears." This emotional outburst somehow brought relief to the harassed scientist. "Thus," he concludes, "the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life; and, though I had several relapses, some of which lasted several months, I never again was as miserable as I had been."

Mr. Bridges finds the evidences of Shelley's conversion in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" and quotes these lines to the "Unseen Power," the "Spirit of Beauty":

> Musing deeply on the lot
> Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
> All vital things that wake to bring
> News of birds and blossoming,
> Sudden thy shadow fell on me:
> I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstacy!

The documentary proof of Francis Thompson's conversion is his "Hound of Heaven"!

Now, these four examples, according to Mr. Bridges, are genuine instances of religious conversion and "exactly the same" experiences. "That the effects of Shelley's conversion upon his conduct," he lamely interjects, "may not always have been such as we can conscientiously approve, in no way weakens my contention." Indeed, we can conceive of nothing which would weaken Mr. Bridges's contention. What does he mean by "conversion"? The word has a definite, standardized significance, when we are speaking of religion, and signifies "the act of turning or being turned from a sinful state or course to the love and service of God." It describes accurately the experience of St. Augustine. Mr. Bridges may advance his personal view that this definition is wrong, and that "conversion" is any mental or emotional exaltation whatever; but then he is talking in a language of his own and in a world of his own. It is the Ethical Society world, a narrow and very artificial little realm, where God is merely synonymous with the sweet and gentle impulses that its people happen to feel when they are in the mood, and where religion is a love of the beautiful in nature. It is not a new country at all: it is as old as paganism. But it has a new vocabulary, or rather the old Christian vocabulary, shorn of its recognized meanings and rendered devoid of ordinary usefulness by being forced to signify what other words signify more clearly.

The use of language to conceal or disguise thought is perhaps the greatest dishonesty that men in their social capacity can commit, and it is a crime peculiarly characteristic of heresy from Apostolic days down to the days of Modernism and the Ethical Society. It is the speech of seducers who use the consecrated phrases of purity and honor in order to destroy both. Saint Paul describes these "seducers" as "destitute of truth," "lovers of themselves," "without affection, without peace," "slanderers," "puffed up," "lovers of pleasure more than of God," "having an appearance indeed of godliness, and denying the power thereof."

It is considered ungentle to employ St. Paul's plainness in these times in describing the gay amateurs in Christian theology who profess to know it thoroughly, and know it only to despise it. But, if Mr. Bridges is not proved a "slanderer" and "destitute of the truth" by the following passage, how are we to describe him without perverting language?

> Dealing with the miracle of the Virgin Birth he [Mr. Cecil Chesterton] conceded that there is not—as indeed there could not be—any human evidence for it whatever. But, as he quite correctly added, Catholics believe it because they hold it more probable that it happened than that the Church should be mistaken or should wish to deceive. Which amounts to saying that they believe whatever the Church chooses to tell them. The *circulus in probandi* [*sic*] is complete. The Church is credible because it is attested by miracle—and miracle is credible because it is attested by the Church.

The author of this startling statement studiously leaves his readers under the impression that he has mastered Catholic theology. If we suppose, then, that he speaks thus in good faith, we are driven to conclude that he is a smatterer parading as a scholar; and, if we fail to make that supposition, how can he miss impaling on the ugly horn of slander? The most elementary lesson in Christian Apologetics is, that the Divinity of Christ is proved by certain external miracles, of which there were many witnesses. These witnesses saw with their own eyes, heard with their own ears, felt with their own hands, and had no conceivable human and natural reward to gain by testifying to what they had witnessed, but almost every human and natural motive for silence and denial. These witnesses suffered and died rather than deny what they knew to be true. And their testimony has received confirmation from an endless variety of sources, from their own conspicuous holiness; their substantial unanimity, in the absence of all signs of connivance and mere calculation; from the superhuman results upon the world, wrought by their testimony; from an unbroken historical continuity and tradition, documentary as well as oral and spiritual; from the highest and noblest experiences of millions and millions of human souls through all the ages since first those witnesses submitted to the world their proofs of Christ's Divinity and of their own character as the anointed priests of a Divine Church that was to be the custodian of Christian truth till the end of time. Is there any single occurrence, or group of occurrences, in all history so convincingly and multifariously authenticated as the miraculous works of Christ? And, if I bow my head with the centurion and say, "Surely this is the Son of God," and if I therefore give my assent to His teaching, and to the teaching of His Church because it is His Church, and if I believe that Church when she tells me of the Virgin Birth, because I "hold it more probable that it happened than that the Church should be mistaken or should wish to deceive," why must I be accused of arguing in a vicious circle? The Church points to the miraculous character of Christ's public life and to His Resurrection as the proof of His Divinity. If we accept that proof, it will not be hard to accept—it would be hard not to accept—Christ's Virgin Birth. There is no *circulus in probando* here.

I have taken these two instances from Mr. Bridges's book to show the kind of religion and learning that satisfies the Ethical Society. There is not wanting a bright sprinkling of truth scattered through its pages. The "appearance indeed of godliness is here," and we are treated to a condemnation of divorce and suicide, because they are against the moral law. But, again, we run into the strange lexicography of the Ethical Society. What is the moral law if not the command of a higher authority that has the right to impose its wishes upon us and the power to make them effective by adequate sanctions? But Mr. Bridges denies the existence of this higher authority outside of us and above us. The "voice of the universal spiritual life which is our deepest selfhood" is, he tells us, "our own voice" not another's, "the Universal in the Particular, the Man in Men, the God in Man."

Newman has a brilliant passage somewhere about the modern tendency to have "views." The public is edified and entertained by "views"; and every man, who courts the public, or on whom the public has conferred the distinction of its notice for any reason whatever, is expected to have "views" on everything under and beyond the sun. Sound opinion, based on evidence and stated in honest clearness, is not a cheap commodity and it is not strange that where "views," the more extravagant the better, are acceptable, sound opinion will not seem worth the trouble of forming. The mind, moreover, must have its ready judgments, and these are going to be pronounced on insufficient data unless discipline, learning and humility be present. "We can not do without a view, and we put up with an illusion, when we can not get the truth." I am aware of no fashion of religious belief, past or present, made up so exclusively of "views" as that of the sect which calls itself the Ethical Society. It boasts, I believe, of not possessing dogmas; it does not possess even sound opinions.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

"Mayo, God Help Us!"

IN the days of old, when you asked a Mayo man or woman where he or she came form, the answer used to be, "Mayo, God help us!" whether because of the climate, or the landlords, or for some other reason, I do not presume to say. However, some time about the end of the 'seventies, Mayo set out to help herself, so far as the landlords were concerned. She was the birthplace of the Land League, which came to life in a farm-house at Balla, some eight miles from where I write; and to-day, more than any other county in Ireland, she belongs to the people. The few landlords who cling to their houses and demesnes are no longer landlords. Practically all Mayo has been bought up by the Congested Districts Board and broken up into little farms, which in these days are extraordinarily prosperous.

A motor run from one end of Mayo to the other makes one realize how very little of the country one sees from the train. Nearly the whole journey from Dublin by the Midland Great Western shows the traveler a dreary monotony of bog; and, since the Great Southern line shows an almost equal loneliness, one is persuaded that on these lines, at least, life has slipped away from the railway and hidden itself in undisturbed spaces beyond.

There is no real desolation in Mayo, because there are homes everywhere. An official told me once that, driving on an outside car, he topped a hill and saw before him a long valley ending in another hill. Midway of the valley was a little farm-house, and in the plot adjoining a man was digging. As soon as the car came in sight the man stopped digging, leaned upon his spade and watched the car's descent into the valley. He watched it steadily as it came and went and passed. "That now," said my friend, "would give him occasion for thought for the whole day and for conversation at night." A man passed by on a car. Where was he going to, where had he come from, what was his business?

That was in Kerry or Clare. It would be impossible in Mayo, where you are never out of sight of the houses, and the standard of living is growing with the prosperity. In a fifty-mile run we saw no single suggestion of real poverty. The cottages were surprisingly pretty and trim, with an orderliness like that of an English cottage garden, and this could not be altogether ascribed to the Board, for the prettiest of the cottages must be much older than the Board. As we went on towards the mountains the roadside was a

blaze of gorse. Even through the rush of the motor—going at I dare say not so many miles an hour—one heard the singing of innumerable larks. The children were on their way to school, comfortable, well-fed, well-clad children. If some were barefoot it was because they liked that way best, for the new prosperity has not yet quite broken with the old easy customs.

There is no excuse in this new, well-populated Mayo for emigrating to America. In other parts of Ireland one wonders why they should stay for such loneliness. Yet Mayo emigrates. Even in this year of the great war the spring emigration is in full tide, not by reason of the war, which reaches these parts as a far-distant rumor. So many of their friends have gone already that America is homelike. It seems a shame that they should go, the upstanding, clean boys of a classical dignity and beauty and the girls to match them. . But there it is: America is the curse of Ireland. "The best bones and the best sap of the stock of Ireland lie in America," said a Mayo car-driver to me. And it is true.

That Mayo is not a better recruiting ground is to some considerable extent due to the policy which removed the Connaught Rangers from Castlebar, where their barracks are rotting to ruins and the grass is growing in the barrack yard. The cavalry and infantry barracks at Ballinrobe are in equal case. When I was going to Castlebar, some one said to me, "Every man, woman and child you meet will have a father, a brother or two, or a couple of sons in the Connaught Rangers." But that belonged to the old days. In my part of Mayo, khaki is as rare as a white blackbird. And with the absence of khaki goes the whole fabric of comradeship, of emulation, of excitement and enthusiasm, which go to make up the passion for soldiering.

Mayo is beautiful from end to end: the wide skies, the color of the bogs, as you see them in the pictures of "A. E.," the brooding, majestic mountains, holding their mystery from you till you come near, and then softly revealing it; the silver inlets of the sea, as you go further towards the Atlantic, the skies, blue as Italy's, when they are blue; the rivers tinged with the brown of the bog, all seen through the medium of translucent air, air clearer than air, clear as water or crystal.

As you go on you are speeding into the heart of the mountains. Some of the mountains, Croagh Patrick, the Holy Mountain, worn by the knees of countless pilgrims, goes with you all the way. Indeed, it is very seldom out of range of your vision in Mayo; and the same is true of Nephin. Beauty is everywhere abundant in Mayo, but as you come nearer the coast it is a very wonderland of beauty: such great, glowing dark hills—can not a dark beauty glow? —so tender, yet so majestic, the Nephin Beg, and the Cunaun ranges, and behind them Slievemore and the mountains of Achill, all brooding and quiet; and then Clew Bay and Clare Island and the lakes. For a wild beauty without desolation, give me these.

Achill itself is surrounded with these hills of a purple blackness. It was a great April day when I saw it. Doubtless the colors would change with the weather, for Irish beauty has an infinite variety. I shall see it next on a day of sun, and the sun in Mayo can be very splendid after the great winter storms that roll out of the Atlantic.

All this great beauty of nature is in harmony with the people we see working in the fields, women as well as men, of that dark strange dignity of beauty which makes them like a bronze.

"Ours is a great wild country," and in this year of the great war people needing change might do worse than Mayo. There is a bridge now between Achill and the mainland, crossing the narrow sound where the people used to drown. There is a pleasant little modest inn at Achill Sound where, on Fridays, lunch was cut of delicious salmon; or, if one is sophisticated, there is the big, beautifully-situated and luxurious hotel at Mallaranny. Dugort, the principal place of Achill, is nine miles away, and I keep that for some other day, but most people who have traveled there are aware of Mrs. Sheridan and her Nelson relics.

Achill is, like the rest of Mayo, free of poverty. Unlike the rest of Mayo, it does not emigrate. It goes yearly to Scotland for the harvesting, some two thousand of its seven thousand of population, men, women and children. They bring home on an average about twelve pounds apiece, twenty-four thousand pounds, an astonishing sum of money to come into Achill year by year. The outing to Scotland apparently satisfies their need for change and adventure, since they do not emigrate. The girls go out from twelve years old. "They come back the same as they went," says the one who has the best means of judging, "for they go together and they keep together, and they carry their public opinion with them." Very rarely they marry and settle in Scotland. They come back to the winter in Achill, a mild winter, and now, like the wild geese that are flying high and screaming these migrating days, they are making ready to go. From May till October, when the outer world comes to Achill, Achill is the emptiest of its children. But as yet they are dunging the little fields with seaweed, and making lace, the delicate-fingered ones, at the little Convent of Mercy. For Achill bounds their horizon; that is so much to the good.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

What Shall We Do for the Boys?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his letter of June 19, Mr. Mark O. Shriver, Jr., of Baltimore has taken the nail by the horns and has hit the bull a sounding thwack over the head. There are various other musty and twisted proverbs likewise applicable to Mr. Shriver, but I can not recall them just now. Mr. Shriver says that we have too many worthless parish houses and athletic associations for boys. True, too true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. He further suggests that our only hope of engaging the interest of our boys and young men lies in forgetting the parish idea, and pooling forces. This proposition will never be condemned by the Holy Office for rash and temerarious novelty. I have a suspicion that it has appeared in AMERICA at least a dozen times this last twelvemonth. But what are we going to do about it?

God forbid that I should even seem to criticize the efforts of the parish priest, who while he wonders who is going to pay that long over-due coal bill, is planning to build a parochial club house for the younglings of his flock. Yet I do not think that I am failing in loyalty and respect, when I say that I consider his wisdom unequal to his zeal. Like Silas Marner's Eppie, his club house will very likely find its habitation "in de toal hole."

New York. JOHN WILTBYE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In communications, editorials and lectures we always hear, "What can we do for the young man?" In practice, however, there is too much of "what can we get out of him?" If the club is not a source of revenue, even though it entails no financial loss, it is the parasite of the parochial plant. Many an available building is now vacant, the one in authority preferring

it to be so, rather than be the scene of some sort of social gathering, for the reason that there is no money in that. The suggestion to consolidate parochial lyceums and centralize efforts in one local establishment is for the same reason to be relegated to the category of "it would be fine," "who would be boss?", "whose would be the profits?"

There are other reasons, too, that militate against the success of club ventures. One is the mistake of trying to form an organization of young men, who are no longer young. I have had some very unpleasant experiences both as a member of a parish club and as spiritual director of another. (This was my official title: my duty was to police the premises). We should hold our grammar school graduates; these alone have the proper Catholic spirit for the success of a Catholic club. If you wait for two or three years they will have lost much of that desirable atmosphere of things Catholic, which is characteristic of the parochial schools. Contact with the world usually lowers their noble standards of conduct to a "do as you please, but don't be caught" spirit. This, in any organization, inevitably calls forth an ultimatum suppressive of the attempt to organize.

We know of exceptions, but these are rare birds. As a matter of fact, the whole question seems somewhat anti-Catholic. We claim that clubs are necessary, but we must suspect that this necessity bespeaks a sad commentary on the home life of the neighborhood. If home is what it should be, why should any one find membership in any club even desirable?

New Jersey. ICONOCLAST.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with much interest a communication from Mr. Shriver in your issue of June 26, in which he deplores the inability of our people to offer to the Catholic young man the same advantages as are offered by such organizations as the Y. M. C. A. Of course to me, and I think to almost everyone, the reason for this condition must be obvious. As a people we Catholics are poor or at least are supposed to be, while the resources of the Y. M. C. A., like most Protestant institutions, are to all intents and purposes unlimited. While thinking of what Mr. Shriver had to say, a plan occurred to me that would be a remedy for the conditions which he deplores and would bring into existence an organization that would enable the authorities of the Catholic Church in America to combat our opponents effectively by a more highly developed system of church extension work than now appears to be possible.

Here is my suggestion. We are told that we are approximately 16,000,000 strong. Let us suppose that of that number 9,000,000 are adults and wage earners; and again that each one of these would agree to make an annual contribution of one dollar to a fund to be known as the Catholic Foundation of America, though some could afford and would contribute more. If such a fund were started and permitted to remain intact for, say four years, it would at the end of that time represent something like $36,000,000, which with its interest accumulations and annual additions would enable the foundation's governing board to endow universities, colleges, academies, hospitals and social institutions modeled after, but superior to any existing Y. M. C. A. It would also afford means for pushing forward church extension work to a degree that is now impossible, and would promote the publishing and distributing of Catholic books and pamphlets.

Would not the creation of such a foundation place us once and for all in a position where our power for good would be immeasurably greater than it is now? It would put us in a position in keeping with the dignity of our Church and her indispensability to society. To work out this suggestion would require the application of our best talent in the field of organization, and finance, but I believe it can be done and hence is worthy of serious thought.

Wallingford, Conn. CHAS. F. DRUM.

Shakespere's Religion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Doctor Walsh's article in a recent issue of AMERICA, "Was Shakespere a Catholic?" having left me profoundly sceptical, I have sought an answer from other students of the poet. Simpson, Father Dowden, George Wilkes and many others seem to say that he belongs to us, but we must admit that their "proofs" are far from proving their semi-assertions. May I suggest a little argument which they have all ignored? It is this: The saintly Jesuit, Robert Southwell, who died in 1595, was an admirer of the poet. In 1594, "on a volume of Shakespere," he writes:

> Sweet volume stored with learning fit for saints
> Where blissful quires imparadize their minds,
> Wherein eternal studie never faints,
> Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,
> How endless is your labyrinth of blisse,
> Where to be lost the sweetest finding is.

Shall we admit, can we admit that Southwell would have written such lines to a renegade? To ask this question is to answer it.

Covington, Ky. J. M. LELEN.

"As to Shakespere's Heroines"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recent letter in criticism of Shakespere's heroines by "B. A. L." seems to assert that the women of Shakespere fall short of ideal womanhood because of their occasional plainness of speech and too great freedom of manner. Since the expressions which shock our modern sensibility occur only now and then, and are, as it were, accidental in the language of Shakespere's women, it is not fair to condemn them without regard to the entire conception of the dramatist. B. A. L. has taken puritanical offence at particular external faults. Otherwise he would have regarded Juliet's whole character, she in whom passion and purity met and blended; he would have acknowledged that in Isabella love was obedient to reason and to truth; he would have understood that Cordelia, though she had a man's heart in attacking England, had proved the nobility of her woman's mind by sensitively refraining from protesting her affection in a contest with flatterers. That Shakespere should have portrayed the women of Italy with more regard to facts than Canon Sheehan imagines, does not injure the poet's reputation as an interpreter of life. Shakespere wrote in a later, looser century than that in which St. Bernardine of Siena preached. But the saint's word-pictures of Italian ladies are positive arguments in favor of Shakespere's views of them and contradict the state of perfection which Canon Sheehan's statement would seem to assign to them.

Philadelphia, Pa. E. R.

Progress in Gotham

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For some years business has brought me occasionally as a visitor to Manhattan Island. Passing through one of the big Broadway hotels to-day I was most agreeably surprised to find that the card-rack of the "Church Register" there actually displayed the names of five Catholic churches with the hours for Masses and other services. This indeed is progress to fill a void that many visitors in the past found aching to be filled.

If a visitor might make a suggestion, it would be as to the propriety of placing a Catholic matron in New York's two great railroad stations to look out for girls and women travelers. The "non-sectarians" have them. I understand the Catholic societies in St. Louis and Chicago undertake this work; but these are "railroad towns." New York has not up to the present attained to that dignity.

New York. VISITOR.

AMERICA

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"Why Doesn't the Pope Interfere?"

OF criticisms of the Papal attitude towards the present war and its warriors we have had an abundance. Some who would in normal circumstances scout any message coming from the Vatican as an invasion of their personal liberty, and an attempt to revive an extinct and discredited régime, have now been clamoring for the Pontiff to throw the weight of his august influence into the scales on the side of right and justice, which is, of course, their side. Others closely scan every real or alleged utterance emanating from the Vatican, and eagerly appropriate anything that might make for their own side, or might appear to compromise the Papal claim to the strictest neutrality. Among the latest critics of the Pope's position is that eccentric and attitudinizing Irishman whom we have grown accustomed to hear dogmatizing about whatever is or is not knowable, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. In his latest *pronunciamento* Mr. Shaw says:

> The Pope's clear duty last August was to excommunicate all combatants with bell, book and candle and tell them with a voice thundering through Christendom that they would all most certainly be damned for the sin of Cain unless they laid down their arms and submitted their dispute to the judgment of God through His Church.

This is decidedly refreshing from one who has so often written with fine scorn about the Church's attempts to fetter the freedom that is the modern man's most prized prerogative.

Does Mr. Shaw really mean what he says? Could the Holy Father, knowing that schismatic Russian and Protestant Teuton and Briton, not to speak of the priest-baiting Gaul, would turn deaf ears to his excommunication, thus have attempted to bind the hands of Catholics? If the Pope should do that, he would expose the faithful, in cases where they were subjects, to the charge of disloyalty and treason, and where they were in authority, as in Belgium and Austria, to inactivity in the midst of impending disaster. Only in the case where all would or could be expected to hear his call would the obligation arise for the Pope to cry out. Moreover, the days when the Sovereign Pontiff as the common father of Christendom could summon the world to united action are long gone by. But the peculiar fact remains that they who to-day lament and even condemn the Papal silence in the present crisis of civilization are oftentimes the very men who most bitterly inveigh against those great medieval Pontiffs who to great purpose did exercise the tremendous powers of the Roman See. As Mr. Chesterton somewhere points out there was once a United States of Europe, and once an international and effective court of arbitration, a Christian Commonwealth, a *Respublica Christiana,* a Roman Pontiff of world-wide sway, who could interfere, and often effectually did interfere, to put an end to internecine strife. Yet the Popes ultimately failed, because the forces of selfishness arrayed against them under the guise of nationalism were too strong, and a hostile posterity has since been taught to call these praiseworthy endeavors of the Popes "Papal usurpations," "Papal aggressions," and "Papal invasions of the civil domain." The very Pontiffs who with greatest singleness and integrity of purpose fought the battles of humanity, of morality and of civilization, have been pilloried in our popular histories and literature as greedy and arrogant priests.

Truly may the Popes' reply to their critics: "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned and you have not wept." Whether the Pope keep silence or speak, whether he passively endure or strike out from the shoulder, his is the heritage of blame, his it is to meet misunderstanding and misrepresentation, his to be maligned to the end.

Mistaken "Broadmindedness"

THAT Catholics should not patronize Catholics, when they can get better goods or better service from others, is neither surprising nor blameworthy. Business is not religion, neither is community in belief a sufficient reason for supporting incompetency and inferiority. There are, indeed, special motives for consulting Catholic physicians merely because they are Catholics, and the same is true to a certain extent of Catholic lawyers as well; because it is obvious that both in law and in medicine, and especially in the latter, moral principles are involved, which to us are paramount, but to those outside the Faith not infrequently are of little importance. In matters of trade, however, there is no more danger to our moral life in dealing with Jew or Gentile or Protestant, at least ordinarily, than in dealing with our own. In all such cases patronage is the legitimate reward of honest competition, nor has any dealer a right to com-

plain, if he gives less value for money, or is less prompt and less courteous in service.

Supposing, however, that all other things are equal, has not a Catholic a right to expect that he will be given the preference, or at least not be unfairly discriminated against by his coreligionists? Boys from parochial schools are being deliberately sought for by non-Catholic firms, because our children have been found to be better trained, and to have a more highly developed sense of duty. To put it at the very lowest, should they be set aside to the advantage of others merely because the latter come from the public schools? Ought not graduates from Catholic colleges find in their diploma an added recommendation to the alumni of the same or other Catholic colleges? And has not a bank, in which the president, vice-president, and the majority of the directors are Catholic, a right to feel aggrieved, when it sees Catholics carrying on an active propaganda to induce other Catholics to transfer their accounts to other banks, for no stronger reason apparently than the very dubious recommendation that all its directors are non-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic? Such things have happened, and are happening to-day.

If our Catholics were not made so often to suffer for their Faith by non-Catholics, they could more easily put up with the lack of cooperation from Catholics themselves. The Jews help the Jews, the Freemasons aid the Freemasons. Do the Knights of Columbus help the Knights of Columbus, do Catholics aid Catholics? Certainly we need not fear that in doing so, we shall be less patriotic, for a Catholic is no less a citizen than his non-Catholic neighbor. We have no scruples about giving preference to our brothers in the flesh, we should have none about giving preference to our brethren in the Faith. We are not advocating discrimination against Protestants, we are only urging Catholics to support Catholic enterprises. It is not a sane but misguided broad-mindedness which does anything else.

Are Prisons Penal Institutions?

THAT is the question old-fashioned Americans are asking themselves these days. They could have read last week in a single issue of a metropolitan journal how a troupe of actors from New York brightened the dull days of the prisoners at Sing Sing by giving them, as the reporter enthusiastically expressed it, "a better all-star vaudeville bill than a pay-as-you-enter theater on Broadway ever dared boast;" how a man whom Sing Sing hoped to keep as a contented guest for many years to come, left home without bidding his host farewell; how in the Illinois State prison another shining product of the "honor system" brutally murdered the warden's wife; how a Wisconsin penitentiary offers its chosen guests such attractions as "white-gloved table waiters, an orchestra during meals, nineteen or twenty dollars a month overtime pay, Saturday half-holidays for interchange of social visits, an outing work camp a mile or more from the prison, and, of course, baseball and other sports"; and how the "golden rule" kind of government, as applied in one of New York's reformatories, enabled the boys to steal from a storeroom the drug they craved.

The sentimental "uplifter" is, without question, seriously menacing the very existence of our penal system. If the millions of ill-housed and underpaid working people who have never been in prison, could excite in wealthy employers and well-meaning legislators the same interest that convicted criminals are apparently able to arouse in "uplifters," our prison problem would be easier of solution. Boys run wild in city streets chiefly because the homes they were born in are unworthy of that name. The poverty and wretchedness of crowded tenements are largely responsible for the gangster, and it is from him that the criminal develops. So "prison reform" could well begin with legislation that would secure for all workingmen "a living wage" and would effectively promote the proper housing of the poor.

The Fool and His Money

A FOOL and his money, so the proverb tells us, are soon parted. It must be, then, with a profound knowledge of human nature exhibiting itself as one of the peculiar local phenomena of New York, and with a firm belief in the doctrine of easy money, that a certain theatrical producer has launched his annual corybantic effort. An enthusiastic believer in local talent declares that fifteen dollars were not too great a sum to pay for the privilege of beholding the coryphei of folly disporting themselves in the generous clutchings of modern dances, and ravishing the ear with the titillations of "rag-time" and the super-democratic rhymings of the newest popular songs. The public asks for this kind of thing, and the public expects to get it—and pay for it!

It is of course no concern of ours what price the public with a taste for folly pays for it; nor whether it prefers the article fresh from the fountain head, or merely as a rehash of the theatrical ineptitudes of a past season: it is a difference of degree not of kind. But the case is far different when a producer finds something excruciatingly funny in introducing as one of the numbers in his show the character of a nun. There is something appropriate in the patrons of folly seeing what they do see for their money. But the spectacle of a nun on the streets of New York, occupied with her errand of dedication and mercy, is sufficiently common to make it clear, even to the high priest of folly, that to characterize her as one of the numbers in a burlesque show is both degrading and insulting: 'tis a wit that savors of the stable yard and the kennels.

For this do our Catholic women leave home, parents and kindred and wear the garb of penitence; for this do they cover their heads with the veil of chastity: that they may be caricatured to arouse a guffaw on the count-

enance of the "tired business man." The most effective remedy for this kind of thing can be applied by means of the box office; for the theory that the public pays for what it likes has negative application that is efficacious at times.

"Hideous Self-Immolation"

"'WHEN I am of age,' she said, 'I am going into a convent.' He ground the pavement with his heel. In two more years the convent would close upon her, and he would never see her again. This hideous gospel of self-immolation!" These words are the unspoken thought of the hero of a recent novel. In the sequel the girl did not enter the religion, but immolated herself, not for God, but for the man; an immolation which he, strange to say, thought not hideous, but beautiful and perfectly in keeping with reason. Had her resolution been taken in real life, it may well be believed, she would not have proved so plastic, nor would she have broken her troth with Christ. As it happened, however, her fate rested with the caprice of the novelist; and he did as he wished, even to the extent of wronging her steadfast courage and making her false to her first great love. But poetic justice pursued him, for in spite of himself he could not keep his heroine from drifting from her high ideals, from losing her faith, and ending in unspeakable unhappiness. It is only fair to the author to say that the girl was not a Catholic girl, nor had the convent in question a sanctuary lamp and a tabernacle. And yet such unspoken thoughts have been harbored in Catholic hearts, and self-immolation for Christ's sake has been silently, if not openly, condemned as "hideous" by Catholic parents and friends, with no higher motive than the disguised selfishness of the lover in fiction. Truth, however, can not be obscured by a clever phrase. Nobility of character reaches its heights in self-sacrifice; and to those who have inclined their ears and hearkened and heard, the cloistral life, so far from being hideous, is sublime in its heroic beauty. Many a brave young heart is straining just now toward the better path. Woe to those who would obscure their vision, or taint their purity, or weaken their high resolve!

The Breaking Point.

IT was a New York ferry-boat. "Why," said a stranger to a young cleric, "why," and he was clearly angry, "should this wild impulse hurry me off? I am from the West and for the whole year am sober, industrious, regular. Then comes the fit again and I am off." A hard question that to answer, and would the answer turn the Westerner back from the far country, from the husks to his father's house? Not much else could be done, it is to be feared, except to breathe a prayer for Lochinvar as he disappeared into the riotous swirl of the great city.

Scratch a Russian, it is said, and you will catch a Tartar. Well, for that matter, there are very few seasoned throughout. Veneers will vary in thickness, but scratch even an enameled personality long enough, and you will break through and get an explosion. One of the most helpful products of experience is determining accurately just how far you can go, whether with another or with yourself. Nibble, nibble, but the time shall come when one more nibble is your last. Snap! and after you have extricated a mangled member from the jaws of the trap, the reminiscent soreness encourages a certain aloofness from further experiments.

It is not always an individual which lays on the last straw. Sometimes even it may not be the weight of the straw but the weakness of the camel's back. A disaster or disgrace or disappointment or may be a latent disease will exert the pressure which brings the break. Often it is the mere absence of anything; the sameness, the drab color of life. Etiquette is a prison; family ways are chains; friends are fetters. The trouble, it is true, is not really with all these. Once they were joys, and the caged lion was joyous among them. Instead of the load growing heavier, it is a case of the bearer's back growing weaker. So a straw has become a tree-trunk; a glance is a bullet; a look is a lash; a mote is a mountain. Even the garden of Eden will pall at times on the most eugenic matrimony ever recorded, and unholy tendencies and surreptitious glances towards various forbidden attractions beyond the dead-line are likely to occur. America, called the "peerless and paragon" by ardent orators, has a war every generation, a sort of national spree with twenty-five years of sobering up until the next race of hot-bloods grows impatient under routine and arrives at explosive conditions.

It is far easier to diagnose the symptoms of this volcanic tendency than to prescribe remedies. What will keep the restless lad from the sea and the romantic maid from the street or the hot youth from war or the gloomy man from the nearest large city? Oh, that we knew! Caution, of course, is one need. The one who is subject to hay-fever will take to the waters of the sea during the danger period. Another with a different fever will move toward a dry state. Patience is even a greater need; patience in the face of repeated failures. One diet of husks is not enough to convert all; at times the danger is that pride and despair may make one give up the way home and turn the prodigal into a tramp. Confidence, however, is the greatest need of the human being who is carrying around a volcano within. To the tyrannous association of ideas that there will be an eruption, he will oppose the salutary and successful device of forgetting it. To close one's eyes to danger is no protection against danger except where the opening of the eyes is the very danger. Courage and confidence to forget and hold out against the deceitful refurbishing of ever disappointing attractions, against the depressing and equally deceitful feeling that resistance is vain and hopeless. To every "must" of passion and habit the coura-

geous and confident resolution echoes back "can" and "will."

Suppose it should happen that you are part of the environment which brings another to a break. What if you are the straw for the dromedary's back? Then your duty is clear. You are to keep your weight away. If he must be patient you must be more patient. If he is touchy, you must not take a perverse pleasure in irritating the raw spots. If he is gloomy, you must keep up the supply of sunshine by radiating more than your usual amount of splendor. When the many volumes of the History of Prodigals are finally completed, we believe that a full survey of that interesting class will establish beyond doubt that the elder brother and his different counterparts are responsible for turning adrift more prodigals than any evil tendencies in the wanderers. The breaking point is due often to a flaw in the material and most often follows the pressure of an overload. Don't you know that a cold frost will make even weak, yielding water crack the toughest iron?

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf

ERNEST HELLO*

"THERE are men who seem to have been born to defy their own day:" thus did Ernest Hello, writing of M. Dupont, unconsciously describe himself. Member of a society crudely materialistic, tawdry, noisy, flippant, and glorying in its shame, he saw all things in a supernatural light and spoke his mind with an unflinching truthfulness in sharp contrast to the half-affirmations which are considered broad-minded and scholarly. Popular opinion in nineteenth century intellectual France was dogmatic only when it denied eternal truths; the affirmation of these same truths was Hello's life-work to which he devoted unceasing labor, his marvellous style and often caustic wit, his splendid mental equipment, all his loyalty and all his love. To him it mattered much what a man thought; he did not thrust dogma aside as having no practical application to every-day life and trust deeds to take care of themselves. The heresy that "It does not matter what a man believes if he does what is right," has found no more vigorous opponent. For him there were, indeed, "no two sides to any question"; there was only God's side, as in all sincerity he saw it. He accepted no opinion ready-made. Even in those cases in which the conventional estimate of a system or of a man's work is considered above the reach of challenge he did not accept it if, upon examination, he found it false or exaggerated; so, for instance, to him Shakespere was not an idol, Goethe not a demi-god.

Sometimes harsh in his denunciations, at least he was never commonplace. The scorn with which he lashed "the mediocre man" is often made to bear witness against him; unjustly, for by mediocrity he meant not lack of education or of mental power, but one or both of these allied with unbelief and lazy self-complacency. The tirade, softened by such a passage as the following, can hold no sting for the poorly endowed: "When a man, mediocre by nature, becomes a true and sincere Christian, he ceases to be mediocre. He may not, indeed, become a man of striking superiority, but he is rescued from mediocrity by the Hand that rules the world. The man who loves is never mediocre."

Whatever his enemies may say, in Hello's heart there was bitterness only for falsehood, though frequent irritability toward his opponents, an irritability excusable if it be borne in mind that he not only suffered keenly through lack of appreciation and of encouragement, but his life was one long illness. *Ma maladie, c'est moi,* he once said. Toward the erring he was all gentleness. "Poor Alfred de Musset!" is the refrain of his dirge upon the life of the poet and the work which is its echo. The poor loved and trusted him; they found him very tender. Not less characteristic than his fierce denunciations of materialism were his prayers for the recovery of a lonely old woman's cat.

Hello delighted in writing of the saints, not stereotyped biographies, rather character sketches, remarkable for vividness, depth of insight and the contagious enthusiasm that bursts forth on every page. He did not aim to make the saints very like the rest of mankind; he never tried to dress them in conventional garb, lest their peculiarities offend the eye of unbelief. The more antagonistic to the spirit of nineteenth century worldliness was every detail of his saint's life, the more did he rejoice; the more extraordinary the miracles, the happier was he; the more frequent the ecstacies, the more triumphantly did he exult.

That from the ruins under which the Revolution buried the eighteenth century with its luxury, its intellectual snobbishness and all its gilded wickedness, the Church *en plein dix-neuvième siècle* drew forth Benedict Joseph Labre and placed him upon her altars, Benedict Joseph Labre, a dirty, ill-clad beggar who knew but one thing, how to pray: this was to Hello a source of never-ending joy. "It would be absolutely impossible to throw to the world a more audacious defiance," he said at the time of the canonization.

He loved to kneel to the entire "other-worldliness," as John Ayscough calls it, of Pope St. Celestine. Only Newman has expressed more loving veneration for the gentle St. Philip Neri. With keen appreciation he wrote of St. Joseph of Cupertino who, without reproof from his contemporaries, was wont to refer to himself as "Brother Ass." "If he had never lived no one would have imagined him" is Hello's final comment. For the Curé d'Ars he had the intensest reverence, and his sketch of him, included in "Le Siècle," not yet translated into English, has passages which even Hello never surpassed as examples of the power of crowding a big thought into few words. He says of him, "He never lied even in the sense in which honest men lie continually;" and he here brands human respect forever as "a concession made to nothingness." Under the title, "Studies in Saintship," Virginia Crawford published a translation of part of his "Physionomies de Saints."

Of his literary criticisms that on Shakespere has attracted most attention, because it differs radically from the English and German view of the poet's work. For "King Lear" alone has he high praise. He admits that it is a work of genius, of superb genius; of one passage in the storm scene he says that it is the greatest stroke of genius that ever came from the pen of man. But even of "Lear" his commendation is qualified. He finds in it the fault which, in his opinion, damns all Shakespere's work: it is essentially gloomy. His estimate of the plays as a whole is summed up in the passage, "The boat goes at hazard, the rudder is broken. What dramas Shakespere might have given us! What would have been the temple since such are the ruins?" Remembering that to Hello only the supernatural really mattered, and that Shakespere dealt with men and women as he saw them, taking little or no thought of souls, of eternal destinies and eternal verities, it is not difficult to understand the French critic's attitude toward him whom thousands deem the greatest of English poets.

Many of Hello's essays are masterly, not only in matter, also by reason of his unapproachable style, strong, incisive, so indi-

*The fourth of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

vidual as to defy satisfactory translation. In that famous one, "Intellectual Charity," he refuses to allow charity to rest content in the giving of material alms. Far deeper does he go. He says:

> I am speaking of charity as applied to all kinds of needs and I make no exception of the needs of the soul. I am speaking of that profound interior charity which asks itself, in presence of another soul, another mind, "What are its needs? And what can I do to help to satisfy them?" . . . We must love with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our *mind*. To love with all one's mind is to detect, wherever they exist, the hunger and thirst of the intellect, and to fly to their relief. To love with all one's mind is to go to the assistance of mind, wherever it lives, wherever it suffers. "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor," says Holy Scripture. And there are many kinds of poverty.

The series of essays, commentaries all of them upon some words or character of Holy Writ, which comprise the volume, "Paroles de Dieu," show Hello to have been a life-long, thoughtful, loving student of the Sacred Scriptures. These papers are the fruit, the reward. They contain passages which are unforgettable. "Recollection," he says "is the triumph of unity in the depths of the soul." If any chapter of "Paroles de Dieu" surpasses the beauty and chastened strength of "Moses and the Interior of the Desert" it is the last, exultant hymn, on the word, Amen:

> With His help we can say Amen to the word of God. We can say yes! Yes! We can say Amen to the word which said "Let there be light." We can say Amen to Him who said, "I am Who am." Amen is man's adhesion to truth, it is his cry of triumph, his hymn of glory. Man should make of himself a cry of triumph; he should become part of the living Amen which mounts from earth to heaven. What shall we make of our souls and our bodies if not voices which sing Amen? What shall we make of our words, our thoughts, our acts, if not exultant Amens? Amen means, "Yes, Lord," to Him who is all-powerful. Away from Amen, disaster threatens us, precipices attract us; away from Amen human life, which should be a loving affirmation of truth, loses its destination and its reason for existence.

FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

Luther. Vol. IV. By HARTMANN GRISAR, S.J. Translated by E. M. LAMOND. Edited by LUIGI CAPPADELTA. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25.

Father Grisar's monumental work is acknowledged by English-speaking as well as German scholars to be the only complete and authoritative account of Luther and his apostasy that has been given to the world. Father Denifle's "Luther und Lutherthum" opened the way to a thorough understanding of Luther's motives and character and the conditions that gave him voice and appeal; but being a by-product of the author's study of the period, it was intended to be an analysis and confutation of the Luther legend rather than a biography. Partly because it exhibited Luther objectively as his works and the testimony of his collaborators laid him bare, and partly because its scope did not permit examination of the subjective and psychological conditions that might extenuate Luther's outstanding mendacity, duplicity and lewdness, Denifle's great pioneer work was not popular with those who inherited the Lutheran tradition; and it reproduced so much of the crude vulgarity of the real Luther that no translator has yet found the courage or the skill to render it into English. The translation of Father Grisar's fourth volume indicates that marvelous skill is needed, but yet that the achievement is realizable.

It opens the second part of the monumental work, of which two further volumes remain to be translated. The present volume strikingly illustrates the author's proposed, and achieved, purpose "to give an exact historical and psychological picture of Luther's personality and character," as seen from within and without through all his life and acts, especially in his spiritual and psychic development. It had been shown that Luther, self-sufficient, vulgar, vindictive and masterful, had gradually deteriorated as a monk and had, in 1515, two years before his final outbreak, adopted the main heresies which, despite frequent contradiction and variation, he afterwards propagated: that man is hopelessly sinful, devoid of free will, and predestined to hell, and, unaided by good works, which are useless, is saved and justified by faith alone. His revolt against Rome was an afterthought, suggested and fortified by local, national and political conditions, and his further divagations were shaped by his hate of Rome, that grew into insensate frenzy as Papal authority stopped his path, and by the native vulgarity and cunning and unscrupulous recklessness of his own character. The measureless and marvelous extremes to which he went in language and doctrine are particularly noticeable in the present volume. While denouncing Rome for alleged depreciation of marriage he was advising bigamy to Henry VIII, authorizing it for Philip of Hesse, and declaring that marriage itself was merely a civil bond, with which neither priests nor grace had anything to do. Stung by remorseful misgivings and stimulated by his fatal gift of auto-suggestion, which made him regard the reproofs of conscience as the voice of the devil, he poured out on Church, Pope, priests and all opponents a deluge of obscenity and calumny which Satan himself might have envied. Father Grisar vindicates him against whatever charges are not absolutely provable, extenuates wherever it is at all possible, and gives full credit to his qualities, often beyond the warrant of his text; but after all allowance is made for the man and the times, Luther's own words and works, as presented in this volume, must make discouraging reading for the inaugurators of his quadricentennial in 1917. They have commenced two years too late. Father Grisar's work will induce regret that they have undertaken it at all. M. K.

By Right of Sword. A Defense of Capital Punishment, Based on a Searching Examination of History, Theology and Philosophy. By LEIGH H. IRVINE. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Opinions, discussions have been published; essays, books have been written on the subject of capital punishment, but closely packed into 160 pages, a digest of them all is here presented. The author has read widely about his subject. History aids him in his contention for the retention of capital punishment; philosophy is a guide to his footsteps, and theology holds over him a protecting arm. An arsenal of facts and authorities stands at his back. He realizes the opposition to the fullest and is ready armed for the fray, with differing arguments for differing attacks. His strongest point is, that divine authority, accorded to governments to maintain themselves in the society whose origin is from God, has also deputed to governments the power to enact whatever should be necessary for the maintenance of that society; but for the positivistic and materialistic among his adversaries, who condemn such reasoning as a soaring into the clouds of faith and metaphysics, the author makes the cold, dry numbers of statistics tell a tale of proportionate crime and severity of punishment. Righteously indignant at the present pampering of criminals, he claims "the time is ripe for courage and common sense" to apply "elimination by one merciful stroke." But, in striving to make all grist for his mill, the author over-emphasizes or brings in what does not prove his point. Early Christianity was *not* a failure any more than modern Christianity is, and as for the assertion that certain Christian soldiers, who would not

go to war, were beheaded, it seems more credible that they lost their lives because they were Christians, not because they refused to go to war. Mr. Irvine's very wealth of accumulated evidence in favor of capital punishment has led to disorderly arrangement and useless repetition. The book should be helpful to the lawyer, scholar, debater, judge or philosopher who is willing to pay the high price asked for so slender and unattractive-looking a book as is "By Right of Sword." C. L. B.

Home University Library: The Ancient East. By D. G. HOGARTH. **An Outline of Russian Literature.** By Hon. MAURICE BARING. **The Navy and Sea Power.** By DAVID HANNAY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50 each.

"The Ancient East," the first of these recent volumes of the "Home University Library," deals with the period from 1000 to 400 B. C., and is confined to the events that happened in Western Asia or the "East of antiquity," as the author calls it. The plan of looking over the area in question at certain intervals rather than considering events consecutively in each part of that area will make this book appeal to a wider class of readers while not in the least damaging its historical accuracy. The author's epilogue is his weakest chapter, in which the imaginary evolution of Christianity is referred to as a proven fact.

What strikes the reader most forcibly in Mr. Baring's brief chapters on Russian literature is its comparatively short life, beginning as it does in the nineteenth century. We can scarcely agree with the author, however, in his conclusion that in spirituality it is the oldest of all literatures. True, it is "old in grief," but scarcely very wise in tears, as the writer would have it. Naturalness and sincerity and deep-rooted love of reality characterize its prose and poetry. From Karanzin to Tolstoy the abnormal is dominant.

David Hannay begins his book with a general survey of all that man has done upon the sea, and with an eye on general maritime results, he endeavors to show what part sea power has played in the making of history. What nations have been strong on sea, how their power has been obtained and how often naval superiority has been a determining factor in the conflict of nations these pages attempt to show. It seems to the author merely a dream that sea power alone can dominate issues on land. He comes to the conclusion reached by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, that sea power is the bridge that keeps up communication, gives access and is of primary importance. Yet history points the moral that the bridge may be crossed by a march to Moscow. G. C. T.

The Limitations of Science. By LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

This book contains seven essays in which the scientist is taken severely to task for exceeding bounds by calling upon metaphysics in his endeavor to explain the results of experiment. The purpose seems to be to show the incompatibility of hypothesis with the scientific method. In fact the author seems to be an avowed enemy of hypothesis. Of course, he can not hope that all or even a majority of really scientific men will straightway discard hypotheses as means which are useful in expressing the results of experiments, or in the endeavor to assign causes for the various phenomena of experimental science. Absolute elimination of such means is utterly uncalled for. Common sense tells us there should be limits beyond which the formulator of hypotheses may not stray. There have been excesses. Hypotheses have been proved to contain or lead to contradictions. The logical conclusion is not to discard the hypothesis entirely, but rather conform to the laws for the making of hypotheses set down in any good grammar of logic.

The trite and false phrase, "warfare between religion and science," greets us in several of the essays, and strangely enough, almost in the same breath we find mention made of men whose glory was their religion and who are honored to-day for their labors in the cause of science. In the last essay, "Science as the Arbiter of Ethics," the author makes a good point or two against the frenzied devotees of eugenics. But we must confess that it is exceedingly difficult to decide just what the author's concept of religion. ethics and character is. Lastly, the author repeatedly refers to the *law* of evolution. Catholics are not aware that experiment has given any warrant for placing evolution among the physical laws, the more so when it includes the idea of the "survival of the fittest" so repeatedly insisted upon by the author. Has Dr. More already forgotten the "limitations of science," or does he wish to show us that his ire against the hypothesis in science can be delicately tempered by meekness and gentleness? E. P. T.

College Life: Its Conditions and Problems. Edited by MAURICE GARLAND FULTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Readings from American Literature. By MARY E. CALHOUN and EMMA L. MACALARNEY. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.40.

Professor Fulton of Davidson College has here arranged and edited a series of essays dealing with the conditions and problems of academic life, for use in the English classes of colleges. He has drawn from the writings of college presidents and other educators material that bears on the student's personal relation to the various aspects of college life, intellectual, athletic and social. About half the book treats of the curriculum, while the remainder takes up the student's outside interests, such as recreation, college spirit, general reading, etc. The first selection is by President Wilson, the second by Cardinal Newman, but Huxley is given more space than Matthew Arnold or Arlo Bates.

Until the publication of "Readings from American Literature," we have had no anthology for schools covering both prose and poetry from the colonial period to the present. Teachers who have felt the need of having their pupils read American authors and not merely what others have written about these authors will welcome this book. History teachers will also find the volume useful in throwing light on the vital periods of our national life. It supplies good supplementary material for any text that may be in use on the history of American literature. G. C. T.

The Smile of Mona Lisa. By JACINTO BENEVENTE. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $0.75.

Ginevra. By EDWARD DOYLE. New York: Doyle & Co., 135 E. 58th street. $0.75.

From this pair of plays a moral may be drawn that lies not between the covers: their fortune is in inverse proportion to their value. The first, a translation in twenty short pages from a Spanish playlet, padded with a prefatory puff of the author, has no moral at all and no dramatic quality; but it will sell, for it is spiced with eulogies of paganism and sneers at the Church to which Leonardo da Vinci, the hero it travesties, was always loyal, and it has a secular publishing house to push it. "Ginevra" is a five-act romantic drama which, in human interest and masterly development of plot, and grace and power of language, and the skilful blending of pathos and humor, tragedy and comedy and, above all, in that intangible but crowning quality that makes an acting play, is far superior to the Spanish production. Mr. Doyle's play is a dramatization of the highly tragic story of a noble Florentine lady who, buried during the Great Plague, escaped from the tomb. The author infuses with living reality the historic contrasts, the virtue and villainy, piety and buffoonery, mourning and roystering of that medieval

day, and his play is suitable for the stage and the study. But there is no big house to boom it, and Father Talbot Smith's recent complaint that our Catholic public will only awake to such a boom seems not unfounded. May they have the saving grace to say with "Ginevra's" Jester: "Lord have mercy on me and on every other poor fool in the world." M. K.

Writing an Advertisement. By S. ROLAND HALL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00.

Advertising is such a feature of business life that it is not surprising that a book of the above title should be placed upon the market. A billion dollars yearly is the estimated outlay for advertising in this country, and in view of the fact that the returns from this enormous expense depend largely on the copy and its effective presentation, it is remarkable that a book of this type has not been incorporated before the present volume into the field of advertising literature. Mr. Hall has written entertainingly regarding the construction of an advertisement, and as a leading advertising expert with fifteen years' experience in his calling, has amply illustrated his subject with practical incidents. It is written in a simple and direct style without any attempt to present a mathematically correct formula, or set of rules for the composition of a good advertisement. Having supervised the text of a course of advertising instruction, embracing four large volumes, for the International Correspondence Schools, Mr. Hall shows clearly the process of "preparing copy," and gives abundant suggestions and hints to the business man regarding the importance of copy, the necessity of studying the article advertised, the people and conditions; the power of words and the value of the imagination. He thoroughly covers the whole ground of copy-writing and does it in a readable, non-technical fashion that is stimulating and instructive, and in consequence has produced a book that is worthy of a place in the literature of business. It should be helpful in commercial life and to those interested in the psychology of advertising. O. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, has pointed out so well in a pastoral letter "The War's Lesson," that the document is reprinted for American readers in the current number of the *Catholic Mind*. The regrettable eagerness shown in certain quarters to draw the Pope into the European conflict and to make him appear no longer neutral will, of course, come to nothing, for the Pontifical letters which have been gathered together in this pamphlet prove how universal is the charity of the father of Christendom. A brief answer to the query: "Why doesn't the Pope interfere?" by Father J. F. X. Murphy, S.J., ends the number.

The firm of Pustet deserves the thanks of all who read German for publishing a translation of Father Gallwey's famous "Watches of the Sacred Passion." True to the instinct of the German language, the translator, Antonie Freifrau v. Hertling, has compressed the English title into one word, calling the book "Die Leidenswacht." Throughout the two volumes care has evidently been taken to make the German rendering as idiomatic as possible. The result is very satisfactory. While no phrases are used which clearly point to the English original, the translation has robbed the "Watches" of none of its singular excellence. The price of both volumes, $3.25, while not unreasonable in this country, would seem exorbitant in Germany.

To include in such brief compass as that of "The Greek Spirit" (Sturgis & Walton, $1.50) a clear account of Grecian activities of all kinds would call for more skill than Kate Stephens, the author of the book, seems to possess. She starts with the infancy of Hellas and treats in order of the salient manifestations of the Greek genius. The author attempts to explain everything by "evolution." In utilizing the matter from her sources she has not always assimilated it thoroughly and in the effort at condensation there is, in consequence of suppression of intermediate steps, a lack of logical connection, coherence and clearness. In implying that the religion revealed by the Son of God is but a late example of evolution she goes too far for her Christian readers. Why was all discussion of the Orators omitted? Their age is given under the period of decadence, but barring three or four bare mentions of Demosthenes, there is nothing upon this topic. Many of the words the author uses are scarcely English and others are bizarre and obscure.

"Friends and Apostles of the Sacred Heart" (Benziger, $0.75) and "The Service of the Sacred Heart" (Benziger, $0.35) are two little books of devotion it is a pleasure to recommend. In the first, Father P. F. Chandlery, S.J., the author of "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," has gathered more than two hundred short sketches of saints and holy ones from the first to the twentieth century who were particularly notable for their love of the Sacred Heart. In each case the compiler gives some historical fact, tells an anecdote or chooses a quotation by which the friendship in question is proved, and good chapters containing special devotions are added. The second little book is by Father Joseph McDonnell, the editor of the *Irish Messenger*, and consists of meditations and commentaries on the "Nine Offices" of the Sacred Heart.

"Until 1060 A. D. there was no authoritative mandate of the Church against polygamy" is the amazing statement made by Walter M. Gallichan, in a book called "Women Under Polygamy" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). Again he writes: "The enforced fettering of the unfortunately married will be one day regarded as a relic of a barbarous age." The value of the work is indicated by the above quotations. From the travelers' tales he quotes, the author would have us believe that Turkish women are happier in their harems than English wives in their homes. And Professor Woodbridge Riley actually contributes the introduction to the American edition of all this salacious trash!

"It is unnecessary to add that she was never invited again," is the way that Anne Seymour, the author of "A-B-C of Good Form" (Harper's, $0.50), indicates the social ruin of a New York woman who answered a dinner invitation with the words "Come with pleasure." In a score of chapters is explained present-day etiquette regarding "Calls and Cards," "Luncheons and Breakfasts," "Hostess and Guest," "Correspondence," "Dances," etc., and the exposition, as a rule, is sensible. In the world's eyes "social errors" are worse than sin, so a book of this kind is useful.

Jackson Boyd's "The Unveiling" (Putnam, $1.25) and Marion Mills Miller's "A Poet's Cabinet" (Putnam, $1.50) seem to be books of verse that are brought out with the understanding that the publishers shall be secured against loss. The first book is a "poetic drama in five acts" which is made the medium for preaching philosophical and sociological heresies of all kinds. The elaborate stage directions, however, are very entertaining. "Music full of passion" is often followed by "music full of pain," "weird music" is called for on almost every other page, and "effulgent light" is not uncommon. The compiler of the second volume went through the writings of George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D., an exponent of the New Thought movement, and selected and arranged according to the subject enough passages, mainly poetical, to fill

nearly 450 pages. H. C. Christy made a dozen drawings for the book.

"The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea, the Belgian Consul in Edinburgh (Putnam, $1.00), is an American edition of a work that appeared in 1912, after the author had spent twenty years of travel and study in Germany. The differences between Germany and England, according to Dr. Sarolea, are not due to substantial grievances, but the real issue at stake is the clash between two irreconcilable political creeds. At its first appearance the book was not well received, yet some of its general conclusions have been confirmed by recent events, and its forecasts have been verified in nearly every detail. The strictures passed upon Teuton anglophobia really lead the writer, in some of his passages, into anglomania. "The Anglo-German Problem" has been translated into three languages.

"Tabular Views of Universal History." Compiled by George Palmer Putnam, A.M. Edited Up to Date by George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with Historical Chart, 9 Maps in Color, and Genealogical Tables" (Putnam, $2.50) is the complete title of a useful reference book that has recently appeared. What mars an otherwise excellent work is the perhaps unconscious bias sometimes displayed in the handling of persons and events intimately associated with the Church. A little painstaking reading of the authoritative pages of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" would have given the editor reason for doubting, for instance, the baldly chronicled increase of rites and superstitions about the year 600, or the dogmatic statement that the doctrine of transubstantiation was first fathered by Paschasius in 840, or the myth of the Child Pope Benedict IX.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton Co., New York:
Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. $1.35.

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Little Manual of St. Rita. By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. $0.50; Compendium Sacræ Liturgiæ. Scripsit P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.F.M. $2.50.

Columbia University Press, New York:
Population: A Study in Malthusianism. By Warren S. Thomson. $1.75.

Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Abused Russia. By Dr. C. C. Young. $1.35.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The World in the Crucible. By Sir Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Shoes of Happiness. By Edwin Markham. $1.20.

Hearst's International Library Co., New York:
The Enemy. By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. $1.35.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D. $2.75; Prayers of the Gael. By R. MacCrocaigh. $0.45; Phonetic Method of Hearing Confessions of the Slavic Peoples. By Rev. F. Bimanski, S.J. $0.20; The Story of St. Martin of Tours. By Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny. $0.75.

B. W. Huebsch, New York:
The Millionaire. By Michael Artzibashef. $1.25.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
America and Her Problems. By Paul H. B. De Constant. $2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Wales and the Wars of the Roses. By H. T. Evans. $3.00; Mind in Animals. By E. M. Smith. $0.90; Western Wildflowers. By Margaret Armstrong. $2.00.

Schwab Press, Portland, Ore.:
The Life of Jesus Christ from the Four Gospels, in the Nez Perces Language. By J. M. Cataldo, S.J.

Fred'k F. Stokes Co., New York:
The Life of His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians. By John de Courcy MacDonnell. $1.00.

The University Society, New York:
The Parents' Guide. Two Volumes. $6.50.

University of California Press:
A Neglected Aspect of the English Romantic Revolt. By G. F. Richardson. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Catholic Educational Association Convention

"WHAT is the good," asked the Critic, "of meetings like these? Loss of time and loss of money, say I. I've just glanced over a report to be sent to the press. From start to finish, there's nothing in it but an exaggerated strain of self-congratulation. And I think that in most respects, this report is a faithful mirror of the Convention itself. True, we listened to some excellent papers, and the Convention adopted some very noble resolutions; 'ringing,' as the newspapers say. But, *cui bono?* The resolutions bind no one, and the papers will soon be forgotten. And so, I ask, what is the good of these elaborate Conventions?"

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS

"Well," replied the patient Observer, a veteran of many Conventions, "well, at any rate, you have eased your bosom of much perilous stuff. You have said the worst. But you seem to have forgotten the magnificent address of the Archbishop of St. Paul at the opening of the Convention. His Grace's speech was thoroughly Catholic, vitally progressive and wisely conservative. In my opinion, the program he there outlined was the program of the Convention, and in answer to your objection, I think it can be summed up briefly: 'We have done great things in Catholic education; but greater things remain to be done.' Have you considered this aspect of the matter?"

"I think," rejoined the Critic, "that the Convention forgot the second part of the Archbishop's addresss."

From this you will gather that the Critic was a growly sort of person, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. And such he was. It was only my singular habit of consorting with all sorts and conditions of people, bizarre individuals, pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, that led me across his path. I am sure that he was alone in his ingloriousness in St. Paul, and I strongly suspect that he is a bit dyspeptic.

WHY CONVENTIONS?

Yet the Critic's query has been often put, but not, as a rule, by the men and women who attend the Annual Meetings of the Catholic Educational Association. If these conventions do nothing more than to bring together the Catholic educators of the country, they serve a most worthy purpose. We Catholics have been somewhat prone to translate the principles of the eremetical life into spheres that are not, and should not be, in the least, eremetical; we have not yet forgotten the Catacombs and the Discipline of the Secret; we have lived our lives alone, and we have suffered for it. Only within late years, for instance, have we become aware that our practical work in sociology is without a peer in this country. We of the East have rubbed our eyes, when we read of the splendid work done in the West; the dwellers in the land of the setting sun have been encouraged by the activity of their brethren along the Atlantic coast. Twenty years ago, the forces which have brought about our excellent system of parochial schools, our academies and our colleges, were operating not as a unit, but as separate, almost alien, agencies. True, for the parochial schools, the Baltimore Council had laid down principles, freighted with wisdom, but necessarily general, both in character and in application. It was not within the province of the Council to enter into details, nor was it practicable to suggest counsels of educational perfection to schools, many of which were struggling for a mere existence. Similarly, the colleges and academies, then as now, to a great extent under the direction of the religious orders, had the unity which is secured by a common rule and purpose; but they too, lacked that larger sense of solidarity which comes with the general consideration of the issues common to Catholic education from the kindergarten to the university.

THE ST. PAUL MEETING

That the old isolation has been dispelled forever is due in no small degree to the annual meetings of the Catholic Educational Association. Here educators, clerical and lay, gather from every part of the country. Annually, the whole field of education is reviewed by experts. Experiences are exchanged, failures noted, remedies devised; and the unchanging principles underlying Catholic education are discussed in their truly catholic applicability to the newer needs of our changing times. The Twelfth Convention, which closed at St. Paul on July 1, brought together a remarkable body of men and women. It was made up of Archbishops and Bishops, members of the secular clergy and superiors of religious orders, teachers, editors and publicists, practical and devoted men, to whom the cause of education is not an avocation, but a sacred trust. They examined frankly and fully, almost every problem connected with school, seminary and university. Special topics of pedagogy together with questions of administration and expansion, were discussed by the delegates under the leadership of experienced schoolmen. The exchange of plans and methods effected at the Convention, can not fail to exercise in due time, a salutary influence upon all Catholic educational work.

EDUCATION AND THE STATE

One of the most important papers presented at this Convention was that on "Education and the State," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. R. McDevitt, superintendent of the Philadelphia parish schools. "The status of Catholics," said Monsignor, "who contribute enormously to the maintenance of the public schools, while under the necessity of supporting the parochial schools to which they send their children, is a violation of one of the basic principles upon which this republic is founded—no taxation without representation. We are being discriminated against in what practically amounts to class legislation." The state of affairs here noted, is burden enough; but it will become intolerable if the plans, now under consideration in many parts of the country, are allowed engrossment on the statute books. These plans, sometimes the outgrowth of a dislike of all things Catholic, sometimes the logical expression of an honest belief that only the public schools can impart an education worth while, will end either in an exclusion of Catholic pupils from public life, or in a State supervision which threatens to make the continuance of the parochial school exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

HOSTILE LEGISLATION

Whether or not the rejection of Catholic pupils from local and State Normal Schools, unless they submit to an examination which is not exacted from others, is from a certain point of view, a desirable thing, may be a question open to debate. In itself, however, this practice is wholly un-American and thoroughly contemptible. Public benefits, privileges and opportunities should be open to all alike, regardless of the religious belief of the applicants. The hour in which our educational reformers, prating their patriotism, agree that this principle of American polity may be safely disregarded, will surely prove an evil hour for the permanency of our republican institutions. In more than one State, proposals have been made, looking to the extinction of the Catholic school through special taxation. To meet these threatening evils, the St. Paul Convention recommended the appointment in every locality of committees to guard Catholic interests in legislative procedure. More than once has this step been urged in AMERICA. Unless it is taken, and at once, the Church will be forced into a fight for freedom in education, which can be won only at the expense of sacrifices far greater than any which have yet been made. More than once have we American Catholics locked the stable door too late. While the enrollment in our parochial schools shows an annual increase, the reflection that the majority of our Catholic boys and girls are still under non-Catholic care, should stir us up to renewed energy. The fight has been won only when every Catholic child in the United States is in a Catholic school. In the meantime we can not allow our opponents to put us in the position of outlaws.

"FOR GOD AND COUNTRY"

As citizens, Catholics have no special favors to ask. We seek no ascendancy over the public schools. Our motives are not political. We are fighting for truth and justice. Our sole purpose in striving to protect and perfect our parochial schools is that which is inscribed on the corner-stone of many a parish school and on the heart of every true American Catholic: "For God and Country!"

P. L. B.

ECONOMICS

Unemployment

"ONE out of every ten people in Chicago," reports the Chicago *Tribune* for December 15, 1914, "is, apparently, a pauper." This conclusion is based upon the reports of the municipal relief agencies, and does not include cases handled by the private charitable associations. In the public records, no attempt is made to assign the cause of this pauperism, but if the investigations conducted by the Chicago United Charities may be taken as representing a general condition, nearly one-half of this dependency is due to unemployment. Of a group of 20,628 families, 9,514 were forced to ask relief because the family bread-winner was "out of work." It is interesting to note in passing, that intemperance figures in 1,347 cases, and "shiftlessness" in but 193, both of which factors, however, greatly contribute to unemployment.

UNCERTAIN STATISTICS

While accurate statistics are not to be had, the experience of the past winter seems to indicate that enforced unemployment has increased both actually and relatively during the last few years. In the closing months of 1914 and the spring of 1915, from ninety thousand to four hundred thousand men were said to be out of work in the city of New York, and figures almost as large were submitted for Chicago. These figures are but rough estimates and the discrepancy between ninety thousand and four hundred thousand evinces either inaccuracy, or totally differing points of view held by the various investigators; but the reports of the charitable organizations, both in New York and in Chicago, show that the distress caused by unemployment was more widespread than in the preceding year.

CONSTRUCTIVE METHODS

Both public and private agencies confess their inability to meet this serious condition satisfactorily. "We've been groping and experimenting," says Mr. Walter Sears, of the Boston Free Labor Bureau. "Most employment bureaus are makeshifts." These agencies will probably have no fault to find with the statement that they are working in the dark, and that most of the means at their disposal at best merely meet an emergency without removing the cause which brought about the crisis. Certainly, emergency measures are valuable and at times may be absolutely necessary; but the task of one who would lessen unemployment as a dangerous social factor has only begun when he has brought together the jobless man and the manless job. Any contribution of permanent and constructive value in the solution of the question must show how unemployment can be eliminated or at least greatly lessened.

EMERGENCY METHODS

A distressing feature, common to many promising campaigns inaugurated both by private and municipal agencies, is their inefficiency, arising from the fact that unemployment is treated not as a symptom of a diseased social organism, but as the disease itself, easily cured by funds and appropriations. Last winter, for instance, Pittsburgh appropriated a quarter of a million dollars for public relief. The appropriation served, no doubt, to relieve much distress, a thoroughly laudable purpose, but when exhausted, the trouble due to unemployment was left much as it was in the beginning. Boston opened soup-kitchens, thereby adding to her population of jobless citizens, for the news drew the undesirable recruits of idleness from sections as far distant as Montreal. Sewing-rooms for women, rock-piles and wood-yards for men, shelters, municipal lodging-houses, bread-lines and other familiar devices, are thoroughly justified if they lend a helping hand at a time of urgent need. Here, however, their function ends. Except, perhaps, in Boston, and possibly in a few other communities, the municipal employment bureau has not been notably successful. To quote a fairly typical instance, in a period of two weeks the New York bureau had 6,232 applications for employment, while there were calls from only two hundred employers, who required but three hundred and sixty persons.

The incipient employment bureau now maintained under Federal authority has not had time to prove its usefulness; but if it succeeds in bringing about some degree of co-ordination between the many philanthropic employment bureaus now scattered throughout the country and often working at cross-purposes, it will amply justify its existence. As an example of this lack of cooperation, Mr. John B. Andrews, secretary of a New York employment committee, is quoted as saying that, in New York alone, more than three thousand church commissions were working last winter, and for the most part calmly working alone.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Insurance against unemployment is one of the most promising of relief methods yet suggested. It is an attempt to devise a system which, through payments made by the worker at stated times and through relief granted by the insuring agency in times of forced unemployment, will distribute over a long period the burden which otherwise would be borne in its entirety at one particular time. It is proposed that the insuring agency be the municipality or the State. The plan has been tried, and with general satisfaction, it is reported, notably in the city of Ghent. The workman of Ghent insures himself, either by paying dues to his union toward unemployment benefits, or, if he is not a member of a union, by depositing in a saving-fund established by the city, and the city contributes towards his provision a subsidy equal to sixty per cent. of the insurance paid. This scheme has been adopted with variations, by practically all Belgian cities, by twenty-five cities in Holland, twenty in France, ten in Germany, three in Italy and two in Switzerland. A similar principle underlies the French, Danish and Norwegian national employment insurance system. In Great Britain, however, the National Insurance Act of 1911 seems to have failed for want of proper executive methods.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

Whether similar legislation would be practicable in the United States may be a debatable question. There is no need, however, to condemn such projects sweepingly as "socialistic." It is a commonplace of Catholic social economy that measures for the common welfare beyond the power of private effort are fittingly undertaken by the State. "When men and women can not obtain work, and can not get to where it may be waiting for them," remarks Frances A. Kellor, "it is the community that must in the end help them to keep alive, or must bury them, if they freeze or starve." And it is preferable, from every point of view, to invest in men than in almshouses or coffins.

How seriously continued, widespread unemployment menaces social welfare is obvious; how to remove the evil is far from obvious. It does not depend upon a single factor, readily discerned and easily remedied, but upon industrial, social and moral causes, quite beyond the influence of the individual, and responding but sluggishly to the intervention of the State. It is as easy as it is useless to attribute the "hard times" which grip a village to the closing down of the local steel or cotton mill. "What caused the mill to close down?" might bring us nearer a solution, but the answer seems to lead through a series of complicated and apparently disconnected conditions, ending in the familiar conclusion that, individually and collectively, men bear witness to the fact of Original Sin. "We are members one of another" is a general truth which ought to apply to the problem of how to making a living by the sweat of one's brow, with all the directness with which it applies to any other human activity. It does so apply; but the disorder existing in society arises from individual and collective refusal to recognize its bearing.

THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION

The distress caused by unemployment is a malign condition which calls for immediate treatment, radical treatment if possible; emergency treatment if none other can be had. Possibly, as the world wags nowadays and seems likely to wag, an emergency treatment may be all that can be devised. Society is not a machine which can be repaired by replacing a bar or tightening a bolt. It is not even an organization; it is a living, growing organism. Ultimately, every social and economic disease rests either upon unavoidable human limitations, or upon fully avoidable infractions of the natural or divine law by individuals or by society. Statute law is but one of the weakest of all measures that can be applied to the relief of these ills; nevertheless it is sometimes the only remedy which can be found or used. The real cure is in the united effort of the individual elements of society, working for the common welfare. That vast organism known as human society can never hope to throw off its manifold social diseases unless it returns to God. Fantastic, utopian, as this conclusion may seem, it is founded upon the principle that the activities of society will ever be marked by cruelty and fraud, if the lives of its members are not swayed by the principles of justice.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The total population of England and Wales is 36,000,000, and one person in every eighteen is a Catholic. In the United States, with a population of about 98,000,000, one person in every six is a Catholic. As the number of priests in England and Wales is about 4,000, and in the United States 19,000, the English Church has one priest for every 500 souls, while in America there is one for every 800 souls. Comparing England and Wales with the archdiocese of New York, the Reverend Vincent M'Nabb, O.P., claims that England and Wales have relatively more priests, more churches, more Catholic schools, and more children in Catholic schools than New York has. He quotes from the official "Catholic Directory of England and Wales" and

from an analysis of our own "Catholic Directory," printed in the *Lamp* for April.

There is to be a monument erected to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, at a total cost, including a maintenance fund, of $110,000. This is a little puzzling, for if the contention of Christian Scientists is true that nothing exists outside the mind save in the imagination, where is the monument going to be? In the imagination? It seems a rather big price to pay for an imaginary monument. Moreover, if we may believe Mrs. Eddy, all matter is an error of "mortal mind." Yet here are her affluent followers perpetuating a "heresy" it was her life and mission to combat!

"The Retreat of the Self-Confessed Grasshoppers" was the subject of a sermon at the Westmount Baptist Church, Montreal, a few Sundays ago. Just what place in the spiritual economy grasshoppers hold it is hard to say. It is a matter of surmise, too, what line of development characterized the sermon in question. Surely it must have had three parts, like the sermon of the mountaineer preacher that the *Montgomery Advertiser* mentions. This good man said to his flock: "Brethren, I hev decided t' divide my sermon in three parts. Th' first part, I'll understand an' you won't. Th' second part, you'll understand an' I won't. Th' third part, nobuddy'll understand."

According to the report of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in 1913 there were 143,000 victims of the disease. The death rate from the white plague has been reduced from 326 per 1,000 in 1880 to 146.6 in 1913; this is equivalent to a saving of 179,027 lives in one year. Among the suggestions made at the meeting of the Association, held in Seattle, June 15, those of Dr. George Kober of the Georgetown University Medical School, deserved special attention. He called for the spread of laws against the common drinking cup and for the isolation of patients. The Convention emphasized the folly of an exaggerated fear of the disease and recommended cleanliness in public buildings and private homes as the best preventatives.

A priest reports that he knows of ten Catholic young ladies in one of our eastern cities who are quite prominent socially and who are engaged to be married soon. But seven of them mean to wed Protestants! There is an obvious text here for a sermon, but instead let us give some statistics. An American bishop asserts that out of 450 cases of mixed marriages which came under his notice, "400 proved fatal to faith, and 90 per cent. of the offspring of these marriages were lost to the Church." As for the moral perils that threaten the fruit of mixed marriages, the superior of a House of the Good Shepherd reports that out of 120 young girls committed to her care 90 had a non-Catholic father or mother

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One of the speakers at a recent newspaper conference held at Lawrence, Kansas, mentioned the following complaints of the public against the newspaper of to-day:

> (1.) The persistent refusal to right a wrong done editorially. (2.) The suppression of news for profit, or because of fear of some powerful interest. (3.) The laying of false emphasis upon the news because of criminal or unworthy motives. (4.) An amazing and often criminal lack of accuracy in reporting. (5.) Indefensible attacks upon public men coupled with shocking invasion of privacy of both public and private individuals from which not even women are exempt. (6.) Deliberate falsification of news and facts.

The former managing editor of the New York *Sun*, Chester S. Lord, who was a member of the *Sun's* staff for forty-three years, believes that most of these wrongs are being righted by the modern press, and that a golden age of newspapers is at hand. Perhaps there is truth in this optimistic view, yet the manner of distorting or falsifying Papal utterances since the great war began is scarcely indicative of a new era in American newspaper ethics, nor was the expressive silence observed by our papers while the Church was being persecuted in Mexico a mark of the golden age of journalism.

The New York *Evening Post* holds a unique opinion as regards the continuance of the war, noting that:

> The world-struggle is furnishing an extraordinary opportunity not only for the makers of rifles and shells, but also for the writers of books and of newspaper and magazine articles; and they are hanging on to the chance like grim death. Look at the table of contents of any of the current English reviews, for example, and you see a multitude of titles like this: "Why Italy Went to War," "The Economic Strain on England and Germany," "European Diplomacy: Bismarck to Sir Edward Grey," etc., etc. Now, if the war were suddenly to come to an end, these gentlemen's occupation would be gone; and so they keep on befogging the issue.

The writers of war articles could just as easily pen articles on "Why Peace Came Back," and maybe the change of subject would improve their style.

The report of the Peace League that met in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on June 18, reads in part as follows:

> Throughout five thousand years of recorded history, peace, here and there established, has been kept, and its area has been widened, in one way only. Individuals have combined their efforts to suppress violence in the local community. Communities have cooperated to maintain the authoritative state and to preserve peace within its borders. States have formed leagues or confederations or have otherwise cooperated to establish peace among themselves. Always peace has been made and kept, when made and kept at all, by the superior power of superior numbers acting in unity for the common good.

Strange that the Popes received no mention as peace-makers in the world's history, though from the fifth century to the twentieth at least sixteen Roman Pontiffs brought peace to warring nations. On the same day the Kenilworth Borough Council, of Elizabeth, N. J., granted the American Locomotive Company and the Westinghouse Electric Company the privilege of building a plant to manufacture munitions of war. The companies stated that they were forced to combine their activities to fill their orders. Work is to be commenced at once on the plant, which will employ 1,500 hands. Philadelphia and Elizabeth are in different States, and some distance apart: Philadelphia talks peace, while Elizabeth "manufactures" war.

The suffragists and the anti-suffragists have both been claiming Cardinal Gibbons for their side, but in a letter he recently sent to Mr. James R. Nugent, of Newark, his Eminence leaves no doubt as to how he stands on the question, for he writes:

> I still hold the same views on woman suffrage, already so often expressed, that the ballot would drag woman from her domestic duties into the arena of politics and rob her of much of her charm, goodness and true influence. She is indeed a princess, but her God-given rule should lie in domestic and gentler fields and ways. We all believe that she has been so successful in her work there that we fear any change by the carrying of her government into the political field.

The women who are most eager for the ballot are said to be those whose leisure is abundant and whose family cares are few. But in suffrage States Catholic women, without neglecting their home duties, must not fail to use intelligently their new privilege.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Although there has been a great deal of activity on the western battle front, nothing has been achieved by either side of any importance. In Belgium, near Souchez, in the Argonne, on the Heights of the Meuse, in the vicinity of St. Mihiel, at the Le Prêtre forest, there have been frequent infantry attacks by both sides and in some places almost uninterrupted artillery bombardments, but the results have been extremely meager. The general situation has undergone no modification.

Bulletin, July 6, p.m.-July 13, a.m.

The Russians have rallied from their retreat, both in southern Poland and in Galicia. In the province of Lubin especially they have brought up strong reinforcements, and not only succeeded in checking the Austro-Germans, but have forced them to fall back north of Krasnik. Between the Vistula and the Vierpz, therefore, the Russians have somewhat bettered their position, elsewhere they seem to be holding their own. To the east of the Vierpz, along the Bug, on the Zlota Lipa and the Dniester the week has brought no developments. At many points in the eastern battle line there have been isolated efforts made by the Germans to break through the Russian lines but in no place have they gained any great measure of success.

Southern Poland and Galicia

The Italian campaign has made little progress during the week. In the Tyrol the fighting has been confined for the most part to the artillery, which so far seems to have had no appreciable effect on the Austrian positions. Along the Isonzo there have been recorded a number of determined attacks on Goritz, all of which have been repulsed, and a slight advance in the Corso plateau, north of Monfalcone. Elsewhere on the Austro-Italian front comparative quiet has prevailed.

The Italian Campaign

The British have gained a complete victory over the German military forces in southwest Africa. After an invasion of over three months, General Louis Botha, commander-in-chief of the forces of the Union, has forced the Germans to surrender unconditionally. As a consequence the entire territory of German southwest Africa has passed into the hands of the British. Its disposition has not yet been determined upon. German eastern Africa is still in possession of the Germans. An Austrian submarine has torpedoed and sunk the Amalfi, an Italian cruiser, in the Adriatic. In the Gallipoli peninsula the Allies have made little or no progress.

Other Items

The German note of July 3, which is the official reply to the note of the American Government of June 10, begins by reiterating Germany's profession of friendship and esteem for the United States, and by expressing the earnest desire of Germany to uphold the principles of humanity. It goes on to shift to Great Britain all responsibility for departures from the accepted practices of international law; and it justifies its submarine warfare on the plea that Germany is fighting for its very existence, and is obliged by a sacred duty to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects.

The German Note

As for the Lusitania, it lays all the blame on the British Government, and in explanation of its failure to give warning, declares that to have caused the crew and passengers to take to the boats before firing a torpedo would have meant the sure destruction of the German submarine, that it was naturally expected that a mighty ship like the Lusitania would remain above water long enough even after the torpedoing to permit passengers to

enter the ship's boats, and that if this expectation proved false, it was because of the presence on board of explosives. Besides, had the Lusitania been spared, German citizens would have been killed by the ammunition she carried.

It declares its willingness not to interfere with the prosecution of legitimate shipping by American citizens and not to jeopardize their lives, and suggests as the means by which these two objects are to be accomplished, that Americans sail hereafter in neutral ships which, however, are to be guaranteed by the American Government as not carrying contraband, are to be marked as neutral by clear signs, and are to be announced to the German Government as about to sail sometime before the actual date of their sailing. Should a sufficient number of neutral ships not be available for necessities of travel across the Atlantic, the German Government is prepared to interpose no objection to the placing under the American flag of four passenger steamers for passenger traffic between North America and England. In this case, however, the conditions laid down for neutral ships are to be observed.

On the matter of accidents which neutral ships may suffer in the war zone Germany states her position to be the same on sea as on land, should neutrals betake themselves into dangerous localities in spite of previous warning. The note closes with the statement that "The Imperial Government will always be glad to make use of the good offices of the President, and hopes that his efforts in the present case, as well as in the direction of the lofty ideal of the freedom of the seas, will lead to an understanding."

The general comment on the note is that, though couched in most friendly terms, it gives satisfaction on none of the issues raised by the United States. As a consequence the communication has evoked expressions of widespread disapproval on the part of the American press.

Belgium.—Sometime since Mgr. Heylan, Bishop of Namur, published a reply to the German Chancellor's accusations against the Belgian clergy. This document has recently been made public, and as the German version was noted in these columns, space is now given to the important parts of the Bishop's answer as follows: Mgr. Heylan "affirms with all the inhabitants of the village, without exception, and with the entire Belgian people, that the story of Belgian *francs-tireurs* (snipers) is a legend, an invention, a calumny." In speaking of punishments inflicted, the prelate remarks that even in the supposition of legitimate repression "the chastisement is so out of proportion with the imputed fault that no reason can ever make it legitimate," and then says:

A Bishop's Protest

The list (of punishments) comprises varieties of seventeen different crimes, not committed in one or two isolated cases, but almost in a general manner, and as if by system. For how can facts be considered "individual" acts which occur almost everywhere, on the same days, along a front thirty leagues long? These crimes are so numerous that often all varieties of them were verified in hundreds of our villages. . . . All these facts thousands and thousands of eye-witnesses are ready to affirm under oath, when a regular committee of investigation shall be established. . . . The German Minister considers as lies every assertion of martyrdom, outrage, or ill-treatment inflicted by the German army on secular and religious priests; and he declares that never has a German officer or soldier laid wicked hands on ecclesiastical goods or persons. Here the German Government has been led into error inconceivably. For here is the truth. About 250 priests of the provinces of Namur and Luxemburg have been shot or wounded or chased under fire, or placed against a wall to be shot, or threatened long and seriously with death, or afflicted with unworthy and cruel treatment, or deported into Germany—all in spite of their complete innocence. . . . The German Minister now says he is persuaded that the Belgian clergy, in its guidance of the people, made efforts to calm them and dissuade them from attacks. This assertion is noted, for it marks an important and singular turn backward. So the German armies made a mistake when they accused individually our priests—almost without exception—of having shot at them, of being *francs-tireurs* and heads of *francs-tireurs*, of having excited the population, organized the resistance of civilians, etc.; they made a mistake when, as a consequence of such accusations, they inflicted a great deal of harsh and often cruel treatment—and killed twenty-six priests, several of them with refinements of cruelty. . . . The Belgian people has suffered much from an unjust invasion that has crushed and bruised it. It is conscious of having abstained from all crime in the legitimate resistance which has been opposed to the invader. It is not less decided to keep a correct and irreproachable attitude during the invader's occupation. What it will not suffer is that its good name should be stained by calumny. It addresses a pressing and suppliant appeal to the impartiality and justice of honest conscience and neutral nations.

Germany.—A committee of 77 prominent Catholics has been formed to answer the charges brought by French Catholics against Germany. The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, together with the Cardinal Archbishop of Munich are said to have protested at Rome against these accusations. Because of the largely political nature of the campaign it was thought best, however, to leave the controversy in the hands of representative Catholic laymen. Attention is called by them to the great religious awakening which took place throughout Germany at the beginning of the war. "The entire nation felt that it was one with its Emperor, who in the hour of greatest need turned to God, as the people themselves were minded and willed to turn to Him." A description is given in particular of the edifying example of German Catholics:

Catholic Defense Committee

With deep and genuine piety the millions of Catholic warriors approached the Sacraments before their departure. In countless parishes hardly a single man absented himself. This religious fervor of our soldiers did not slacken amid the trial and dangers of war, as the army chaplains testify. Such warriors are not capable of perpetuating the shameful deeds of which they are accused. No one who even superficially understands the morality and moral strength of our people, who has witnessed

the heroism and spirit of Christian sacrifice with which our young men have gone forth into the field, can possibly conceive the monstrous idea that "barbarism" could find place among the German troops.

A standing committee, composed of leading Catholics, has been formed "to ward off all old and new attacks" and offer "a thorough and detailed refutation."

Financial and Industrial Conditions

The spirit of the German people can perhaps be judged best by the promptness with which the payments on the second war loan were made. Of the entire sum, amounting to 2,275 million dollars, 1,957 millions had already been paid by May 22, or 86 per cent. of the entire issue. Germany's strong financial position at the present moment is due mainly to the German people themselves who have mobilized the entire resources of the nation. "I have no hesitation in saying," the Imperial Treasurer remarked on this point, "that there will be no end to our resources unless one can imagine a time when the entire visible wealth of the nation, credit as well as silver and gold, is consumed." It is interesting to note likewise that manufacturers are keeping an eye upon the great possibilities of commerce at the closing of the war. "It seems desirable," a member of the German machine industry recently stated, "to prepare now for the rush of orders by enlarging plants with proper equipments, thus keeping the machine industry in operation during the war." The lack of orders in regular products is offset by large orders from the military authorities. The elimination of the middlemen from these transactions is greatly to the advantage of both the manufacturer and the purchaser. German export and import business has suffered greatly, though it has not ceased entirely. Defect in the latter is partially supplied by the fact that in the occupied parts of Belgium, northern France and Russian Poland cotton goods and raw cotton have been found in such quantities that the army and navy will be amply provided even in case the war should be prolonged for a considerable time.

Great Britain.—Some difficulty is anticipated by the labor unions, consequent upon the introduction of women workers. In a speech at Nottingham, J. H. Thomas, member of Parliament, and secretary for the unions, said that since, in his opinion, woman labor "had come to stay," it was imperative to take steps that its introduction should not be used as a pretext for a general lowering of wages. The only Government department which has made any great effort to avail itself of the services of women is the Post Office, which now employs about three thousand. It is said on the authority of a high Post Office official that the women do their work very well; "they work quickly and accurately and are very conscientious."

Women Workers

Sir William Ramsay, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir William Mather, and other scientists, have offered their services to the Cabinet. "The essential feature of the war, they say, is that it is waged by science entirely. England started the struggle under an immeasurable handicap, because she had neither imagined the part modern science would play in warfare nor had taken measures to equip her armies for this type of contest. Our plan is to form a small central committee composed of the most eminent men in science. With the organization of the British Science Gild behind them, these men will form committees of experts in their own branch of science. Then should the Cabinet submit a problem, the central committee will consider it and hand it over to the departments best fitted to solve it." It is possibly as a result of this plan that Lord Fisher, who resigned as First Sea Lord, has been appointed Chairman of an "Inventions Board," which is now being established to assist the Admiralty in relation to naval requirements.

Science in Warfare

Ireland.—In a recent lecture at the Gaelic League's Irish Industries Exhibition held in New York, Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, secretary of the Cork Industrial Development Association, gave the following statistics worth remembering: In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,196,597; in 1913, 4,379,076, a decline of 3,817,521. In that same period emigration carried off more than 4,000,000 people; in the last twelve years Ireland has lost by emigration alone 377,349 of her children, more than now inhabit County Cork. In 1914 only 20,814 persons emigrated. Side by side with the fall in the population there has been a marked decline in tillage. Of 20,371,125 statute acres in Ireland 60 per cent. are under grass; in 1851 there were 5,858,951 acres under corn and green crops and flax and hay; in 1913 there were only 4,814,571 acres under similar crops, a decrease of 17.8 per cent. This year, however, there is more land under tillage than at any other time during the last fifty years. The fisheries give a comparatively small yield to Irishmen. Ireland's sea-line measures 2,500 miles, yet in 1913 the yield to Ireland was only 676,392 cwts., valued at less than $1,500,000. In the same year Scotland with a sea-line one-fifth the size of Ireland's, had a yield worth $15,000,000. Despite common opinion money is not scarce in Ireland. In 1894 the deposits and cash balances in Irish Joint Stock Banks stood at $188,035,000. In 1914 this figure had increased to $330,840,000, a gain in such deposits in twenty years of roughly $150,000,000. In Irish Trustee Savings Banks in 1894 the deposits to the credit of Irish accounts totaled $9,910,000. In 1914 this figure had increased to $12,795,000. To the credit of Irish depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland there were $24,885,000, in 1894. In 1914 such deposits had been increased to $63,740,000. Taking all such deposits in all banks in Ireland in 1914 we find that Ireland at the end of that year had $407,375,000 to its credit. The increase in such deposits in the twenty years quoted amounted to $189,545,000. The sad aspect of this phase

Population, Trade, Finance

of the subject is that the great bulk of this huge sum of money is, practically speaking, lost to Ireland since the sums to credit in both the Trustee Savings and the Post Office Savings Banks are all sent to England where they are invested in English concerns. The statistics concerning Ireland's external trade though probably not entirely exact, are most interesting. For instance the value of Ireland's external trade in 1904 was estimated at $521,234,735, with the value of the imports exceeding that of exports by roughly $25,000,000. In 1913 Ireland's total external trade was estimated for that year at $737,797,800, being an increase in value of $216,563,065 in the ten years under review. Moreover the value of exports in 1913 exceeded that of imports by $1,100,000. Irish farm produce exports have an annual value of approximately $185,000,000; in 1913 the live stock exports alone totaled $100,000,000. The annual value of other exports such as raw materials is much greater than that of agricultural products. The total Irish capital sunk in Irish railways amounts to $230,000,000; the total working expenditure represents 63 per cent. of the total receipts from all sources and in 1912 the net receipts amounted to $8,400,000. When it is considered that the country is rich in coal and iron mines, slate and marble quarries the outlook is not so bad after all.

Mexico.—Strife and famine are still dominant in Mexico; battles occur frequently, and though destructive, they are working less harm than famine. Early in the week many American consuls sent alarming reports about the unspeakable conditions that obtained in various parts of the country. One despatch stated that supplies in northeastern Mexico would last only a few days and added: "It will be but a few weeks before the entire northeastern part of Mexico will be dependant on its northern neighbor, the United States, for the lives of all non-combatants." In the New York *Tribune* of July 6 an American, long resident in Mexico City, has this to say:

Intolerable Conditions

It is equally impossible for Americans to realize how awful a famine is being experienced by Mexico now. Hundreds of men, women and children are starving by the wayside. No one has dared to tell the truth so far. I am glad I can, but if it should be known who it was that was telling you this there would be damnation to pay. It will be charged that I have an axe to grind: I have none. My firm is not in politics and has all the financial backing it wants and needs. I am telling nothing but God's own honest truth, and I am telling it because my heart bleeds for those poor millions of Mexicans who are being massacred.

Despite all this, Carranza is not only exporting food, but what is perhaps worse, persists in his usual misrepresentations. The activities of the Red Cross are deprecated and despatches are sent broadcast to tell how the workmen of Vera Cruz marched in protest against relief measures. All this agitation is, of course, factitious. In speaking of general conditions in Mexico City the American quoted above says:

Obregon packed several trains full of women and sent them to the soldiers in the southern part of Mexico. One hundred and sixty-eight priests, with their hands tied behind their backs, were driven like oxen through the streets of Mexico City and then publicly horsewhipped. Zapata is in control of the city now (July 6), but Zapata himself is just as great a bandit as Carranza or Villa. He has with him a large number of the most primitive men in the country, most of whom are not even able to speak Spanish. They are little more than beasts and they are cowardly to the bottom of their rotten hearts. Zapata can not remain in control of Mexico City, for his men would turn and run if a real army opposed them.

But the greatest possible wrong that is being perpetrated against the people of America is the withholding from them of the truth. Their own countrymen are constantly threatened by death. It would not surprise me to learn that my compatriots had been massacred. The State Department at Washington knows this. The agents it has sent to Mexico have been either fools or rascals—most of them the latter. The information that Washington has in its hands now, which is not revealed and which never will be disclosed to the American people, would open our eyes wide and make us think a little more seriously of the Mexican situation.

Spain.—Up to two years ago conscription existed in Spain to a limited extent only; then the law was changed in such a way that difficulties arose for the ecclesiastical authorities. The Sacred Congregation legislating for Italy, had decreed that those not exempt from active military service could not be admitted to sacred Orders or solemn religious profession, before the end of their barrack life. As conditions in Spain appeared similar to those in Italy, a commission was appointed to consider the Spanish problem. The report recently issued is as follows: Individuals of certain missionary Congregations are regarded by law as fulfilling their three years' military service by exercising the sacred ministry for that period, in the Spanish missions of Africa, the Holy Land, America, the far East or other places determined by the Government. In war time priests and religious not included in the first provision, will be attached to the sanitary service connected with the army, acting as doctors' assistants, infirmarians, etc.: in time of peace the religious just mentioned may act in the same capacity or be employed as teachers in primary military schools; in the latter case they will not live in the barracks. In time of peace priests will perform their military service by acting as chaplains in the barracks, in military hospitals, etc. When these conclusions were sent to Rome an answer was returned to the effect that provincials might decide whether their subjects should take solemn vows before the end of the military service just described; but in the case of seminarists the bishops were advised, though not commanded, to have the students comply with their military obligations before ordination. There is general satisfaction with these phases of the new Spanish law of conscription.

Features of Conscription

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Animal "Intelligence"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I enclose what purports to be an account of the doings of some dogs "who talk." Please give me information relative to the following points: First. Is the testimony of the men mentioned in the report trustworthy? Second. As a matter of fact, did the things happen as therein reported? Third. Is it an article of faith that no brute can reason? Fourth. Assuming that the reported phenomena are real: (a) How do they tally with Christian philosophy? (b) How explain them? Any other information which you may think proper to give, will be gratefully received.

INQUIRER.

"INQUIRER'S" questions are best answered perhaps by a comparison of brute with intelligent cognition. A dog and a hungry savage simultaneously catch sight of a piece of meat. Each is an *animal,* each has more than a speculative interest in the object of vision; each *knows* the meat and, in so far as he can, intends to make it his own. What is the difference in their respective cognition and in the conduct depending thereon?

The answer in a word is this: the dog's knowledge is *necessarily* concrete and material, his subsequent conduct necessitated; the man's may be abstract and spiritual, the conduct depending thereon, free. Yet in both, up to a certain point, the process of cognition is the same. There was the impression made on the eye of each by the object, with a consequent modification of the faculty of sight, till ultimately in the imagination of both brute and savage was lodged the picture of "this meat," *i. e.,* meat of such a color, shape and size. Beyond this, however, the parity can not go. For, while the savage can as yet rise to a higher order of knowledge, the brute can not. For him the object must ever remain particular and concrete. Whether grotesquely large or impossibly small, it will be ever but an image in the phantasy, concrete, material and sensitive, with the distinctive properties of some particular piece of meat.

But all these individuating marks the savage could omit from his concept. He could strip the picture in his imagination of everything that made it *this* meat and retain only what it shared with all others of the same species, that is, its essence. He could know it not only as this concrete food in this place and at this time, but as "meat" or "food" or "good" in general. He could reflect upon it, though the chances are great that he would not, and thus learn how many other things he could class with this as "food." Concomitantly he would have the power to deliberate, to perceive a relation, say between this as a means and the satisfying of his hunger as an end. In a word, the savage can abstract, can perceive immaterial things or material things in an immaterial way; which is only saying, in other words, that he is intelligent.

Nor does this difference appear only in the apprehension of the object by the brute and man respectively, but it runs over into the consequent course of action making the dog a necessary agent and his fellow-forager free. For hungry as the savage may be and clamorously as his animal nature may manifest itself, he can yet see some good in not eating, can deny himself and relinquish to the dog, if he will, the food in question.

For the brute, however, this course of action is impossible. With all necessary conditions fulfilled, the dog hungry and the meat wholesome, the irrational animal must eat. It is an innate impulse of his nature necessary and imperative. He is as incapable of a "hunger-strike" as most people are of understanding its efficacy. Such an action we term instinctive and the principle whence it flows, "instinct" or "that sensitive impulse which induces a being to perform certain actions the suitableness of which is beyond the perception of the agent that performs them." It is suitable for a hungry dog to eat wholesome meat, though the dog does not know it. And it is here precisely that non-intelligent and intelligent cognition differ. The savage does know, or can know, the suitableness of his action, for while instinct is "unconsciously adaptive of means to an end," intelligence is consciously so, and though the term "instinct" has been variously and wonderfully taken, it is probable that all who deny intelligence to brutes, will concur in admitting the process just described as the ordinary and simple psychology of the brute in the circumstance given, differ though they may as to the name.

The process becomes more complicated, however, when the image brought in by the external senses awakens a sensitive memory of a previous experience, say of pleasure or of pain. Then may be evoked the sensitive recollection of some circumstances connected with that former pleasure or pain as, for example, the opening of a door to obtain food. And here, according to our opinion, is the key to the explanation of the many extraordinary things animals may be sometimes brought to do. Upon this association of material pictures, together with the simpler impulse of instinct explained above, and upon no higher *principle* depends animal "intelligence." Reason demands that we be economical philosophically as well as socially and commercially and our reason for denying intelligence to brutes when a less precious principle will suffice, should appeal with peculiar emphasis to an age as practical as is our own. Angell, in "Chapters from Modern Psychology," Lecture 7, writes:

> The evidence thus far in hand indicates that the "try, try again" or trial and "error method" is the all but universal method employed by animals in problem solving. Animals like "Clever Hans" may for years deceive people into believing that they possess human powers of computation, but it is certainly not going too far to say that the more completely each case is scrutinized, the more improbable does it appear that animals in general think in the way human beings think.

John Burroughs is convinced of the same from observation:

I grant that you can prove in your laboratory(?) that animals do not reason. . . . But the observer in the field and woods, if he exercises any reason of his own knows this. We see that the caged bird or beast does not reason because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it can not escape. It can not be convinced because it has no faculties that are convinced by evidence. It continues to dash itself against the bars not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted. Then slowly a new habit is formed, the cage habit. When we train an animal to do stunts we do not teach it or enlighten it in any proper sense, but we compel it to form new habits.

Yet though we are firmly convinced that to explain animal wonders, nothing is required but instinct and a good sensitive memory, it is by no means always easy to apply the principle and explain, in a given case, precisely how an animal acts. The difficulty is heightened when we remember that of the "intelligent brutes" forced upon the public of late years many have been pure frauds, such as "Clever Hans," who lost his "intellect" and his master simultaneously, while into the actions of others sympathetic bystanders have projected their own psychological states.

The case of the dog "Rolf," cited by "Inquirer," must, I fear, be almost wholly explained on some such hypothesis as this. At any rate it is not too much to say that if the doings of "Rolf" be stripped of some palpable impossibilities, and be viewed without the projection of the narrator's personal psychology what remains is easily explicable by instinct and sensitive memory. "Rolf's" history, as given by "Inquirer," is briefly this: To all appearances an ordinary terrier, as such only was he known, until one day during the lessons of his mistress's children he crept out from under the table "with so human a look" that he was forthwith asked, "How much are two and two?" and he promptly answered by rapping four times with his paw. This talent recognized, he was then educated until the extraction of cube root and the ability to spell and converse were numbered among his accomplishments.

The "human look" of the dog is a good example of the observer's reading his own mental state into the animal's appearance, especially when it is remembered that this "human look" was the first inkling of the dog's extraordinary ability. Into the category of the impossible must be relegated such details as "Rolf's" distinction between *essen* and *fressen*, as likewise the extraction of cube root and the spontaneous utterance of wit and wisdom. There is nothing in the testimony given to prove the *intelligence* in such actions, granted even their existence. To explain what the witnesses saw and heard we need but to remember that the so-called "education" of the dog was but training, that is, an appeal to instinct and sensitive memory. And granted, if you will, in this particular brute some exceptional disposition of the larynx we may admit that "Rolf" "talks." But so do parrots; and the marvel is that while parrots are proverbs of stupidity, "Rolf" is endowed with intelligence.

So it seems that this dog's intelligence, no less than that of the innumerable other brutes the last decade or so has brought forth is intimately and causally dependent upon human intelligence. He is wonderful only in so far as all the others have been wonderful: examples of infinite *human* patience and of a perfection of which even sense cognition and instinct are capable. His spontaneity is that of previous preparation; his intelligence that of his trainer, who has seen to it that a given sign or sound will stimulate the dog to an action, with which in the dog's sensitive memory this sign or sound is associated. And hence philosophically there is no reason for endowing "Rolf" with the spiritual soul which intelligence would presuppose, and moreover, the practice of the Church is such that we can not believe a brute capable of thought which is associated with the possession of the simple, spiritual substance which is designated by the word, soul. Then, too, brutes in general are so marvelously stupid that the cleverness of the exception is accentuated, while most people will be willing to dismiss the whole difficulty with St. George Mivart: "If brutes were intelligent they would soon tell us they were."

GEORGE D. BULL, S.J.

A Popular Song*

THE popular song, to deserve its name, has the immense handicap of attempting the impossible. It must try to please everyone. When Ben Bowen, writer of lyrical titbits, sits down to carpenter some verses and a chorus, he must keep in mind the adolescent mentality of Willie, the messenger boy, not less than the trained if weary brain of the Honorable Jackson, bank president, who soothes his tired nerves with talking machine renderings of the "latest." When Bianco Blanco runs his hands through his hair in search of a melody, he must find one that Sadie, who wraps bundles, may hum at a single hearing, without forgetting the more fastidious taste of Mrs. Flushon Coyne, who reads papers on Beethoven after an exhilerating afternoon at the vaudeville.

The problem of a true popular song would be impossible were it not that there is really a vast audience whose tastes in this matter are not so widely diversified. One does not expect Wagnerian depth of harmony in a popular song, any more than one looks for Miltonic sublimity in an Austin Dobson villanelle. A popular song is merely intended for amusement and the lightest sort of recreation. It is a musical witticism or a bit of simple pathos which is popular only because it touches closely the emotions shared in common by bootblack, banker, baseball player, biologist and bibliophile.

The popular song bears much the same relation to genuine music that a limerick or an anecdote bears to literature. It is easily grasped; it is easily remembered and—thank Heaven!—easily forgotten. It is best when

*Third of a series of four articles.

it is truest, and it has served its ultimate purpose when it has added its tiny grain to the sum of human happiness. The difficulty of pleasing a really diversified range of tastes is not, then, insurmountable. Gilbert and Sullivan of the dear old days, did it with something approaching perfection; Blossom and Herbert in their original operas set fresh twists of thought to dainty bits of melody.

But it is a difficulty that can not be solved by the writer who devotes the fifteen minutes before lunch to his latest song. It requires thought, a certain degree of artistic insight, and a very fair amount of application of the first copy to the grind stone. And because it is easier to dull public taste by mere frequency of repetition than to write songs that deserve popularity, the ideal popular song is becoming rare enough to deserve a place in the Smithsonian Institute.

Two things I consider to be indispensable to a popular song, an idea, musical and lyrical, and lightness of touch. If you think that remark about the idea just a bit obvious, be good enough to glance over the files of any music publisher. A gold mine that assayed to the ton no more in gold than the output of some publishers assays in ideas would be thought fit only to sell to widows and orphans. Unless the idea is really fresh, it is not an idea, but a memory. Personally, I prefer the original though old, to the paraphrase with the smell of wet ink making redolent its pages.

Given originality of melody and theme, the musical idea may for the moment be dismissed. But in passing, I beg the potential composer to cast a thoughtful glance at the brief scale of twelve distinct notes that is his building material. Genius will, without repetition, produce from that tiny gamut, melodies and harmonies fresh with the freshness of recurring spring. But mediocrity can not hope to compose much and compose with unimpaired novelty. The facility of modern music printing and the insatiable cry of the public has led one popular composer to repeat his first big success with exasperating frequency; while the identical rhythm has lilted through the strains of a half-dozen rivals. For all his marvelous fecundity, Schubert's melodies have about them a disappointing unevenness. Schubert had a modern failing: he wrote too much. But you may scan the files of the best popular publishers without finding one distant relative of Schubert.

The lyrical idea is what should, though often enough it does not, determine the style of the whole composition. The music is a setting for the thought; the thought is not a mere unimportant addition. Music though an independent art must, when joined to verse, serve and be mastered by it. So much so, that with but little left us of the music of Greece, we still feel in the lyrics that time has spared us, the strong sense of rhythm and lilt that must have dominated the music. This may be hard to understand when one recalls the entranced audience who listen to a grand opera sung in French, German or perhaps, for all they know, Sanskrit. But, to take a familiar instance, it is the passionately dramatic story of Goethe's "Faust" that gives form and character to the music of Gounod's opera. The music of the "Jewel Song" could certainly not be sung to the lyric of the "Soldiers' Chorus."

The lyrical idea should be true. When the wit of a humorist is remembered beyond the echo of the first burst of laughter, it is because that humor has been rooted in the depth of human nature. And when like Burns, the poet touches the emotions ever so lightly, the length and intensity of the verse's appeal will be in exact proportion to the truth that calls forth the pathos.

Nothing is more disgusting than the forced humor of many modern lyrics, unless it be the maudlin sentiment of others. How any one can be amused at "Adam and Eve had a Wonderful Time," or touched by the cheap and tawdry pathos of "The Curse of an Aching Heart," passeth my imperfect understanding. Such lyrics are as false as paste diamonds and far less durable. They are as destructive of good taste as "yellow-backs" and rouge. The lyricist whose aim is to make even a popular song something worthy of an intelligent man, must write his humor and his pathos from his heart, and that heart must be sound. Truth and sincerity are as indispensable here as they are in any production bordering ever so remotely on the realm of art.

It's a long way from the delicious humor of Lamb to the flaring parodies of the comic supplement—a way longer than can be measured in sticks, yard, metric or slap. In fact, it is just the distance that lies between lightness of touch and broadness of humor. The first suggests a delicacy of wit, a nice perception of the value of allusion, the pen of J. M. Barrie, and the pen of Gibson before the *Cosmopolitan* spoiled him. The latter recalls the unrestrained guffaw, the point boldly protruding from the scant folds of the story, the jests of Joe Miller and the pencil of F. Opper. The first demands a reaction on the part of the auditor; it requires a bit of mental fence, a moment of give and take when the reader matches his wits with the author and a spark flies. The second requires only the cooperation needed for the use of a jester's bladder; something to hit, and by preference, something hard. Breadth of humor and pathos administered in emergency doses are features common enough in popular songs; but real lightness of touch is a rarity. For that requires one of the qualities of genius, the power of working with discrimination.

Yet with lightness of touch, I feel safe in saying, half the artistic fiascos in the world of music would be avoided. A writer with instinctive lightness of touch would despise from his heart the vapid sentimentality of the soft-and-sticky song. He would not care to soil his hands with the coarseness of the rough-and-tumble song. He would shrink in well-bred disgust from mock pathos of the heart-throb, sobby song. The sledge-hammer, box-falling-down-stairs, camel's-tread style of music

would offend his sense of beauty. He would not need to depend for his effects on mere noise.

Lightness of touch? Delicacy, restraint, the touch of a kindly smile, a glint of a furtive tear, all these are suggested by the phrase. To music it brings the verve of rapid rhythm, uninforced by heavy or exasperatingly syncopated accents, a swift flow of melody, simplicity and unpretentiousness of harmony. With lightness of touch, the lyricist may play daintily, as Whitcomb Riley has done, on the domestic emotions lying ever so little below the surface of our hearts. Lightness of touch keeps the song within the range of the many, without at the same time making it distasteful to the few.

You see, after all, I do not ask very much of the popular song. I ask only what I would ask of any amusement worthy of intelligent people, that it leave them better for having for the moment engaged their attention. Were each new song, presented to the publishers tried by this dual test of the presence of an idea and the employment of lightness of touch, one would feel, I think, that in picking up a popular song, he would not be called upon to lay aside the finer instincts of a cultured man.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

The "Month's Mind" of Magna Charta

THE European nations are so busy in war that the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta has been largely left for us here in America to celebrate. Our Constitutional Convention in New York took an interval to remind itself of the first great basic constitution of English rights and liberties. Many of the legal associations throughout the country have either celebrated the establishment of this fundamental document in modern law-making or will do so at their annual sessions this summer. Legislatures in many places have been reminded of its significance and the newspapers almost without exception have had something to say of Magna Charta and its meaning, even for us seven hundred years after the event. And yet I venture to say that the real significance of Magna Charta, as it should accrue to us from the celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary, has been to a great extent missed. For Magna Charta is a great monument to medieval Catholicism. It does not stand alone. On the contrary the surprise is how many of the things that are worth while in our modern life are heritages to us from this same medieval period and the Catholic influences exerted in it.

For the same century that saw the signing of Magna Charta saw also the rise of the universities in the form in which we now have them. It saw also the development of the great Gothic cathedrals with the magnificent arts for which these superb buildings gave such fine opportunities. The same period produced a literature in every country in Europe that has lived on until our time, and most of which is well-known, even popularly:—The Cid in Spain; the Arthur Legends in England; the Nibelungen in Germany; the Troubadours and the Trouvères in France and Italy; Reynard the Fox; the Romance of the Rose and the Golden Legend; the Great Latin Hymns with St. Francis' wonderful Hymn to the Creatures, at the beginning of the century and Dante's Divine Comedy at the end. Was there ever a time when so much literature was written so hot from the heart that it will endure forever? It has endured all these seven hundred years as probably no other writing of an epoch ever did. How few of the celebrations of Magna Charta emphasized anything of all this, yet how important for the understanding of Magna Charta it is that it should be emphasized! There is no surprise over Magna Charta, once it is recognized that the men of its generation did everything that they put their hand to do so well that it has lived forever.

We have been celebrating a series of anniversaries from the period of Magna Charta without a realization of their relation to one another. Last year Oxford unveiled in June a monument to Roger Bacon, on the seven hundredth anniversary of his birthday. Probably the most interesting feature of the celebration lay in the fact that it was as a distinguished man of science that Roger Bacon was greeted, and that the official address on the occasion was made by a President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is probably the most important association of scientists in the world. This year we have been celebrating, very mildly it is true, the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Dante. Dante, Roger Bacon and Magna Charta, are three of the most important landmarks in human history, all coming within the compass of a little more than a generation. It is very rare for a century to be able to present even one man or event that is of enduring significance seven centuries later. Here, however, are three supremely significant phases of humanity with effects felt to-day.

For those who know the history of the time, however, even Roger Bacon, Magna Charta and Dante, far from summing up all the memorable events and men of the epoch in which they came, are only indices of further achievements, for there is scarcely a phase of human interest which can not be illustrated by some equally deathless name or deed from that precious time. It is very hard indeed to understand now how this period could possibly have been accepted as a very nadir of ignorance and lack of intellectual interest, since it proves to be the very opposite. There were two reasons given and neither of them is complimentary to the generations that were influenced by them. One was that people knew nothing about the Middle Ages and concluded that therefore there must be nothing to know, for of course *they* could not possibly be ignorant of anything worth while. The other was that these generations themselves lacked deep interest in art and literature, above all in great poetry, great architecture and fine arts and crafts, and therefore

could not be expected to appreciate properly generations so far above them. Satisfied themselves with what was mean and sordid in art and letters, it was scarcely any wonder that they depreciated the Middle Ages.

It must not be thought, however, that knowledge of the Middle Ages has been revealed to us suddenly. Quite the contrary, it has been growing for several generations, and whenever a man took up seriously the question of studying history in first hand documents, at once the illusion of the Dark Ages passed from him, the scales fell from his eyes and he realized that they were really one of the most brilliant periods of human achievement. It mattered not how little might be his sympathy with the religion, or the philosophy, or the politics, or the social principles of the Middle Ages, such a flood of light was poured in on any one who took up seriously the subject of getting at the real significance of the Middle Ages, that it is easy to understand the revulsion of feeling that came with the revelation of surpassing artistic and intellectual accomplishments of that period. I know no better indictment of the shallowness of the scholarship of two generations ago than the change of view that has thus been brought about concerning medieval times.

Dean Maitland began the revolution in historical knowledge of the true state of things in the Middle Ages when he wrote his book "The Dark Ages" about three-quarters of a century ago. This was the first significant English utterance in contradiction of the old foolish tradition about the absolute lack of progress and education and the positive tendency to obscurantism which is supposed to make the Middle Ages such a blank. It is a little hard to understand now on rereading Maitland's "Dark Ages" how the book could have produced the impression that it did, for after all it is clearly seen in our time to have been only a beginning, and to have had but a glimmering of the truth. It contradicted calumnies, but did very little for constructive knowledge. It was not long, however, before Maitland's work was followed by that of others. Men like Frederick Harrison, Freeman, the English historian, and our own John Fiske, were largely responsible for the popularizing of the knowledge which brought people to discard their notion about the Middle Ages as full of darkness and brought them to think of that period as flooded with light which penetrated to all classes of people.

Very probably the most surprising of all these newer, truer opinions of the Middle Ages is that of John Fiske, the New England historical writer. It deserves above all to be recalled in connection with the anniversary of Magna Charta. In 1889, when he was about fifty years of age—and let it not be forgotten that Aristotle, with all due regard for the President of Harvard's recent expression in the matter, was of the opinion that a man reached intellectual maturity at forty-nine (having passed his physical maturity about thirty-five)—John Fiske wrote his work on "The Beginnings of New England," or "The Puritan Theocracy and Its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty." There would seem to be no place in such a work for some magnificent tributes to the Middle Ages, and above all for the immense debt that the world owes to the Catholic Church for what was done in that period, but it is there the expressions are to be found. Dear good New Englanders have always considered that they were the hub of the universe, not only in place, but in time, so it was not hard for a New England writer to work in the whole history of mankind as an introduction to the story of New England. Some one once said that according to history taught in and around Boston, there were no events worth while talking about between the time of Christ and the landing of the Pilgrims, except possibly the discovery of America. John Fiske was one of the first to unearth what lay between.

He put into print in his introduction to this work on New England a number of expressions that must have seriously shocked his compatriot readers. The following paragraph brings home forcibly how much he appreciated this wonderful time that has been so misunderstood, the time of Magna Charta:

> Until quite lately, indeed, the student of history has had his attention too narrowly confined to the ages that have been pre-eminent for literature and art—the so-called classical ages—and thus his sense of historical perspective has been impaired. When Mr. Freeman uses Gregory of Tours as a text-book, he shows that he realizes how an epoch may be none the less portentous though it has not had a Tacitus to describe it, and certainly no part of history is more full of human interest than the troubled period in which the powerful streams of Teutonic life pouring into Roman Europe were curbed in their destructiveness and guided to noble ends by the Catholic Church. Out of the interaction between these two mighty agents has come the political system of the modern world. The moment when this interaction might have seemed on the point of reaching a complete and harmonious result was the glorious thirteenth century, the culminating moment of the Holy Roman Empire. Then, as in the time of Cæsar or Trajan, there might have seemed to be a union among civilized men, in which the separate life of individuals and localities was not submerged. In that golden age alike of feudal system, of empire, and of church, there were to be seen the greatest monarchs, in fullest sympathy with their peoples that Christendom has known, an Edward I, a St. Louis, a Frederick II. Then, when in the pontificates of Innocent III, and his successors the Roman Church reached its apogee, the religious yearnings of men sought expression in the sublimest architecture the world has seen. Then Aquinas summed up in his profound speculations the substance of Catholic theology, and while the morning twilight of modern science might be discerned in the treatises of Roger Bacon, while wandering minstrelsy revealed the treasures of modern speech, soon to be wrought under the hands of Dante and Chaucer into forms of exquisite beauty, the sacred fervor of the apostolic ages found itself renewed in the tender and mystic piety of St. Francis of Assisi.

This was the era of Magna Charta. It is on the background of all this wonderful accomplishment that it becomes easy to understand that great document. In all of this the Catholic Church can well say *quorum pars magna fui.*

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Marquette "the Impostor"

IN a footnote on page 104 of the "South Dakota Historical Collections," Vol. VIII, 1914, we find the following startling announcement:

> All of the merit of the travel (sic) on the Mississippi belongs to Jolliet; Marquette (sic) was *a good for nothing man;* a fifth wheel, imposed by the Jesuits—and more, an *impostor.* Benjamin Sulte. (Italics inserted.)

Sulte is a well known Canadian historian. In which of his many works he has made this amazing utterance, the "South Dakota Historical Collections" do not vouchsafe to tell us. In fact there are many subsequent quotations from Sulte, but in no instance is the reader of the "Collections" enabled to verify their exactness nor can he be sure of their reality. But perhaps this information was conveyed by letter. He says the very opposite in his "Jean Nicolet," Mélanges (p. 445); *"La gloire de la grande découverte appartient à Jolliet et Marquette. Il n'en faut plus douter;"* which phrase means: "There can no longer be any doubt that the glory of the great discovery belongs to Jolliet and Marquette." Nor could Sulte really have said that Marquette was *"imposed"* on Joliet, by Jesuits, for in speaking of La Salle as an explorer, he asks very contemptuously:

> Can any one suppose that he did more than Nicolet, Chouart and Radisson, *not to speak of the Jesuits?* Frontenac, although most favorable to La Salle, abstains from even pronouncing his name; if indeed he even thought of entrusting that official mission to him. It was Jolliet who got the appointment; *Jolliet the pupil and disciple of the Jesuits.* Jolliet knew the languages of the savages; his ability as a hydrographer forced his name on the notice of the Government; and over and above all that, the *Jesuits were acting in concert with him.*

The puzzle still grows when we find that Mr. Charles E. De Land, one of the former Presidents of the South Dakota Historical Society, who is responsible for this uncondemned and unverifiable utterance of Sulte, is himself quite enthusiastic over Marquette. Thus on page 62 of the same volume he says:

> Marquette and Joliet, under authority of the French Government, started on a mission of discovery on June 10, 1673, from the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and descended the latter to the Mississippi. With five Frenchmen, as companions, and two Algonquins as guides, they met the Illinois on the Des Moines where the pipe of peace paved the way to mutual confidence; passed the mighty confluence of two great streams, where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi; down past the Ohio where were the peaceful Shawnees who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois; entered, near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, the village of Mitchegamea; smoked with the Chicasas; then down in a long wooden boat to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage; turned back, reached and ascended the Illinois and to Lake Michigan.

It may be remarked here that although Sulte insists that Joliet spelled his name *Jolliet,* nevertheless not the slightest attention is paid to the protest by Mr. De Land. It is always Joliet with one *l*; and moreover Marquette is invariably mentioned first. Finally on page 102, Mr. De Land quotes Bancroft's famous phrase about "the illustrious triumvirate Alloŭez, Dablon, and Marquette"; all of which would go to show that in the mind of Mr. De Land Marquette was not "imposed by the Jesuits," was not "a good-for-nothing-man," not "a fifth wheel" which the innocent Sulte fancies to be a superfluity, and above all was not "an impostor."

Indeed the conviction grows that it can not be Benjamin Sulte, the Canadian historian, who is quoted by the "South Dakota Historical Collections," but some one else; some "good-for nothing man"; "a fifth wheel" and "an impostor." For Sulte, the historian, would never have displayed such deplorable ignorance of his own language and of his own country. He would never, for instance, have called the *coureurs de bois, "courrier de bois"* and immediately after it *"courrier des bois"* (p 264) and would never let a plural noun go without its *s,* nor would he have written *le seigneurie;* nor Marquett without an *e;* nor would he have said, half in English, half in very peculiar French, that "Amyot was the name of a Quebec family *anobile* par Louis XIV."

Of all the men in the world Father Marquette was not one who could be charged with false pretences. He belonged to one of the wealthiest and most distinguished families of the city of Laon which was famous among the cities of France for centuries. Advancement either in Church or State was almost as a matter of course for him. But, in spite of that, he became a Jesuit with the explicit understanding that he might be sent to any part of the world and be buried for all his life in the most absolute obscurity. He arrived in New France in 1666, and after two years of hardship among the Indians along the St. Lawrence was sent to what was then the end of the earth, the western extremity of Lake Superior. There he met some Illinois Indians who had come to visit his mission. When driven out, he settled at Mackinac nursing the hope that he could go down to evangelize these savages who seemed to him to afford great hope of conversion. Of course he knew about the Great River. Everybody did, and everybody was anxious to find it; but for Marquette, it was not because the discovery of it would give him fame, for he could have got all he wanted of that in France, if he had been so minded; but because it would bring him into contact with the Indians who lived on its banks. Nor was there any jealousy about being the first to discover the river. Father Dablon had printed and published all about the way to get to it, a year or so before; Joilet who met La Salle at Lake Erie had instructed him about the route to follow. The only difficulty was to get an official appointment; for money was required to make the attempt. Finally Joliet and Marquette were named; the former because of his scientific attainments, and the latter because of his knowledge of

the language of six of the tribes. Moreover, they were appointed by Frontenac who was most unfriendly to the Jesuits; a selection, all the more remarkable, because, not only was Marquette a member of the Order but Joliet was one of their favorite pupils. The journey was made, the course of the river was determined, and they returned in safety to the mission post, where they remained during the winter. At the breaking up of the ice, Joliet started for Montreal with his maps, while Marquette remained with his Indians. Had he been in the least ambitious about getting any glory from his participation in the discovery, he would have set out with his friend, but that was the furthest thing from his thoughts. He had something else to do. Joliet reached Montreal but not with his maps. His canoe was upset in the rapids of Lachine and all his papers went to the bottom of the St. Lawrence, and his unsupported story would never have been believed had it not been for the Jesuit, Father Dablon, who knew the country well and convinced Frontenac that the river had really been found.

It was only in the following year that Marquette's account arrived at Quebec. It proved Joliet's claim. So that, had it not been for him, Joliet would have sunk into obscurity for ever. Moreover the account in which Marquette figures was given to the general public only six years later, and when the world at large learned of the achievement, Marquette had been already five years in the grave. Nor did he or his brethren obtain any Government recognition. Joliet was rewarded with the grant of the Anticosti Island, and fishing privileges in the St. Lawrence, but Marquette received only the reward of death among his Indians. Yet it was his journal of the expedition and his journal alone that made the discovery known to the world.

Thus, says Thwaites, the man who cared not for fame unwittingly won it, while the one who sought honors, gained, because of an accident, but slight recognition, and has only in our time come to be generally recognized as a full partner in the discovery.

It is idle to ask whether to Joliet or to Marquette shall be given the greater credit for the discovery of the Mississippi. Their names, in this connection, must always be mentioned in common; the priest, certainly, was as important to the expedition as was the civilian, and it is to the Jesuit that we owe the record. But, apart from this incident in his career, Father Marquette stands in history as typical of the highest ideals and achievements in the splendid missionary enterprise of the Jesuits of New France. Others of his Order, in America, were doubtless greater than he, suffered more acutely, spent more years in the service; but popular imagination in America has perhaps more generally centered upon the hero of this tale than upon any of his fellows. He was, in truth, a man of action as well as ideas; a true explorer as well as a scholastic; a rare linguist; a preacher of undoubted capacity; gifted with unusual powers of mastery over the minds of fierce savages; and his saintly character will long remain an inspiration to men of every creed and calling.

In view of all this "a good-for-nothing man" not "imposed by the Jesuits" seems to have made the "South Dakota Historical Collections" supremely ridiculous.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

Post-Impressionism

THE chief recommendation of this attempt at criticism is the ignorance of the critic. The greater part of the criticism was thought out when the critic had read next to nothing, and had seen nothing at all, of post-impressionism. Only, post-impression was in the air; and he had received, in some viewless and wireless way an impression. But it happened a day or two ago, that he was led by chance into the weird atmosphere of a post-impressionist exhibition. So strangely fulfilled were all the critic's premonitory thought about that school of art, that he dares set those thoughts down merely as an experienced fact.

It may be well to adjust my readers' opinions of this criticism by the following open-hearted admission. Not having had the slightest schooling in the use of the crayons or the brush, an ordinary artist's exhibition has left me with a confused admiration for the genius of those whose works I could never hope to equal. A good deal of frankly expressed dislike has been stifled in me by the quite relevant remark, "At any rate, I could not do anything so good." But on examining the entire wall-space given over to this post-impressionist exhibition, I found myself saying again and again, "I could have done as well myself," and in the case of a cow browsing on a mountain—or it may have been a horse in a valley—I actually thought that I could have given the painter points. I merely state this as an empiric fact; and as a contribution to the psychology of post-impressionism. Moreover if my readers think my judgment warped, they will give a basis for reckoning the deflection.

My first impression is that this new school is emancipating itself from form and color . Hitherto form has been a Procrustean bed to color. Color has been ever tied to form. Color has had a number of things to say for itself; but form, the tyrant, has insisted on being color's mouthpiece and interpreter. Indeed the splendid phrases and even thoughts which color has found in its heart have had to pass through the lips of form; and too often have come out as pidgin-English, or at least as a foreign accent.

At its worst, color has been used decoratively as part of a chorus. But though color is no mean adept in chorus work, it has melodies of its own which it should be given time and place to sing. But we rarely allow its solo-singing. Only on the moors or on the sea does it thunder forth the tragedies of its being; only in formless handfuls of spring or summer wildflowers has it leave to sing the lyrics of its heart.

Yet color has perhaps a nobler song and a wider range of notes than mere form. For of itself form is but an outline, something outward, something mathematical and dead. Color is inward and alive. Indeed, the men of science tell us that it is an intense vibration, almost a quick pulsation of life. The color we see in nature, the burning hues of the poppy and the gorse, even the quiet shades of the heather and the primrose are alive. They beseech; they compel. Not even the Alps in all the majesty of their outline are as one of the harebells on its slopes.

Post-impressionists have vowed themselves to a crusade, rescuing color from the thraldom of form. They wish to set it on its throne. They would give it place and time to sing its own notes; untrammeled by any chorus-singing. For even more than form, which is but art speaking, and speaking prose, color can sing. And if post-impressionism has its way, color will soon come into its own school of song.

Another thought, I take it, is sub-consciously in the minds of the post-impressionists. They recognize, as for centuries the Church has been alone in recognizing, that color has a meaning. Whatever truths are expressed by the half-truth, "art for art's sake," the post-impressionists are begotten of the

greater truth that their medium has an effect, and therefore a meaning. Indeed for them even the shades of color are shades of meaning. Every stroke of the brush is either an argument or a sophism. Every picture may be a tragedy or an epic of the eye. No color, even the dullest, is less than an outward sign of an inward thought. And we may say what Chrysostom said of the star-fretted sky: "If that is the floor, imagine the roof!" If what stirs us in the gorse or the primrose is but a dim outward, what, in Plato's haunting phrase, must be the splendor of the inward eternal Idea?

Here we are at once brought into an atmosphere of mysticisms. If form and color, and color rather than form, are used to convey a meaning and a message, we who are to be sought by color must be warned no less than allured. We must be warned lest we take the outward sign for the inward substance. The metaphor must be clearly a metaphor. The sign must not ape reality. Upon pain of idolatry the image must not be endowed with personality, nor must it arrest our worship.

Hereupon the wisdom of St. Thomas Aquinas is illuminating. Though God is more like a man than like an ox, the "Dumb Ox of Sicily" shrewdly remarks that it was better, because safer, for the Jews to express God as an ox than as a man. There was no fear that they would take God for an ox; but later Roman history is there to show, how great a danger there was of thinking man a god. The safety of the image lay in its being undeniable and even grotesque.

Herein, too, lies what might be called the ritualism of the post-impressionists. They seek to make color a flagrant metaphor. Most critics think the art of post-impressionism unreal and untrue. But because post-impressionism looks on form and color as a metaphor of some future revelation, it is essentialiy a cult of the truth. It is not a half-lie masquerading as truth. It is a whole lie proclaiming with open throat its falsehood. It is a solemn ritual of art; a slaying of calves, goats and heifers; a whole-burning of their reeking carcasses; a blood-spurting of hot, living color; a grotesque attitude of the lesser to express the greater; a birth-throe of the soul struggling to come from the womb of form and color.

Now whereas these latter-day painters whose fingers are fine enough to give us mirror-like accuracy give us nothing but a chaos of color, the older medievalists made their pictures extraordinarily delicate and fine. Nothing could be further apart than the manner of these modernists and the medievalists. Yet none are so near of kin; for none have such belief in the truth that art should be less a mirror than a metaphor, but a metaphor boldly and humbly saying with the Baptist, "I am not the Messiah."

It was evident to the older medievalists that their nursling art had not reached perfection of technique. The Giottos and Van Eycks had humility enough to recognize that the Saviours and Madonnas they painted so delicately and even daintily were not reproduced on their polished panels as they were on their polished mirrors. Their art was self-conscious limitation. It was their duty not to emphasize the patent metaphor of their craft, but to show that it was an offering as well as an effort, and a holocaust given to the one whom it dishonored by its defects. What they lacked through perfection they sought to atone for by delicacy which raised their work of art into a work of sacrifice which pleased the eye and by some subtle, mysterious power calmed the soul.

Lastly, this post-impressionism is a protest for the most part in primary colors, that in art, as elsewhere, a man must believe in final causes, or in final chaos. It is superficial seeing to look on their work as itself a chaos of color. Perhaps, underneath the patchwork coverlet, there is personality asleep, to be awakened; a dreamer whose strange, uncanny dreams are sent of God.

VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The Holy Name Society

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As the Holy Name Society is, in my humble opinion, the greatest Catholic association in this country to-day, I am eager to see AMERICA bring the advantages of the organization before the people. A good many of our Catholic men have queer notions about it. Some tell you that they do not need to belong to such a society, because they are faithful in their duties to God. Others can not be impressed at all. If a paper such as AMERICA would bring the Society prominently before the more educated men of the country, and impress upon them that when it comes down to religion we are all on an equality; that the fact that a man is a little better off than his neighbor in this world's goods and has a higher station in life, is no excuse for his not belonging to an organization to which his poorer and less talented brother belongs our people might be awakened to their responsibilities in this matter. Out of nine thousand men who belong to the Holy Name Society in this archdiocese, there are very few really prominent Catholic men who are members. I spoke a year ago to one of the leading Catholics of our city about getting interested in the Society, but he answered: "Oh, I'm in too many societies now." "You are in none more important than the Holy Name Society," I said.

It has been my experience that what we need most of all just now is the fashioning of our men into sterling Catholics. When that is accomplished we shall have forces strong enough to fight the battles that are coming. I know that I have men in my branch who two years ago did not take the same interest in the Church that they do now. They were good fellows, went to the Sacraments a certain number of times a year, but now they go every month or two, are interested in things Catholic and love the Church more and more. Why? Because they have been made to feel that the doctrine the Church expounds means something to them, is something real and tangible. They are and will be better Catholics if they are zealous members of the Holy Name. When the Church needs them and asks them to advance her cause they will be ready to take their stand under her colors because they will know much is at stake. I talk Holy Name, sleep it, walk it, and fight for it. It brings results. We are known all over this city as real "live wires." A man came to me not long ago all the way from West Baltimore just to talk over a question. Why did he come to me, a young man? Because he felt that I am interested in the Holy Name movement. Why has my branch now increased to nearly three hundred members, though it started with only fifteen, two years ago? Just because we urge the question. "It pays to advertise."

Baltimore. SACERDOS.

The First of Many

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your readers will be glad to hear of a project, which indeed is still only in its infancy, but is nevertheless being actively prosecuted; the more so, as the articles and editorials which have appeared in AMERICA, on the subject of the Y. M. C. A. and the welfare of our boys, have encouraged us in our belief that our object is worthy and that there is need of such an institution in our own city. The Knights of Columbus of Boston and its vicinity are making plans for the erection of a building in this city to cost approximately $500,000. A committee consisting of many of the leading Knights in Massachusetts has practically completed the details of incorporating and determining the final plans of the proposed building. The Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange

through its members are examining various sites suitable for the building. It is proposed to raise $100,000 at once and to purchase one of the proposed sites. Cardinal O'Connell has given his heartiest approval to the project and requested the privilege of being its first subscriber. The basement of the building is to be equipped with twelve of the latest, improved bowling alleys, a swimming tank and shower baths. The first floor is to be devoted to business purposes. On the second floor will be lodge rooms, a billiard room and a library. The third floor will contain a large and finely equipped gymnasium. The entire upper floor will consist of a large auditorium, check rooms and a banquet hall. The Knights of Columbus after many years of agitation have felt the need of such a Catholic institution in this community where young men may find innocent amusement, beneficial physical development and an opportunity for self-improvement.

Boston. JAMES F. MCDERMOTT.

Catholic Scout Movement

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The able editorials in AMERICA on "Our Boys" and "Our Lost Boys" were very timely. It is a pleasure to learn that the Ozanam Society is doing such a noble and blessed work! Hitherto the boy has been sadly neglected. Every attention is given to make the girls' sodality a success, that parish is the exception where boys' sodality or club flourishes. The work of keeping a club of growing boys flourishing is so hard a task, that many a pastor has given up the problem altogether. The perils that surround Catholic boys, in the slums of the large, crowded metropolitan cities are matters of common knowledge, and provision is being made for them in club-houses under Catholic auspices. There are boys however in the smaller cities and towns whose souls are just as precious in the sight of God, and dangers to their faith and morals are very numerous. In such places, however, the parish has not the means to establish a house for the boys, and the anxious pastor sees the once ardent and zealous boys of his school, drifting away from him slowly and surely, and becoming enthusiastic members of the "Boy Scouts." We need some such Catholic movement.

The great objection to the Scout movement seems to be that it tends to break up home-life. May not the same be said about the club-house? Is it not a fact which can not be gainsaid that many parents are only too glad to have their boys run the streets? If the Scout-plan were placed under the guidance of Catholic men, and Catholic ideals were incorporated into the movement, a large number of boys would be saved to the Church. As it is now, the boys of the small city are endangering their faith by membership in non-Catholic associations. Many have read with surprise and sorrow the communications in America anent the Y. M. C. A. The indifference to Catholic ideals manifested by some of our young men who defended that institution, makes one shudder. The Scout movement is scarcely less dangerous. Large numbers of Catholic boys are joining its ranks, mingling with non-Catholics, and absorbing non-Catholic ideas of morality and religion. No one should be surprised if our young men, who have been neglected as boys, afterwards give expression to ideas detrimental to religion. The Scouts appeal to most boys, the parish on the other hand only too frequently makes no effort to keep the boys together, and parents give in rather than see their boys run the streets at night or lounge about pool-rooms which are breeding places of vice and crime. May the Ozanam Society spread throughout the land, and may zealous Catholic laymen everywhere arouse themselves to the dangers which surround our boys, and instil into them a Catholic spirit, and place before them Catholic ideals. Then we shall not need to fear for our young men in the large cities. Something ought to be done for the boys of the small city and town. A Catholic movement similar to the Scouts would appeal powerfully to the sadly neglected boys of the small city, and would be an instrument of much good.

New York. R. W. O.

A Prompt Answer to a Query

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We have before us your issue of July 3 in which we see reviews of two of our new books. One is a very excellent notice of "The Sleepy-Time Story-Book,'" by Ruth O. Dyer, which we thoroughly appreciate. The other is of "When I was a Boy in Belgium," by Robert Jonckheere, a Belgian refugee. In this book Mr. Jonckheere tells how accident, combined with awakened interest in a girl of Protestant parentage who afterward became his wife, led to his conversion to Protestantism, and your review concludes with the following words: "Query: Would Robert have been asked to write his reminiscences for American children, had he kept the Faith?"

We are in a better position than anyone else to answer this query, and will do so promptly. Robert Jonckheere not only would have been, but actually was engaged to write his reminiscences without the slightest supposition on our part that he was anything but the devout Catholic which the ordinary Belgian is. Furthermore, he would have been engaged just as quickly had he been known to have shifted from hereditary Protestantism to Catholicism. As a matter of fact, we were much surprised to find this episode of conversion when the completed manuscript was handed in, and preferring that the question of religion should for several reasons be entirely untouched if possible, asked Mr. Jonckheere if this particular could not be omitted. He replied that while he was absolutely without religious prejudice, he did not see how he could tell the story of his life without including its facts, among which he disliked to omit his early acquaintance that resulted in his courtship. We laid the matter before three members of our staff who are loyal Catholics, and all decided that the matter was not worth noticing. Kindly permit us to go a little farther. Your query obviously implies that we were moved by a sectarian bias to issue a book containing something that might be made use of as propaganda. You can now see that the facts absolutely dispose of this undeserved suspicion.

Boston. LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

[It is very gratifying to learn that our query was quite uncalled for.—THE REVIEWER.]

Reading the Scriptures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the June issue of *Homeland Gleanings,* published by the "Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church," I notice the following article:

> The resuscitation of the Pious Society of St. Jerome in Italy affords great encouragement to Professor Giovanni Luzzi of Florence, the alert Waldensian leader, who clings to the faith that the Roman Church under influence of a spiritual modernism is yet destined to return to evangelical and apostolic Christianity. The object of the St. Jerome Society is to spread the circulation of the four gospels in the Italian vernacular. The Society was formed under the sanction of Pope Leo XIII, but Pope Pius X was unfriendly to it and finally suppressed it. The organization was, however, kept secretly alive and now has the approval of Benedict XV who as bishop was one of the founders of the movement.
>
> The Pope pronounces the dissemination of the Scriptures "an aim which has indeed been useful in all ages, but is especially adapted to our time," and adds fervently: "Experience teaches that all deviations of present society

have their origin in the fact that the doctrines and work of Jesus Christ have been utterly forgotten, and men no longer draw from them their inspiration for daily life. We ardently desire that as a result of your zeal you may obtain not only an even larger spread of the gospels, but also that the holy books may find their way into the homes of all Christian families; so that all the faithful may get accustomed to read the holy gospels and to comment on them daily and thus may learn to live in perfect harmony with God's will." Prof. Luzzi considers this the most significantly liberal utterance to which a pope has appended his signature in ages, inasmuch as the word "comment" implies the exercise of private judgment in reading the Scriptures."

Now if the word "comment" could be construed as above indicated, *i.e.*, to mean the exercise of one's own judgment in reading the Scriptures, would it not lead eventually to differences of opinion among Catholics as to the interpretation and construction to be placed upon different passages in the Bible? I believe that Protestant churches teach that the Bible is the only rule of faith, and that they go one step further and hold that each person may interpret passages in the Bible as he may see fit. It is possible that the assumption or conclusion reached as to the meaning of the word "comment" as used in the above article is incorrect, but I should be pleased to have your discussion of the same appear through the columns of AMERICA at an early day. It happens to be my lot to be the only Catholic in this community, and it is very possible that the above article will be called to my attention and an explanation demanded as to why the Catholic Church has only at this late day seen its way clear to join the ranks of the other "modern" churches.

Lake Alfred, Fla. FRANK P. GOODMAN.

[The Holy Father has not become a Protestant. His letter reads: . . . "It is our ardent desire . . . that the sacred books may enter into the bosom of Christian families and be there as the Gospel drama which all seek with care and guard jealously, so that the faithful may accustom themselves to read the Holy Gospels and *commentaries* every day, etc." For some reason or other *Homeland Gleanings* is inaccurate on another point also, as are all Protestant papers on most points that concern Catholic doctrine and polity.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I hope very much that you will permit an Anglican who rejoices, although you do not allow his claim to it, in the surname Catholic, and who is privileged, through the kindness of a friend, to read AMERICA each week, to occupy a few lines in the correspondence columns of your admirable journal. My aim is quite the reverse of a controversial one, because I am much less interested in anti-Romanism than I am in Catholicism, and it is your scholarly defense of Catholic principles against the vagaries of Protestantism that makes me interested in reading your periodical. It is for this reason that I dislike to find attacks in your columns upon the intelligence or sincerity of Anglican Catholics. And I am free to say that I quite as much dislike anti-Roman controversy in our own journals as anti-Anglicanism in yours.

The difference between us is one not of intelligence or of sincerity, but of conviction: on your part, that acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Bishop of Rome is of the essence of Catholicism; on our part, that it is not essential; nothing else than this, or what necessarily follows from this. But common to us also are certain tremendous convictions, such as the necessity of Apostolic Succession, the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Fasting Communion, Priestly Absolution, the Perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God, the Invocation of Saints, Prayers for the Dead, and innumerable others. You may say that only one party of Anglicans accepts these essential Catholic principles, you probably will say, as Father Woods has already said of fasting Communion, that "the true (*sic*) Church of England has looked upon" these doctrines "as superstitious." As to the latter statement I might be tempted to remind the writer that he can hardly be more capable than we Anglo-Catholics of determining what the "true Church of England" teaches, but I refrain! As to the former statement, we plead guilty: some of us "glory in our comprehensiveness," others of us are not so sure that such "comprehensiveness" is a virtue to be rightly gloried in; for myself I am ashamed of it, and not ashamed to admit that I am, frankly. However that may be, the convictions of Anglo-Catholics are as firm and as sincere as the convictions of Roman Catholics, and all we ask of our brethren of the Roman allegiance is that they grant us that. Call us mistaken if you like, pray for us if you like, even pity us if you like, but please grant us the sincerity of our convictions! What we Anglo-Catholics are fighting for, first of all, is the Catholic Faith against both Protestantism and infidelity, not Anglicanism against Romanism. Can not you, without in the slightest degree compromising the Roman Supremacy you hold vital, rejoice with us in whatever we may do toward the advancement of the Catholic Faith among the English-speaking peoples? We are too often guilty, we must admit to our shame, of placing anti-Romanism above Catholicism, and of misrepresenting, through ignorance, and sometimes, I fear, through malice, the deeds and claims of the Church of Rome; but need our differences, serious as they are, render impossible any alliance between us for the defense of the Catholic Faith?

JARED S. MOORE.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

Censorship of Films

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Freedom of the Screen" is the rallying cry of the moving picture industry to-day. To embody this freedom in the organic law of the State, three amendments have been submitted to the Constitutional Convention and referred to its Bill of Rights Committee. These amendments all aim at the permanent emancipation of the motion picture from official censorship by the State of New York. The supporters of these amendments characterize censorship as savoring of "the tyranny and darkness of the Middle Ages." Like the stage, the making and exhibiting of moving pictures is fast becoming the monopoly of a race never conspicuous in its long history for a preference for decency over dollars, and ever ready to pander to the lowest tastes if thereby it can rake in lucre and undermine that morality which is the flower of the Catholic Faith, which it naturally hates. As is their wont, Catholics are passive with regard to the legislation necessary to have Boards of Censors by law established. The negroes, to their credit be it said, have set the Catholics an example in the assertion of their feelings and their rights, for in three of the largest cities of the country they have clamored or are clamoring for the creation by the State of official censorship of moving pictures, their press admonishing them "to be vigilant, to be determined and to see that nothing is offered for public observation which bears even the slightest possibility of injury to the race." The colored race has cause to be vigilant and their position must be respected, but Catholics have far greater cause to be on the alert. A film-play, just released, is described as having as its leading character "a half-breed French dancer of unsavory reputation, who, just to surprise the frequenters of a dive, appears there in a sanctimonious imitation of the

Madonna." The Brooklyn Federation of Catholic Societies just recently succeeded in having discontinued an exhibition in Brooklyn of the film-play "Hypocrites," a salacious production, and a gross misrepresentation of the monastic life of the Catholic Church. This production, be it noted, was approved by the "National Board of Censorship."

Catholics with whom I have come in contact seem possessed of mistaken ideas concerning this self-styled "National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures." According to its own signed admissions, this Board does not pass on all films exhibited, and has no power under the law to order the withdrawal of any film or to prevent the exhibition of the same. The two hundred or more members of its various committees, advisory, general, executive and censoring, I would characterize as of the parlor type of "social uplifter," who strives to forget the fact that the Catholic Church, backed by an experience of twenty centuries, is yet the world's greatest social reformer. They are Protestant preachers, and other Protestants, men and women, a goodly number of Jews (rabbis among these), and representatives of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Children's Aid Society (a Protestant proselytizing organization that distributes food and instruction to the Catholic immigrant, gratis indeed, but at the price of giving up the Catholic Faith), the Federal Council of Churches, which is against Catholic immigration in favor of Japanese immigration, has officially refused to censure the *Menace* and allied campaigns, and has stood for the revolutionary anarchy in Mexico.

The reflection that whatever censorship of moving pictures now exists is in the hands of an unofficial Board, composed of people who can not be charged with seeking to see the Catholic Faith represented in a favorable light, should be sufficient to impel Catholics to work for the creation of a State Board of Censorship and to see that they get commensurate representation on that Board.

Brooklyn. JAMES V. SHIELDS.

"The Young Man and the Navy"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some fifteen months ago I came into intimate relations with a number of Catholic youths, serving as enlisted men in the United States Navy. I have been in communication with them since that time. The impressions I derived from their experiences and their account of life on shipboard and ashore are totally opposed to the tenor of Mr. Robert Conroy's article in your issue of June 26. He seems willing to recommend young men to enlist. The boys with whom I spoke were unanimous in their conviction that no Catholic fathers or mothers can with a safe conscience allow their sons to enter the Navy under present conditions.

At the Naval Training Stations, where there are Catholic chaplains the boys are well cared for and are grateful for the priest's attention, but on board ship the boy is left to drift for himself with the result that it is estimated that not five per cent. of the Catholic boys, who form almost a third of the complement of some ships, practise their religion, that is, go to Mass when they can or make their Easter duty. It is not hard to understand that with such neglect of religion they fall easy victims of vice. A boy who tries to lead a pure life, as we Catholics understand the virtue of purity, is laughed at. The long periods of idleness and the constant stream of conversation all day long work havoc with the boy's soul.

Daily contact with scoffers at priests and all religious denominations, with Protestant boys who are filled with ignorant prejudices against the Church and with bad Catholics, inevitably weakens the faith. Many of the Catholic boys who enlist have had little education and know little of the catechism. They were allowed to go into the Navy because their parents felt unable to control them at home and thought that at least for four years they would be under discipline and improve physically. What an awful price these boys have to pay, if they cease to practise their religion or lose their Faith!

New York. JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The pressure of more immediate concerns has prevented my replying until now to my critic, "H. P. Gallagher," who has pointed out what he considers to be inaccuracies in my article "Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco." As I am not myself an historian, but was dependent upon the knowledge of others for the material used in that article, I submitted my critic's remarks to a friend of mine, a priest, who has supplied me with an answer.

The first main point of H. P. Gallagher's criticism was that Father Langlois was never a member of the Society of Jesus, and that he never thought of placing the city under the tutelary care of St. Francis Xavier. In regard to this my authority points out that Father Joseph W. Riordan, S.J., in his book "The First Half Century of St. Ignatius' Church and College" (San Francisco, 1905), speaks as follows:

> Father Langlois speaks of the city of San Francisco as the city of St. Francis Xavier (San Francisco Xavier) in place of St. Francis of Assisi, the Seraphic Founder of the Franciscan Order. To explain the title by a slip of the pen can not be maintained, since Father Langlois elsewhere uses the same expression; to suppose ignorance, is to suppose ignorance of the grossest kind. Who could be unaware of the St. Francis in whose honor the bay had been named? The present city was called Yerba Buena until January, 1847, when Alcalde Bartlett issued a decree changing the name to San Francisco. The civil government, under American rule, was not specially concerned in discriminating between the various saints of that name. Now, as missionary, his (Father Langlois') special patron had been St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. As an *accepted novice of the Society of Jesus*, his special devotion was naturally toward the Jesuit saints; San Francisco was calling as earnestly to God as any East Indian city for the missionary zeal of a Xavier, and by putting it under his protection Father Langlois at the same time satisfied his devotion and hoped to obtain the graces of which he stood so much in need. We are not defending his action; we are merely explaining it. The fervor of a novice is proverbial for its warmth, not for the maturity of judgment which guides it. The title, therefore, was neither unintentional nor the result of ignorance, but was the product of the novice devotion of Father Langlois' heart" (Pages 20-22.)

The italics are mine, or rather, those of the priest who supplied me with the passage. No further comment, surely, is required, except that I must acknowledge my error in claiming Father Langlois as a full-fledged member of the Society of Jesus. I have been informed that he died a Dominican, but of this I have no authoritative knowledge.

In regard to my critic's second main point, namely, that old St. Patrick's Church was not situated, as I stated, where the Palace Hotel now stands, but rather on the site of the old Grand Hotel, I think this is splitting hairs, as the old Grand was so close to the Palace as to be practically on the same site. There was a small courtyard, I am told, between them. In regard to H. P. Gallagher's own contributions on the subject of Catholic landmarks in San Francisco, I find them very interesting, and only regret that I did not have knowledge of them when I wrote my own rather inadequate article.

San Francisco. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

AMERICA

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"Problems About War"

WAR is a sad affair, unlovely and unloveable. But for all that it is not an evil in itself and sometimes it becomes a duty which a sovereign State can not shirk without grave injustice to its citizens. In view of this truth certain phases of the peace campaign now so popular amongst us are deplorable. The ethic underlying them is false; the methods employed are pernicious to the last degree. Sad enough it is, to witness the morale of adults diminishing year after year by force of sinister influence; but when an attempt is made to pervert the uncritical soul of childhood by an appeal to instincts which though good in themselves, are yet of an inferior order, then indeed it is time to take pause and ask if a nation can afford to tolerate an ethic that will give to it a heritage of men half-knit of soul, untrue to the highest obligation of a citizen. The "Carnegie Endowment for International Peace," is carrying on a campaign of the nature described. It has issued a pamphlet for "classes in arithmetic," "designed to lay before young people in the elementary schools, at the most impressionable age, the fact of the wastefulness of war." Here are some specimens of the problem:

WAR EXPENSES AND OUR PLEASURES

PROBLEMS INVOLVING LONG DIVISION

1. There are 300,000 Boy Scouts in America, and $30 on an average would give each of them a camping trip and a scout suit this year. We spent on our war department $173,522,804 last year. This amount would pay these expenses of the Boy Scouts for how many years?

2. Most boys would like to go to a ball game every week. If a boy went to a game every week for a season of twenty weeks, and took a 50-cent seat, how much would it cost for the season? The amount which we spent on our navy last year, $139,682,186, would pay for tickets for how many boys?

4. A good tennis racket can be bought for $1.50. The battleship Vermont cost $7,563,963. This amount would buy rackets for how many boys and girls?

5. During the year preceding the great war the five great European powers spent $898,921,000 on their armies. At 10 cents per ticket, how many tickets to some good moving picture plays would such an amount buy for each of the 450,000,000 people in these countries? Answer to the nearest unit.

This is a shameful exhibition of ethical perversion made in the name of a "broader patriotism and higher ideals." Moreover, the appeal is sordid; pleasure is exalted at the expense of patriotism, and the incautious child is led to estimate "scout suits," bats and balls, tennis rackets and the cinema above those things that are at once the expression and defense of the lofty patriotism which puts country first and pleasure last. Pacificism is a blessing, but pacificism will never come from "Carnegie Endowment" ethics; servitude will, however.

Mother Goose and "Efficiency"

IN days of old children were allowed to read their Mother Goose purely for the story's sake. They were not expected to draw a moral, for instance, from the irreparable mishap that befell Humpty Dumpty, nor to find in the catastrophe of Jack and Jill's career arguments for or against the feminist movement, nor to show how the famous combat between the Lion and the Unicorn typifies the commercial rivalry of Briton and Teuton. Quite the contrary. For the nurslings of yester-year were encouraged indeed to sympathize with Bo-Peep in her bereavement, to feel deep concern at Little Boy Blue's neglect of his duty, to grieve with Old Mother Hubbard's dog, or to laugh merrily at Simple Simon's ridiculous expectations. But the ethical, educational, economic or political value of the Mother Goose rhymes was never pointed out to the boys and girls of the last generation.

To-day's children, however, are more fortunate. For an assistant in the Chicago Public Library has prepared the following "efficiency test" and suggests that it should be successfully passed by all who would qualify as directors of our little ones' reading:

(1.) For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined? (2.) Describe maneuvers of the French army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in the French army. (3.) Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy and mention seven important events in his life. (4.) Who killed Cock Robin? (5.) Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden. (6.) Describe the cooperative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratt's household. (7.) Describe briefly, the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen utensils. (8.) How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole? (9.) Name and describe article on which Miss Muffet sat. (10.) Who stole the Queen of Heart's pastry?

For special subject write not less than 200 words on one of the following topics: (a) Compare Schopenhauer on the "Vanity of Existence" with the Old Woman who Lived Under the Hill. (b) Give a mathematical survey of the Ten-o'clock-scholar's attendance.

Children whose intellectual development is under the control of those answering satisfactorily questions like the above are surely destined in after years to be their country's pride and salvation. The study and research required, for example, to treat adequately the fifth and sixth topics in the foregoing list would equip competitors to discharge admirably almost any post in our Departments of Charity and Correction, and as for these subjects set for short essays, what a splendid opportunity they offer for driving home sound principles regarding contented homes and the proper education of children! Happily the deeper significance of the Mother Goose rhymes is at last being realized.

The New York "Sun" and Woman Suffrage

THE New York *Sun* is surely lacking in the force and sanity which usually characterize its editorial comment, when it remarks that Cardinal Gibbons' Letter on Woman Suffrage, "assumes the whole case." "The other side," the *Sun* hastens to add, "assumes it, too." This studied balancing of blame is prompted, it is to be feared, not so much by a judicial temperament, as by a desire to please all parties to the controversy. Are we to conclude that our whole study of the new feminism has been based upon mere assumption?

The letter of the Metropolitan of Baltimore had pointed out that woman's greatest political triumphs "fade into insignificance, compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, and which she illuminates and warms by her conjugal and maternal virtues. Woman," continued the Cardinal, "rears and moulds the character of those who are to be the future rulers and statesmen, the heroes and benefactors of the country. Surely, this is glory enough for her."

To most minds, these remarks of the Cardinal will seem axioms, rather than easy assumptions. It is well to stress them in these days when trifling with the truth seems to be the sum and substance of the current philosophy. The need of the Cardinal's letter is amply proved when even the *Sun* affects to consider the statement that good mothers matter more than statesmen, a mere assumption, rather than a proposition blindingly self-evident.

Godless Science

GODLESS science is at its best and its best is very bad. For decades men searched the bowels of the earth diligently, turned the pestle in the mortar, peered into the test-tube, spent themselves in the shop. They did wondrous things: for was not Nature conquered? Ships sailed the air, the sea and the depths thereof; guns shot great shells many a mile; man feared no enemy, he was sufficient unto himself. What need was there of God? Science was master; that was enough. Ay, enough, rather too much. The storm broke, and science, a human thing, became the most inhuman of all things; man's achievement became man's destruction. The dead men of battlefields, the desolate widows of darkened homes, the weeping children of market places, these are the production of a science without God, godless science's most perfect work. The acme of godless science's perfection, the summit of its power, is annihilation of those who made it great. The lesson of this is not that war is bad in itself, not even that war must be avoided, but that godless science is an inhuman thing, man's worst enemy, cruel and destructive by subtle means, excogitated by intellects that know not God, put into effect by unhallowed wills. Less science, more God; that is the lesson.

Making Italian Methodists

METHODISTIC pronouncements on the Church are generally diverting. In the last number of a church paper there has been no departure from time-honored ways. Speaking of the Romish (*sic*) priests and in particular of their work among the Italians, the writer says: "They (the priests) are bending all their efforts to keep them in ignorance and to segregate them from all influences that would make them independent American citizens. Here is the meaning of the Parochial school, and here is our greatest danger." Passing from the particular to the general the writer goes on to state: "The Romanish (*sic*) Church arrests all progress, spiritual, intellectual, social, economic and national, and it saps those virtues which are essential to the development of the race." Here are charges comprehensive enough to satisfy even the most rabid hater of the Church; but they are so grotesque in their deliberate misrepresentation, so crass in their ignorance, as not to deceive even a Methodist. In proof of his statement the writer instances the Italian, and asks the reader to "name a few Italian poets, warriors, inventors, painters and musicians." Evidently he thinks that Dante, Volta, Raphael, Michaelangelo, and Palestrina were Methodists. Forced by evidence of the clearest kind the writer had just said, "These people (the Italians) have given us law and literature, science and philosophy, art and architecture, music and religion. They have in their veins the best blood of the world, and they need not beg brains of us or any other race." Now every one knows that these contributions to the culture of the world have come from Catholic Italy. Yet a few paragraphs later we read, "Roman Catholicism has failed to educate—the Italian." A startling lack of sequence surely!

It is not, however, to point out how far certain Methodists are willing to go in their official vilification of the Church that we call attention to the article from which we have quoted, but rather to chronicle the fact that the center of Methodistic propaganda among Italians is apparently to be transferred from Rome to the United States. The motive of the present movement

is frankly not very evangelical. The Italians, 2,500,000 of them in America, are to be turned into Methodists, not to bring them to Christ, but to avert the failure of Protestantism. "America," says the article, "is Protestantism's supreme hope. To fail in America is to utterly fail." A damaging admission this, in the light of the catholicity which Christ predicates of His Church. To fail everywhere, except in America, is not to "teach all nations." But how is this utter failure to be averted? This is clear from the very title of the article. "Greeks and Italians Once a Prize—Why Not Now?" Formerly the Methodist motto was "America for Christ." It has now become "America for the Methodists." For they know perfectly well, that the Italians do not become Protestants. Some of them may be persuaded by money to attend non-Catholic services, but it is almost universally true, that for an Italian to give up Catholicism is to give up Christ. To rob them of their Faith is to make them scoffers at all religion, even at the Christianity that the Methodists profess. But "America is Protestantism's supreme hope. To fail in America is to utterly fail." Hence, the poor Italians must be baited, they must be turned into Methodists. There is indeed no danger that a larger measure of success will attend their efforts in the United States than was had in Italy. An Italian Methodist is too preposterous to think of. All the same the sect seems to be hard at work, for the article to which we have referred closes with the following questions to which readers are requested to answer: "Do you know of any Italians or Greeks in your city? If so, have you taken the Gospel to them? How would you proceed to evangelize Greeks and Italians, if they could speak English?" Evidently the Methodists are plotting again.

Tremendousness of Trifles

THIS is an age of gigantic achievement because it is an age of research and discovery in the minute. Science teaches the tremendous importance of little things. "The truths," said a serious writer recently, "upon which our scientists will base to-morrow's progess in the adaptation of scientific fact to human need lie beyond a millionth of an inch, beyond the millionth part of an ounce, beyond the millionth part of a degree of temperature." A shiver traced here in a delicate line on a seismometer means 10,000 lives lost, 1,000 miles away. There is a thin, faint shadow in the spectrum; you have located a floating gold mine in the sun. With a microscope you can discover a scratch in a gutta-percha disk and you let the tiny point of a pin cross that scratch, at once the blended harmony of fifty instruments and fifty voices will crash from your phonograph. You are as amazed when you realize the mightiness of the minute as the incredulous countrymen, who cried out, on first seeing a giraffe, "There ain't no such beast!" But science to confound your confusion multiplies her miniature wonders. Science will weigh and number the particles which fly off from an almost invisible amount of perfume, still tickling delicate olfactory nerves after long lapses of time. The telephone, the telegraph, with or without wires, has grown great by little agitations. Bacilli have revolutionized medicine, given State legislatures an increase of work, "swatted" the fly, introduced paper-cups, and mobilized the world against the mosquito. Enough! Enough! The miscroscope is master of the world; trifles are triumphant.

In the world of common-sense whose language is proverbs, the one reiterated lesson is the importance of the insignificant. Men need the lesson. Ask the ordinary reader who was Michaelangelo, and he will answer, "The man who said, 'Perfection consists in trifles, but perfection is no trifle.'" These words have been quoted so often that the sculpture, painting and poetry of that famous man are threatened with extinction in the glory of an epigram. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," "stitches in time," "many a mickle," "take care of the pence," "ounce of prevention," "little acorns," so speak the proverbs, voicing the common sense of mankind. Grammar dissects a word, rhetoric dilates on the ramifications of one sentence, chemistry clings to a test-tube, physics revels in the threads of many colors, the actinic, heat, alpha, beta, gamma rays, which it finds in one sunbeam. The teachers of mind and manners must laboriously insist upon the tremendousness of trifles. Pupils are restless; processes are slow; modern impatience awaits outside of the nursery with its vocational training. With one stride the baby must step from the crib into a cabinet office. Who will answer the bells in the socialistic state when all the boys will want to press the buttons?

You may have read the sneers of those who mocked at the religious differences that arose in history over one letter and that letter the most insignificant in the Greek language. You will know now what to say to those shallow thinkers. You may have met with those who ride rough-shod over the kindly ways of life, the forms of politeness, the "thank you's," the passing congratulations, the smiling deference. You will know what to think of one who by such little rifts in the lute, makes all the music of civilized life grow mute. You may be tempted to say: "What's the harm?" "'Tis only a little thing and mothers are easily alarmed." Don't! Have you not read: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod, and behold I must die?" A glance may ruin; so David will tell you; and a glance may lift to life again; so Peter will confess with tears in his eyes.

Reduce a colored liquid to foam and it will be white. An ocean of ink would roll white breakers. May we not hope that the blackness of man, a tiny trifle before the white light of heaven, may lose its darkness in man's littleness and lowliness and reflect the full resplendence of God's mercy. Humility will make a saint, and let us trust that the vast tide of stained souls shall by their minuteness break white about the throne of the Most High.

LITERATURE

Rabindranath Tagore

MR. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS was once a poet. But he never was a critic. Years ago he wrote a little essay about Lionel Johnson which is a veritable revelation of Mr. Yeats. He described that knight of song as a sort of esthetic antiquary, a delicate, dreamy creature, all velvet and stained glass and incense. Mr. Yeats was acquainted with Lionel Johnson; presumably he had read his poems. I wonder if he had read "The Cultured Fawn"?

Now, Mr. Yeats is so very bad as a critic that his criticisms have a certain picturesque charm. He is so heartily and consistently wrong! You can not argue with a man who praises Mr. Ezra Pound and condemns Tennyson. You merely laugh, and pass on to the next drollery.

Well, here it is. There is a poet and essayist whom Mr. Yeats ranks with Saint Francis and Thomas à Kempis and William Blake. It is a weird combination, but it is Mr. Yeats's own. And the name of this paragon is Rabindranath Tagore.

No one will deny that Mr. Tagore is an able literary craftsman. He is not, as he has been called, the greatest living poet, but he is the most versatile writer living; he is almost as versatile as the late Andrew Lang. He writes in English as skilfully as in his native Bengali; his love-songs are graceful; his poems about children are whimsical and dainty; his one-act plays, although not strikingly original, are imaginative and dexterously put together; and his philosophical essays are thoughtful.

But Blake and Saint Francis and Thomas à Kempis! What have they to do with this talented Hindu? An enthusiastic young woman, reviewing Mr. Tagore's work in a New York newspaper, desired to go Mr. Yeats one better, and actually compared the subject of her critique to Joan of Arc, of all people!

Why is this? Why are all the ladies' clubs raving about the author of "Gitanjali" and "The Crescent Moon," why are popular Unitarian preachers enlivening their short and snappy services for tired business men by reading aloud "Chitra" and "Sadhana"? Why have Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company published Mr. Bassanta Koomar Roy's "Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and his Poetry" and why has The Macmillan Company published Mr. Ernest Rhys's "Rabindranath Tagore, a Biographical Study"?

It is not because Mr. Tagore received the Nobel Prize. It is not because he is nearly as clever a lyricist as Mr. Clinton Scollard and nearly as clever a playwright as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. It is because, in the first place, he is an East Indian: like that dear, dear Swami who tells you all about your "Aura" at those wonderful afternoons at Mrs. Van Dusenbury's! If Mr. Tagore had been born in Brooklyn, he would never be a fashionable poet. There is a quaint exotic aroma about his poems, like sandal-wood or stale cigarettes or the back room of a Chinese laundry. He writes about temple-bells and water-jars and the desert: it is all so nice and Oriental! And then he teaches such a comfortable philosophy: just have a good time and love everybody and your soul will migrate and migrate and migrate until finally it pops off into the Infinite! The pearl slips into the lotos; *om mani padmi oum* and all that sort of thing.

Well, that is all right in its way unless you happen to be a Christian. "Go to the dogs and be drunken," says Mr. Tagore. "Be drunken and go to the dogs." M. Baudelaire gave the same advice, in a poem which this well-read poet may possibly have seen. But M. Baudelaire was merely praised with faint damns for writing it. Mr. Tagore is almost worshipped; he is hailed as a genius, a philosopher, a benefactor of the world, a religious leader, and—of course—a mystic.

Mr. Bassanta Koomar Roy has every right in the world to celebrate his compatriot and co-religionist. But the Americans and Englishmen who are humbly kneeling before the clever Oriental journalist who bids them "leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads," who would substitute fatalism for hope, Nirvana for heaven and a blue-faced lecher named Krishna for Jesus Christ; what in the name of common sense are they thinking about? Isn't there heathenism enough in this country already without importing a supply from India? Are we really so jaded and worn that we take a perverted pleasure in throwing away all our standards of conduct, all our traditions, all our faith?

The pessimistic observer of this craze might see in it an indication of our national decadence. But I think that he would be wrong. The fad chiefly flourishes among clubwomen and their male parasites, a class which fortunately is notoriously fickle. Some other novelty will come along, a Greek dancer or a Turkish fiddler, and Mr. Tagore's works will go up into the garret with the Ouija board and the ping-pong rackets.

But meanwhile I wish that Mr. Yeats would stop calling Mr. Tagore a mystic. It is so silly! Mystics don't commune with the Infinite and then sell their communings to a magazine. Mystics don't have their photographs taken for frontispieces of their biographies. Mystics don't get fifteen per cent. royalty on their meditations. If Mr. Yeats only would read a mystical work some day—he could buy a "De Imitatione Christi" for a shilling—he'd see how ridiculous it is to call Mr. Tagore a mystic. He might as well call him a Neo-Celt.

If people would stop calling Mr. Tagore a mystic, I wouldn't so much mind them calling him "the East Indian Whitman." That is not a true characterization, but it has an element of truth in it. Mr. Tagore's verses are like Whitman's in that they are exclamatory and unrhymed and unrhythmical. It is like calling Whitman "the Good Gray Poet." That characterization, too, has an element of truth in it. For Whitman really was gray.

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

A History of Travel in America. By SEYMOUR DUNBAR. 4 Vols. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $10.00.

Happy ideas are the source of most of the new things that come from time to time to enrich mankind, and it was a happy idea of Mr. Dunbar's to compose the four volumes we are about to review. One travels in much comfort now-a-days. As we look out from our railway car, or from the deck of our steamer we get a vague notion often that others have passed over the ground or ploughed the waves before us under conditions very different from those we are enjoying; and Mr. Dunbar has given us the means of replacing the vague notes with clear knowledge. He carries us back to the flat boats, the keel boats, the arks, the canal boats, that went before the steamboat, and gives us a view of the still earlier canoe. He shows us our fathers in ox carts, Conestoga wagons, stage coaches, traveling two or three miles an hour and taking more than a day to go from Washington to Baltimore. He traces the gradual improvement in these until they reach a speed of ten miles an hour. He puts before us the beginnings of the railway. He takes us over various routes, combining stage coach, steamboat, canal boat and railway; as, for example, from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia in no more than forty-six hours, or from New York to New Orleans in a single week. We see in his pages what were the joys of canal boat travel and what too might be called its humors, were there not

such as to fill the modern reader with dismay and to make him wonder how his grandparents or great-grandparents could endure such things.

The generation of these New Yorkers who knew the Harlem Railway, starting from the City Hall, having a way station in Yorkville and carrying people beyond the river to Fordham and even to Croton Falls, is passing from us. Few also are left to remember how the New York and New Haven trains starting from the same place were pulled by horses over the Harlem tracks through pleasant suburban scenery as far out of town as the Thirty-fourth Street tunnel—still in use by the surface railway—where the engines were taken. But, thanks to this book, their children and grandchildren may see all these things, in picture as well as in print, and learn what Fourth Avenue and Thirty-third Street looked like in those days, with its trees and the old glass house, and the tunnel and Murray Hill beyond.

But the author does not stop with the means of travel. He gives in great detail the vast westward movements, beginning with the entrance of New England settlers into Connecticut. He tells of the gradual advance in New York and Pennsylvania, of the crossing of the Alleghanies, of the settlement of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi; of the reaching out northwesterly into Wisconsin and Minnesota, and southwesterly into Georgia, Northern Alabama and the adjacent region. He takes us across the Missouri with the Mormons; he leads us over the Oregon Trail; with him we accompany the gold hunters, as they rush on to awaken California from its sleep of ages. He shows us the Pony Express, the Overland Stage until he leaves us at Promontory on the northern shore of Salt Lake, assisting at the driving of the last spike that completed the overland railway. In this part of his work he deals exhaustively with the treatment of the Indians by settlers and traders, and by governments, State and Federal. His sympathies are rightly with the injured natives, and his account is not pleasant reading for any one with a due sense of right and wrong.

For those who, like the reviewer, have known the farthest West from the time when it was a wilderness with a bare handful of settlers, the book has a peculiar interest. The forest clearing, the fields and the stumps left in them to rot, the log cabin with a skin of deer, or raccoon, or wolf, or panther, nailed to its side to dry in the sun, the grindstone at the door for axe and ploughshare, even the blockhouse for defense, the ox cart or the ox sled for places where no cart could go, traditions only for the rest of the country, were the realities of their early years. The pioneer's life in Kentucky or on Puget Sound differed in time and place only; for the rest they were the same.

That in a book of this nature omissions should be noticeable, is only to be expected. It seems that the West has been neglected. Not a word about the Northwest coast with its great sea-going canoes hollowed out of the huge white cedar, one of which the author might have seen in the Museum of Natural History, New York. In such a craft the reviewer saw a bride, a relative of his, embark at Victoria, B. C., nearly fifty years ago for a voyage northward of six hundred miles to her new home, over a route now traversed daily by steamers, some making their twenty miles an hour. Nothing of the pack trains that carried the necessaries of life into the mines to be sold almost for their weight in gold. More might have been said of the Hudson River steamers, especially as the type is nearly extinct, and a word might have been given to the New World, the Antelope and the Wilson G. Hunt, that began life between New York and Albany, and after a wonderful voyage around the whole American Continent, finished their career only a few years ago on the Pacific Coast, having plied at various times on San Francisco Bay, the Sacramento, Puget Sound and the Columbia and Fraser Rivers. Neither has justice been done to the many changes of navigation on the Great Lakes, once covered with sailing ships, then with steamers of a type no longer seen, as they have been succeeded by the great freighters and a mere dozen or so of huge passenger boats. We think, too, that the author is not altogether judicious in his selection of pictures. Thus in Volume I we have several from ancient sources. Of these one is said to represent a white traveler in a log canoe. But he will not be such very long, as an Indian is on the point of splitting his head with an axe. Another is called "Indians building birch canoes in a forest." They do not look like Indians; and, as a matter of fact, they reappear three pages further on as "White men traveling through the wilderness by bark canoe." A picture taken from an old French work, entitled "Vaisseaux de l'Amérique," should have been verified before insertion. We doubt very much whether double boats, such as were found in the Malay Archipelago, the Ladrones and the Fiji Islands, were ever used within the limits of the present United States. These, however, are but minor defects in a very interesting book. H. W.

Natural Education. By WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.00.

Educating the Child at Home. By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

"Natural Education" is an excellent book for summer reading. With a charming lack of the critical spirit, it tells the story of the early life of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr. This little lady was first put to sleep by listening to the scansion of Vergil's "Æneid." "I also taught the black mammy to scan the first ten lines of Book I, and we both found that Vergil was more than a great poet, he was a baby pacifier." After six weeks in this vale of tears, from her cradle Winifred was treated to afternoons with the great poets. "She would lie very quietly and wear almost an angelic expression," writes her mother, "when I was repeating Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' but 'Horatius at the Bridge' seemed to inspire her to go to war as best she could with kicking feet and waving arms." At the age of two, she "astonished an art dealer by asking him why he didn't have a Venus de Milo in his shop as well as a Venus de Medici"; at four, "she lost faith in the wisdom of some professors," for an unlucky Latin teacher "gazed at her blankly," as well he might, when she greeted him with *Quid agis?* and spoke of the viands at table *ab ovo usque ad mala;* at five, "she recited 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' before a number of college professors at Chautauqua, New York." While Mrs. Stoner seems to think her language methods new, they are at least as old as the *Ratio Studiorum;* and it is sad to note that this unusually gifted child has been taught of set purpose, a creed equivalent to religious indifferentism. Mrs. Stoner's sophomoric remarks on eugenics may be dismissed with the remark that they will probably cause grief to many an earnest biologist.

Miss Lynch's book is of a different type. It will repay careful study, and will no doubt help parents "to start the child aright," and teachers, to keep him there. An overcrowded curriculum and lack of attention to the individual are, according to this book, the most obvious and, apparently, the most incurable faults of the modern school. The author's brief reflections on religious education are false both in theory and inference, and the bibliography would be improved by the omission of Spencer, Rousseau, Huxley, Key, Dewey, Eliot and McMurry. P. L. B.

Ruysbroeck. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

Miss Underhill has added an interesting volume to the "Quest Series." The book should arouse a deeper and more wide-spread appreciation of the difficult but fascinating subject with which it deals. For the unbroken line of her great mystics from St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure and Blessed Henry Suso, to St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, is one of the marvels and the glories of the Catholic Church. It is truly remarkable, as the late Mgr.

Benson said, that the body which in the world's opinion stands for minute ceremonial and definite formalism, should unflinchingly hold up the contemplative life as the highest known to man. Among the mystics of the fourteenth century, John Ruysbroeck claims a place of honor. In the present volume Miss Underhill has drawn a striking portrait of this great Flemish contemplative. Based on the Life of Ruysbroeck by the Augustinian Canon Pomerius, a contemporary almost of the holy man, and solidly documented from Ruysbroeck's own writings and the best modern authorities, the monograph is a welcome addition to the rather meager literature of a most interesting phase of the human mind. A brief sketch of the man, a clear analysis of his works and the underlying principles of his mysticism, such as his doctrine of God, of Man, of the Interior and Superessential Life, give a fairly adequate idea of the saintly recluse of Groenendael.

An unmerited slur has been cast on the mysticism of Ruysbroeck. Some attempted to claim him as a forerunner of the Reformation. The title of Blessed conferred on him by the Church is the best refutation of the charge. Miss Underhill does not countenance the accusation. She tells us that Ruysbroeck "was no spiritual individualist; but the humble, obedient child of an institution, the loyal member of a society. He tells us again and again that his spiritual powers were nourished by the sacramental life of the Catholic Church. From the theologians of that Church came the intellectual framework in which his sublime intentions were expressed." Here and there a few expressions of the biographer lack the clearness and precision of Catholic philosophy and theology, but almost everywhere we recognize a firm and steady grasp of a very obscure and recondite subject. Miss Underhill admires Ruysbroeck, and realizes the beauty of the contemplative life. The great mystics, Ernest Hello used to say, are the world's greatest philosophers. The perusal of Miss Underhill's interesting volume where under the guidance of Ruysbroeck we fathom the depths of those great extremes, the human and the divine, will do much to prove that he was right. J. C. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Incendium Amoris" of Richard Rolle of Hampole, the fourteenth century English mystic, edited by Margaret Deanesly, has been recently published by Longmans and that house now has in preparation a volume by Dr. Walter W. Seton entitled "Some New Sources from the Life of the Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Including a Fourteenth Century Latin Version, and a Fifteenth Century German Version." Meanwhile Mr. Wilfrid Ward of 37 Belgrave Road, London, S. W., is getting ready a volume of the letters and papers of the late Father Maturin. The editor asks to be allowed to make copies of any of that distinguished convert's correspondence that may be found suitable for insertion in the book and would be glad to see notes that have been taken of his sermons or retreats.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The World in the Crucible: an Account of the Origin and Conduct of the Great War" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50) has been called by its publishers a deliberately written "book which will be more than an ephemeral expression of opinion." But with this description the judicious reader will hardly agree, for the author who naturally enough favors the Allies, seems to accept without misgivings all the "atrocity" tales with which the daily press has made us familiar and he uses his skill as a novelist to tell them graphically.——One evil result of the war has been to stimulate American interest in the decadent novelists of Russia. Michael Artzibashef's malodorous "Sanine," for example, received such favorable reviews from some of our representative journals that a "demand" has been created for other books of his. Percy Pinkerton's translation of "The Millionaire" is doubtless a good one, but the story will do its readers nothing but harm.

In "The Song" by George P. Upton (McClurg, $1.00), a very readable book has been produced, not for the professional musician, but for all who love the old songs. Songs of all kinds are discussed in this volume, including negro minstrelsy, sacred songs and patriotic songs, the latter kind receiving special attention, no doubt, because of the European war. The battle songs of the nations at war are given in full, not omitting even "Tipperary." From this chatty guide to the songs of all times and countries, a very good knowledge may be derived of the history of song.——"Fireside Melodies," Vol II (The Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.15), continues the policy outlined in Vol. I., already noticed in AMERICA, of printing in a convenient form and at a low price the songs of other days that have become favorites and have proved their worth. The present volume contains twenty-five songs set to music which are meant to supersede the trashy stuff now being sung so widely.

The latest book of Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny is "The Story of St. Martin of Tours, Patron of France" (Herder, $0.75). The author supplies youthful readers with an interesting account of that Hungarian soldier of the fourth century who died Bishop of Tours.——Marie Conrayville has written a rather flowery sketch of "St. Juliana Falconieri" (Benziger, $0.30), who was so warm a lover of the Holy Eucharist.——"The Untroubled Mind" (Houghton, $0.75) is an attractively-printed little book by Herbert J. Hall, M.D., a vague Deist, who advises his patients to avoid all worry but can give them few supernatural motives for doing so.——Recent "C. T. S." pamphlets which should be in the church vestibule are Allan Ross's "Fasting and Abstinence," M. M. C. Calthrop's "Lacordaire and Montalembert," Marie St. S. Ellerker's "Some Children of St. Dominic," the Rev. J. G. Vance's "The University of Louvain," the Rev. Daniel Hickey's "Antonio Rosmini," the Rev. F. E. Pritchard's "How to Follow the Mass" (for non-Catholics), and "A Simple Mass and Communion Book."

"Outdoor Sketching" (Scribner's, $1.00), by F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations by the author, consists of lectures which he gave at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1914, and are entitled: Composition, Mass, Water Colors and Charcoal. The initiated will surely find delight and inspiration in these well-written talks, nor should the uninitiated think that there is no interest here for them. For it is not so much the technicalities of the artist that the author communicates as it is the enthusiasm of the man, an enthusiasm that kept him in the open and young since he was sixteen. Of course, too, the subject-matter, winding rivers or wooded hills or Turkish cities or the dust and the darkness of London, gave fine scope as well for the brush as for the pen that has been charming us for so many years with its sketches not only of outdoor life, but of the life that hides in human hearts. In these last of his printed words the author has left us a fine remembrance of the equilibrium of the true artist: balance of mind and heart and imagination. He always gave his readers not something perfect, perhaps, yet the best that was in him. It was the product of his whole personality.

"The Nutrition of a Household" (Houghton, $1.00), by Edwin T. and Lilian Brewster, is an attempt to solve the problem of the "high cost of living." From its pages the efficient housewife is expected to learn something about food values, what kinds of fuel are needed for the proper working of the "human automobile," how much and why. Doubtless a careful study of the principles laid down, and their prac-

tical application, would lessen the amount of money necessary for the support of life. The authors evidence considerable familiarity with the chemistry of nutrition and are to be commended for incorporating in their work the results of recent scientific investigations. An appendix of forty pages contains tables for estimating and computing the nutrients of common foods. The intermixture in the text of "foreign words and phrases" suggests the use of the list at the end of the dictionary. As they add nothing of value, they had better been omitted. One regrets to observe, also, the use in the ninth and succeeding chapters of formulas for chemical compounds instead of the names of the compounds, as only a student in chemistry knows how to interpret the meaning of those formulas.

EDUCATION

The Bondage of Liberty

"WE are all agreed as to our own liberty," proclaimed the redoubtable Doctor Johnson on a memorable occasion; "we would have as much of it as we can get; but we are not agreed as to the liberty of others." And the worthy lexicographer drew his thirty-seventh cup of tea. "For in proportion as we take," he continued, "others must lose." Hence even as my orthodoxy is to the scoffer complete heterodoxy, so in the view of the creator of the Dictionary, my liberty is your slavery. And such in reality it is, but only in a degree, for it is something more; it is my slavery as well. I can not attain it, hold it, without subjecting myself to the domination of a ruling and guiding power.

A TRANSFER OF OBEDIENCE

George Eliot philosophized correctly when she said that the laws of harmony were enough to show that freedom "can be naught but the transfer of obedience from the will of one man, or of a few men, to that which is the norm or rule for all men." In this she reechoed the dictum of Boethius that "to be obedient to justice is the very height of liberty." But this is the doctrine of ancients now long dead. In our own day Boethius and George Eliot are hopelessly out of date. In his famous letter to the Duke of Norfolk, Newman described what the pseudo-scientist of his day considered freedom. It claimed for every man "to be his own master in all things and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way." In Ruskin's strong language, this is the freedom "by which the luxurious mean license and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy and the malignant mean violence."

IS THE INTELLECT FREE?

This is a Declaration of Rights, more radical than any proclaimed in the hot days of the French Revolution; but that it is a modern program, few acquainted with the trend of modern thought will deny. True, in our softer day it has been modified by the demands of courtesy and social usage; and while one may not, save at the expense of etiquette, deafen my ears with the utterance of his offensive theories, he is perfectly free to pour them into ears that are willing to listen. Freedom of thought and freedom of speech have been proclaimed a "sacred heritage"; their exercise a duty, rather than a privilege. The modern university has been canonized as the guardian of this two-fold freedom; the modern press is its prophet. Be it so. The mental balance of the ruling class, those whom Lincoln grouped as "the common people," is admirable, and not to be overturned by pigmies. Yet he who first preached the doctrine that the intellect is free, surely deserved the faggot, or, by a milder interpretation of his vagaries, the mad-house: for of all modern philosophical heresies, the most malign in its consequences, next to the denial of the freedom of the will, is the doctrine that you and I, by reason of our very natures, are free to think as we please, and retain our place in the ranks of the sane. "Well, such is my opinion," is an excuse, or even a defense, often heard in this easy day, so readily contented with mere views, "and I have a perfect right to form my own opinions, and to state them." Thus, dispensing with the evidence in the case, is the juncture made between the "right" to think as one pleases and the "right" to state the content of this opinion without restraint.

INTOLERANT TRUTH

Few serious thinkers, however, unless they be bald Determinists, and these can not and do not claim to be "thinkers" but only followers in a set groove, choose to defend the thesis that the intellect is free. The human intellect is bound by Truth, and Truth is an imperious mistress, jealous and bigoted. Certainly, by reason of my free will I may decline to consider the famous mathematical task proposed to Alice by Humpty Dumpty:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \end{array}$$

but my intellect, once engaged in the problem, can not think as it chooses about the inevitable result. It must work according to the law of its being, which is to seek and embrace the truth, brought within its purview by objective evidence. It may be broadmindedness to consider that 365 minus 1 is 363 or 366, but it is likewise foolishness, as most paraded broadmindedness will be found to be upon consideration. Truth is essentially intolerant. Modern philosophy has extricated itself from this difficulty by advancing the position that truth can not be attained by the faculty which some are pleased to term the intellect; or that truth is so unstable a thing as to change its very being from day to day; that he therefore is a wise man, and he alone, who holds to the single dogma that what is truth to-day may be found arrant falsehood to-morrow.

FREE SPEECH AND ACTION

Granted that one is free to think as he chooses, it is difficult to understand, save on the single general ground of public policy, how any restriction of the individual's liberty to utter these opinions in speech or writing can be tolerated. Indeed, if it be allowed that the individual may judge for himself what is right or wrong, fit or improper, quite without reference to the laws of the mind or to the higher law of conscience, not even public policy may be licitly invoked to check the excesses which this individual may consider himself bound to promote amongst his fellows. Newman has clearly set forth the practical working of the pernicious principles advocated by Mill in his "Essay on Liberty":

> No immoral doctrines, plays, poems, novels, conduct, acts, may be visited by the reprobation of public opinion; nothing must be put down, I do not say by the laws, but even by society, by the press, by religious influence, merely on the ground of shocking the decency and modesty of a Christian community. Nay, the police must not visit Holywell Street, nor a license be necessary for dancing-rooms; but the most revolting atrocities of heathen times and countries must for conscience sake be allowed free exercise in our great cities. Averted looks indeed and silent disgust is admissible against them, but nothing of a more energetic character.

THE MODERN PROGRAM

Newman doubtless thought that in these bitter words he was stating a proposition which every decent citizen would reject. Had he lived to our day, he would have found it the ground-principle, underlying and sustaining the work of many a modern sociologist and self-styled educator. Sudermann writes his degrading tragedies in the name of morality; Brieux would reform the world by unmasking a clinic; even Zola claimed to be the prophet of a new religion, and Flaubert thought to lift man to the infinite through fleshly love. Such, at least, was the message which they delivered with an admirable seriousness; and as such has it been accepted by the crowds who believe that a personal conviction boldly stated may rightly claim a hearing, irrespective of its content. Yet granting the inaccessibility of truth to the intellect, their position is logically correct. If we can not have truth, let us have, at least, views.

The temper of the times, writes Mr. W. S. Lilly, is anarchical in the proper sense of the word. Liberty is a sound that falls pleasantly on the ear; we forget that liberty can not exist without law, that rights are strictly conditioned by duties. Montesquieu wisely thought that "political liberty does not consist in a man doing what he wishes but in being able to do what he ought to wish." We are attempting to do the impossible when we strive to reconcile the categorical imperative bound up in Montesquieu's "ought," with the modern license in thought and manners miscalled liberty. Freedom, rightly understood, was, in the opinion of Coleridge, only a universal license "to be good." Liberty of thought is conditioned by the duty to think rightly. Disregard of the laws of thought and of the limits imposed upon the intellect by its very nature, must end, not in serene and profitable truth, but in the welter of intellectual anarchy.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

A Recent Ruling on the Catholic Indian Schools

THE Comptroller of the Treasury, George E. Downey, has rendered an opinion which will prevent the use of Indian tribal funds for the support and education of children in four Oklahoma Catholic mission schools. The tribes affected by this decision are the Choctaw and Chickasaw; the schools affected are the Catholic institutions of Antlers, Ardmore, Purcell and Chickasha. The opinion is insisted upon in spite of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the well-known case of Quickbear *vs.* Leupp, which upholds the legality of the use of Indian tribal funds for the support and education of Indian children in mission schools.

A LEGAL TECHNICALITY

The opinion is based on a technicality in the law affecting the funds of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and will be enforced over the protest of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, which submitted a brief in defense of the mission schools in question, prepared by its legal adviser, former Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws have always patronized mission schools, in connection with their system of tribal schools. This custom has been continued up to the present time by the United States authorities, so that the mission schools are in reality a part of the tribal school system. The Choctaws and Chickasaws have not only patronized the Catholic schools, but in former years they aided a great many Protestant schools. There are to-day in the Choctaw nation several of these schools, although the Indian Office refers to these particular institutions not as "Presbyterian schools," which in fact they are, but as "private schools."

THE COMPTROLLER'S DECISION

The legal status of the schools of the Choctaws and Chickasaws has not been changed within the last year. The Comptroller, however, has taken the position that the act affecting the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds does not justify their use for tribal schools. But the Indian Office, supported by the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribal authorities and the representatives from Oklahoma, made it clear to the Comptroller that it was the intention of the tribes and of Congress that the school system of these two tribes should be continued until the "Atoka Agreement," which provides for the continuance of the tribal schools, until such time as the State of Oklahoma shall have made adequate educational provision for all Choctaw Chickasaw children, shall have been fully carried out. Accordingly, the Comptroller permitted the use of the funds in question for the tribal schools for the fiscal year 1915, and the Indian Office, in accordance with the old tribal custom and its own continuous practice, during the fiscal year 1915, paid for the support and education of the Indian children in mission schools out of the tribal funds.

DELICATE CONSCIENCES

In the Indian Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year 1916, a provision was inserted which met the objection of the Comptroller against using the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds for the support of tribal schools of those tribes. But as the bill failed to become a law this provision, of course, did not go into effect. Congress, however, by joint resolution, provided for the extending of the appropriations for the fiscal year 1915 through the fiscal year 1916; and once more the Indian Office appealed to the Comptroller for permission to continue the schools of the tribes in question. But the Commissioner of Indian Affairs apparently had become imbued with some very delicate scruples of conscience, and he questioned the Comptroller explicitly in regard to the use of the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds in schools other than the Government schools, *i. e.,* mission schools. The Comptroller granted permission for the use of tribal funds for the Government schools, but his delicacy of conscience appears to have prevented him from granting the same privilege to the non-Government or mission schools. The result is that a great number of Choctaw and Chickasaw children will suffer from the delicacy of conscience of two very important Government officials.

Thus four Catholic schools are practically pushed to the wall, and there are indications that, before the lapse of many months, several others will share the same fate. It is not deemed inappropriate to say that, while only a few Protestant schools will be affected by the Comptroller's decision, the Churches conducting these schools can easily support them luxuriously because of the fact that they are so few. *Probably* the Comptroller and the Commissioner are relying on this fact to make their action plausible and palatable to Catholics, a hypocritical color of fair play and even dealing.

E. L. T.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Mexican revolution has driven to our shores an artist-priest who has a studio in New York City. Shawnee, Oklahoma also has an artist-priest, Father Gregory Gerrer of the Benedictine Order, who has been in the United States since 1872. He is at present engaged in executing a series of paintings for a Chicago church. Immediately after his art studies in France and Italy he received his first important commission. Later in company

with the eminent artists, Chartran, Thaddeus, Laszlo and Schiffoni he obtained permission to execute a portrait of the late Pope Pius X. When the portraits were finished the one chosen was Father Gerrer's; it now hangs in the Vatican gallery.

Rev. William F. Dooley, S.J., President of the University of Detroit, died in New York, on July 7. Father Dooley was born in Chicago in 1872, and was educated in St. Ignatius College, now Loyola University, Chicago, and in St. Louis University. By his services as Dean of the Faculty of Creighton University, Omaha, from 1908 to 1911, Father Dooley became widely known throughout the Middle West. In July, 1911, he was made President of Detroit University, to which he added schools of law and engineering. A man of varied gifts, Father Dooley gave his whole life to the cause of education.

A recent issue of the New York *Evening Sun* informs the expectant public that:

> Propagation of Catholic faith and practice is the aim of the newly organized Catholic Laymen's Guild of America, which consists of male communicants over 18 years old of the American Catholic Church, the present title of which is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Such a propagation is much to be desired, but it is a mystery how Protestantism and Catholicism can be so easily reconciled. The best way for the "Catholic Laymen's Guild" to attain its desire is "to come over to Rome" immediately. Thus would logic be vindicated, consciences eased, hearts consoled and God glorified by a lasting propagation of the whole truth for which Christ died.

It would be well for editors and authors who are so deeply concerned with Papal neutrality to reflect on the recent action of the Holy See regarding Poland. In a letter to the Archbishop of Cracow, enclosing a large sum of money, Cardinal Gasparri says:

> The squalor in which the entire people of Poland languishes —people who more than any other have suffered from the sad consequences of the war—has filled with immense grief the paternal heart of the Pontiff, especially as the latest news indicates an increase in the mournful gravity of the situation.

The Papal offering, says the Cardinal, is intended for the whole of Poland, whether under Austria, Germany, or Russia, and is sent to the Archbishop of Cracow because it is easiest to communicate with him. The great peace preachers that have appeared since the war broke out, find that an attack on the attitude of the Papacy toward the warring nations makes good copy for the press. The public has not yet been told how much of the literary wage has gone to the suffering nations. It is cheap to talk peace; rather expensive and not at all sensational to act peace as the Vatican has done.

Dr. Sarah M. Hobson who is secretary of the American Institute of Homeopathy discussed a paper on "Twilight Sleep" at a meeting of the Obstetrical Society in Chicago on July 2. The demand by mothers for twilight sleep is but a part of the feminist movement, was her contention. Those who have the true rights of woman at heart will never subscribe to this, for it is nothing but a drive at the responsibilities of motherhood. They will rather weigh well the address of Dr. Albert Ogle of Indianapolis who fearlessly told the members of the American Institute that at the very beginning of married life the foundations of the home and all future happiness are seriously menaced by the "pernicious education" of young wives shirking their responsibilities.

On June 24 a unique ceremony took place in the Catholic Church at Annapolis, Acadia, in commemoration of the baptism of Memberton, chief of the Micmac Indians, an event which occurred on the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1610. A memorial was erected in the form of a set of Stations of the Cross. The pictures for these were painted by Gabriel Pippet, the illustrator of some of Mgr. Benson's books; the frames for the pictures were made by a Micmac Indian, from the wood of an apple tree planted by one of the early French settlers. In addition to the Stations a brass tablet was set up, bearing this inscription:

> This tablet and the Stations of the Cross in this church are a memorial of the baptism at Port Royal, (now Annapolis Royal) on St. John the Baptist's day, June 24th, A. D., 1610, of Henri Memberton, chief of the Micmac Indians, and his family, the first fruits of the Catholic missions and the beginning of Christianity in Canada. Erected A. D., 1915. *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

The Indians took a prominent part in all the ceremonies, Chief Joseph Labrador unveiling the tablet. Representatives of the historical societies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of the Dominion archives and of the Catholic Truth Society were present in large numbers.

Italy has called 18,000 priests to the colors: the total number of ecclesiastics under service is double that number. Though many priests have been assigned duties as chaplains, in the ambulance, in the hospitals, etc., yet very many will be combatants, a sad position for men consecrated to works of mercy and love. All chaplains are under the jurisdiction of a Bishop Chaplain-in-Chief, Mgr. Angelo Bartolomasi, Auxiliary to the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin. In the decree for this appointment, priests in the army are told to obey Mgr. Bartolomasi as their proper Ordinary, in the exercise of their priestly functions, and from him alone must they seek advice and direction should doubts arise concerning the exercise of their sacred ministry. This is but an instance of the Holy Father's solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers of the warring nations, irrespective of nationality.

The death of the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, who passed away at Rochester, July 10, deprives the Province of Chicago of its second Archbishop. Archbishop Quigley was born at Oshawa, Ontario, of Irish-Canadian parents on October 15, 1854. He attended St. Joseph's College in Buffalo, from which he was graduated in 1872. In the same year he qualified in a competitive examination to enter West Point, but relinquished the idea of a military career to study for the Church. With this end in view he entered Niagara University, and the following year went to the University of Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol where he finished his course in 1874, and thence to Rome, where, having completed his studies at the College of the Propaganda he received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, and was ordained to the priesthood on April 12, 1879. The same year he was appointed rector of St. Vincent's Church, Attica, N. Y., and in 1884 received the appointment to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, and was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo, on February 24, 1897. The episcopate of Bishop Quigley was marked by his public spirit. His zeal for the welfare of the laboring classes, his mediation in the Buffalo dock strike in 1899, and his strong pronouncements on Socialism made the bishop a power both in the ecclesiastical and in the civil sphere. He was appointed Archbishop of Chicago by Pope Leo XIII, on March 10, 1903. Archbishop Quigley played an important part in the spiritual welfare of that city. His care for the needs of his polyglot diocese caused the appointment of Mgr. Paul Rhode as auxiliary bishop to take charge of the 250,000 Polish Catholics. The archbishop was a prominent mover in the work undertaken for the relief of the suffering Mexican priests and religious, and as Chancellor of the Catholic Church Extension Society he was instrumental in extending and defending the Faith wherever the activities of the Society are promoted.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—At many points from the sea to Switzerland there has been activity during the week on the western battle line, with the offensive passing from side to side. At Arras, Fontenay and Les Eparges, artillery fire has been very persistent, while the infantry has been vigorous in attacks and counter attacks, especially at Pilkin, where the British have repulsed all German efforts; at Souchez, where the fighting has been particularly bloody and has resulted somewhat to the advantage of the Germans, and on both sides of the St. Mihiel wedge, and in particular at Les Eparges, Apremont and Le Prêtre.

Bulletin, July 13, p. m.-July 20, a. m.

The most important operations in the west, and those which have been most bitterly contested, have been in the Argonne, where the Crown Prince has been keeping up an almost uninterrupted series of attempts to bend back the French lines and advance towards St. Mihiel. Only a slight measure of success has attended his endeavors, for the gain of the week, aside from heavy losses inflicted on the French, seemed to amount to not more than a quarter of a mile on a front of perhaps a mile and a half. From this, which has been the greatest gain by either side during the week, it will be seen that the deadlock in France and Belgium continued unchanged.

The Argonne

The Germans have shifted their offensive from Galicia to central and northern Poland, where they have been bringing great pressure at many points of the line, from the Rawka to the Windau. In the Courland district they have crossed the Windau to the northwest of Shavli and are moving towards Riga. West of the Niemen there have been numerous engagements of a minor character. Ossowetz is again being bombarded by heavy guns and with great energy. Further west the Germans have been forcing the Russians south in the direction of Lomza. Przasnysz after a strongly contested battle has again fallen and is in the hands of the Germans, who have forced the Russians to retire to the Narew river. West of Warsaw the Russians have fallen back to within sixteen miles of the city. To the north of Krasnik, in southern Poland, the Russians after their late victory over the Austrians, are again on the defensive and are making every effort to check the new Austro-German drive toward Lublin and Cholm, which is again under way and has advanced to Krasnoslav.

Poland

In Galicia, except for slight successes at several points on the Dniester where the Austro-Germans have crossed the river near the Bessarabian frontier, the Austro-Germans have made no progress. The Russians have held their positions on the upper Bug and the Zlota Lipa, and on the Dniester have not only continued their solid opposition to the Austro-Germans, but have even forced them back southeast of Mariampol to the south bank of the river.

Galicia

Under a recent date the Austro-Hungarian Government has addressed to the Government of the United States an official protest against the shipment by American dealers of large quantities of war supplies to England and her allies. The Austro-Hungarian Government declares that it is convinced that the attitude of the United States has hitherto been "inspired by a desire to maintain the strictest neutrality," but at the same time it submits to our State Department, that the

Austria-Hungary's Note

situation which has arisen has frustrated this intention, and that the present traffic in war material "is not in conformity with the practice of strict neutrality," because "only one of the belligerent parties can take advantage of this export." It goes on to say that a simple method of rectifying the situation, and one quite in keeping with neutrality would be to "notify the enemies of Austria-Hungary and Germany that the supply of food and raw materials will be stopped, if legal traffic in these articles between America and the central Powers of Europe is not permitted." The note closes with the request that the United States act on "this entirely friendly appeal," and "reconsider, in the light of the explanations set forth, the attitude it has hitherto observed in regard to this most important matter."

The Orduna Incident

The official statement made by Germany in its report of recent submarine operations, to the effect that during the preceding month, before a torpedo was discharged, warning was almost invariably given to the crew to leave the ship attacked, and that therefore the loss of non-belligerent lives had been considerably diminished, was received generally with a good deal of satisfaction, as it seemed to indicate that a change had been inaugurated in submarine warfare, and that the President's efforts to mitigate its horrors were having effect. This hope, however, seems to have been premature, for it now appears that a repetition of the Lusitania incident was narrowly averted. The Orduna, a Cunard passenger ship carrying no ammunition, as she was on her way from Liverpool to New York, with twenty-two Americans aboard, was fired on without warning by a submarine close to the spot where the Lusitania went down. The torpedo went some ten feet astern. The submarine then rose to the surface and fired a number of shells, none of which took effect. By clever maneuvering and by superior speed the Orduna succeeded in making her escape. Such is the Captain's story. Germany has not yet spoken.

Neither from Italy nor from the Dardanelles has any official news of importance been reported. In both cases nothing but most meager details are available, a fact that would seem to indicate that in the Tyrol, along the Isonzo and in Gallipoli the situation is unchanged. The Balkans continue to be a subject of speculation. Rumania, it is reported, has been given by Austria one month to choose between two alternative propositions, both involving territorial concessions by Austria, which are to vary in extent according as Rumania actively assists the Dual Monarchy, or remains neutral and allows the transportation of arms and supplies to Turkey. In Greece, M. Christakis Zographer, the Foreign Minister, has resigned, to the surprise of the diplomats, who expected that no resignation would be handed in until the whole Cabinet of M. Gounaris resigned in a body at the opening of Parliament next month.

Other Items

Germany has acknowledged her responsibility for the torpedoing of the Nebraskan, has expressed regret and promised reparation. Great Britain has adopted two measures, which will tend to mitigate the hardships to which the growers and shippers of American cotton have been subjected by the British blockade. No interference is to be placed in the way of exporting cotton to any countries except Austria and Germany; and in addition the British Ambassador at Washington and the Consul-General at New York are to be instructed to pay the claims of American exporters for the detention and appropriation of American cotton by the British Government. The Italian cruiser, Guiseppe Garibaldi, has been sunk.

Austria-Hungary.—A Red Book has just been published by the Austro-Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The first two parts contain numerous affidavits and depositions asserting that the rights of hospitality were violated in the treatment of the Austro-Hungarian diplomatic and consular officers by the Government officers of the hostile countries. A third part accumulates evidence to show that inhuman treatment was inflicted upon Austrian and Hungarian citizens in hostile countries, "in most cases before the opening of hostilities." The fourth part comprises "authentic proofs of the violations of the laws of warfare." That there is hardly a rule of warfare which has not been violated repeatedly by the hostile armies is the contention of the Austrian authorities. One of the main causes for this unfortunate situation is said to be the employment on the part of France, Great Britain and Russia of "savages and half-savages against the troops of European powers." They are well aware, it is added, that in this they are "disregarding the law of European nations." The document continues:

Red Book

> The preposterous claim of the hostile nations to the right to subject entire populations of large countries to famine must be stigmatized as an impiously wanton violation of the rules of warfare. No less impiously wanton is the act of the hostile Governments in tolerating, if not actually inspiring, the unprecedented agitation of a press which disseminates lies and fosters hatred. Most of the excesses to which thousands of innocent and defenseless people have fallen victims are the direct outcome of that agitation.

A number of "typical examples" of brutal treatment accorded to Austro-Hungarians are then given and accusations are brought against the various nations. The heartless or immoral treatment of interned women and children is particularly mentioned and serious charges of barbarism are made against the Russians, Servians and Montenegrins.

Germany.—A detailed reply has now been officially issued to answer the accusations brought against the German army in Belgium. Its contention is that Belgium offended against the recognized rules of international law, as expressed in articles one and two of

A New Official Document

the Hague conference. The testimony offered is "material gained from official investigation, especially based upon sworn testimony or upon reports received from the front." According to it the Belgian civil population fought against the German troops in numerous towns.

German troops were shot at in the districts from which the Belgian regular army had long since retreated. These shots came from houses and gardens, from roof tops and cellars, from fields and woods. . . . It has been made clear by irrefutable testimony that in a whole series of instances, German troops were received with apparent cordiality by the Belgian civilian population when the troops were entering the town. Later, when darkness had set in or the moment was otherwise favorable, German soldiers were surprised by an armed attack. . . . In Liège, Aerschot, Dinant, Louvain the Germans have been shot down from behind and murdered.

In regard to Louvain it is stated:

The torch was applied to Louvain and in other Belgian towns only where bitter necessity demanded it. The plan of the destruction of Louvain which appears in the official report shows clearly that the troops contented themselves with razing only those sections of the city where the inhabitants treacherously and with murderous intent made their attacks.

The document insists that German soldiers often cared for Belgian women and children in the most self-sacrificing way, shared their bread with the sick and weak, and brought the latter to places where they could receive adequate care. Of the Belgian Government it is said:

An emphatic protest too must be made against the Government which completely misconstrued its duties, which gave free rein to the insane passions of the people, and which now does not shrink from throwing off its own heavy guilt by meretricious abuse of the German army.

The report of the Belgian Commission is described as an "attempt to twist facts in the case into the exact opposite to the truth."

Great Britain.—The speech of the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords on the Registration Bill, should do much to stir the English people from the apathy which seems to possess so many among them. "My Lords," said the Marquis, "we have now realized that the old go-as-you-please system has broken down completely." The Marquis thought it well to admit with all frankness, that the British Government as a national organization had proved itself woefully lacking in the expedients necessary in a time of national crisis. No one, he said, would ever know what this lack of efficiency and proper organization had cost the country in money, prestige, and most of all, in the lives of its citizens.

Speech of the Marquis of Lansdowne

We have been convicted as a nation. We have been found guilty by a foreign critic—a friendly critic—of prodigious inefficiency in our national organization. As to the lesson to be learned, surely it is this, that the country should not tolerate a recurrence of the kind of incidents of which we have had recent experience. I do not think I go too far when I say that no Government, however composed, will command or retain the confidence of its people unless it takes steps to render such miscarriages of effort and energy and good will impossible in the future.

There has been a great awakening of public opinion. It was the general conception of our responsibilities in war up to a year or six months ago that we should have a strong navy, a home army of sufficient strength to defend our shores and an expeditionary force of six divisions ready to be thrown into any struggle on the Continent in which we might be interested. We believed that recruits could be taken from any source, and that the markets of the world would be open to supply us with all necessary munitions in the meantime. We left the civil population to itself. It was free to sell its labor as it pleased, when it pleased and where it pleased. It was permitted to work at half speed, full speed or not to work at all.

My Lords, we have now realized that all that was incompatible with the safety of the empire. We have realized that the old go-as-you-please system has broken down completely.

The truth of this indictment seems borne out by the grave conditions now existing in Wales where, it is reported, more than one hundred thousand miners have organized a strike. The *Daily Chronicle* thinks that this is nothing less than mutiny; and the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Walter Runciman, has announced that as an extreme measure, the Government will not hesitate to apply the penal sections of the Munitions of War Acts. On the other hand, the Government derives much satisfaction from the fact that the three billion dollar war loan, the largest ever offered in history, has been promptly underwritten. The subscriptions are spread among more than a million citizens.

Ireland.—In his second lecture delivered at the Irish Industries Exhibition in New York, Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, Secretary of the Cork Industrial Development Association gave the following most interesting facts concerning the condition of agriculture in Ireland. In 1914 out of a population of 4,381,398 persons, some 1,073,238, approximately one-fourth of the population, were engaged in farming. Out of Ireland's entire area of 20,371,125 acres, only 2,311,622 acres were actually tilled in 1914, whilst the area capable of tillage was 14,742,766 acres. Of this latter area, more than 12,000,000 acres were pasture fields fit for the raising of live stock; close upon 2,500,000 acres were under hay. The twenty odd million acres of land in Ireland are divided into 638,074 holdings, of which 439,628 are under 30 acres in extent, indeed 302,530 holdings are less than 15 acres in extent, 136,401 under 100 acres and only 32,045 over 100 acres in extent. Within recent years live stock has increased to a great extent. In 1851 there were 521,706 horses in Ireland; in 1913, 614,482; cattle increased from 2,967,461 "head" in 1851 to 4,932,625 in 1913; during the same period sheep increased from 2,122,128 to 3,620,724; pigs show a falling off; in 1851 there were 1,084,857; in 1913, 1,060,360. In 1913 the estimated value of all live stock exported from Ireland was $97,342,735; in the five years 1909-1913, Ireland derived from the sale of exported live stock close

Agriculture

upon $379,500,000. The country does a slight trade in cured meats with other countries; in 1913 such exports were valued at $24,402,560. In 1909 the estimated value of Irish poultry, eggs, butter and feathers was $40,875,000, an increase in value during five years of over $3,000,000. In 1913 the total value of agricultural exports from Ireland, inclusive of live stock, was $187,000,000; that same year Ireland imported foodstuffs worth upwards of $112,500,000. Thus the country is selling nutritious foodstuffs to others and purchasing inferior material for her own people. In 1913 Ireland's wheat crop covered an area of only 34,004 acres; this was estimated to produce some 693,887 cwts. of wheat, an average yield of 20.4 cwts. per acre; the yield in England that same year was 16.8 cwts. per acre; in Wales, 14.6 cwts. Every year Ireland has to import upwards of 8,000,000 cwts. of wheat, at a cost of $17,000,000; in addition she purchases every year milled wheat in flour to the extent of 5,000,000 cwts., valued at $13,500,000; so that for wheat and flour alone the Irish people send to foreign countries every year, $30,500,000. The problem now is to reform agriculture so that there will be no need of purchasing such articles abroad. Free trade in the lecturer's opinion, has been one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of agriculture in Ireland: and England he believes, sees her mistake, so that should an economic reform follow the war, Ireland will probably profit by it.

Mexico.—There has been a change in Mexico, but for the worse, if that indeed is possible. The last days of Zapata in Mexico City, were marked by disorder and hunger. All semblance of responsible authority vanished; military chieftains ruled according to their whims; a committee on public welfare, fashioned after the French revolutionary organizations, denounced all who were supposed to be out of sympathy with the Zapata régime. Some faint idea of the disorder that prevailed can be had from this abstract from a letter written in the latter part of June:

War, Hunger, Chicanery

> Yesterday two army officers with a dozen or more of their followers indulged in a duel. The fight occurred on one of the principal streets of the city, while the thoroughfare was crowded with pedestrians. The contenders were all mounted and the fusilade caused a panic. One of the officers and two of the horses were killed, while a trooper was wounded.
>
> Meantime hunger grew more acute, thousands of women and children joined the bread lines or gathered near the butcher shops in the hope of gathering scraps of food. The famine was precipitated by the demoralization of transportation, the ruin of farms, and the seizure of such supplies of food as existed, by military men, often for the purpose of speculation.
>
> The subjoined figures are indicative of general conditions. In Puebla, with a population of 95,000 people, 40,000 are living on small quantities of corn given them twice a week; in Pachuca, population 40,000, one-half the people are on starvation rations; in Oaxaca, population 40,000, thousands are subsisting on the small amount of food available in the immediate war-racked vicinity, while the 35,000 inhabitants of Orizaba are famine stricken. The following statement issued by William C. Potter, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company and Chairman of the National Relief Committee of the American Red Cross, explains the whole situation:
>
> A letter received a day or two ago from Consul General Hanna at Monterey says that unless peace is promptly restored to Mexico so that the crops can be planted for the late harvest, that country will be the most destitute in the world. The situation is, naturally, very complicated there, and we believe it advisable to have a conference with the President before further active steps are taken. We are trying, on the advice of the State Department, to arrange for a shipment of six carloads of corn to Mexico City. Department telegrams reporting conditions just before the occupation of the capital by the Carranza troops state that, in the distribution of a few carloads of food obtained by the relief committee there, the frantic mobs were so uncontrollable that the soldiers in firing killed two women, and also about a thousand women and children were absolutely prostrated in the crush.

Despite these distressing conditions every obstacle is put in the way of the distribution of supplies. For instance, on July 15 the Red Cross telegraphed from Vera Cruz that Aguilar forbade the distribution of food in that city, thereby causing great distress. After the capture of Mexico City by the Carranzistas, the First Chief gave a long interview to the sometime editor of the *Commoner*. The interview was a virtual plea for recognition on the part of the United States. Our President was flattered and Carranza protested that his great desire was to become another Jefferson. Some abstracts from the interview will prove of interest:

> No innocent person will suffer, and every one called to account for wrongdoing will be given every opportunity for the establishment of his innocence and for the acquirement of justice. No Constitutionalist leader would think of trying to build up a free government while denying to any one religious liberty. The Mexican constitution guarantees freedom of religion, and to the fulfillment of the guarantee the Constitutionalist party is solemnly pledged. No Catholic priest has ever been punished in his capacity as a priest. Where priests have taken part in battles against Constitutionalist forces they have, as individuals, fallen subject to the penalties, and, sometimes, the excesses, which war inevitably brings to individuals. But the country is full of Catholic priests who have taken no part in the contest, who have devoted themselves to the practice of their religious offices and who have not been injured or suffered any inconvenience. Under the new government foreign capital already here will be protected in all its lawful claims, while new investments will be encouraged, and men of good purpose, brain and energy will be invited to come and give their aid to the development of the richest country in the world. Mexicans, no less than the people of the United States, are Americans, and it is our wish to maintain particularly sincere and friendly relations with the North American Government.

Evidently, Carranza lacks a sense of humor, otherwise he would have told the gaping world "in what capacity" Sisters were outraged. Did they, too, "take part in battle against the Constitutionalist forces," thus falling "subject to the penalties and sometimes the excesses which war inevitably brings to individuals?'

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Has Woman a Soul?

"THE newspapers! Sir, they are most villainous!" cries out Sir Fretful, flicked on the raw. "Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper." (Happy Sir Fretful!)

"The Councils! Sir, one has denied that woman has a soul," fumes the gallant Mr. Lawrence Gilman. "Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a volume of the Councils."

But who is this Mr. Lawrence Gilman? A thousand pardons! Thumb your "Who's Who"? brother, and when found, make a note on't, that Mr. Lawrence Gilman is a gentleman with a weakness for music, a young-eyed cherub, most fond of harmony. As a composer, he is responsible for "A Dream of Death," (1903), "The Curlew" (3 settings for voice and piano of poems by W. B. Yeats. 1904). Descending into prose, he has written a guide to Strauss' "Salome"; he is said to be an authority on "Certain Aspects of the Modern Drama;" and—be it spoken with bated breath!—he is the musical critic on the staff of the *North American Review*. Higher than this dizzy eminence, fame mounts but slowly; yet one gathers from the modest reticence of the "Who's Who" paragraph, that Mr. Gilman likewise plays very prettily upon the organ and piano.

It is then with hesitation and with deep regret, that one ventures to suggest the presence of a discord in the lovely symphony of Mr. Gilman's blameless days. Seated one day at the organ, Mr. Gilman was borne on the strains of melody into new fields. He had lately read a treatise by Herr Emil Lucka, "a young Viennese philosopher, poet and mystic, whose remarkable book 'Eros' attempts no less staggering a task than the study of the evolution of human love." "Young" is a pat phrase, even as is "staggering"; yet each is superfluous, for none but a young man would choose this topic, and even the most matured intellect would stagger under the burden. But, O woeful day, on which music and metaphysics, with a dash of poetry and a hint of mysticism, met together in the heaving bosom of Mr. Lawrence Gilman! They met, but they kissed not; they fought; the dust of battle and the shouting possessed the brain of the unhappy organist; the resulting phantasmagoria ran into Mr. Gilman's pen to issue forth on page 910 of the *North American Review*, June, 1915, after the following throbbing fashion:

> In the beginning of the twelfth century a new and unprecedented emotion—spiritual love of man for woman based on personality—made its appearance. Woman, once despised—woman, to whom at the Council of Mâcon a soul had been denied—became now a queen, a divinity. . . .

Gaze, gaze yet again, and marvel at the wisdom of this Solomon among the organists. Not only can he play upon the organ and piano—self-taught, he tells us—write about Salome and the Curlew, while retaining a position fully equal to a place in the sun, on the staff of the *North American Review*, but he can also toss off thus carelessly, a resumé, trenchant and convincing, of the denial of a soul to woman by the Council of Mâcon. More; he can do this without having read the *Acta* of that rather obscure Council. Contrariwise, as Tweedledee would say, he could not have done it, had he read the *Acta*, for, unfortunately, the *Acta* say no more about this matter, than they do about Mr. Lawrence Gilman. The Council did not even entertain the question, much less discuss it, or formulate it in a Canon. Councils, as historians know, are called for definite and weighty purposes; they do not debate what are popularly termed "fool questions," among which the most rantingly foolish is the question at the head of this paper.

The statement then, that woman was denied a soul by the Council of Mâcon or by any other Council, indicates in him who makes it, either ignorance, or a disregard of the Eighth Commandment. In Mr. Gilman it indicates ignorance, the outcome of a trusting gentle nature. His poetic mind views with amiable tolerance the hoary legends of the past; he is devoid of the critical spirit; his head is in the clouds. Very likely some suffragette, impatient of Romish conservatism, whispered this tale into his guileless ear. Its earliest American sponsor, so far as can be learned, is Professor O. G. Gourlac of Cornell, who related this story in Montreal on January 31, 1906. The wary Professor, however, named no definite Council; "one of the Church Councils," said this exact but canny savant. In *The Messenger* for March, 1906, the Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S.J., made short work of this show of learning, and also of Mr. H. R. Edmunds who in June, 1905, had recounted a variation of the legend at the closing exercises of the Girls' High School in Philadelphia. But in France, the story is a Joe Millerism. In *L'Intermédiare des Chercheurs* for April 20, 1902, M. Paul Argelès spoke of the matter as "sufficiently threshed out," and indicated that he was weary of the subject:

> The statement is continually repeated in conversation and in print that "a Council of the Church has discussed the problem whether women have souls" not a few adding that the Council decided the matter in the negative. It was the Council of Trent, some pretend. No, the Council of Nicea, say others. Well, if you must know, so far as it was any Council at all, it was the Council of Mâcon in 585, but in point of fact, that assembly was an absolute stranger to the discussion which legend has attributed to it.

It should be added that this correspondent is not a Catholic and that the periodical in question certainly can not be accused of leanings toward Catholicism. Writing in *The Month* for January, 1911, the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., whose reputation for scholarship is admitted throughout Europe, speaks of the whole story as "an egregious mare's nest." Hefele, Hardouin, Labbe, Mansi, all standard works on the Councils, do not even refer to it. Kurth, Vacandard, Leclercq, reject it as an absurd

fable. In other words, this oft-repeated story *is absolutely without authentication.*

Strangely enough, however, the legend rests not on any decree, either of the Council of Mâcon or of any other Council, but upon a brief paragraph written by St. Gregory of Tours. It is thus translated by Father Thurston:

> In this Council, there was one of the bishops who declared that a woman could not be called *homo.* But when the other bishops reasoned with him, he held his peace, for they showed him that the sacred text of the Old Testament laid down that in the beginning when God created man it was said, "Male and female He created them, and He called their name Adam," which means man of the earth, thus applying the same term to man and woman alike, for He designated each of them equally *Homo.* And also the Lord Jesus Christ is called the Son of Man (*hominis*) precisely because He is the Son of the Blessed Virgin, in other words, the son of a woman (*mulieris*). To whom when He was on the point of turning water into wine He said, "What is that to me and to thee, woman" (*mulier*) and so on. And with many other testimonies also this dispute was cleared up and settled. (Gregory of Tours, *Historia Francorum,* viii, 20, Ed. Arndt in *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica,* p. 338).

Compare this quaint recital, which, of course, is not a conciliar decree (St. Gregory does not even say that the incident took place in the Council) with Mr. Gilman's plain, unvarnished tale, "woman, to whom at the Council of Mâcon a soul had been denied." Neither Gregory nor the Council even touched upon the matter. One of the Fathers, a pedantic person, no doubt, and of small Latin thought that the term *homo* could not be applied to woman. In classical Latin, the term was generic, but this the Bishop did not know; in the neo-Latin tongues, as Kurth points out, it was becoming specific. This the Bishop did know, and he voiced his dissent; whereupon his brethren "reasoned with him" and "he held his peace." The "dispute" turned upon a point of grammar. "The difficulty raised" comments the learned Benedictine, Leclercq, in his notes on Hefele's "Conciliengeschichte," "has nothing to do with the rational and human soul of woman, but only with the name "man" (*homo*) which this pedantic Bishop is astonished to find applied to a female." Thurston sums up the matter with an appeal to common sense: "Can any sane man for five minutes together be honestly in doubt whether the Christians of the Catacomb period or of any other period, believed that woman had a soul to save?" History has but one answer.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilman will return incontinent to his piano. There is a rift in his historical lute. Perhaps he has been consorting with Mr. W. D. Howells, a recent champion in the pages of this same *North American Review* of the thesis, long since abandoned by scholars, that the Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means. Let Mr. Gilman be warned in time. To spoil a good pianist to make a limping historian, were a loss that art can ill afford.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Modernism in England

THERE is a suburb of London with which the present writer has been intimately acquainted for over thirty years; is has several churches and many chapels, but as yet it has not offered hospitality to any organization distinctly and overtly anti-Christian. Every form of Anglicanism and of Dissent is represented in the teeming population with, perhaps, a slight majority in favor of nonconformity. Till about six years ago the Church of England portion of the people was shepherded by parsons of moderate and evangelical views; the various bodies worked together with tolerable smoothness; controversy was seldom of a lively character except when the Catholic priest, an Oxford convert, entered the lists in defense of some Catholic position which had been ignorantly or maliciously assailed. In a word, the suburb seemed to be quite typical of religion as generally found in England; Anglicanism, provided it was not too High, was reckoned respectable, Dissent was tolerated, Catholicism was ignored. Are there not portions of the United States where similar conditions obtain? At the point of time indicated the rector of the parish was getting old; he was known to be in sympathy with the High Church party, but, like the prudent man he was, he exercised such a self-restraint that his personal views never gave offence to any of his people. So far as I remember there was but one incident which disturbed the religious calm of the Anglicans in the suburb in question: a new curate ventured once to speak almost Catholic sentiments concerning the Blessed Virgin; several people present became uneasy and presently a rather notable number of them rose and left the building. The offending curate was immediately removed.

When at length the rector himself retired six years ago there was a startling change. The living is in the gift of the Government and it was conferred upon a man known to be a Modernist of the most advanced type. Catholics scented, as they thought, battle in the near future; the sturdy Prayer Book Anglicans, they believed, would surely revolt against such an appointment.

However, the announcement was calmly accepted by those chiefly concerned, and all possible happenings were viewed with but a languid interest. No organized protest was set on foot and no sort of warning was to be met with in the local press. In due course the new rector took up his duties in the parish. He was a University man and had from time to time contributed articles to the *Hibbert Journal;* in appearance, manner and address he was found to be charming; he had an amiable wife and a fairly large family. He followed the practice, common in England, of reading his sermons; but it was soon noticed that his sermons were not of the conventional kind. He was a whole-hearted Modernist, and to all capable of judging it was clear that he had no wish to disguise the fact. It is true that like all Modernists he was, or at least strove to be "an artist in words." He

regularly used all the terminology associated with the Christian doctrine, but in his mouth every term had a "revised meaning;" he was great at restating the old dogmas under modern concepts; his style was ornate and even flamboyant; every sermon was well-seasoned with lengthy quotations from modern poets and poetasters whom the preacher invariably referred to as "prophets" in the same category with Isaias and David. Not only were the sermons carefully prepared; they were eloquently read and were month by month printed in the local *Church Magazine*. Clearly the new rector was not the man to hide his light under a bushel.

But what of the new rector's hearers? What thought they as week after week they heard all the old beliefs plausibly attacked and seemingly demolished? How did they accept the assertion that Matthew Arnold and Oliver Wendell Holmes were equally inspired with an Ezechiel and a St. John? How did they relish the polished sarcasm with which some of their own hymns were ridiculed? Did they feel horrified when miracles, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Incarnation were distinctly rejected as so many worn-out legends? Did they resent the term "temple-treading" as applied to church-attendance? In one word, were they dismayed at hearing the crudest Modernism preached from a pulpit associated for centuries with the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles?

The present writer sought for intelligible answers to these and many similar questions, but he found that for the most part the people were pleased and just a little puzzled. "He is such a good fellow," they would say apologetically, "and he is really clever. It is a pleasure to hear him for he makes one think; he puts things in a new way, certainly, but depend upon it there is much in what he says. After all he is only up-to-date and will not hide the truth; he is saying only what many others think and fear to say."

Such was the attitude of the great majority, of the hundreds of Anglicans who were supposed to have imbibed the teaching of the old rector now retired. There was no organized protest, no public expression of dismay, no angry letters to the press. The other Anglican clergymen in and around the district seemed equally apathetic; the new state of things was taken for granted and indeed very few seemed aware that there was anything new in their midst.

Meanwhile the local Catholic monthly magazine took up the question of Modernism vigorously, and very pointedly directed its attacks against the existing state of things in the parish. Interest was thus aroused and for some months the magazine was taken by many Anglicans. Some of these declared that they were in full sympathy with the Catholic contention, but all the same they continued to "sit under" the new rector. Here it must be said that the new rector absolutely shunned controversy and made no attempt, at least in public, to reply to the attacks made upon him.

During the first few months of the Modernist propaganda a few individuals abandoned the parish church in disgust and attended the local Evangelical churches, but the seceders of this sort were certainly not five per cent. of the whole congregation concerned. On the other hand, it soon became evident that not a few nonconformists were attracted to the parish church, where they were received most cordially. Only one person became a Catholic during the first two years of the new state of things.

The present state of religion in England offers a fruitful theme to the weaver of theories, but to advance a theory is not the object of this paper. The plain record of facts given above speaks for itself; it seems to show that the real state of Anglicans in England is for the most part a state of absolute indifference to the dogmas of Christianity. There is evidence to prove that what has happened in the suburb of which I write is happening in many other places in England. The foe with which Rome has contended so successfully has no other antagonist which can put forth an equal power of resistance; so who shall dare to forecast the future? It is thought by many that the only hope for the Church of England within her own borders is to be found in the High Church party. This party is said to be daily increasing in numbers and influence, and that much may be looked for from the fact that it stands for the dogmatic element in Christianity. But may not history repeat itself? May it not be that the High Church party will go on increasing till it falls to pieces by its own weight? It lacks a living authority and has no lasting principle of unity and cohesion; it may divide at any moment, and even now there are not wanting signs that the insidious spirit of Modernism is not altogether idle in its ranks. Outside the Catholic Church Modernism works with alarming ease in this land. In all forms of religion other than the Catholic it finds a ready prey, and, of course, it is itself the complete antithesis of Catholicism. May we hope that among the far-reaching results of the present terrible conflict in Europe will be that of rousing the people from their long slumber of religious indifference and making them realize that they are indeed sheep without a shepherd?

PHILIP GRATY.

The Pauline Privilege

SOMETIMES the faithful and those outside the Church are puzzled, when they see two persons, who have been living together in the relation of husband and wife, permitted by ecclesiastical authority not only to separate, but even to remarry. There is really no cause for mystification. Usually the Church does nothing more wonderful than to pronounce judicially on a matter of fact. What ordinarily happens in perplexing marriage cases is this: the validity of a marriage is called into question; testimony for and against it is laid before the Church; witnesses are examined; evidence is sifted; and the conclusion is reached that at the time of the marriage, some impediment acted as a bar to the validity of the

matrimonial contract. Then the Church declares that what seemed to be a marriage was in reality no marriage at all. Clearly in so doing she is not granting a divorce.

Divorce means the severance of the marriage bond, which is quite a different thing from declaring that the bond, notwithstanding appearances, never existed. Divorce in the case of a valid, consummated Christian marriage, the Church can not grant. The most she can do in such a case, and only the gravest reasons will move her so to act, is to give permission for husband and wife to live apart; and if necessary to secure before the courts a legal separation; but in neither instance has she any thought of dissolving the bond of a consummated Christian marriage. This she knows must endure until death.

Thus the general attitude of the Church toward marriage is clearly defined. Her very name is synonymous with uncompromising defense of the marriage bond. She has always stood out not only for its unity, but also for its indissolubility; and she has consistently extended her doctrine not only to Catholics, but to the whole human race. Basing her position both on reason and on revelation, she has maintained, in spite of the fiercest opposition, and in face of great losses, both temporal and spiritual, that marriage, whether it be contracted in the Church or outside of it, before a priest, a minister, a magistrate, or without witnesses of any kind, provided it be a true marriage, creates a bond that no merely human power can undo.

It would be a mistake, however, to think that the Church is of the opinion that the dissolving of the marriage bond is an absolute impossibility. From the fact that no merely human power can grant a divorce, it does not follow that God can not grant it. There is a broad distinction between holding that no mere man, even though he be a regularly constituted judge, has authority to put asunder what God has joined together, and asserting that God Himself can not undo the bond that He Himself has tied. Nothing is further from the mind of the Church than to say that God can not make exceptions to His general prohibition against divorce, even though His general prohibition is voiced insistently by nature, by Scripture, and by the Church. He who made the law may also make exceptions to it. His rights take precedence over all other rights. Who will dare gainsay Him, if He, the Lord and Master of all, chooses to determine that under certain conditions, a bond of marriage, hitherto binding before God and man, shall simply cease to exist? Certainly not the Church, for her commission is to teach Christ's doctrine.

Has God made any exceptions in the matter of divorce? The teaching of unaided reason does not show any exception, but revelation does. Marriages may be divided into Christian marriages, in which one or both persons have been baptized, and non-Christian marriages, in which neither person has been baptized. In the case of Christian marriages, no divorce may be obtained if the marriage has been consummated; but if it has been ratified but not consummated, under certain circumstances a divorce or dissolution of the marriage bond, may be obtained. In the case of non-Christian marriages no divorce is possible, as long as both husband and wife remain unbaptized; should both become Christians, they participate in the same privileges as other Christians; should only one of them become a Christian, the Pauline privilege may come into play, that is under certain well-defined conditions a new marriage may be contracted, and the former bond dissolved, even though the marriage has been consummated both before and after the baptism. It is the Pauline privilege that the present article is meant to explain.

The Pauline privilege, so called because it was first promulgated, at least in writing, by Saint Paul, and there is some reason to believe that to him alone of all the Apostles was it directly revealed by God, is recorded and described in the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians:

> If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And if any woman hath a husband that believeth not, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put away her husband. . . . But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart. For a brother or sister is not under servitude in such (cases). But God hath called us in peace.

The constant interpretation of this passage in Saint Paul, as is clear from the uninterrupted tradition and practice of the Church, and as is enunciated beyond doubt in the official pronouncements of Popes and Councils, is as follows: when one of two unbelievers, joined in lawful wedlock, becomes a Catholic, (or is validly baptized in a Protestant sect, as some hold) one of two contingencies may arise. The unbeliever may continue to dwell with the convert, without putting let or hindrance to the practice of his or her religion, abstaining meanwhile from expressions that are injurious to Christ. Under these conditions the marriage bond remains inviolate and inviolable. Or the unbeliever may desert the convert; or while not going to the length of actual desertion, may refuse to dwell in peace, may force the convert to listen to language that is insulting to Christ, and in one way or another so act, as to be a menace to the convert's faith or morals. In this second case the convert may take advantage of the Pauline privilege, that is, may remarry and thus dissolve the bond of the former marriage.

The expression, remarry and thus dissolve the bond of the former marriage, is used advisedly, for it accurately describes the curious working of the privilege enunciated by the Apostle. When the unbeliever has manifested the intention of not dwelling in peace with the convert, the convert may leave the unbeliever. This separation does not in itself constitute the Pauline privilege; for any Christian might do the same whenever conjugal life became dangerous or intolerable, provided only ecclesiastical sanction had been obtained. Before the Pauline privilege is acted upon, an official inquiry is in-

stituted by the Church. If, as the result of this inquiry, it becomes clear that the unbeliever does not intend to dwell in peace with the convert and without insult to the Creator (it should be carefully noted that the convert's statement to this effect is not sufficient, but must be supplemented by the statement of the Church), then the way is smoothed for the application of the privilege, which consists precisely in this, that the convert may contract a second marriage: this second marriage, without further formality, of itself, and automatically, dissolves the former marriage once and for all, and severs the conjugal bond forever. Up to the moment that the second marriage actually takes place, the marriage contracted in infidelity continues, and both convert and unbeliever are under the bond of matrimony; so that should the unbeliever try to remarry before the convert, the attempt would be fruitless, and the marriage null and void; on the other hand, should the unbeliever become a Catholic or be baptized before the convert contracts a second marriage, the privilege announced by Saint Paul would no longer have place, and neither husband nor wife could again remarry, unless it were possible to obtain an annulment of the bond on the grounds of a Christian marriage ratified but not consummated. From this it is evident that the privilege is given not so much in favor of the individual, although it has the convert's interests in view, as for the safeguarding of the Faith.

Some may think that the Pauline privilege is something new in the discipline of the Church. The very contrary is true. In the early ages of the Church its application was of frequent occurrence. Indeed, it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that it was called into question, when the Bishop of Soissons, Fitz-James, being infected with Jansenism, forbade Borach Levi, a convert from Judaism, to contract a second marriage, although his wife, a Jewess, refused to dwell with him. The case is interesting, because it stands out as a striking exception to the uniform practice of the Church. The Church has always recognized and admitted the Pauline privilege, she recognizes it and admits it to-day. The Church is not more Catholic than Saint Paul. Where he allows divorce, she does not presume to forbid it. Where he permits remarriage, she puts no impediment. Where he declares that the bond is severed, she echoes his words.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Our Discarded Church Music*

WE have not given the Catholic Church her just due until we appreciate her place in the development of the arts. All that is greatest of the art of medieval days has stamped upon it the impress of her inspiration. Whatever of the painting and sculpture of the renaissance escaped the contamination of pagan ideals and morality was created under the influence of ecclesiastical generosity. Certainly in nothing is the adaptability of the Church more unmistakable than in her spontaneous recognition of the best in each succeeding art form. No art critic ever possessed half the fine discernment or the breadth of taste that has marked the Catholic Church. The spiritual art of Giotto and Fra Angelico she employed to help souls up toward God. When the revival of naturalistic painting opened the renaissance, the greatest of the new artists had for their studios the chapels of Popes and Cardinals, and for their canvasses, cloistered walls. And it is a noteworty fact that the best example of every modern architectural style has been a Catholic Church.

What was true of the other arts was even more true of music. So closely was the Catholic Church associated in the minds of composers with the development of art, that when the plain chant of Gregory expanded into the more complicated forms of harmony and tempo, though the chant was her accepted musical form, composers still dedicated their best gifts to her service. The spell of the Church was vast enough to sway not only Mozart and Gounod and Beethoven, the Catholics, but Bach, the Protestant, and Mendelssohn, the Jew.

No one can understand even faintly the charm and above all the absolute appropriateness of the Gregorian Chant without heartily approving the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X on church music. Gregorian Chant has the beautiful simplicity that is characteristic of all Catholic liturgy. It is the perfect music of prayer. The point intended here, however, is just this: the master minds of music have devoted their gifts to the service of the Church. Their Masses, often worthy of a place at the pinnacle of their musical achievements, belong solely to her. They are as truly the property of the Catholic Church, as the frescoes on the walls of the Vatican or the carvings on the pulpit of Pisa. Without her inspiration, they could not have been written. They are the free and spontaneous tributes of genius. It remains for Catholics to decide whether these works of art, now that there is no further place for them in the Church's liturgy, are to be lost, or like so many of the art treasures of Christian Rome, to pass into the hands of strangers.

Where there is peace of soul and the grace of God, there is a spontaneous impulse to sing. Hence, it is an unusual Catholic society that does not devote a certain amount of energy to music. As a matter of conscientious duty, they all give concerts to help the parish building fund. The pastor's silver jubilee is marked off with a concert. Not a few cities now possess a Catholic choral club. Yet any one who has ever wielded a baton and arranged a program knows that the selection of songs suited to Catholic singers is a matter calculated to place a wrinkle on the smoothest brow, and the task is increased and the wrinkles multiplied, if the club is made up of young people and of mixed voices. Many of the opera numbers are positively licentious, while the number

*The last of a series of articles.

of love songs is out of all proportion to the non-amorous. The result, often enough, is that directors of mixed parish clubs and of convent musical societies enter upon a course of deletion and mutilation of the text which leaves the lyric a perfectly harmless and a perfectly inane wreck.

Now, be it understood that I do not intend to disparage secular music. On the contrary, I flatter myself that I am keenly appreciative of its beauty, though we all grow just a trifle weary of unending musical conjugations of the verb *amo*. But I do believe that strictly Catholic societies should give their efforts even in the line of entertainment, a distinctly Catholic tone. A Catholic club whose entertainments are spiced exclusively with the vaudevillian tang, and never remotely suggests its faith, hardly seems to justify its name and origin. Catholic societies, I maintain, have made a mistake in adhering so closely to exclusively secular songs or to a rather monotonous repetition of a few well-worn oratorios. The almost entirely unexploited treasures of our discarded church music will be well worth their careful attention. Certainly it is not wanting in quality or variety. The concert master who will dare the dust of the choir library of a decade ago, will find material to suit every grade of performer. If his society is professional in caliber and willing to work with intensity and enthusiasm, he can lay aside for a time the frayed *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, and drill his choral club in the intricacies of Beethoven and Mozart's *Credos* and *Glorias*. He need not fear the music will be beneath the dignity of his artists. On the contrary, the chances are that he will need to reinforce his sopranos and tenors. The concert master with a less trained choir, has portions of Farmer's and Marzo's and Gounod's tuneful Masses at his disposal. Note, that I have made a bare beginning. The director of purely amateur clubs will find himself confronted with that much talked of and seldom met embarrassment of riches. The soloist who is to appear at a Catholic concert may with dignity substitute for some amorous ditty, Abt's *Ave Maria* or Bizet's *Agnus Dei*. Indeed, the mere mention of these names recalls a hundred beautiful choral and solo numbers that charmed and distracted us in the days before the *Motu Proprio*. Some of our choir members will remember the version of Gounod's "Praise Ye the Father," which stresses the Unitarian doctrine that the Father "alone hath power to save." I cite this as an instance of a bad English version, and as an introduction to my pleas that the original Latin words be preserved in all sacred songs.

One of the most exasperating musical atrocities I have ever heard was a choir singing the *Gloria* of Mozart's Fifth Mass in English. All the marriage of sense to sound, all the soft vocalization of the Latin was gone. It was harsh, rough, sharp, cacophonous, and just a little ridiculous. I felt that only the unruffled happiness of a blessed spirit could have prevented Mozart on that occasion from writhing in agony. By all means, keep the Latin form. That is the way in which the music was intended to be sung. It is more musical, more rhythmical, and above all, more Catholic. And the garbling necessary to fit English words to music intended to set off the Latin vowel sounds, destroys much of the sense, a great deal of the beauty, and not infrequently, a fair amount of the orthodoxy.

Just to forestall a protest, I must state that I for one can see no possible disrespect in such secularizing of our discarded Church music, even where the Latin is retained. I can see nothing more unusual in singing the *Credo* or the *Sanctus* at a Catholic concert than I can see in singing the Gospel story in Bach's "Passion." Besides, wherever it is fit for a Catholic to appear as a Catholic, it is fit for him to introduce his religion. More. I can scarcely imagine a more impressive spectacle than a club of young Catholic men giving musical expression in the midst of a concert to their faith in the Nicene Creed. There is an emphatic appropriateness in a pure maidenly voice singing the Angelical Salutation: an appropriateness made more marked by recalling the love songs which in parts of ten to one make up the soprano's repertory. A mixed choral club singing the solemn strains of a *Sanctus* has about it more than a suggestion of the Church Triumphant. Catholic voices can not be better employed than in singing Catholic dogma.

What I should like is to see the discarded church music become so thoroughly associated with Catholic societies that it would be impossible for non-Catholics ever to appropriate it. I should like to see this music bring something additional of the Catholic tone into our concerts and entertainments. And to gain the good will of directors, I must add that I should like to help them, at least, by a suggestion, in solving the difficult problem of appropriate and beautiful concert numbers.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

John Huss's "Martyrdom"

MEDIEVAL wanderers from the truth have always possessed a rare fascination for the Protestant mind, anxious to find early and ample instances of defection from spiritual authority. And in John Huss may be found not only a splendid instance of revolt against the constituted authority of his time, but what is now remarkable, one who in private life was otherwise above reproach. As July 6 marked the five hundredth anniversary of his execution at Constance a fit occasion was offered for the publication of "John Huss, His Life, Teachings and Death, after Five Hundred Years" (Scribner) by David S. Schaff, D.D., Professor of Church History, the Western Theological Seminary, and for the appearance in English of "The Church," (Scribner) the heresiarch's most characteristic work, which Dr. Schaff has translated from the Latin and provided with notes and an introduction.

Born at Husinecz in Bohemia about 1370, Huss attended the University of Prague, then in the heyday of its fame. He manifested no extraordinary talent as a student, coming into prominence after his ordination to the priesthood only by his moral sermons at the chapel of Bethlehem, and especially by his advocacy of the national claims against the

German hegemony. Indeed his popularity then as now in his native land is principally to be ascribed to his outspoken leadership of the anti-German national movement, a movement that when it did get the upper hand, practically ruined, according to Dr. Schaff, the prestige of Prague University, and the intellectual leadership of the Czech people.

The sad effects of the Western schism with its loosening of ecclesiastical discipline, were apparent in Bohemia as in other lands, and Huss's sermons against the laxity of the clergy won him popularity with a certain class as did his anti-Germanism with others. It was not until he began to mingle with his preaching the errors of Wyclif, then proscribed by the English Bishop and the Roman See, that he fell into difficulty. Of the great and learned reformers of the evils that Sacred Scripture tells us there will be in the Church until the end, the age of Huss had a brilliant share. St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. John Capistran, St. John Cantius, St. James of the Marches, Gerhard der Groote, Thomas à Kempis, Johann Busch are only a few of the many brilliant contemporaries or sub-contemporaries to Huss, who succeeded in moving vast numbers of clergy and laity to a higher life without endeavoring to set aside the Church of the Ages and her divinely revealed and safeguarded doctrines. But Huss was of that stamp of short-sighted, hot-headed reformers, of which our own time is only too prolific, who lay the axe to the root as a substitute for pruning. Of preachers against evil-doing and abuses there has never been a lack in the Church; but here as everywhere else zeal must be tempered by the no less divine virtue of prudence. But in this, Huss, like so many would-be reformers in all times, was singularly wanting. To his denunciation of prevailing abuses, he added a personal rancor against the German element in Bohemia and a blind attachment to the errors of Wyclif then furtively making their way into Bohemia. Without deep learning, as a perusal of his works reveals, for even his treatise of the Church, styled by Dr. Schaff his most representative production, shows little of that depth and lucidity of judgment that even their enemies concede to the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, Huss possessed unlimited confidence in his own ability to set right all the troubles of the day, and to teach popes, bishops and the whole Church of God. So it was little wonder that in addition to personal and racial foes whom his fanaticism had aroused, his advocacy of the proscribed errors of Wyclif added the authorities of the Church to his opponents. Local superiors having failed to check his revolutionary propaganda, appeals were made to the popes, and here again Huss's obstinancy brought him into conflict with the world-wide Church. To moderns who glory in the self-sufficiency of the individual to guide himself in the most serious of all the problems that beset man, those of his soul, Huss's challenge to the whole spiritual, political and learned world of his time, no doubt seems heroic; but to those who relying upon Scripture recognize a visible teaching authority divinely set up on earth and who have learned from past and present history the sad fate of "private judgment," Huss will appear only as the mad enthusiast, ready to break down the work of ages, ready to hold the whole world wrong rather than admit error in his own judgment. Good he undoubtedly was in many ways, but personal probity is no necessary index of correctness of teaching, much less an excuse for rebellion against properly constituted authority. The practice of the domestic virtues may have been a shining mark in Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold, but it has never been held sufficient to explain away their treason to their native land. Core, Dathan and Abiron may doubtless have possessed many amiable and even upright traits, but notwithstanding the earth opened and swallowed them for their resistance to Moses. But with all his love for and dependence on Holy Scripture, Huss generally indulged in far-fetched interpretations, while discreetly avoiding obvious but inconvenient texts.

The turmoil and wild rioting that followed Huss's manifold fanatic and fantastic preaching brought him into open conflict with the highest authority, and resulted finally in his summons to appear before the council then sitting in Constance. To this he was accorded a safe conduct by the Emperor Sigismund guaranteeing him personal safety, but assuredly not excluding him from the legitimate jurisdiction of the Council, which in matters of faith was itself above the Emperor. At the Council, he was on Dr. Schaff's showing, kindly treated by the Pope and ecclesiastical jailers, but his strange and naive request to be allowed to debate the teaching of the long since condemned doctrine of Wyclif with the Fathers themselves was not unnaturally denied. It was as if a man on trial for burglary or assassination were to attempt to change the issue from the *fact* of the burglary or murder to the criminality or liceity of robbery or murder as such! Abundant passages from his chief work, "De Ecclesia," were cited to show the revolutionary and heretical nature of his teaching and as he refused to retract, the grim penalty that a more austere generation demanded was meted out. Huss perished in the flames on July 6, 1415.

Of the man himself and his life work, even on the showing of his latest biographer the most that can be said is that he was a misguided enthusiast, mistaking the violence and limitations of his nature for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, willing to plunge his own country into the throes of civil strife, and to uproot the dearest convictions of Europe for centuries, in order to propagate his own theories. In depth and variety of learning he was no match for the truly sublimer geniuses of the Middle Ages; for zeal and earnestness in combating evil even in high places he was inferior to hosts of single-minded friars; and while possessing many of the heavenly virtues that make the good man, he lacked those that in all ages have characterized the saint. That he "was burned at Constance," as Dr. Schaff states on page 285, "for his devotion to that sacred book" [the Bible] is egregiously false. Greater devotion than his to the Sacred Scriptures was a common virtue in the Middle Ages. Those Protestant writers who have honestly tried to enter into the mind of the medievalist by careful and exhaustive study of their literary and historical remains, recognize that never in the world's history was there such whole-souled reverence and devotion amounting to a passion manifested towards the Word of God. Maitland, Cutts, and many others may be cited as witnesses to the extraordinary familiarity of the Middle Ages with the Sacred Scriptures. But it was Scripture as interpreted by the divinely constituted guardian of the Sacred Text. For his persistence in foisting his own private interpretation of Scripture, an interpretation from which modern Protestantism, as well as that of the sixteenth century, frequently recoils, he suffered. But that is devotion to one's own opinions, not necessarily devotion to Scripture itself. If anything more were required to show where the true devotion to Scripture lay, it might be found in the fact, that Huss's opponents have handed down the Bible whole and entire to the descendants, while Huss's private interpretation has made of the sacred volume to-day a thing of shreds and patches.

Of his actual influence either upon his own time or upon posterity, little can be said, in spite of the efforts laboriously made by Dr. Schaff and other panegyrists to make of Huss one of the world's great movers. A half-century after his death sufficed to obliterate practically all traces of his sect, although in the meantime his followers had plunged Bohemia

and Moravia into all manner of bloodshed, misery and confusion. And though Luther and other sixteenth century reformers translated some of Huss's writings, still they borrowed little from him. Their own errors had been hatched before they made practical acquaintance with the Bohemian heresiarch. Indeed it was only when taunted by Eck with being a Hussite that Luther realized he had been treading unknowingly in the same path. Moreover in many important doctrines there was little in common between Huss and the Protestant reformers. It is rather his general spirit of revolt against religious authority, his substitution of the vagaries of private interpretation for the divine tradition of the Church, his sense of his own sufficiency to instruct all other men and even the Church of God, that makes him akin to Protestants, and of these qualities he was not the earliest exponent, for the first century had its Hussites, as we can see in the New Testament.

Of Dr. Schaff's part in the two volumes much might be said in criticism. There is an air of scholarship and careful research about the books that will deceive many. The books teem with errors, inaccuracies, and debatable propositions set down as certain. There is throughout an assumed intimate knowledge of Catholic teaching, yet the writer is really unacquainted with the true content of Catholic dogma. There is manifested a constant tendency to refer to all specifically Catholic doctrines as if of medieval and late medieval origin; Christian antiquity is seldom invoked unless to point the supposed divergence between primitive and medieval belief. In spite of his assumed scholarship, the author persists in using repeatedly at this late day the long discredited phrase "sale of indulgences," and even interprets "indulgences" as "pardons for sins"! He is fond of referring again and again to the lack of preaching in the Middle Ages, apparently oblivious of the multitudinous friars whose whole occupation was to preach. Besides all these, there are numerous other errors, perhaps typographical, such as erroneous dates, *v.g.*, the Jesuits destroying Huss's chapel in 1786, when there were no Jesuits, and placing the Fourth Lateran Council in 1415.

JOHN F. X. MURPHY, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have followed with much interest the communications which have been appearing in your pages regarding "Flowers and Funerals." Permit me to contribute a few thoughts to the discussion. Objection has been made to the custom of using flowers at funerals, because of its so-called pagan origin. Father Thurston, S.J., in an article on Christian burial in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" makes this statement:

> No doubt the first Christians followed the national customs of those peoples among whom they lived, in so far as they were not directly idolatrous. The use of crowns of flowers, the manner of laying out the body and bearing it to the grave, etc., show nothing that is distinctive of the Christian faith. Moreover, the use of Holy Water and incense (the latter originally as a sort of disinfectant) was also no doubt suggested by similar customs among the pagans.

Now it may reasonably be asked: Is it wise to find fault with the floral tribute because it was in use among the pagans? If its unchristian origin offers a valid argument for its abolition, must we not with equal logic demand an entirely new method of laying-out the corpse and of conducting the obsequies? Moreover, the Church does not hesitate to adopt this custom and to incorporate it into her liturgy. The Roman Ritual (cap. 7. *Ordo sepeliendi parvulos*) directs that a crown of sweet-smelling flowers be placed upon the infant's brow, *"in signum integritatis corporis et virginitatis."* Besides, as one of your correspondents has pointed out, not every custom in use among pagans is necessarily pagan. Pagans, after all, were and are human beings, and despite their errors in matters of religious belief, may and do act in many instances according to instincts that well forth spontaneously from the human heart. It would seem only right then to drop, once and for all, from this discussion all reference to the pagan origin of the use of flowers at funerals.

Let us hear no more of the inability of the corpse to smell the perfume. That argument might be used effectively against practically all that takes place at funerals.

> Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Again, is it fair to argue as "Z. M." does when he says: "Put the question to any good Catholic: would you prefer me to place flowers on your casket or have Masses said for your soul?" This method of reasoning proves too much. According to it we ought to do away with the coffin, with pall-bearers, with funeral orations, in fact with all the accessories of Christian burial for what are all or any of these things in comparison with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? It may be true, furthermore, that the "scent of roses can not cool the flames of purgatory," and yet, if even a cup of cold water given with a pure intention draws down the blessing of God, why should not a garland of flowers, placed out of loving devotion at the bier of a departed friend or relative win merit before the Lord? And why should not the offering of such a wreath be numbered amongst those good works (suffragia) which the Council of Trent tells us are of so much help to the suffering souls?

Stripped then of irrelevances, the subject under discussion reduces itself to this: Has the practice of using flowers at funerals become an abuse? Do Catholics indulge in extravagance, vanity, ostentatious display in this matter? Is the number of those who think of the spiritual needs of the departed comparatively few, so much so, that Masses for the dead are becoming very rare? Who is to answer these questions? Naturally, the pastors of our churches. Individual laymen may appeal to their own experience or to that of a circle of acquaintances, but the priest in charge of the parish is the one best fitted to give us the facts. Let us have the facts then from our pastors. Until such time as the evidence of a very serious and general abuse is at hand, it will be difficult to inaugurate complete and sweeping reform as some of your correspondents are demanding.

Spokane. J. S.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why all this discussion about flowers at funerals? To bring a flower-bedecked coffin into the church is not in keeping with the somber aspect of the sanctuary nor in accord with the beseeching wail of the "Dies Irae." Except at the funerals of infants or children below the age of reason, flowers have no place at burial services; they are as incongruous as mournful music at weddings and should always be removed from the casket at the door of the church. But in the bereaved home, where the remains are allowed to repose for a short time before being hidden from sight, it is only human nature to surround the cherished form with every token of love and beauty; and what is more appealingly beautiful than flowers? We agree with "A Layman" that much money is spent (we should not say wasted) on flowers

for funerals and that no benefit at all accrues to the deceased from such display, whereas a few Masses offered for the soul would certainly meet the approval of the departed. It is true that many send flowers, not so much in sympathy as because it has become the custom to do so; many spend money they can ill afford for floral tributes, lest their friends should miss their cards and misconstrue their absence. Certain it is that many have welcomed the new custom of the Mass card which enables one, in a manner, to follow the departed into the other world with a precious remembrance, and, at the same time, express sympathy with the living in a most touching and Christian manner. Too much can not be said in praise of the Mass card, but to debar flowers because of it, seems to us an extreme measure and we agree with "A Priest," who advocates also the sending of flowers to the house of mourning.

We are not all alike. To many people it may be a great consolation to see the beloved form surrounded by flowers, which are emblems of joy and typify the rapturous beauty of a soul at rest. Nor can money be called wasted which goes to adorn a body that will one day rise in the glory of saintship. "Beautiful in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." In those first sad hours, do we not need whatever will remind us that our dear one is, or will soon be, with God and the angels? Death, however edifying, is always a sad parting, and whatever tends to soften or tone down the sorrowful experience of the bereaved, should not be condemned, especially as the presence of flowers need not in any way interfere with the presence of Mass cards. I stood at the bier of a beautiful, young girl, who lay in a very bower of flowers, but here and there, among the fragrant blossoms, were scattered Mass cards. Doubtless, some flowers were from non-Catholics, who could not be expected to offer Mass cards.

So, I say, let both customs remain; the number of Mass cards will not be curtailed by the presence of flowers or increased by the absence of flowers; and what could be sweeter than a Mass card nestling in a spray of fragrant roses?

Columbus, Ohio. R. B. T.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Two reasons for their position are given by your anti-floral correspondents: First, floral offerings are a "thoughtless waste" of money; and secondly, they are a "pagan custom." Money spent in helping others to earn an honest living, and to comfort the sorrowful is not spent in vain. Of two courses, choose always the better, seems to be the logic of the anti-floral position. No doubt, therefore, its defenders find it difficult to restrain themselves from selling their superfluous possessions and giving the proceeds for the poor souls in purgatory, or from giving their vacation money to some poor family instead of spending it for their own pleasure.

If it be better to spend money for Masses than for floral offerings, it would be better also to spend money for that purpose than for headstones and mausoleums and perpetual-care plots. These should be wholly done away with, therefore, as well as the floral tributes. Stone-cutters and monumental builders and cemetery workmen, as well as florists, need not be considered. If they become hungry they can beg or go out and eat grass or Boston beans. And several Low Masses are undeniably better for the soul of the departed than one Solemn Requiem Mass. Shall we, therefore, discontinue the Solemn Requiem in order that many Low Masses may be said for the same offering?

As to "pagan custom," allow me to repeat, as the point is important that not everything that pagans have done is a "pagan custom," by any means. Pagans prayed, fasted, gave alms, and made some use of flowers at funerals. Christians also pray, fast, give alms and make floral offerings at funerals. If the one is a "pagan custom" simply because it was practised by pagans, why not the others for the same reason? The Christian apologist who would fail to see and distinguish between what is essentially pagan, on the one hand, and what is the dictate of right reason, conscience and natural sentiment, on the other, would sooner or later play into the hands of his enemies, as most of the anti-floral correspondents have done unwittingly by the cry of "pagan custom." The Roman Ritual prescribes that flowers be laid upon the body or the coffin of a child who has died before reaching the age of reason. Is that a sanctioning of a "pagan custom"?

Finally, my position is to remember the living by a floral offering, and to remember the dead by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—which latter can be done as often as one is thoughtful enough and good enough and able to do it. I have an interest in the floral business, the interest, and only the interest, that priests have in those who toil honestly for a living, as well as in those who toil not because they can get nothing to do; and I am not desirous of seeing the ranks of these augmented by the abolition of a practice which, in my fallible judgment, is neither a "thoughtless waste" of money nor a "pagan custom."

San Francisco. A PRIEST.

Parish Clubs for Young Men

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The parish club correspondence, opened by Mr. Mark O. Shriver, Jr. of my city, was referred to me. I am not only thoroughly familiar with the details he produces, but was an organizer and worker of the Association first mentioned. If any good is to be accomplished by a discussion of this question, those only should take part in it who have had practical experience.

If the young athlete who speaks so disparagingly of his opportunities at the St. J. A. A. could be made to appreciate partly at least, the tremendous sacrifices of time and effort and money to which its originators subjected themselves, he would be quite ashamed of his selfish, ambitious longings. It is entirely safe to say that all those quick to belittle what they enjoy to the full, are quicker to be otherwise occupied when actual constructive work is required. It is also equally safe to say that record athletes, in fact, experts in anything, are of no value to societies, and had better be encouraged to join the Y. M. C. A. Dismissing those incidentals, what of the branch of the Catholic Young Men's Union in Baltimore, which really instilled much new life into the St. J. A. A. and spurred on the organization of the other parish clubs named? I will not take space to discuss it, but I would not hesitate to support the proposition that the parish club, upholding and upheld by the pastor and The Union, is by far the better plan. I repeat then, what of the Catholic Young Men's Union?

Baltimore. W. V. L.

Catholic Evening Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several weeks ago you had a letter in AMERICA commenting on the need of a Catholic Correspondence School. Surely there is a crying need for a Catholic Evening School. Many of our Catholic young men and women are taking courses in secular evening high schools and colleges, and their faith is being weakened by accusations made without foundation by some of the professors. Of course the nuns could not run them, but the Jesuits in Boston, Jersey City and Philadelphia have successfully conducted such schools for both men and women. Our young men and women who have been deprived of educational advantages, frequently because their salaries were needed at an early age, surely deserve all that can be done for them now.

New Rochelle. AN INTERESTED READER.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Baiting the Pope

THE Allies, so they themselves say, are struggling for their existence against a shrewd and powerful foe. Time and time again they have lifted their voices to ask for the sympathy and moral support of nations not actually engaged in the heart-breaking war. Sympathy has been given them without stint; many Catholics, millions of them, have conscientiously thought their cause just and acted accordingly. How long this attitude will be preserved, however, is hard to say. Misgivings are arising in many quarters; words of suspicion are whispered here and there. And not without cause. For every now and then the papers of two of the "Allies" print calumnious articles about the Holy Father, who has done so much to soften the horrors of war. They misrepresent his motives; they misinterpret his words; in short, they are baiting His Holiness, doing their very best to compromise him, striving as hard as they can to make his difficult position doubly difficult, glad it would appear to put the Pope in a quandary, for sinister motives. Nor is this all; from these two self-same countries there are sent insolent despatches for publication in our anti-Catholic sheets. Of late American Catholics were made indignant by such impudent headlines as: "England Demands that Pope Retract": "Belgium Angry at Benedict." The source of this disgusting, scurrilous clap-trap is quite apparent, so, too, is its animus, so is its motive. Its effect will be the very opposite of that intended by the scandal-mongers who give it currency. Catholics have wits and correct instincts, and Catholics will not allow the man whom they honor as Christ's vicegerent on earth to be baited by contemptible cliques whose master passion is hatred for an institution from which their nations have received both protection and glory. The warring nations have established a censorship of the press; more discrimination should be used in the exercise of the office; otherwise the "flare-back" will come from many sources and sympathy will be shifted with emphasis.

The Church, the Constitution, the Flag

STATECRAFT is a difficult science, full of obscurities that tease men's intellects and harass their wills. The drawing of constitutions is one phase of statecraft, and a difficult one at that, for contrary to common opinion and well known examples a constitution is not a set of statutes minatory or otherwise, but a collection of correct, clearly expressed principles in accordance with which statutes should be drawn.

At present there is assembled at Albany, New York, a company of men engaged in the difficult task of framing a suitable constitution for the Empire State. Their work is hard; and it is made accidentally unpleasant by "pennydreadfuls" and country preachers who are continually warning them against the encroachment of Rome, the foe of liberty. The charge is absurd, too silly for notice, one should have thought. The Church is liberty's best and only lasting friend, the one institution which denounces disruptive egotism and deadening tyranny with equal severity. Instead of setting men one against another, in self-seeking isolation, she has always striven to bring them together in the peaceful pursuit of the end for which the commonwealth exists. Her bond of unity is not man-made law however good, but unity of thought, from which in the ultimate resolution, comes the unity of action essential not only for the welfare but even for the very existence of the State. Whence it is that she uses every legitimate endeavor to unite men in the fold builded of Christ, in the faith committed to the saints, that thus many intellects cultivating lofty ideals, as one intellect, and many wills cherishing noble desires, as one will, all men may move forward as one man to the attainment of great prizes, temporal happiness and eternal joy. And lest individuality might be effaced in this process, the Church stresses individualism by proclaiming that each individual soul has its own absolute, indestructible value, with certain God-given rights inalienable by any man or all men acting in whatsoever capacity. In the exercise of these rights man is ultimately directed by his conscience, and for their use and abuse he will stand judgment in the court of the omniscient God Who scorns cavil and chicanery. Thus is each man set down amid supreme order, in a special place in the body politic, knit by a thousand strands to his fellow citizens—with a mandate to conspire to the general good, while protecting his own individual rights against unjust encroachment. This is the essence of liberty; this is Catholic doctrine and practice. As for the flag, Catholics scorn imputation on their loyalty to it. They need no defense on this score; if they did, history would defend them. Their doctrine is summed up by the immortal Leo XIII of blessed memory

in *Sapientiæ Christianæ,* wherein he says that the natural law enjoins love and defense of country, so that no citizen should hesitate to face death for his native land: God is the author of this love, of its spirit. Here is the real charter of liberty, written by God Himself, committed to "Rome" for observance.

Cæsarism

WAR is a poor teacher: it lacks a sense of values and as a consequence, stresses lessons out of all proportion to their worth. It appeals too much to the emotions, too little to the intellect; it steadily and laboriously holds up to public gaze carnage and rapine which need no labor, if for no other reason, because their lesson is written in fire and blood. The effect of this is bad, very bad indeed; by such tactics attention is diverted from more serious problems, from evils that eat into the vitals of the body politic, leaving a form without life. Cæsarism is such a problem, such an evil—the doctrine that a State may override inalienable individual rights, the practice by which men are commandeered like dumb things and ordered to perform an unethical, immoral act under a pretence of its need for the common good. That's Cæsarism, a pagan cult that tricks the State out in mighty Jove's toggery, makes it omnipotent, and men its slaves, its tools, bloodless bondmen without thought or will of their own. Cæsarism is rampant in war time—freemen hate it. Good! Would they love it, in time of peace? There would be no time of peace, with Cæsarism. Weak men would die chafing, strong men would live by revolt. True! What then of the socialist State, Cæsarism at its worst? Would you have it? Ay? Another glance at war; study Cæsarism there and learn the sanctity of certain of *your* rights and be determined that you will remain freemen. That is one lesson of this war, which courage and rapine should not obscure.

Tolerance To-Day and Long Ago

THE observance this month of the five hundredth anniversary of John Huss's "martyrdom" has evoked from the secular press and from Protestant pulpits expressions of keen satisfaction that in our enlightened age and country such a "crime" as the burning of a heresiarch is practically "unthinkable." But fifteenth century Europe would find this modern attitude of mind quite as "unthinkable." Though we may now, to a certain extent, regret the severity which the churchmen of wisdom and probity who sat in the Council of Constance showed to an obstinate and formal heretic, we must not forget that this rigor was defensive and precautionary. For the innovators themselves, one and all, had no intention of dwelling peacefully with their orthodox neighbors, but to a man believed in the necessity of imposing by force and violence their own newly-hatched aberrations, which they themselves could scarcely agree upon for an hour, upon the vast majority of orthodox believers! Huss himself never hesitated to call in the "secular arm" to punish and amend what he deemed abuses in the Church. Thus specifically he called upon the kings of Bohemia and Poland to punish rigorously simony and other abuses that were troubling the Church's well-being. Surely it can not be a greater offense to call on the secular arm to punish those who are threatening her very existence. But with Huss, as with Dr. Schaff and other writers like him, it is all a question of whose ox is gored.

Much of our modern boast of toleration is pure humbug. We have changed only the object, not the passion. The modern man is tolerant in religious matters, simply because religion means little or nothing to him. He has come to neglect and even despise positiveness in religious dogma, deeming it matter of pure speculation, and consequently shrinks from any positive, much less extreme measures to protect it. But on matters that do count with him, the modern man can be quite as intolerant and aggressive as any of his medieval forbears. Here in our own liberty-loving America, when the emotions of the people are deeply roused, he would be a rash man who would dare to contravene public opinion or prejudice. And even to-day in the United States are to be found vast numbers who would gladly deprive of many civil and political rights millions of their fellow-citizens for differing from them in matters of religious belief or at least because of the supposed political and social consequences of such belief!

It is largely a matter of the relative values that different ages put upon different objects. In a more rugged age when so many crimes were followed by the penalty of death, it was not strange that heresy should receive the same fate; in our own day voices are crying out against capital punishment even for deliberate murder, and the International Socialist finds death for treason the limit of extravagance. To the old medievalist, religion and religious unity were of paramount importance. His sturdy faith had never been weakened by the spectacle of one hundred and fifty jarring sects all making most pathetic appeals to a dumb book, until religious divergencies become a mockery. He saw about him one grand majestic all-embracing institution, the visible kingdom of Christ upon earth, from which had come not only the spiritual but most even of the temporal blessings of the land. He took seriously Christ's words regarding the unity of His holy Church, and is is not for us to blame him, if he considered no price too big to pay in order to preserve the matchless unity of God's visible kingdom on earth. We Americans may have lost all sense of the value of religious unity, but we gladly, nay enthusiastically, paid but a half-century ago, a terrible price in human life, blood and suffering, not to speak of vast wealth destroyed and half our country ravaged, merely to maintain national unity. We did it gladly, and ever since have hailed the heroes in blue who fought to maintain the Union as the darlings of our land. But then national unity means

something to us, but as for religious unity, the average American non-Catholic considers it as unimportant as it is impracticable. Therein he differs as widely as possible from the European churchmen of Huss's day, and from all Catholics of our day.

At the Root of the Evil

POPE BENEDICT XV, in a recent utterance, calls attention to the widespread efforts, publicly and privately made in our day, to combat the morality taught by the Church and to plunge the world anew into the miserable conditions of ancient paganism by destroying every vestige of Christian wisdom and civilization. In this warfare the severest attacks are directed against the family and the home, since here are preserved the seeds of human society. If these are corrupted, humanity itself must be morally destroyed; evil-minded men realize this full well. Hence, the frequent establishment of divorce laws to shake the stability of the divine institution of matrimony. Hence, the pressure brought to bear upon enforced public education, often most opposed to religion, whereby the strength of parental authority is dangerously undermined. Hence, too, the shameless preaching of the art of reveling in sensuality and at the same time defrauding nature, while casting aside all restraints of Christian modesty and purity.

These evils, so vividly described by the Holy Father, have already eaten deep into our civilization. Combined with the added negligence of parents, they have filled our courts with youthful criminals. It is the home, as Judge Swann, of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, recently said, which is ordinarily the cause of crime in the young. It is here, too, that their elders in crime have in all likelihood been permitted to form those habits which later led to their destruction. But for one case of public criminality there are thousands of instances of ruined souls, known to God alone, lost men, who perhaps may even stand high in the careless world's regard.

What are we to do? The Holy Father suggests the obvious remedy. We must bring back into the home the charity of Jesus Christ. As the most effective means to compass this, and as a practice "than which there is none better adapted to meet the needs of our time," he advises the solemn dedication of Catholic families to the Sacred Heart, and the placing of that symbol of the Love of Christ in a conspicuous place in every Catholic home, where it shall not only be publicly exposed but shall be daily honored. The gift of peace to all such families and His blessing upon their home is the promise Christ made to Blessed Margaret Mary. But this alone, the Holy Father adds, is not sufficient. Parents must daily insist that those entrusted to their care are ever more perfectly instructed in the knowledge of the life and doctrine of our Lord, of His Passion and His glory. They must not confine themselves to a mere pious sentimentality, evoking tears at the moment of family prayers, but must set themselves with a determined will to the task of eradicating wholly from the home every vestige of the evils of our day. They must be strongly rooted in faith, but above all must see that this faith is made the guiding principle of every member of the family circle, where all are held together by the Love of Christ. Such is the practice and the lesson urged by the Sovereign Pontiff as the most effective means of guarding against the dangers that surround us.

Saving Up

MANY years ago there was a mule at Avignon, a mule belonging to the Pope, a mule with a sensitive appreciation of its station and dignity. Alas! the mule was made the sport of a practical joker and was exposed to ridicule and indignity. Daudet has told the story and in his works you may read it. What concerns us here is that upon that mule's imagination was branded a picture of its humiliation and in that mule's hind leg was evoked a responsive tingle. The picture never faded, but its outlines were burned in deeper and its colors grew ever more glaring. The tingle, too, grew to a quiver, an ache, a pent-up volcano. The mule was saving up. Finally, one day the hind leg "erupted," and his tormentor entered into the realms of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It is a fairly conservative estimate that nine-tenths of the photo plays are made up of the hind leg of a mule variously disguised, of a saving up, of a last scene where she, he or it "gets hers, his or its." On the more numerous reels of life the same saving up proclivities and the same watching and waiting and the same avalanche and collision are enacted daily. Recall the vendettas, the conquered provinces, the toast to "The Day," the stock-market, the divorce court, the election which puts out the party in power and ushers in those who have been saving up.

The tendency for saving up is widespread. You have philatelists, misers, bibliophiles, antiquarians, rumismatists, gossips and other collectors. You will find the tendency to save up among savages. Some collect scalps and other heads. In the lowest class of barbarian collectors you will find those who save up grievances, waiting long and patiently to exact redress with compound interest.

Take a hurried glance at the unrivaled collection of wrongs gathered through long years and ever gloated upon by some fond owners. Here, see, is one sneer carefully labeled. There, look, is a stab with the dagger still in the wound and it is to be turned around regularly to keep the blood flowing. Further, under a glass case you may study at your leisure a dozen mummified insults offered to great grandfathers, some offensive remarks mounted on pins. Finally, there, marked "Handle with care," is a delicate treasure; it is the report of the surmise of a conjecture of a statement of hers, derogatory to brother's wife's fourth cousin's mother. Such is the

unrivaled museum of the "saver up." This way to the egress!

Saving up belongs to the period of the tomahawk, the war-path and the scalping party. Civilization, law, order, justice, hand their cases to the police, the attorney and the jury. The spirit of saving up, the spirit of revenge is personal. Revenge wants to have the satisfaction of paying its own debts. It buys a knife and a grind stone and practises shooting at targets. It undoes civilization, destroys Christianity, reverts to savage barbarism and the barbarous methods of reprisals.

The way to stop this storing up of grievances is to stop its cause. The man who hands over to the court the righting of his wrongs, has at once cured himself of the habit of saving up grievances and gloating over them. He permits justice to right his wrongs and feels no need of forever whetting the edge of his resentment against his saved up affronts. He goes quietly about his work, throws out of his soul the subterranean chamber of horrors, and lets in the sunlight.

But what if human justice can not assume the burden of restoring the balance; what if it can not exorcise from your soul the diabolical delight of taking personal revenge? Why, "Revenge is mine and I will repay." Rise to a higher, nobler economy. Save more, save longer, hand over your grievances at once to a divine treasury, where they will be saved up till Infinite Justice will give final and complete satisfaction at the last court of the world.

LITERATURE

Hilaire Belloc*

IN this age of literary specialists, with their somewhat fatigued treatment of great subjects, it is exhilarating to see a versatile and vigorous author disporting himself in many fields of thought. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's versatility is beyond our ordinary conception of the term. He writes admirable verse and masterly prose. He is at home in London and Algiers, Rome, Paris and the Pyrenees. The Thames of history is as much his playground as the Thames of houseboats. He turns easily from the French Renaissance to the Bayeux Tapestries. He has written a noble life of Marie Antoinette, mad stories like "The Green Overcoat," and rhymed absurdities for children. He has plunged into the black pool of politics, and into the quagmires of sociology. And he is now only forty-five years old, with all the vivid and tragic possibilities of life before him.

As a Member of Parliament, Mr. Belloc was ineffective; as a sociologist he is unconvincing; as an editor, he is clever, caustic, and, in the matter of war notes, singularly illuminating. His profoundly suggestive volume on "The Servile State" arrested public attention two years ago; but the calamitous history of the past twelve months has shattered all well-built theories of social evolution. There is no firm ground to stand on anywhere. In 1913 we were asked to believe that compulsory labor, legally enforceable, was on its way to enslave the British workman. In 1915 we know that the British workman is a drunken shirker, who will toil neither for wage, nor for his country's needs; that, being free, he is unworthy of freedom; that he has shamed his manhood and the name he bears.

If we want really to enjoy ourselves in Mr. Belloc's company, it were best to turn our backs on politics, to decline all civic problems, to evade history, to shun fiction, and to follow this most alluring of wanderers in his vagabond adventures through the world. He travels on foot in remote, beautiful, and vastly uncomfortable places; and he tells of things which only such travelers ever see and hear. When pilgrims in the dim old days tramped to Canterbury, or to the shrine of Saint James of Compostello, what wonders they must have seen, what adventures they must have met, what mysteries and perils they must have faced, what tales they had to tell! And in the spirit of pilgrimage, Mr. Belloc walks four hundred miles to Rome, sleeping in little inns or in the open, spending sous instead of francs, making no false pretence of being comfortable, and conversing with all manner of men, after the friendly fashion of the road.

The least insular of islanders, the least British of Englishmen, Mr. Belloc's Catholicism urbanely influences his point of view. He understands many things, comprehensible only to the Catholic mind. He loves many things, dear only to the Catholic heart. He jests at many things, amusing only to Catholic tolerance and insight. Years ago, an American writer, Mr. Bayard Taylor, accomplished the incredible feat of traveling two years in Europe, and spending $500. He was then a young printer, active, adventurous, and intelligent; and he added to his slender resources by working occasionally at his trade. On his return to the United States, he published a volume with the inspired title, "Views Afoot," which volume was given to all young people, when I was young, to teach them a little about Europe, and a great deal about energy and thrift. But not even extreme youth could blind us to the fact that the American printer, for all his ardor and intelligence, lacked understanding of Latin civilization, its depth, its serenity, its faith. And to turn from "Views Afoot" to Mr. Belloc's "Path to Rome," or "Esto Perpetua" is to enter another world, a world of wide comprehension, of mental distinction, of sane and seasonable assent.

"Esto Perpetua" is, to my mind, Mr. Belloc's masterpiece. A small and flawless book, illustrated with delicate pencil drawings by the author, and giving us swift glimpses into an Algeria of which the tourist in his motor car knows as little as the tourist in his train. On foot, in the early dawn, or in the long watches of the night, Mr. Belloc penetrates into the dim recesses of a hidden world. There are tragic touches in his pages, alternating with pleasant absurdities, and always a cheerful acceptance of discomforts that border closely upon hardship. I quote but one experience which befell him when he walked on the Tebessa road from Batna to the ruined city of Timgad, reaching his humble lodging after midnight. The door was opened by a small man, old, bent, and full of energy:

"I was expecting you," he said, "and I have prepared you a meal." Then, after a little hesitation; "It is mutton. It is neither hot nor cold."

I sat down. He brought me a very rough African wine, and a loaf, and sat down opposite me, looking at me fixedly under the candle. Then he said: "To-morrow you will see Timgad, which is the most wonderful town in the world."

"Certainly not to-night," I said, to which he answered, "No."

I took a bite of the food, and he at once continued rapidly: "Timgad is a marvel. I had thought of calling this house 'Timgad the Marvel,' or again 'Timgad the' ——."

"Is this sheep?" I said.

*The fifth of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

"Certainly," he answered. "What else could it be but sheep?"

"Good Heaven!" I said. "It might be anything. There is no lack of beasts on God's earth." I took another bite, and found it horrible.

"I desire you to tell me frankly," I said, "whether this is goat. There are many Italians in Africa, and I shall not blame any man for giving me goat's flesh. The Hebrew prophets ate it, and the Romans. Only tell me the truth, for goat is bad for me."

He said it was not goat. Indeed, I believed him, for it was of a large and terrible sort, as though it had roamed the hills, and towered above all goats and sheep. I thought of lions, but remembered that their value would forbid their being killed for the table. I again attempted the meal, and he again began: "Timgad is a place ——"

At this moment the gods inspired me, and I shouted, "Camel!" He did not turn a hair. I put down my knife and fork, and pushed the plate away. I said: "You are not to be blamed for giving me the food of the country, but for passing it under another name."

He was a good host, and did not answer. He went out, and came back with cheese. Then he said, as he put it down before me: "I do assure you, it is sheep;" and we discussed the point no more.

It would be hard to find better prose than this—simple, as befits a simple narrative, but with a quality of distinction which is never lacking in Mr. Belloc's work. His verse has the same vital character. It is spontaneous, flexible, seemingly careless, but never crude. Since Mr. Masefield's star has risen on the horizon, it is much the fashion to write verse as though it were prose, to place more emphasis on the thing told than on the manner of the telling, to ignore the trammels of rhyme and rhythm. Mr. Belloc never stoops to statement. His verse has a haunting cadence which lends sweetness to mirth, and poignancy to regret. From "The South Country" I venture to quote half-a-dozen stanzas, choosing with difficulty, because it is all too lovely to be lost:

When I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills in the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea:
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

I never get between the pines,
But I smell the Sussex air,
Nor I never come on a belt of sand,
But my home is there;
And along the sky the line of the downs,
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend;
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get toward the end.
Who will there be to comfort me,
Or who will be my friend?

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with a deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung,
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

This is the heart's nostalgia. So the exile from Maine's stormy coast, standing on the sub-bathed plains of Arizona, and looking into the cloudless heavens, must pine for

—— "the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea."

AGNES REPPLIER.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of Father Mazzuchelli, O.P. With an Introduction by the Most Reverend JOHN IRELAND, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul. Chicago: Hall Printing Co. $1.50.

This book is a sort of literary reincarnation. It was published in Italian, seventy-one years ago by Father Mazzuchelli, and only now appears in English for our benefit. He wrote it when he returned to Milan from America, in the hope of inducing some of his friends in that part of the world to help him to consolidate the work which he had so splendidly inaugurated among the savages and half-savages on this side of the globe. A very benevolent and capable Dominican nun of Sinsinawa has translated it, and by acquitting herself so well of the task has earned the gratitude of the students of American history in general and in particular of the Catholics of the United States.

The book is divided into three parts. The first treats of Father Mazzuchelli's work among the Indians and half-breeds, around Green Bay, Mackinac and Sault Sainte Marie. The second gives us a sketch of the beginnings of Catholicism among the whites of Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, which will be of great value to future ecclesiastical historians; and the third is a review of the civic and political conditions of the new States. The latter portion was intended chiefly to dissipate some of the impressions in the Italian mind with regard to the structure of our State governments. The part that deals with the Indians is of course the most picturesque.

Mazzuchelli was not a priest when he left home in 1828, to become a missionary in America, but he was a Dominican friar, and hence it is somewhat a misnomer to call himself, as he does in his "Memoir," "our ecclesiastic." From Milan he went to Rome, and from thence proceeded, in the company of the Vicar-General of Cincinnati, to Lyons. There they bade good-bye to each other; the Vicar-General returning to America and the friar betaking himself to one of the houses of his Order, where in his charmingly humble way he says "the charity of his superior offered him an asylum."

He stayed there two months, and contrived to pick up a little French and on October 5 set sail from Lyons for New York on the American ship Edward Quesnel. He was then only twenty-two years of age, and all alone, but he was fully aware of the dangers to which his youth and inexperience exposed him. He found consolation, however, in the fact, that "he was justified by religious obedience which would be a safeguard in traveling to the end of the world if that were necessary." Evidently his superiors entertained a very exalted idea of the solidity of his virtue, and as the sequel proved, they were not mistaken.

He was delayed a few days in New York and was convinced while there, that "the great things of the world are ever in close relationship with the general corruption of morals"; a conclusion which may have been objectively true, but with his limited power of observation in that instance was subjectively rash. New Yorkers will be delighted to hear that their native place was "a great city" in 1828. Philadelphia he found to be "beautiful and beautifully planned." At Cincinnati, he met Bishop Edward Fenwick, O.P., who sent him to the Dominican convent in Kentucky, to prepare for ordination. Passing by Bardstown he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with the future Bishop of Phila-

delphia, Francis Patrick Kenrick, who was then teaching philosophy for Bishop Flaget, and also of discovering the saintliness of that great man. He had stumbled into Father Kenrick's room by accident and to his amazement found a poor sick beggar on the priest's bed. "I record this," he says, "for the confusion of modern philanthrophy."

Two years later, he was ordained priest, by Bishop Fenwick, and departed immediately for his Indian missions. They were the old Jesuit establishments at Green Bay, Mackinac, Sault Sainte Marie and their dependencies, but there had been no Jesuits there from about 1764, when France suppressed the misssions in all of the colonies. Indeed the young apostle seems to have known next to nothing of his illustrious predecessors: Marquette, Allouez, Druelettes and the others, and the Indians, too, had but a faint remembrance of them. The long lapse of seventy-six years, during which they were uncared for had obliterated from their minds whatever teachings their fathers had received; and their morals had become savage again. On the other hand it was easier to influence them, than in primitive times, for there was a strong infiltration of French blood in their veins. Indeed one of their great chiefs rejoiced in the name of Décarie. But there was plenty of hardship and suffering in store for the young apostle, and his holiness showed itself equal to the task. He was, moreover, endowed with many natural gifts that made him a most acceptable guide for red and white men alike. His inherent refinement and amiability ensured him a welcome everywhere, and one is rather astounded to find him with his necessarily scant knowledge of English, elected to deliver a speech in the first legislative assembly of Wisconsin, and then opening every subsequent session with a prayer, until his priestly duties called him away. Archbishop Ireland tells us that he was remarkable not only for his breadth of thought, his correctness and beauty of expression, his tactfulness in adapting himself to the mentality of his hearers, whether in exhorting the Indians or the frontiersmen, or addressing academic gatherings, or legislative councils, but he was, also, an accomplished musician, an artist and an architect. Besides carving altars and drawing plans for churches, he was the architect of the first courthouse of Galena and of the first state-house of Iowa, in Iowa City. The esteem in which he was held by the ecclesiastical authorities is evidenced by the fact that a miter was offered him. In his humility, however, he refused the honor.

The "Memoir" ends with the year 1844, so that we have to wait for some future writer to tell us of the closing years of this remarkable but hitherto unknown man and missionary. His deep piety reveals itself in every word he writes and the reader will, without hesitation, concur in the enthusiastic admiration manifested by the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul for Father Mazzuchelli. T. J. C.

The Life of Jesus Christ from the Four Gospels in the Nez Percé Language. By J. M. CATALDO, S.J. Portland, Oregon: The Schwab Printing Co.

The real title of this remarkable book, however, is not the above at all but the following: "Jesus-Christ-Nim, Kinne-uetas-pa kut, Ka-Kala Time-Nin-I-Ues Pilep-Eza-Pa, Taz-Pa Tamtai-Pa, Numipu-Timt-Ki." The author, who has been an Indian missionary almost all his priestly life, is now caring for the spiritual needs of the Nez Percé, the name they received from the Hudson Bay Company. This tribe now lives in the northeastern part of Oregon and the southeastern part of Idaho and most of them are Catholics. Father Norvillo, S.J., wrote a grammar of the language in which this book is written and a Nez Percé catechism has also been published, but Father Cataldo's volume is the only real book that has appeared in the tongue of those Indians. For he has translated Father Maas's admirable "Life of Our Lord" so that Indian children can be taught to read it and he has added to the volume a number of Old Testament stories. Doubtless the book will also provide young missionaries with something to make their pastoral work easier. As an agglutinative language like that spoken by the Nez Percé is very difficult to master, Father Cataldo deserves great credit for having prepared so carefully this volume of nearly 400 pages. Philologists will find the work a valuable addition to our library of aboriginal American languages and possibly it may supply new light on the solution of the problem of the American Indian's origin. Be that as it may, Father Cataldo's volume adds another to that magnificent catalogue of works that Catholic missionaries have contributed to the world's linguistic lore. W. D.

The Oxford Book of American Essays. Chosen by BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Oxford University Press.

We know of no other collection of essays by American writers; this makes the present volume desirable for our library shelves. We scarcely know a book more entertaining in a variety of moods, and this makes it desirable for our easy-chair. It embraces thirty-two essays, ranging in time from the period of the Revolution to the present, in authorship from Benjamin Franklin to Theodore Roosevelt, and in subject-matter from the transcendentalism of Emerson to the very threshold, if not across the threshold, of pure fiction. We have some caustic comment on American manners in an essay on "New York after Paris," by William Brownell, a character study of "Calvin," that is good reading both for Catholics and Calvinists, by Charles Dudley Warner, and some animadversions on war by Oliver Wendell Holmes, that one peruses with fresh gusto to-day. "Perhaps most of us will agree that our faith in prophets has been diminished by the experience of the last six months," is one of the observations that prove that the world does not change.

Mr. Matthews disarms criticism by explaining in the introduction that he has followed an unusually broad conception of what can be included in the term, essay. But one is surprised that having excluded from this broad use of the word all literary criticism, he has not hesitated to include Poe's "Philosophy of Composition," which, though it has the personal note sought by Mr. Matthews, has scarcely anything else to recommend it. One can not expect to have one's tastes completely gratified in any collection made by other than himself, but with this essay of Poe's before our eyes and one or two others even more barren of praise, one feels justified in complaining at the neglect of favorites such, let us say, as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and most of all Louise Imogen Guiney, who by their ease and lightness of touch would seem to fall by exceptional right within the scope of this work. F. M. C.

Journal d'un curé de campagne pendant la guerre. Par JEAN QUERCY. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 3 Fr.

In this volume, a country parish priest describes with sincerity and emotion the life of his "sweet Auburn" and its humble farmer-folk during the earlier days of the "mobilization," and later amid the buoyant hopes, the painful disappointments, and scant consolations of the great war. The record and the pictures are lifelike. From the old aristocrat, the Marquis de Lustrac, and the bell-ringer Gustou, and Rosalie the housekeeper to Gardais, the would-be anticlerical mayor, we are made intimately familiar with every member of the little flock. Unconsciously, the good curé, a French "Daddy Dan" cast into tragic and bloody times, has painted his own deep love for all. And we are gradually drawn to love them too. In the throes of the world-war, all ranks and classes, divisions and factions merge into one great body. All become fervent Catholics and patriotic Frenchmen. The

author has given us a telling picture of the "mobilization" of the moral and spiritual forces of the country, a mobilization far more necessary than that of armed regiments. The book, besides being the work of an artist, is also a bit of sound and practical apologetics. It brings into relief the power and beneficent influence of a too often misunderstood, but ever generous and patriotic clergy. It is a telling answer to the attacks of that offensive and blatant anticlerical and antichristian spirit still lingering unfortunately in the hearts of so many Frenchmen. J. C. R.

The Interpretation of History. By LIONEL CECIL JANE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

History, as a record of the actions of men as they bear politically, esthetically, morally upon the world's development, has had interpreters before now, many of whom have failed because of a lack of due appreciation of the part played in the course of human events by the Providence of God, and the free will of man. Socialism, in the economic interpretation of history sees all as an inevitable unraveling of a blind force, and varying economic conditions breed varying religious atmospheres. Free will is denied and no account is taken of God. Mr. Jane's interpretation is little better than that of the Socialists. He shows a very intimate knowledge of the facts of history, he writes interestingly, he is clear in his exposition, he is worthy of commendation for his acknowledgment of the part Catholicism has played in the world's history, but for the many variations of conditions allowed by Socialism with as many religions reflecting those conditions, he has only substituted the constant interchange of two: Individualism and Universalism, that is to say, expressions of man's predominant desires to rule and to be ruled. When the desire to rule holds strongest sway Individualism triumphs, but in its very march to complete triumph, it is overtaken by the desire to be ruled, or Universalism, which outstrips it, only to be overtaken in turn by Individualism. The conflict is everlasting and neither is wholly victorious; Catholicism's best days are those of Universalism, and Agnosticism or at least Protestantism marks the career of Individualism. God's existence is not explicitly denied by the author, nor is free will wholly taboo, but the subtle insinuation of the book is that all history goes on regardless of these two factors which must, in the final analysis, be ultimate. Herein lies the danger of the book, and the categoric nature of the author's style lends it an authority it does not really possess. The desires to rule and to be ruled are operations of intellect rather than will, according to the author, springing up, as it were spontaneously, from circumstances over which men have no control.

In the mean between the wide extremes of these two desires, lies the author's Utopia, and Catholicism and Agnosticism are extremes. Hopeful signs for the future the author sees in this moderation in the realm of religion and of love: "The days of excessive parental authority have passed"; "Marriage is far less commonly held to constitute any indissoluble bond"; "the possible existence of a mean between the absolute negation of God, and the unquestioning acceptance of dogmatic religion." If the author really sees hopes in these things, his "optimistic views for the future" assuredly merit that name. "A fiction which has once gained currency is dispelled only with the greatest difficulty," is a truism of the author's, illustrated in his own book. Despite reiterations of proofs to the contrary, we have here the old errors of the conflict between religion and patriotism; the intolerance of the "papist" (*sic.*); the Jesuit's justification of means by ends; the Pope's unfounded title to temporal power; the Church's discouragement of the classics. In one place the author contemplates a Catholic Church without a Pope, and in another he claims that popular government is impossible in Catholic lands. His statement "politically, the agitation in favor of female suffrage has to a certain extent been organised deliberately on the basis of defiance of all law and order," we leave to suffragette consideration. His explanation of the present war is pertinent and interesting, in keeping with his theory, but at length unsatisfactory.

C. L. B.

An Italian Dictionary. By ALFRED HOARE, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $12.00.

The maker of this excellent dictionary tells us that he began the work nine years ago, finished the first draft in 1911, and that his aim throughout has been "the practical one of explaining only what needed explanation for an English student, not that of presenting a thesaurus of the Italian language." The Italian-English portion takes up 663 eleven-by-nine-inch, three columned pages, and then follows a very useful English-Italian vocabulary extending through 135 pages. Large type distinguishes the more common words from those less often employed, and from obsolete, local and technical terms. The derivation of principle words is indicated and an interesting feature of the dictionary is the frequent insertion of English words that are near of kin to the Italian. It is regrettable that Mr. Hoare's fine book, which is a publication of the Cambridge University Press, can not be had at a lower price. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Kenedy announces for early publication "The Practice of Mental Prayer," a treatise on extraordinary prayer by Father René de Maumigny, S.J., the translation of which has been revised by Father Elder Mullan; "Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson" by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and others; "A Primer of Peace and War: The Principles of International Morality," edited by Father Charles Plater, his collaborators including Father Joseph Keating, Father Victor Moncel, and Mr. Francis F. Urquhart; "The War and the Prophets" by Father Herbert Thurston, and "Collected Poems" by Dr. Condé B. Pallen. Mr. Thomas Walsh has gathered together his poems too, and Macmillan will publish them early this fall; Longmans has ready "Through a Dartmoor Window," a new book by Beatrice Chase, whose "Heart of the Moor" was an unusually good first novel. Burns & Oates have out "The Lord My Light" by Father Joseph Rickaby, and "The Goddess of Ghosts," a book of stories by Father C. C. Martindale.

The *Catholic Mind* for July 22 contains the admirable sermon on "Catholic Schools for Catholic Youth" with which Archbishop Ireland opened the National Convention of the Catholic Educational Association of America at St. Paul on June 29. His Grace explains with characteristic force and clearness why Catholics cheerfully make such great sacrifices in order to maintain and perfect our vast educational system in this country. Then follows the well-reasoned paper of the Rt. Rev. John P. Carroll, D.D., Bishop of Helena, on "Catholic Higher Education" and Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., reviews his career in a Catholic college, telling us "Why My Education Satisfies Me." This number of the *Catholic Mind* is a good prescription for "wishbone Catholics" who are thinking of sending their children next fall to non-Catholic schools or colleges.

The current number of the *Rosary Magazine,* the Dominican Fathers' well-known monthly, comes to its readers in a new form. Holding that "the most artistic, pleasing and handy make-up is none too good for a magazine whose one purpose

it is to introduce and spread Catholic truth and ideals in Catholic homes," the editors have chosen a cover that is more artistic than the old, are using better paper than formerly, and have made the pages about the size of *Collier's*. The articles of special interest in the newly arranged *Rosary* are: "In the War Grip of England," Joseph von Eymrich's account of his experiences in a detention camp; "The Lace Makers of Sheng-Mon-Lou-Mission," by Grace Helen Bailey; "The Church on Wheels," John Woods's description of Dr. Kelly's chapel cars; "Life's Tangled Web: Little Confessions," by an anonymous author, and stories by Mary R. Ryan, J. B. Murdock and Gertrude M. O'Reilly. AMERICA cordially wishes the new *Rosary* a prosperous career.

"The Enemy," (Hearst's International Library Co., $1.35) a well-written and well-named novel by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, is a valuable addition to the literature dealing with the drink question, and in 360 pages the authors have taught in a delightful story the terrible grasp liquor has upon its victims. The story portrays clearly the mental anguish and physical struggle of the reformed drunkard in his endeavors to lead an upright life, and shows the trials and sufferings of those who share his punishment without his guilt. The book's interest is well sustained, especially in the concluding chapters, and for the thoughtful reader "The Enemy" has a lesson that is well worth while. ——"The Record of Nicholas Freydon" (Doran, $1.50) is an account real or imaginary, no doubt partly both, of one "Nicholas Freydon's" struggle through life upward from an orphanage in Australia to a prominent seat in English literary circles. It is more than a narrative, being rather a criticism in the concrete of the restlessness of modern life. There are many interesting features in this engaging book, perhaps the most unexpected is the wholesome reticence of the author in dealing with his experience in London slums.

In our issue of July 13, 1912, was published a review of Father Adrian Fortescue's excellent work on "The Mass" (Longmans $1.80), a scholarly study of the Roman Liturgy he contributed to the "Westminster Library." The author now has out a second edition of the book in which he has made certain changes suggested by friends and reviewers. Meeting the objection that archeological inquiries as to how the Canon was composed will affect a priest's devotion when saying Mass, Father Fortescue thinks there is little danger of that, and remarks:

> Without question, our Canon is one of the very oldest, the most splendid forms of prayer in Christendom. We whose honor it is to say it daily repeat these venerable words, fragrant with the associations of centuries, without being at all disturbed by the purely archeological question, whether Gelasius I, or some other Pope at about that time, did or did not compose the prayers we use by rearranging still older ones.

"The Mass" is a book that every priest should have in his library and that laymen who wish to use the Missal intelligently should not fail to read.

The July *Month*, whose journey hither seems to have been delayed by the war, opens with the concluding paper of Father Sydney Smith's excellent articles on miracles. Father Gerrard discusses "The Doctrine of the Great Hour" from the moralist's point of view; H. S. Dean describes "The Latest Portent of Anglicanism," and Father Thurston finds many interesting things to tell about "English Ritualia, Old and New." E. M. Walker's discerning study of Charles Péguy, the French Catholic author and publisher who was slain in battle last September, makes one realize how far-reaching are the effects of this dreadful war. The passages quoted from his "Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc" indicate what a choice spirit the world has lost. The little Maid of Domremy, for example, thus wrestles with the problem of evil:

> It is all in vain! Whatever we do, they will always go quicker than we go, they will always do more than we can. One spark will fire a farm, and it has taken years and years to build it. To make a good Christian the plough must have been at work for twenty years, yet the sword can destroy a Christian in a minute. We shall always be the weakest. We are of the party who build up: they are of the party who destroy. We are of the party of the plough: they are of the party of the sword. Cursed be war, and cursed be those who have brought it on the soil of France.
>
> In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. My God, deliver us from evil. If there have not yet been enough Saints, send us some more. Send us as many as we need. Send us so many that the enemy grows tired. We will follow them, my God. We will do all that You wish. We will do all that they wish. We will do all that they tell us from You. We are Your people, send us Your Saints: we are Your Sheep, send us Your Shepherds. We are good Christians—You know that we are good Christians. How is it that good Christians do not make a good Christianity? There must be something wrong somewhere. If only You would send us one of Your Saints!

The verses and stories in the number are of a high quality and the bold type used for captions is an improvement.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Brentano's, New York:
The Poet in the Desert. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. $1.00.

Catholic Mission Press, Ho-Kien-Fu, China:
Chinese Characters. By Dr. L. Wieger, S.J. Translated into English by L. Davrout, S.J. Vol. I. Etymological Lessons and Phonetic Series. Vol. II. Chinese-English Lexicons.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Tennis as I Play It. By Maurice E. McLoughlin. $2.00; The Record of Nicholas Freydon. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey. $1.50.

Fordham University Press, New York:
The Popes and Science. New and Enlarged Edition. By James J. Walsh, M.D. $2.00.

Ginn & Co., Boston:
Introduction to the History of Religions. By Crawford Howell Troy. $3.00.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.:
The Care of the Teeth. By Charles A. Brackett, M.D. $0.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
"K." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. $1.35.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Spencer Fullerton Baird. By William H. Dall. $3.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Outlines of Sociology. By Frank Blackmar and John Lewis Gillin. $2.00; The Practical Conduct of Play. By Henry S. Curtis. $2.00.

McBride, Nast & Co., New York:
The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. By Dr. Armsgaard Karl Graves. $1.50.

Mungret College, Limerick:
The Mungret Annual. $0.25.

Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago:
A New Logic. By Charles Mercier, M.D. $3.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Rhymes of Little Folks. By Burges Johnson. $1.00; Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M.D. $1.00.

Fred'k A. Stokes Co., New York:
Sketches in Poland. By Frances Delanoy Little. $2.50.

Tipographia Italo-Irlandese, Rome:
Scapulare B. M. V. de Monte Carmelo. Auctore P. E. Magennis, O.C.C.

Tulane University Press, New Orleans:
The Rise of Classical English Criticism. By James Routh.

Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:
P. Martin von Cochem. Von Prof. Dr. Wilh. Kosch. 60 Pf.; Die Christliche Weltmission im Weltkrieg. Von Dr. Schmidlin. M. 1.20; Aus dem Glauben leben! Von A. Heinen. 80 Pf.; Kaufmannsfragen zur Kriegszeit. 40 Pf.; Vorträge zur Kriegszeit. 35 Pf.

John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia:
The Nations of Europe. By Charles Morris. $1.50.

EDUCATION

The Case Method in Law and Morals

BULLETIN number eight, issued in December, 1914, by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, presents a report made to the Foundation by Dr. Josef Redlich, Professor of Law and Political Science in the University of Vienna. The subject, "The Case Method in American Law Schools," a popular and suggestive topic, is presented with keen analysis by the continental jurist.

LANGDELL OF HARVARD

Throughout his Report the author refers, and rightly, to Christopher C. Langdell, sometime Dean of Harvard Law School, as the originator of this method in legal instruction, and describes Langdell as the reformer of American university law schools in general. It is generally conceded that the late Dean is the pioneer of the "Case Method," applied to the study of law. Dr. Redlich, however, would appear to go further than this in claiming for Langdell the original discovery of the Case Method as an instrument in the field of teaching. On page 23 of the report, the writer states:

> For the further progress of this discussion it is necessary to keep in mind these two directions in which the new Langdell method has exerted its influence for reform. On the other hand it professes to be the first really scientific method of treating the common law; indeed, the general opinion seems to go so far as to hold that the application of the principle of induction to separate law cases is the correct method of studying any sort of law, and that *the innovation introduced by Langdell and his pupils must be recognized as a genuine discovery in the realm of teaching.* Secondly, there is claimed for this new method, at the same time, an increased efficiency in the purely pedagogic aspect.

In reference to the Case Method, in his use of the term "innovation" and the phrase "genuine discovery in the realm of teaching," as attributed to Langdell, the Vienna jurist would substantially if not explicitly, ascribe to the Harvard scholar a greater breadth of discovery than the facts warrant.

AN OLD PRACTICE

The theory of the Case Method, so successfully introduced by Langdell in legal instruction in this country, as a pedagogical method utilized in other than legal fields, was by no means unknown to scholars of early times and ages. In the latter part of the twelfth century, in the field of moral theology, there appeared the beginnings of a movement which subsequently resulted in the introduction of the case system into this science. In the last few years of the twelfth century, certain forms of public penance then in use, and the "penitential books," the latter defective in many ways in practical value, began to lose the force which they formerly possessed. In the attempt to reestablish upon a working basis the principles of morals to the extent of effectively providing a guide for teacher and moral practitioner, there was introduced in the early part of the thirteenth century a treatise written by St. Raymond of Penafort entitled "Summa de Pœnitentia et Matrimonio" containing a collection of canons and decrees within the scope of the treatise. Later, about the year 1317, there appeared in the moral theological field the prototype of Langdell's innovation in the introduction made by him in the matter of legal instruction. The treatise referred to was that entitled "Summa de Casibus Conscientiæ," the work being written by an unknown member of the Order of St. Francis at Asti. The scope of the work embraced the entire practical field of moral theology, and was the beginning of a long, and continually improving line of similar treatises, the value of which to professor and student alike, has been beyond question. The conscientious student of morals to-day finds in the early case collections and in the modern "Casus Conscientiæ" of such writers as Lehmkuhl and others, a wealth of suggestion for the application of theory to concrete cases.

THE "CASUS CONSCIENTIÆ"

The use of the case system in moral theology, however, has not been made to the utter disregard and disuse of the long-established text and lecture method in theological training and instruction. Both systems are used jointly and with effectiveness. It is undisputed that the "case collection" as an element in the instruction of moral theologians has been of long recognized value since its introduction centuries ago. The skilled theologian is obliged, no less than the lawyer in civil matters, to resort to his collection of cases of conscience to assist in the solution of the many difficult problems confronting him. He has been no stranger to these cases while preparing his class work as a student.

Much has been said and written about the initial discovery in Europe and in the latter part of the eighteenth century of the "normal training idea." The germ, if not the actual existence of the "normal training" theory, existed in substance in the "Seminarium Præceptorum," well-known to the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages.

So, too, with the existence of the case system. Rightly do we ascribe to Langdell, the scholarly Dean of Harvard Law School, the title of pioneer in the introduction of the Case Method in legal education in America, yet we must not forget that the "case" idea in theological questions was not unknown to the schools and scholars of the medieval period.

LESTER DONAHOE, PH.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Prisons and Prisoners: Construction versus Destruction

THE word "Reform" bears an unpleasant signification, because it has been associated with many foolish and impractical movements. It has so often overstepped prudence, and has so frequently had to be retraced with disastrous results, that wise and conservative men are wont to look askance at any undertaking which is designated as a "Reform." But the world-wide movement of changing the conditions of penal institutions and of handling offenders against law and order, is far too important to be imperilled by attaching to it an opprobrious name. Let us then call this movement a readjustment of penal institutions and penal offenders to modern social conditions.

CRIME AND ITS ANTIDOTE

Crime and its antidote are too complex to be handled superficially and unscientifically. The treatment of social defectives is a problem that pertains to the vital structure of modern civilization. We can not continue to maim our weaker brothers and sisters without directly inheriting as a result an increasing and irresistible avalanche of social enemies. Furthermore, if this dangerous element is not controlled, it will some day become a menace to liberty and life, and may even sweep government, with all its constituted authority, from its foundations.

We are often told that we are "coddling" prisoners, and that by our "milk and water" treatment we are making our corrective institutions so attractive and so desirable that men seek rather than fear them. We are further told physical punishment must be administered in order to permanently deter old and new offenders. But nothing is further from the truth nor so contrary to facts and experience. The old bogey of "an eye for an eye" was condemned by Our Lord Himself.

GENERAL METHODS

Criminologists now study criminals instead of crimes. They realize that each offense is as separate as the individual who

commits it. They are investigating the antecedents of offenders. They are examining their inherited tendencies. They are enquiring about the environment of the delinquent in his childhood, in his boyhood and youth. They are collecting data from any one who knew him during his formative and critical period. The family doctor, the school teacher, the employer, the relatives and close acquaintances and all who may be able to throw light upon his former habits and character are consulted. In other words, his moral character is diagnosed much in the same way that a doctor diagnoses a physical disease. Moreover, his habit-forming tendencies, his ability to resist temptations, his defective or his one-sided mental or physical development are given the deepest and the fullest consideration.

The nature and the cause of his offenses are examined. What was the provocation? What were the circumstances surrounding the crime? Was this his first offense or by what series of events did he come to commit this last one? His age, his ability to reform, his aptitude and his desire to begin afresh are ascertained. What particular qualifications he lacks and how these can be best supplied him are also determined. A study is then made of each individual so as to learn just how much and what kind of punishment will be beneficial for him. How much is good? How soon should punishment be changed into testing his confidence?

RECONSTRUCTION

Such investigations invariably furnish cogent reasons why these men's spirits should not be broken, and, moreover frequently supply abundant evidence to prove that self-respect can readily be developed and fostered. There is nothing that makes offenders become confirmed social enemies more than oppression. It arouses in them a determination not to "fit in and make good." The State and the nation owe it to themselves to make prisons places where men, so far as may be possible, are morally and socially reconstructed.

Penitentiaries, jails and miscalled reformatories were formerly veritable breeding spots of crime. They were factories where the most expert criminals were developed. While men were languishing in jail with their hearts embittered, and with their minds and bodies oppressed, they were in no mental attitude to plan or to desire reform. They felt, and quite naturally, that the last vestige of their self-respect had been destroyed, and that their only chance of existence was to prey on society. Hence, while in prison, where they were not allowed to make use of their God given faculty, the gift of speech, they planned, plotted and invented means of getting "even" with some one for the wrongs they considered were being heaped upon them. They daily became more hypocritical. They would pretend to reform if their deceit would help to shorten or to soften their imprisonment. But, in reality, their minds became more firmly fixed on crime and their hearts became more and more calloused. Externally they had been forced to submit, but their wills were untouched and unchanged. It was like trying to rectify an imperfectly running clock by merely altering the position of the hands.

NEWER METHODS

Criminologists are now making a sensible and a scientific study of each individual offender in the hope of putting him back among his fellowmen as a useful co-worker—no matter how limited. They are endeavoring to transform our half-million delinquents who are now non-producing enemies of society, into law-abiding, self-respecting and self-supporting citizens. As I have said we are not accomplishing this by "coddling" culprits as some seem to suppose, but by conforming as closely to the sentence of the Court as circumstances will allow. The custom of severely punishing prisoners for every little infraction of the prison rules tends to stultify and embitter them; it defeats the main object for which they have been temporarily separated from society, which is to help them to conquer and to reconstruct themselves. Besides, imprisonment for a certain period of time with hard labor, does not legally include all the added punishments which have grown up gradually through generations of improper prison regulation. No man is disposed to admit his fault while he is nursing bitterness in his heart. But, on the other hand, most men will naturally ponder over the irksomeness and the disadvantages of the loss of their personal liberty, if they are free from the constant fear of oppression and petty punishments.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

The dawn of a new day has arrived for our weaker brothers and human reason inspired by Christian Charity has come to their aid. Now, men are being punished for offenses, but each crime is dealt with separately and each criminal is given an appropriate sentence. In other words, the punishment is made to fit the crime, and not the crime to fit the punishment. Ruling by force has always proved a precarious policy. It neither softens men's hearts nor sweetens their dispositions. The Christian Religion is the only safe guide for both culprits and custodians. In it every necessary formula for solving this pressing problem may be found. Tyranny is no less the result of irreligion than is crime. The world to-day is overburdened with punitive justice. What it needs very badly is more Christian Charity. The safest standard for judging and for punishing offenders is to put into practice the teaching of Jesus Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

CHAPLAIN GEORGE J. WARING,
Eleventh Cavalry, United States Disciplinary Barracks, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The cat was let out of the bag in All Saint's Church, Windsor, Canada, a few Sundays ago. It was a black cat too. Worst of all, it was allowed to escape by the grand master of the Grand Black Chapter of the Loyal Orange League, Ontario, West, the Rev. Canon Walsh, who assured his Orange audience that the Catholic Church was responsible for the war. It was a move to check the advance of Protestantism. It took an Orangeman and a Canon to refute the state papers of all the combatants, by a sentence. He did not explain his absence from the scene of conflict: perhaps he considered it useless to go, for either Catholic England or Catholic Prussia must win and in either case Protestantism is doomed.

The National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies announces that the fourteenth annual convention will be held in Toledo, Ohio, August 15, 16, 17 and 18. All the leading national organizations will be represented by their supreme officers. There will also be present members of the Catholic Women's League of Chicago, Wheeling and other places; twenty-seven Catholic institutions will send representatives and the various State, County and diocesan Federations throughout the United States will each have at least one member in attendance. This convention will be followed by the annual meeting of the Catholic Press Association which will also be held in Toledo this year. The latter meeting begins August 19 and ends August 21. Both societies deserve the support of Catholics, whose condition they are striving to better in all legitimate ways.

An English paper lamenting the "secession" to Rome of the Reverend Bernard Moultrie, formerly superior of the Cowley Fathers, speaks of the conversion as the most important clerical secession since those of Fathers Maturin and Benson. The distinguished convert, one of many who have come into the Church within the last few weeks, is an almoner of Keble Col-

lege. His father, Reverend Gerald Moultrie, a hymnologist of no mean merit, was vicar of South Leigh, a village in Oxfordshire, some three miles distant from Newman's beloved Littlemore; his grandfather was the poet-vicar of Rugby in Arnold's days. Mr. Moultrie, together with that other distinguished convert, recently ordained a priest, Father John Knox, a collateral descendant of the dour Scotch reformer, will find in the Church ample scope for his distinguished talents, and best of all, will experience "the peace that passeth understanding."

Rarely has more truth been stated in so brief a paragraph as in the following from the *Carolina Square Deal:*

> One-third of the fools in the country think they can beat a lawyer expounding the laws. One-half think they can beat the doctor healing the sick. Two-thirds of them think they can put the minister in the hole expounding the gospel, and all of them think they can beat the editor running a paper.

Patience, *Carolina Square Deal,* the war will soon be over.

The daily press has been giving a good deal of space to the revelations that the Annapolis investigation has brought to light. Men in training to be officers and gentlemen, collegians of the United States, have been pictured searching with flashlight and key for examination papers. The daily press is shocked and angered, forgetting that a gentleman in terms of modern civilization is a man who is satisfied with setting right merely the surface of things. Being caught is now the one unpardonable crime. "'Tis only daylight that makes sin." Our Naval Academy was once regarded "as one of the nation's strongest forces for character building," and "for the inculcation of those principles of honor and integrity which are recognized as the essentials of a gentleman." If the Annapolis cadets could in some way be taught to feel concern about the inside of the cup, perhaps the Naval Academy would again become more like the institution it was meant to be.

The *Boston Transcript* is a well-written paper; its English flows like a limpid stream. Yet the following paragraph is scarcely in keeping with the reputation of the "pride" of Boston. It is painfully inaccurate; it limps:

> Strangely enough, the dogma that the Pope is the prisoner of the Vatican, a theory so strongly held by the two preceding Popes, has vanished utterly within the year. Should Benedict go to Switzerland to be more neutral and in better position to communicate with Catholic bishops in all countries, it would not be considered as giving up claims to temporal power, or failing to recognize the authority of the Italian Government. Catholic prelates here appear to believe that Benedict will quit Rome if the need arises, and that his doing so will have no disastrous effects.

Surely the *Transcript* knows the difference between a dogma and a theory. Yet it is hard to conclude that it does. The dogmas of the Church are the same to-day as a thousand years ago. They are not theories, they are facts rooted in Eternal Truth. They were in the catacombs before the Popes held an inch of soil, and they do not depend on the temporal power.

The following abstract from a recent pamphlet indicates that the Boston Catholic Circulating Library has pointed the way for the Catholics of other cities to follow:

> It is the aim of "The Boston Catholic Circulating Library" to introduce books to Catholic readers. The novels of Monsignor Benson, Canon Sheehan, John Ayscough, Hilaire Belloc, Christian Reid, Mary Agnes Tincker and others, too numerous to mention, are better written and far more interesting, than the widely-advertised, popular novels of the day. Many of these "best sellers" are dangerous alike to faith and morals. Get acquainted with Catholic books yourself and encourage your friends to read them. "Surely," says a noted Jesuit writer, "when the forces of evil show such fearless zeal and tireless energy in spreading far and wide their false and dangerous doctrines, he must be a paltry soldier of Christ who will not do even the little that he can to speed to the waiting millions the sacred message of our ancient faith."
>
> Guard the young against dangerous reading. Unknown to their parents, boys and girls often read books from the public libraries that are dangerous to their faith and destructive of their morals. Parents can not always inspect every book that their children read, and despite the utmost vigilance, corruption of morals begins. The Boston Catholic Circulating Library will keep on hand a large supply of juvenile fiction, and parents can send their children to us with the utmost confidence that they will receive no book in any way dangerous to faith or morals.

There is no reason why every city should not have its Catholic Circulating Library. Bishop Kettler said that if St. Paul were on earth his pulpit would be the editor's chair. It might well be the librarian's desk too.

At the opening of the Canadian Eucharistic Congress last week in Montreal, Rt. Rev. P. J. Hayes, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York pointed the way for the return of the nations to a lasting peace when in the course of his scholarly sermon he said that to build the foundations of government and society without Christ is to rear a tower on shifting sand:

> The rejection of Christ by the nations has undermined the foundations of government and society. To build without Christ is to build on the shifting sand. No system of life philosophy; no plan of government; no system of education; no plan of society can endure and work for the abiding progress of the race without Christ the Lord and Redeemer of mankind.
>
> The world is sick unto death. It needs more than ever the saving presence and grace of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The nations have gone to empty cisterns that hold neither cure nor balm for their afflicted peoples. Yet Christ is still living and walking among men. He is in His Church pleading for the return of His wandering people from fields of blood, desolation and death.

Ways and means for procuring a world peace have been discussed on the platform and in the press since the outbreak of the war a year ago. Yet in the utterances of our so-called prominent men, representatives of every school of modern thought the Name of Christ has not been mentioned. Any way and every way of solving the peace problem except *The* Way!

The Catholic Federation of Santa Clara, California, scored a triumph recently when it succeeded in forcing "Hypocrites" off the boards. A strong protest was published in the morning papers the day this disgusting film was to be exhibited and the result was poor receipts in the box office. The manager of the theatre where the film was to appear saw himself facing an almost empty house. His statement was:

> If we had known that "Hypocrites" was at all offensive to any Catholic society we would not have permitted its exhibition. It is not our intention, nor has it ever been, to exhibit any subjects that are offensive in any way to any Catholic Society.

Again as soon as "Damaged Goods" was blacklisted by the Federation, the Turner and Dahnkon Company of San Francisco, ordered it off its circuit, and informed the American Film Co. of Chicago, from whom it had been booked that it would be impossible to exhibit it as "the running of a subject condemned by the Catholic Federation is a very serious matter." This Catholic society of the Pacific slope is accomplishing great good, for it has energy and courage, qualities needed in these days. When the protest against "Hypocrites" was made in Brooklyn a while ago, the manager replied: "Why this has run six months in New York without a protest!" Quite true. The New York theatres are sewers, and Catholic inaction is a public scandal.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Nothing of importance has taken place in the western theater of war. The Allies have continued their slow but steady progress in the Vosges mountains, and have advanced towards Colmar from Metzeral to the north and southeast of Munster. Elsewhere along the front there has been comparative quiet.

Bulletin, July 20, p. m.-July 27, a. m.

The Germans still continue to press home their victory over the Russians. In the Courland district, they have taken Tatum to the west of Riga, and have advanced to the vicinity of Mitau, which is situated not far to the southwest of Riga, but apparently they have given up, for the present, their drive towards the seaport itself, being satisfied to have obtained control of the railroad. It is reported that another German army has landed at Windau, but its objective is as yet a matter of mere conjecture. Meanwhile the army in the Baltic provinces, although military experts are of the opinion that German maneuvers north and west of the Niemen are not strictly offensive but are intended rather to keep occupied large Russian forces, is endeavoring to straighten out its line, which now runs almost due south from close to the Gulf of Riga to Grodno, with two Russian salients, one at Shavli, where the Germans have gained another victory, and the other at Mariampol. To these movements, however, neither importance nor attention is attached.

German Successes

The point that is absorbing attention just at present is Warsaw with its threefold menace from the Germans, who are advancing on it from the north, west and south. Along the river Vistula there are two great fortresses that protect Warsaw, Nova Georgievsk to the north, and Ivangorod to the south; both of them are under attack, and the outer defenses of both have been assailed. The strong natural protection of Warsaw to the north is the river Narew with its fortresses, Pultusk, Rozan and Ostrolenka. Pultusk and Rozan are already in the hands of the Germans; Ostrolenka is reported to have fallen, but about this there is reason to doubt. What makes Warsaw's position very perilous is the fact that the Germans are across the Narew, have forced the Russians south toward the river Bug, and are now threatening the capital's main line of communication with Petrograd and Brest-Litowsk. Warsaw's peril is further increased by the fact that either the fall of Ivangorod, a thing that is probable if not imminent or its investment, which seems to be inevitable in the immediate future, would mean the cutting off of its other principal line of communication with the other Russian sources of supplies. Even if Ivangorod should be able to prevent an investment, the railroad on which it is situated and along which come its munitions and reinforcements, must, as things look now, soon be in the hands of the Austro-Germans, who, in spite of tremendous opposition, which has lasted for more than two weeks, have pushed forward between the Vistula and the Bug, and are now close both to Lublin and to Cholm. Added to these attacks is the pressure which the German army west of Warsaw is exerting on the Russian forces, who are being steadily forced back and are now fighting on a line that runs from the Vistula at a point west of Novo Georgievsk, through Blonie, Nadarzyn, to Piasecznow, twelve miles south of Warsaw. It is not this force, however, but the armies to the north and south that constitute Warsaw's greatest danger. If they can close in to the rear, the city itself will be doomed, and the greatest encircling movement in history will have succeeded. To avert such a disaster, Warsaw may have to be evacuated at an early date.

Warsaw's Peril

The only official news from the Dardanelles reports

that the Turks have repelled all attacks by the Allies. In the Trentino there have been no developments. Along the Isonzo the Italian forces have been engaging the Austrians north and south of Goritz, and claim to have occupied the heights that dominate both Tolmein and Goritz. At Rome the fall of the latter or both places is expected during the week, but official reports give but scanty information as to the real state of the campaign. On July 26, off the coast of Scotland, a German submarine hailed the Leelanaw, an American steamship, bound for Belfast, declared its cargo of flax contraband, ordered the crew to the boats, and sunk the ship.

Other Items

The American note to Germany, which is the official reply to the German note of July 8, was dispatched by the Secretary of State to Ambassador Gerard on July 21, and delivered by him to the German Foreign Office on July 23. It is a clear, firm restatement of the position taken by the President from the very beginning, and again puts on Germany the burden of deciding what shall be the future relations between the two countries. Without preamble it begins by stating that the United States Government has found the German note "very unsatisfactory, because it fails to meet the real differences between the two Governments and indicates no way in which the accepted principles of law and humanity may be applied in the grave matter in controversy but proposes, on the contrary, arrangements for a partial suspension of those principles, which virtually sets them aside." It "notes with satisfaction that the Imperial German Government recognizes without reservation the validity of the principles insisted on," inferring this recognition from the fact that Germany defends her acts on the ground of retaliation, a defense which is equivalent to an admission that the acts are "illegal." "Keen disappointment," however, is expressed that the "German Government regards itself as in large degree exempt from the obligation to observe those principles, even where the neutral vessels are concerned."

The American Note

The United States again refuses to discuss Great Britain's policy, and declares "that it must regard the conduct of other belligerent Governments as irrelevant to any discussion with the Imperial German Government of what this Government regards as grave and unjustifiable violations of the rights of American citizens by German naval commanders."

> Illegal and inhuman acts, however justifiable they may be thought to be against an enemy who is believed to have acted in contravention of law and humanity, are manifestly indefensible when they deprive neutrals of their acknowledged rights, particularly when they violate the right to life itself. If a belligerent can not retaliate against an enemy without injuring the lives of neutrals as well as their property, humanity as well as justice and a due regard for the dignity of neutral Powers should dictate that the practice be discontinued. If persisted in it would, in such circumstances, constitute an unpardonable offence against the sovereignty of the neutral nation affected.

While the United States, the note continues, is prepared to make every allowance for the novel and unexpected aspects of war at sea which have been created by the new instrumentalities of naval warfare, "it can not consent to abate any essential or fundamental right of its people because of a mere alteration of circumstances." The principles on which those rights are based, "are immutable. It is the duty and obligation of belligerents to adapt the new circumstances to them." That such an adaptation is possible is clear from the manner in which submarine operations have been conducted during the past two months. In view, therefore, of the twofold fact of Germany's admission of the illegality of its acts (an admission made in her plea of the right of retaliation), and of the manifest possibility of conforming to the established rules of naval warfare (to wit, that the high seas are free, that the character and cargo of a merchantman must first be ascertained before she can lawfully be seized or destroyed, and that the lives of non-combatants may in no case be put in jeopardy unless the vessel resists or seeks to escape after being summoned to submit to examination), "the Government of the United States can not believe that the Imperial Government will longer refrain from disavowing the wanton act of its naval commander in sinking the Lusitania or from offering reparation for the American lives lost, so far as reparation can be made for a needless destruction of human life by an illegal act."

To Germany's suggestion "that certain vessels be designated and agreed upon which shall be free on the seas now illegally proscribed," our Government can not agree, "because it would, by implication, subject other vessels to attack and would be a curtailment and therefore an abandonment of the principles for which this Government contends." It is for the freedom of the seas that the United States, like Germany, is contending, and for that freedom it will continue to contend, "from whatever quarter violated, without compromise, and at any cost." This object the United States insists on seeing accomplished with regard to her own citizens; she hopes it may be accomplished between the belligerents, and to this end once more offers her services as a common friend.

The note conveys to Germany a solemn assurance of "the necessity for a scrupulous observance of neutral rights in this critical matter," and ends with the following significant sentence: "Friendship itself prompts it (the United States Government) to say to the Imperial Government that repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of those rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly."

Austria-Hungary.—The national successes against Russia have called forth great jubilation among the peo-

ple. The aged Emperor has again displayed before the world his deep religious spirit. In the very moment when the news of the retaking of Lemberg was announced to him, he instantly ordered the celebration of a solemn Mass of thanksgiving in St. Stephen's Cathedral. He was represented at it by the heir apparent to the throne. After the Mass an ovation was given the Emperor at his palace in Schönbrunn by almost the entire population of Vienna. In his speech the Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Weiskirchner, remarked that with the conquest of Lemberg the Viennese soldiers had now made returns for the freeing of Vienna by Sobieski. Most impressive, however, was the mighty prayer sent up from that immense gathering by the many hundreds of thousands of voices united in the one petition: "God preserve, God defend our Emperor and King, Franz Joseph, and the Hapsburg dynasty!" An order is said to have been issued by the Austrian Minister of the Interior, according to which the 40,000 Galician fugitives in Vienna will return to their soil within the next three weeks. The Minister of Foreign Affairs likewise has issued an important declaration. He bids the Poles look hopefully into the future, since with victory the possibilities of the national development of their people will be increased. Their sacrifices in means and blood, he said, will certainly receive the reward they deserve. Financial conditions of Austria may partly be judged from the fact that the savings deposits in Vienna alone, for the first half of the year 1915, were 139,000,000 crowns, indicating an increase of eight per cent. If the immense contributions made to the war loans are taken into consideration, it is plain that Austria's financial conditions are excellent beyond all expectation.

Gratitude and Hope

France.—A stirring appeal was recently made to the Catholic writers of France by René Bazin at the general convention of Christian Publicists, of which he had been chosen chairman. In his address, published in *L'Écho de Paris,* he bids his fellow workers to labor together for a reunited France. "It is sufficient to have carried on even for a short time the French propaganda in neutral countries to understand the enormous harm which anti-religious politics have done to France, not only at home, as we know too well, but among foreign nations, and even among those that are not Catholics." He therefore calls upon his hearers to work together with firmness and generosity in order to bring about "a great interior peace." Frenchmen are no longer to be made unhappy by their fellow-Frenchman. "We will tell the young men returned from the front that such multitudes have not laid down their lives to give us a country weakened by endless strife and divided into oppressors and oppressed." Already he sees hopes of the coming of a better time. "All the world knows that the map of Europe will be redrawn after the war; why then do you think that this interior map, this map of parties and programs will not be changed? It will be profoundly changed!" He therefore bids the Christian writers of France not to cease insisting upon equity, good faith and justice, and to treat those who have hitherto been their adversaries as men from whom may be expected what they have not yet given. "How many of those who have spoken against their country have gone out to die for her? Great trials are likewise great cures. There were noble souls who did not comprehend before the war that we can help each other and love each other." All littleness is to be cast aside in these great times, while faith and piety should be manifested openly. "I believe that the fear of being considered pious has done us great harm." Hopefully he bids them to sow in sorrow to-day that they may reap in joy to-morrow.

Rene Bazin's Appeal

Great Britain.—On July 20 the Premier introduced in the House of Commons a new vote of credit of £150,000,000 ($750,000,000). This is the second supplementary vote and will bring the sum actually appropriated for war expenditures during the current fiscal year up to £650,000,000 ($3,250,000,000). The sums voted between August 5 and March 1 bring the total amount to £1,012,000,000 ($5,060,000,000). Mr. Asquith declared that during the 17 days of July the war expenditure amounted to £54,000,000 ($270,000,000), a daily cost of $16,000,000. He estimated that £100,000,000 ($500,000,000) would pay for the war till the end of September, but he recommended a vote of £150,000,000 as a precautionary measure. The present vote of credit empowers the Government to spend money in loans or grants to other States than those "falling within the category of dominions, protectorates or allied powers." This is taken to mean that during the Parliamentary recess England may form new alliances, probably with some of the Balkan States. Commenting on this the *Daily News* says:

Vote of Credit, Discontent

> There was one very significant phrase in Mr. Asquith's speech. Referring to the war expenditures, he said it was possible that this amount would increase, and then he added that "advances to our allies might also grow as adhesions to our cause of those States which did not take part in the war in its early stages came forward." It would not be wise to inquire too closely as to the nature of these developments, but certain facts are before us which seem to have a collective bearing on the future course of events. The return of M. Venizelos in Greece, though it has not yet become effective in a parliamentary sense, has changed the direction of the wind in the Balkans, and the strong action of Rumania in stopping the flow of munitions from Germany to Turkey is the most decisive evidence that there has yet been of the movement of opinion. Not less important is the frank declaration by M. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, of the terms on which his country is prepared to throw in its lot with the Allies. The disaffection of Bulgaria has throughout been the weak link in the Balkan chain. The concession of Macedonia, which Bulgaria demands, is a large draft to make on Serbia, but Serbia would have abundant recompense in the reunion of

the Serbian race, which the ultimate absorption of Bosnia and Dalmatia would involve.

Meantime the Government is heckled in the usual British way. On July 21 Asquith, pressed by Sir William Byles, Liberal, to restate the objects for which Britain was fighting, replied: "I stated these objects with as much definiteness as I am capable of at the beginning of the war and at the Guildhall, and I am unable to add anything to those statements."

The Clyde munition workers, too, have been causing difficulty. Their annual holiday was shortened and on July 21 but ten per cent. of the men returned to work, and on July 22 less than fifty per cent. reported for duty, thus delaying operations. The people in general realize the gravity of the situation and plans are under way to hold meetings throughout the country on August 4, the anniversary of England's declaration of war, to pledge popular support to the war to the bitter end.

Ireland.—The third lecture of Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, at the Gaelic League of Ireland Irish Industries Depot (624 Madison Avenue, New York City) furnishes statistics worthy of record. In 1909 manufactured goods sold by Ireland brought $110,502,680; in 1913, $141,431,185, an increase in value of some $31,000,000 in five years. In 1909 the raw material exported was worth $23,377,680; in 1913, $22,555,520, a decline of $822,160. From 1909 to 1913 exclusive, the raw material imported was rated at $47,095,665; in 1913, at $55,844,235, showing an increase in value of $8,748,570. The linen industries of Ireland employ 72,000 people: flax scutching, 4,000; bleaching and dyeing, 6,000; embroidery, millenery, handkerchief and collar making, 35,000. The flax, cotton and linen yarns, cotton and linen goods exported in 1913 were valued as follows: flax, $818,585; cotton yarn, $216,035; linen yarn, $8,663,455; cotton goods, $13,611,750; linen goods, $70,564,590. This takes no account of drapery, haberdashery goods, nor of unclassified apparel and yarns. Ireland's woolen trade employs some 60,000 people; in 1913, woolen exports were rated at $6,600,000, exclusive of the value of unclassified yarns. Trade in ropes, twines and jute goods was equally prosperous, the exports fetching $4,193,540 in 1913. In this same year $3,000,000 worth of tobacco was exported, and $280,000 worth of snuff, pipes, etc. In 1913 too, the value of the steam vessels built and launched in Ireland was $16,000,000. Brewing, distilling and subsidiary industries employ 14,000 people; and in 1913, exports in ale, beer, porter, whiskey and mineral waters were valued at $22,800,000. Bacon-curing employs 3,000 people and in the above mentioned year, the value of bacon and other pork products exported amounted to $23,374,000. Finally, the machinery exported in 1913 brought $4,138,500. Ireland's eight representative industries with their export values for 1913 are: Flax and linen, $93,874,415; bacon-curing, $23,374,000; brewing and distilling, $22,800,000; steam vessels, $16,000,000; woolens and hosiery, $6,600,000; jute, ropes, twines, etc., $4,193,540; machinery (agricultural and textile), $4,138,500; tobaccos, snuff, etc., $3,280,000; total amount received from the sale of these products $174,260,455.

Some Industries

Mexico.—A recent report made by a United States army officer, who has just returned from Mexico after investigating food supplies there, confirms all that has been said hitherto about conditions in that unhappy land. General Devol's report is in part as follows:

Hopeless Conditions

There is in nearly every part of Mexico destitution and constant misery. People outside the military factions subsist only by sufferance, and only when permitted to do so by the military leaders. It is evident that not fifty per cent. of a crop has been planted generally throughout Mexico. Continual suffering obtains and is growing worse from day to day. The methods of exaction used by the leaders of all factions appear to be identical. All commercial supplies and industries are exploited for the benefit of the military. Owing to the political and physical conditions in Mexico, there appears to be no future for adequate relief, even if the American people would contribute for this purpose. This, however, they have only done to a very limited extent up to this date.

I conferred with a number of railroad men, including two general managers and on down to section bosses. All of the railroads in Mexico are controlled by the different military factions. The engines are being retired one after another as they break down and robbed of spare parts to repair other locomotives. The passenger coaches and freight cars, owing to lack of repair, are steadily becoming unserviceable. The roadbeds are constantly interfered with owing to military operations and bridges destroyed. When repairs are made they are of the most temporary character. . . .

Conditions are undoubtedly most acute in sections of the country that are constantly being occupied and reoccupied by contending forces. This applies in great force to Mexico City and the surrounding country to San Luis Potosi, the country in the vicinity of Saltillo, Monclova and Paredon. In El Paso it was stated that the State of Chihuahua was normal—no food supplies were needed. I, however, talked with a man right from the city of Chihuahua, and he stated that there would be a decided shortage of food in a very short time. . . .

There have been large exports of food supplies to the United States and to Cuba—corn, beans and cattle. I was offered Mexican exported beans for sale by various dealers all the way from Arizona to the eastern part of Texas. One estimate of the amount of beans exported was 2,000 carloads. I obtained and have on file a definite list of the exportations of food supplies through Laredo and Eagle Pass since January 1.

There are still large quantities of food supplies assembled in various parts of Mexico and held by the military authorities and not permitted to reach the people.

In the vicinity of Saltillo there is a large wheat crop variously estimated at from one thousand to two thousand carloads. There also is a thousand tons of corn opposite Del Rio, which was offered to me by the owner.

There is nothing new in this report, but it serves to emphasize once more the "lofty patriotism" of the contending chiefs.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Weismann and Some Fallacies as to Heredity

THERE are probably no more facile fallacies and yet none more popular than those which concern what is called scientifically the inheritance of acquired characters or, popularly, the heredity of parental individual qualities. Physicians constantly hear such remarks as "Doctor, I know that I have rheumatism, but then my father, or mother, as the case may be, suffered from rheumatism, and I suppose I inherit it"; or, "I think that I have indigestion, but my mother had a bad stomach and I suppose that I must just grin and bear it because I inherit it from her and nothing can be done." Sometimes the physician has to soothe the dread and allay the exaggerated fears of a patient who is really sound physically, but who has been suffering very severely in mind because some near relative, father or mother or brother or sister, has died of cancer and the patient has somehow become convinced that the disease is hereditary and therefore that she or he too must hear the fatal sentence, "you have cancer."

This inheritance of parental disease is supposed also to affect the moral sphere, and nothing is more common than the expression that "after all, poor fellow, he can not be expected to conquer his craving for alcoholic stimulants; his father had it before him, and it is hereditary, and that's all there is about it." There are other moral qualities, or rather immoral qualities, that are popularly supposed to be the subjects of inheritance in the same way.

Now I may say at once that there is not the slightest evidence for the inheritance of any disease or of any craving. Defects are inherited but not diseases. Heart disease is not a subject of inheritance, nor is stomach trouble nor cancer, at least to any degree to give the least grounds for certainty; rheumatism is not inherited, nor any of the other diseases that are usually placed in this category. Crossed eyes are inherited, so is early grayness of the hair, and insanity, because they represent a defect in some underlying physical structure as yet unknown; but no one of the affections that are acquired during the course of life is transmitted to the offspring. We all know if a father has lost a finger his children are not born with that finger missing, but we fail to recognize the parity between this acquired defect and such acquired pathological affections as heart disease, indigestion, rheumatism and the like. The world was quite sure that tuberculosis at least was inherited, but now we know that it is acquired in the intimate relations of family life and that it is doubtful whether even a predisposition to the disease is the subject of inheritance. Life insurance companies prefer to issue a policy to you even though your father and mother both died of tuberculosis, if you yourself are well up to weight, are not suffering from any lung affection and not living with people suffering from tuberculosis, rather than if you had no such family history and were under weight, or were living with the tubercular.

This whole subject of the transmission of acquired characters has been very much discussed since the time when some twenty-five years ago Weismann, the German biologist, made his contributions to the subject. Up to that time there was much loose thinking and talking and writing among scientists, and above all among popular scientific writers, with regard to heredity, and it was always assumed that acquired characters could be transmitted. Weismann absolutely denied this, and it is curiously interesting to follow the career of this scientist who literally revolutionized modern biology in this regard.

It is very striking that this overturning of scientific conclusions did not come from a man who had his eye glued to a microscope, or who was famous for the many observations that he had made, or for the immense amount of detailed knowledge with regard to biological subjects that he had acquired. On the contrary, Weismann's power consisted in this, that he knew a few facts, but knew them well and thought deeply and thoroughly about them. For many years Weismann suffered from an eye trouble which interfered greatly with his microscopic work and with his reading, and it was during this time that he turned his attention to theoretical questions in biology and elaborated a number of principles that attracted wide attention. He owed much to his wife during this period. For twenty years she read a great deal to him: as he says himself, "she read aloud excellently and she not only took an interest in my theoretic and experimental work, but she also gave practical assistance in it." In a recent number of *Science*, (June 25, 1915) Professor Conklin, of Princeton University, told the story of Weismann's life in rather interesting detail.

Professor Conklin says that while Weismann's own views on the subject of the transmission of acquired characters underwent certain changes in the course of his long life, the opinions of his opponents have undergone so much greater and important changes that it may be truly said that in the matter of the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters the greater portion of the scientific world has come to Weismann's position. Professor Conklin concludes his estimate of him by saying that his life and work are a proof, "that clear thinking is necessary in the advancement of science as well as fine technique." Some of us are very much inclined to believe that thought is ever so much more important. In fact, the great trouble with science to-day is that thought is sadly lacking, and the significance of much of the current scientific work is eclipsed by the varieties of technic that now occupy so much attention, placing a mechanical obstacle between men and the obtaining of truth. Professor Conklin says further that "Weismann has demonstrated to a more or less scornful world

the importance of brains as well as of hands and eyes in the discovery of truth. It has fallen to the lot of few men to do so much work of lasting value and to have so profound an influence on his day and generation as was true of August Weismann."

He himself continually looked upon his eye-affection as a very serious handicap, and as almost inevitably making it impossible for him to do his life work with anything like the success that he hoped to have. As a matter of fact it is very probable that his eye trouble by turning him to deep thinking about the problems of biology kept him from getting lost in the mazes of multiplex detail, where "the forest can not be seen for the leaves," thus ensuring him a distinguished career. Weismann himself closes his essays, *On Life and Death,* with these striking words which may well help in the understanding of his life and work: "After all it is the quest after perfect truth, not its possession that falls to our lot, that gladdens us, fills up the measure of the life, nay, hallows it."

While Weismann held tenaciously to a mechanistic conception of nature, Professor Conklin calls attention to the fact that the great German biologist believed that extreme mechanism was consistent with extreme teleology. That is, it is perfectly possible that all things should be linked together in a wonderful succession of cause and effect, all chance eliminated, but everything acting according to a great purpose and a great plan that had foreseen every minutest detail. Weismann's own words on this subject are extremely interesting and emphatic and above all deserve to be recalled for the sake of those who think that mechanistic science is necessarily materialistic. He said, "The most complete mechanism conceivable is likewise the most complete teleology conceivable. With this conception vanish all apprehensions that the new views of evolution would cause man to lose the best that he possesses—morality and purely human culture." Weismann was indeed one of the deeper thinkers who made teleology fashionable again in modern time, especially among the rising generation of biologists.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Peace by Constitution

WE look back through eleven months of carnage and ruin. We turn again to the pleas offered by warring governments for their justification. One fact comes out in strong relief. It is not new of its kind. Rather it is as old and continuous as history. But it is startling just now against the background of the new social structure. We refer to the power of a single will or the will of a few over the life—the life and death—of millions. It has been impressed upon us, all the way from boyhood that we are living in an age when the mind of the citizen is really consulted, when the voice of the citizen, the *vox populi,* has become practically the one main factor that determines great movements in society. And we are referred to the growth of popular representation and of government according to constitution as final evidence. Constitutions, as we now use the word, have been on trial for a century and a quarter. They were put on trial at the start. Being on trial as charters of popular privilege and representation, they were very naturally weighted with a handicap as a security against experimentation with an untried force at the time of a crisis. One constitution copied another, just varying the terms of the handicap. And so it has come to pass that the *vox populi* has been excluded from effectual expression precisely in the time of the crisis. Experience in the value of constitutions has wrought no change in this, so that to-day peoples are supposed to have abdicated, by the constitutions they have accepted, all privilege and responsibility in regard to the most serious things that can affect the common welfare.

Let us put all this concretely and briefly in the statement of the universally-known fact: Within one week, ending July and beginning August, 1914, the continent of Europe was set ablaze with war. The whole thing was managed *secretly* by a *few* individuals *empowered* to act as they did by *constitution.* Was it not said by wise ones in the beginning that the cause of this war would not be known for five years? And then these few individuals published books in various colors to impress upon us that they were, no one of them, responsible for the war. Read as you please in all their books of all the colors of the spectrum and you will learn everywhere that it was always the other fellow who did it.

Now, just so long as such power, the power of a forty-eight hour and of a twelve-hour ultimatum, is put into the hands of a few individuals responsible to no one, so long will there be great armaments and terrible wars. Treaties will not prevent them. A treaty may readily be counted a scrap of paper by the man who has a gun, who wants to fight, and who sees his way to victory. Yet all this power and the privilege of using it secretly has been left in the hands of a few individuals by the constitutions of states. Herein have all constitutions failed to advance with the modifications which they have wrought in the actual working of the social organism. They have left the terrible thing of war in irresponsible hands, just where it was one hundred and fifty years ago, one thousand years ago. They are supposed to be a check on despotic power. But they have left this despotic power absolutely free to act under the influence of any passion in those very things in which the exercise of that power can prove most disastrous. The present war is the evidence. Constitutions contained nothing to hinder it. Constitutions contained everything to make possible its most awful manifestations.

Hence the question: Would it be possible to take away that dread power by constitution? What, after

all, is a constitution? It is a charter of the people's liberties. It is primarily a limitation of despotic power. Could that limitation be so extended as to take away from a few individuals the power of driving the people into armed, aggressive war? There is no assignable reason in the true nature of the case why that limitation cannot be affected by constitution. But what about defense? It does not need any consideration. Where there is no armed attack there is no need for defense. Take away from a few individuals the power of armed aggression and, in all their whims and piques and envies and pleas of honor and what-not, they will be powerless to order the people out to war. Is it not strange that in the present social conditions, when commonwealths are closer to one another than towns were a hundred years ago, is it not strange that hundreds of millions of intelligent human beings should be dictated to on the subject of their national honor according to the secret disagreements of a few individuals, and be ordered to go out and try to destroy one another?

Treaties, Hague Conferences, World Police, do not reach the real difficulty. They can not reach it. They can not even be aimed at it. But what could a constitution do? Without going into constructive details, the main point is this: The power of armed aggression could by constitution be taken out of the hands of one man or of a few men acting secretly, and be placed by constitution in the hands of the whole people. By constitution it could be readily made impossible for one man or a few men to wind up a secret dispute by plunging a nation into war under the plea that the war is necessary to maintain the honor of the whole people.

As a fact it may always be questioned whether the honor which is said to call for an aggressive war is the honor of the whole people or the honor of a few stubborn heads in secret dispute. Of course it is always advertised as the honor of the people. But has it ever occurred to any one that the people who can exercise the franchise and send representatives to parliament may perhaps have some ideas themselves about honor and be able to form some estimate of the consideration that is due to them? Taking into account, then, that the people must be able, collectively, to use the same discrimination which they exhibit daily in their individual judgments, what inconsistency could there be in their demanding the privilege of deciding whether they should wage an aggressive war for their own honor with their own money and their own lives? WILLIAM POLAND.

The Young Man and Geology*

PERHAPS some still continue to regard geology, not as a science, but as a term indicative of the state of mind of those who hold speculative and fanciful ideas regarding the origin and constitution of the earth. It is true that in the past, smoking-room philosophers have found, or thought they found, in geology arguments in favor of many fantastic theories, especially those derogatory to religion. As a matter of fact, the working geologists of to-day are getting farther and farther away from the speculative idea of geology and have come to deal chiefly with facts. They may use theories, but, in general, only to correlate their facts.

Some of the text books define geology as a history of the earth and its inhabitants; chiefly a prehistoric history, if one may so express it. This is surely a broad definition. Let us now define the present status of practical geology. Geology studies the occurrence in nature of mineral products of all kinds. It attempts to indicate the most probable zones of occurrences of gold, silver, copper, iron, and other metalliferous products, the form and condition of such deposits and the proper work to inaugurate in order to test their value and to exploit them. Most of the big mining companies now employ mining geologists. These study the form and character of the deposits and outline efficient methods of mining them. They also plan the development of new mining ground, make estimates of values of mining property where purchase is contemplated, etc. Some years ago a mining man in Montana told the writer that his company had lost a million dollars in two years, that might have been saved had they had the advice of a competent geologist. Their mine had paid forty-five million dollars from a body of "secondarily enriched" ore. They spent a million dollars trying to find a similar "enriched" body far below the first. Geology has long ago demonstrated that the condition which they expected to find never occurs.

Geology has to do with the occurrence of coal and the valuation of coal land. Careful geological study may demonstrate that valuable coal deposits underlie the surface, even where no outcrop is visible for some miles.

Another field of geological study is that of oil. The head of a large oil corporation in Mexico told the writer that his company spent five million dollars in preliminary investigations of an oil field, which might have been saved had they had a first-class geologist to direct operations in the beginning. They at last established a geological corps of about a dozen men, headed by a chief geologist, who was made general manager, at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Most of the States have geological surveys and the Federal Government geological survey has a corps of forty to fifty geologists. These make reports on mineral areas and classify the public lands, so that land valuable for coal, oil, phosphate, clays, building stone, metals or other minerals may not be sold by Uncle Sam for a mere fraction of what they are actually worth. These geologists also study underground water conditions as a preliminary to irrigation projects, etc.

As the years go by the application of geology to various practical undertakings greatly increases. In illustration of this, the writer may be pardoned for re-

*The thirty-seventh of a series of vocational articles.

ferring to some of the studies which he has been called upon to make in connection with engineering projects. Chief among these are: a study of the slides and of the other geological conditions bearing on the construction of the Panama Canal; a study of the earthquake conditions in south central Panama, for the Panamanian Government; a study of the physiography of the Panama-Costa Rica boundary region for the Panama-Costa Rica Boundary Commission; a study of the cause of gas emanations in the sub-lake tunnels of the Detroit city water department; and a preliminary study of the surface subsidence in the anthracite coal region. To the average man such practical problems as these seem very far from the field which he thinks geology occupies. Yet brief reflection should cause him to realize that after all most civil engineering work has to do largely with geological materials. Tunnels and sewer systems and water works are not much more than a shifting of nature's materials in an orderly way. Even a fire-proof building, from its copper cornices, its lead and nickle plumbing and fixtures, its concrete flooring, to the rock or other foundation on which it stands, bears a large relation to geology. It is coming to be realized more and more that the civil engineer should have some elementary training in geology.

We now come to consider the training necessary for a geologist. During his undergraduate years he should get good courses in chemistry, physics, mathematics, biology and elementary mineralogy and geology. His training in English should be good and he needs a reading knowledge of French and German. Latin, Greek and philosophy would be extremely valuable and he should have some work in economics and history. His undergraduate work can all be done to good advantage in a small college, even though the work offered in geology be very meager.

After such a preparation he should pass at least two years specializing in a university that has a strong department of geology, where he will get summer training in practical field methods, to supplement his work in classroom and laboratory. Such field work can usually be obtained with a field party of the United States Geological Survey, or with a State or private survey, at a small salary. The average university training in geology must usually be amplified by several years of actual field work before the student can qualify as a really competent geologist. If the young man becomes a candidate for a position with the United States Geological Survey he must pass a very stiff Civil Service examination, and if successful he may expect an appointment at from $1,000 to $1,600 per year, depending on his training, etc. After fifteen or twenty years of service he may work up to some of the higher salaried positions which pay between $4,000 and $5,000 per year and field expenses.

The Catholic colleges have largely neglected geology, probably because of lack of funds and equipment. The world's greatest geological laboratory and geological library, the National Museum and the library of the United States Geological Survey, stand idle to the students of the Catholic University, even though at their very door, because some generous soul does not know the great good that would flow from endowing a chair of geology at that institution. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a geological department will be added to the teaching staff of the Catholic University that will consider not only the needs of the young men, especially the engineering students, of that splendid institution, but will also offer courses in physiography and physical geography to the teaching Sisters and teachers from various parts of the country who come for special work in the summer school.

DONALD F. MACDONALD, LL.D.

What Was Rationalism?

THERE are a number of minor fictions, mere points of punctilio and fashion, which encumber the frank discussion of philosophy and literature. A paper might, on its literary side, do a great deal of good in clearing away the little unnecessary lies. In its more strenuous departments it should contend against large constructive lies, lies necessary to those who tell them. The man with the "Brain" who organizes labor, the firm but conciliatory statesman, the man who is an "Authority" on death or marriage, these men could not do a day's work without telling lies. But the minor fictions—these need the stiffness taken out of them! I tried to take the stiffness out of one of them in a review I wrote recently; in that case it was the notion that one must always avoid, or, more frequently, conceal, the act of criticising a book written by a friend. Would it not be simpler to say, naturally, "Well, it is likely enough that the sort of man I like would write the sort of book I like: but these are my serious reasons for liking it"? Nay, I think a little more casual candor would improve the chances even of the snobbish party press. Even the official journalists would serve their masters better if they dropped the needless details of fiction, retaining only the large, majestic, essential lies. It surely is not necessary for them to say that every speech of their favorite politician is one of his best and that the speech of their particular *bête noir* in politics is one of his worst; nor is it necessary to state that the former always sits down flushed with victory and the latter, pale and querulous from defeat. A man avowedly writing a romance would be more realistic.

Now, there are two more of these stiff pieces of literary etiquette which I think have become a hypocritical nuisance, and I propose to violate them in this article. One of them is the high and mighty business about "never answering criticisms"; the other is the tradition that, if you do answer criticisms, you must never own yourself wrong. I will take the case of my little book on Victorian literature. It was subjected by many people to two criticisms, one small, the other large; one mainly true, the other, I think, largely false. To take the small one first, it has been brought to my notice by a critic who wrote to point out that the saying about woman being civilized by man is uttered by Sir Austen and not Meredith in his own person. Now, if I thought a sort of thin-skinned obstinacy a part of my dignity, I could answer that there are utterances put into the mouths of characters which nevertheless clearly come from the author, and there would be the jolly old bottomless argument about the story and the moral; and I could have a high old time

with the "Soliloquy" and "The Greek Chorus" and the "Man" Shakespere, and all the rest of it. I think it far simpler to say that, on reflection, I think this critic, a cleric, is right; and that, though Meredith did take the view I described, the passage I quoted did not prove it. On the same principle, which surely makes the intercourse of gentlemen of letters somewhat easier, I should agree with part if not the whole of the larger criticism offered by my second critic: that concerned with the central citadel which I called Victorian rationalism or the Victorian compromise. When my critic suggests that I did not sufficiently define this central Victorian thing, I think he is right. When he suggests that it was not there, or did not play the part I give it, I think he is wrong. I think heartily he is wrong, and I care nothing for anything except which of us is right. When he suggests that it was not there, or did not play the part I give it, I give him and the others free leave to say that I am putting into this paper a chapter I forgot to put into my book. Indeed, to be candid once more, I am.

I may begin by saying that I do not mean by Rationalism, "the application of reason to phenomena and the acceptance of its verdicts." I mean it about as much as I mean by Socialism the art of being sociable. Socialists are far from sociable; but they exist. Rationalists were far from rational; but they once existed. The result of applying reason to phenomena is to discover that they are merely phenomenal; and if that is being a rationalist, I am a rationalist. The rational way of accepting a verdict is to accept it as a decision about certain special phenomena. He would be far from rational, for instance, who should read the verdict "Not Guilty" as meaning "without sin."

What Rationalism really was, and, in some corners, still is, is substantially this: it was a premature synthesis. It was not the opening of the house of reason, but the impatient closing of it. It did not open the human head like a new hotel. It shut the human head like a packed bag. I call it the "Victorian Compromise" because it put in the bag as many of the old relics and reverences as it could. I call it the "Victorian Rationalism" because it was guided in its selection by a very clear but very crude theory. In other words, it planned out the packing scientifically, but it never asked whether the bag was big enough. The result on which I wish specially to insist was this: that this false finality of the reason has behind it a prolonged and increasing torture to the instincts. That is what I mean when I say that Dickens rebelled against it ignorantly and by the light of nature. That was why the war against it was a war of poets, sometimes as irrational as a war of animals. Ever since Rationalism became the rule, the mysterious thing called human nature has scratched like a cat in a cupboard.

I think the only way I can convey my conviction is by a string of examples. Deepest of all the examples, of course, was that loss of the sense of design of Providence, more admitted than expressed, that went with Rationalism in its narrower sense. I am not talking about the truth or falsehood of theism, but only about this sense of abnormality and emptiness that went with its loss. The Victorian Rationalists were always adopting a compromise because it was comfortable, and keeping it on though it was more and more uncomfortable. The secular attitude was the strongest case of this. The Rationalists found that what they had dropped was not merely some pedantic definition called a "personal God," but was the whole of that sense that a man's life means something, that it is acted before a witness and brought to a test, which is the first and most natural thought in the man's mind. Secularly considered, there did not, as Dent Pitman said, seem to be any story in it. I repeat that I am only speaking of the psychological fact of a strain. The Atheist had to remind himself that he was an Atheist more often, and that is saying a good deal, than the Christian that he was a Christian. The current of the blood ran the contrary way. The quick-witted Atheist was always saying "Thank God!!", the slow-witted Atheist talked about the "purposes" of Nature. I have never questioned that the Atheist is heroic; he is heroic because he is ascetic. He can never be wholly human. He has lopped off a limb.

But take another and easier case, which I will call the case of Beggars. This is where the Manchester School comes in. I agree with one of my critics who suggested that reason itself refuted the Manchester School; I should add that reason itself refuted Rationalism. For me the point is that a definite historical sect, appealing to reason, put an appalling strain on the civilized emotions. It was supposed to be "proved" in some way that the only lawful way of being philanthropic was to let a man starve in Houndsditch because there was a job for him in Hull! It was a compromise; for even the miserable Malthus dared not denounce all charity, but said alms should be given very "sparingly." But it was a Rationalist compromise because it went against the instincts in the name of an indirect piece of demonstration. And it was a cruel compromise, not only to the poor man who could not get a penny, but to the rich man who could not give one. The good Victorian walked the street in a torture of embarrassment, ashamed of giving money and ashamed of not giving it.

Third Case: the Case of Soldiers. Here again it was supposed to have been proved that military glory was a gory superstition, that peace achieved by commerce was a nobler thing; and here again the Victorian mind could not keep it up, except as a kind of compromise. Thackeray was a very typical Victorian, and he wrote a ballad called "The Chronicle of the Drum." It is followed by an epilogue that seems meant as an antidote. In this he says that war is very despicable really, and soldiers only know the "art of cutting throats." But the note is false, the strain is evident: the strain of the Christian telling himself he is a Quaker. For no one who *really* despised war could have written the "Chronicle of the Drum" at all.

The Case of Ghosts; of fairies and similar things. In every Victorian home there was a kind of permanent crisis of concealment about the existence of the supernatural. Every one had to pretend to believe in Santa Claus, because no one could simply say that he believed, or disbelieved, in St. Nicholas. And the strange result has been that the old Rational mind has narrowed and hardened, while the more modern mystical mind has freed itself. Every respectable nurse tells every respectable baby that there are "no such things as ghosts." And all the time the most subtle and advanced intellects, from Mr. Henry James to Mr. Algernon Blackwood, are always writing that there are.

Lastly, I touch later and more perilous ground; but I think the suffragettes are the last orgy of Rationalism. A man honestly admiring them feels a pain in the head; he is fighting with Nature. He has to tell himself again and again that his aged mother carried under a policeman's arm is a citizen; that sex has nothing to do with it; that ridicule proves nothing; that self-sacrifice proves much. But all the time his subconsciousness goes on repeating like a refrain, "I don't like my mother under a policeman's arm; I don't like it——I don't——I don't——I don't." That is what I mean by Rationalism, that hasty and false simplification of the findings of reason, from which our time awoke as from a daydream, only to find that the poor man had a hole in his stomach and the rich man a hole in his head. The Rationalist was pursued by enemies, blind but strong, the most terrible enemies a man has—the things he has forgotten.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

The Dutch Embassy at the Vatican

A SHORT time since the bill for reestablishing the Dutch embassy at the Vatican was passed in the Second Chamber by a vote of eighty-two in a nearly full House of ninety-two

members present. From the moment of its introduction by the Administration the bill in spite of prevailing critical conditions, met with considerable opposition, but its success was never in doubt. By way of protest, a few irreconcilables among the orthodox Protestants called meetings in some of the larger cities and here and there dissenting voices were raised among the socialist and democratic parties. On the other hand the leading lights in the liberal and anti-clerical press, far from harping in their accustomed way on "papal aggression," in this instance openly advocated the bill on the plea that it was a patriotic measure. Considering the question involved, namely, official recognition of the Pope's influence on the well-being of States and nations, and that too, in a country dominated for upwards of three centuries by the most pronounced no popery traditions, the debate, as might have been expected, turned out to be of more than common importance. Its keynote was the interest of the country in the cessation of the present warfare and the hastening of a lasting peace. To accentuate this point the Catholic members in concert refrained from taking part in the discussion. The speakers of various shades of political and religious beliefs without exception declared themselves in favor of the measure by reason of their desire for peace and all that was likely to make for it. But most of those supporting the bill denied that their votes implied any recognition on their part of the Pope's supposed spiritual character and jurisdiction. What, however, these fencers for popularity lacked in consistency and courage was amply compensated for by clear and concise utterances on the subject by the Prime Minister, Mr. Cort Van Linden and by Mr. Loudon, Secretary of the Interior. The former declared that neither the interests of the Roman Church nor those of the Dutch Catholics had anything to do with the introduction of the bill which was prompted solely by national interests. The longed-for peace, he held, not only would end this fearful war, but also usher in a new order of things. The final settlement was likely to involve the future status of the kingdom and its vast colonies. Therefore, as well as having made ready for war, the country should likewise prepare for peace. With this object in view the Government had taken the initiative by sending a special envoy to Rome and felt prepared to assume all responsibility in the premises. The Secretary of the Interior was no less outspoken and emphatic in his address. He pointed out that while The Netherlands was but a small country, commanding a limited influence in the international concert, the Pope on the other hand ranked foremost among the great world powers. Many among them might not relish that statement, but realities were realities and had to be faced. Whether the embassy was to be only a temporary one or would be continued indefinitely thereafter did not matter for the present. Its true character lay in the fact which could not be disputed, that the Pope represented an international power of paramount importance. These and similar plain and pointed statements on the part of the two leaders in the Cabinet were evidently called forth in reply to objections and misconceptions brought out during the debate. That the anti-papal feelings of members of the House were roused was made clear by the question whether the Premier would regard a negative vote on this bill as a lack of confidence in the Government. To this the latter squarely replied, he would. At the conclusion of the debate Dr. Nolens, leader of the Catholic division briefly stated that whatever might be the intent of the Government as to the duration of the embassy the Catholic members would stand by their official program for a permanent Dutch representative with the Holy See. The ten votes against the bill were cast by four Socialists, one Freisinniger and five Union-Liberals.

The bill thereupon passed on to the Upper House, where it met with sentiments of general approval. Thus, driven on by an irresistible force of international complications, and as a matter of self-preservation, Protestant Holland, after a lapse of forty-four years will again be officially represented at the Court of the Head of Christendom. V. S.

Felician the Simoniac

THOUGH a commuting suburbanite Felician was both conscientious and pious. Rather than miss the 7.57 train, for instance, and take instead the 8.06, he would often leave home without breakfast and even without bidding his cherished family good morning. For he had found by experience that though those extra nine minutes would give him ample time not only for coffee and rolls but also for greeting his five little children and their mother, nevertheless the 8.06 would not bring him to the office till 9.01 and consequently his employers would be robbed of several minutes of his valuable services. He did not feel the loss of breakfast, however, as much as would be supposed. For while his well-fed fellow-commuters buried their heads in the morning paper during the journey to town, the lean Felician would find in the perusal of some Latin ascetical or exegetical book so rich a banquet for his soul that he would completely forget his body's hunger. By reading diligently while on the cars he had already finished the works of Cæsarius of Heisterbach, Bernard of Clairvaux, Ludolph of Saxony, Alvarez de Paz, and John Scaramelli, and was now absorbing the sixteenth volume of Cornelius à Lapide's great commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

It was reading that author's reflections on the sin of Simon Magus that first brought Felician's piety into conflict with his conscientiousness. St. Luke narrates how that imperfectly-converted wizard, finding himself no longer able to work his spells, and beholding with astonishment the miracles wrought by the Twelve, ran to Simon Peter and offering him money exclaimed: "Give me also this power!" "Keep thy money to thyself, to perish with thee!" promptly answered the Apostle, adding to the rebuke some excellent advice about the wisdom of praying that the thought of his heart might be forgiven the sorcerer, for the gifts of God can not be bought with money.

Then turning to the commentator Felician began to realize for the first time what a detestable crime simony is, noted with horror how severely Esau, Giesi and Jason were punished for committing it, and how Simon Magus, because he tried to buy for a temporal advantage something which was spiritual, would perhaps have met the fate of Ananias and Sapphira had he not contritely besought St. Peter to pray for him. Quaking with fear Felician then read the letter Urban II wrote on simony, what Leo IX said to the wicked French bishop and how grievously Henry II was tormented. He was moved to tears, however, by the noble answer that the abbot Hilarion, as holy Hieronimus bears witness, made the rich man who offered gold to recompense the saint for driving out a legion of demons.

Worried and distressed by what à Lapide told him, Felician began forthwith a meticulous scrutiny of his conscience and ended by deciding that he himself had been repeatedly guilty of simony. "My whole life long," he exclaimed with deep contrition, "I have been exchanging temporal advantages for spiritual benefits. I was but a week old when in my name a liberal stole-fee was given the Father that baptized me, and during my early years my mother often rewarded me with lolly-pops for saying my prayers reverently. I still have the prize I won for knowing my catechism better than the other children did, and the silver watch the Mother Superior gave me for serving the convent Mass so faithfully. On my wedding day, too, I let the groomsman make the pastor a present; for years I have generously contributed to church collections of various

kinds, and I recall with particularly keen regret the gifts I have given mission priests just because I liked their sermons. How often, alas! have I been a party to flagrantly simoniacal practices! I am a worse simoniac than Giesi or Simon Magus, for they offended but once. But for the future I am determined to avoid carefully the abominable vice of simony."

Felician kept his resolution. When the plate was passed at Mass he became wholly absorbed in his devotions, he would not allow his children to accept a material reward of any kind for being good and pious, and firmly refused to contribute toward a purse for his pastor's golden jubilee celebration. But what grieved Felician most was the fact that in consistency he could no longer offer stipends for Masses, yet there were many intentions he wished to have remembered at the altar. So in great anguish of spirit he sought direction from his confessor, Father Cyril. Laying bare his soul, Felician told of all the scruples that had troubled him since reading à Lapide, mentioned the resolution he had taken and then begged tearfully for guidance.

"Take heart, Felician," said Father Cyril, after listening patiently to all his penitent had to tell. "You are not a simoniac. Don't you remember what St. Paul says? 'They who work in the holy place, eat the things that are in the holy place; and they that serve the altar, partake with the altar. So also the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel should live by the gospel.' The stipend you offer for having a Mass said is in no sense the 'price' of the Holy Sacrifice. It is merely your contribution toward the support of the priest. That he may feel no anxiety about to-morrow's dinner, next winter's coal or last June's interest on the church debt, you make such spiritual ministrations as Masses, christenings, marriages, burials and sermons, occasions for offering the priest your share of his 'tithes.' That the Levites might devote themselves effectively and becomingly to the duties of their sacred calling God decreed, as you know, that the Hebrews should offer them every year a tenth part of the produce of the fields and herds. We read in the Book of Numbers: 'I have given to the sons of Levi all the tithes of Israel for a possession, for the ministry wherewith they serve me in the tabernacle of the covenant.' In medieval times the payment of tithes was enforced by the civil law and in this country to-day the voluntary offerings made by the faithful in return for the ministrations of the clergy are the equivalent of this ancient ecclesiastical tax. If your annual contributions to the Church do not amount to exactly a tenth of your income, Felician, don't be disquieted, for 'tithes,' strictly speaking, are rarely asked or expected now. Never mind how much or how little others give, only try to do your share toward the maintenance of churches and clergy.

"Just after hearing a good mission sermon, Felician, if you are moved to extraordinary generosity do not let the fear of falling into simony, lessen your offering. Remember how long the good Father had to pray and study and practise before he succeeded in preaching so well. I know a godly and eloquent priest whose aversion to simony is so strong that he will seldom accept a stipend for the spiritual exhortations he gives a convent of Poor Clares. But if, as rarely happens, the literary, historical or philosophical learning that pervades the subject-matter of a conference exceeds the purely ascetic and spiritual part, he reluctantly allows the Lady Prioress to pay his traveling expenses home. 'I am willing to take a trifling compensation,' he would say, 'for the strictly educational portion of my discourses, but far be it from me to receive any earthly reward for imparting ghostly counsel.'

"A pious convention, moreover, has permitted a larger stipend to be offered for a late High Mass than for an early low one. But if you recall, Felician, how long the priest fasts and how melodiously he sings in the former case, you will never begrudge him a temporal guerdon for this extra labor and inconvenience. I think that without scruple you can stimulate little Mildred's zeal in preparing for her First Communion by hinting darkly at the pretty dress she is to wear. Though to your knowledge the sacristan frequently rewards with presents of fruit and confectionery your son Sebastian's fidelity in getting up to serve the six o'clock Mass, do not accuse yourself of conniving at simony. And make no difficulty about contributing to your pastor's jubilee fund. His fifty years of faithful service in the Lord's vineyard richly deserve this recognition. The support of the clergy includes the cost of their legitimate and necessary recreation. So let your venerable shepherd make the 'grand tour.'

"Man has a body as well as a soul, Felician. Like many holy ones you find very humiliating the necessity of using material things to express or symbolize joy, piety, gratitude or other emotions. The mortified monks Father Rodriguez tells about, went indeed to the refectory weeping. But they went withal, be it noted, and found in the refreshment they took strength to sing the divine praises better. They were not simoniacs, however, nor have you, Felician, been guilty of a single simoniacal practice. So go in peace, my son, and serve God joyfully." Marvelously comforted by Father Cyril's words, Felician then took the evening train for his suburban home and read five chapters of à Lapide on the way.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Criticism of Anglicans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I be permitted through your columns to offer a few thoughts which came to me upon reading a letter in your issue of July 17 by Jared S. Moore, Esq., under the caption, "A Protest"? Since I have enjoyed the great privilege of calling myself by the name of Catholic only for a short time, I flatter myself that I am able better to appreciate Mr. Moore's feelings than perhaps some others; at the same time I have no desire and no intention of "penning a reply."

I wonder if it would not occur to Mr. Moore that an exposition of the peculiarities, let us say, of Baptists, or of Moravians, when regarded from his High Anglican position, would be resented by members of these sects and that their grievance would be exactly that of Mr. Moore's against Catholics. I am sure that Father Woods and thoughtful writers in the Church recognize only too thankfully the nobility of life, the self-sacrifice, and the sincerity of earnest High Anglicans, just as Mr. Moore would be quick to recognize (and I am sure I do not assume over much) the sincerity of earnest Moravians and Baptists. But from his point of view these sects are each self-contradictory, unintelligent and inadequate, and any criticism he makes is bound to be misinterpreted by their members, and its author charged with lack of appreciation for sincere conviction. How much more amazing to a Catholic—I speak with sadness that it must be so and with no wish to wound—are the vagaries of Anglicans, and how much more to an Anglican does Catholic criticism seem cruel. It is my profound conviction that nowhere outside the Catholic Church can Catholic beliefs or practices persist in all their fulness and strength. Moreover it is often pathetically ludicrous to read the interpretations of our belief and practices which occasionally appear even in so well edited a paper as the (P. E.) *American Catholic*, to say nothing of the *Living Church* or the *Churchman*. As time

goes on I feel more and more how woefully disjointed, how terribly askew and how greatly out of perspective are the most intelligent Anglican interpretations of the Faith, and it is truly marvelous to me to see how the various items of our Faith melt into a complete harmony and due proportion; the rough edges, as it were, are smoothed, the shallow places are deepened, the narrow borders are broadened and swim into the horizon of infinity, and all this takes place after a comparatively short experience in Catholicism. It is as if out of chaos had come order. And yet how proud (for that is the right word, I fear) in the possession of the Whole-Faith-Once-Delivered was I as an Anglican! Nor did I believe then that I lacked the—shall I say—sanity of Catholic devotion nor the totality of Catholic belief.

If Mr. Moore will bear with us in our conviction and reflect how the expression of his own convictions must appear to others than High Anglicans, I fancy that he will in justice perceive that Father Woods is bound to seem somewhat ungracious and unappreciative. It is in the nature of revealed religion that it can make no compromise with theories, whoever be the interpreters, and it is just this fact which renders impossible any real alliance between Anglicanism and Catholicism. For we know that however manifold be the graces given to those outside the fold of Peter from the inexhaustible treasure-house of Divine Mercy, there is but one defender of Catholic Faith, and the defender does not seek as an ally its detractor. Rome can not permit Canterbury to aid in keeping the Faith which Canterbury repudiates. Only one Anglican "Defender of the Faith" was necessary to prove the wisdom of this intolerance.

Princeton University. CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

Clubs for Catholic Young Men

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for July 17 Mr. James F. McDermott imparts the welcome news that Boston has entered the lists in behalf of the "boys." AMERICA optimistically heads the communications, which tells of Boston's proposed central club house for Catholic young men, with the words "The First of Many." My news will, I think, serve to strengthen this spirit of optimism. Detroit, like Boston, is soon to have a central club house for Catholic young men of the city. The Young Men's Order, an organization intended exclusively for Catholic young men, (the word young being made effective by an age limit), has been established in Detroit for years past, but lack of funds has hitherto necessitated the renting of inadequate quarters. But this will soon be remedied if present well-laid and promising plans materialize. If the present generous cooperation continues and increases, Detroit before long will have a suitable home for her Catholic young men, a home that will adequately satisfy their athletic and studious tastes and will be a power for good in this community. Detroit is entering to-day, please God, upon a surprising era of prosperity, which is already being heralded with wonder across the country. How opportune, then, is this new provision for her Catholic youth! The Catholics of Detroit will no doubt be practical in their generosity and gratitude, for no project of more vital concern and enduring benefit to the community as a whole could be undertaken. The building should be made worthy of Detroit and worthy of Detroit's Catholic young men.

Foremost among the cooperators are the Rt. Rev. John S. Foley, D.D., Bishop of Detroit, Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, LL.D., and Mr. A. J. Doughty. Subscriptions for the building are being made in the form of shares, at $10 per share, for it is the wish of the Young Men's Order that the great middle-class Catholic population of Detroit should be largely responsible for the building. These shares of stock, though they bring no financial returns, are surely of a most remunerative nature. It may be interesting to note here that the Young Men's Order is not merely provincial in its aspirations, but intends eventually to establish councils far and wide; but an active and earnest cooperation on the part of others must be forthcoming if its efforts are to culminate in success. The Young Men's Order is an important step in the furtherance of the cause of Catholic young men which AMERICA has championed. How long must we wait before a chain of Catholic young men's clubs, with suitable club-house facilities, stretches across the land? The initial links are being fashioned in the forge of Catholic endeavor, and, if I may be suffered to continue the ambitious figure, AMERICA is the encouraging bellows. How long will it be before the chain binds the nation's Catholic young men into a mighty power for God and country? Willing hands and generous hearts hold the answer.

Detroit. ADOLESCENS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I bring to your readers' attention the fact that the Knights of Columbus of New York City are about to undertake a project similar to that of the Knights of Boston, as announced by James F. McDermott, in AMERICA for July 17? I refer to the erection of a headquarters building. It is intended that the building in New York City shall be not only a headquarters for the Knights of Columbus, but also so constructed and equipped as to enable the Knights to take up a work they have had in mind for some time, viz., to establish educational classes, both technical and vocational, and to provide gymnasium facilities for Catholic youths, so that the advantages offered by non-Catholic organizations may be had equally as well under Catholic auspices.

Already some $70,000 have been raised by means of bazaars. But as such a building as is contemplated can not be erected and equipped under $500,000, it is intended to make an appeal to the general public next Fall to raise that amount. It is a large sum; but when it is remembered that a year or so ago $4,000,000 were raised in a few weeks for the building fund of the Y. M. C. A., surely the Knights of Columbus in New York City may confidently hope to raise $500,000 in a month or two for the erection of a building that will surpass any Y. M. C. A. building, and will provide facilities for the concentration and solidifying of Catholic activities in the city.

His Eminence Cardinal Farley, in a letter to the Chairman of the Building Fund Committee, has heartily commended the project; and with the approbation and good wishes of his Eminence, the Knights in New York City feel certain the $500,000 will be obtained next fall. Subscriptions will be requested from high and low, rich and poor, and an opportunity will thus be given to the Catholics of New York City to aid in the erection and equipment of a building that will leave no excuse for Leo Paul McCloskeys, if any such there be in New York, to lament the want of a building where Catholic youth can find "physical relaxation" . . . "sufficiently exciting for an athletic young fellow of twenty-five."

New York. JOSEPH FORRESTER.

Catholic Boy Scouts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for July 17, "R. W. O." suggests that a "Catholic movement similar to the Boy Scouts" be set on foot, on the ground that such an organization "would appeal powerfully to the sadly-neglected boys of the small city, and would be an instrument for much good." I think your correspondent is right in advocating Catholic Boy Scouts for the boys of small cities, yes, and for the children of the poor in larger cities, too; but there is an easier and more efficient way of working out his idea than the one proposed.

In this matter of Catholic Boy Scouts I can speak from some experience. When a Catholic settlement house in Chicago proposed to Mr. L. L. McDonald, Secretary of the Scouts in that city, the founding of a Catholic troop, he entered into the suggestion most heartily, and later showed himself personally and effectively interested in its welfare. The Scout management shows itself in every way most courteous to Catholic interests, and is even anxious to have Catholic troops everywhere organized under Catholic direction, thus freeing itself from all suspicion of proselyting. And if the organization seems at present in danger of being monopolized by Protestants, I fear that this may be due to a certain want of "push" among ourselves. It may not be known to all of your readers that there is a Catholic Bureau for the extension of the Boy Scouts among Catholics, bearing the approval of no less distinguished a churchman than His Eminence Cardinal Farley. One of the conditions for membership imposed by His Eminence is that each Scout be a member of the Holy Name Society or some similar parish organization. A further suggestion of the Scout management is that the local pastor be asked to appoint a chaplain for each troop.

These facts should suffice to show us that it is not necessary to organize any new "Catholic movement *similar to* the Boy Scouts." We can feel quite safe in using as an instrument for good the machinery of the present Boy Scout organization, which is not only efficient, but is freely offered us for work among our boys. By all means let us make Catholic influence felt in this movement, lest through any apathy of ours it become a tool of proselyting and a menace to the faith of our boys. The Scout idea is a good one in itself and needs only the supernatural influence of our holy Church to be in truth effective for much good. If I may be permitted to add a hint for pastors who may be interested, I should suggest that an energetic young man of the parish (he must be at least twenty-one years of age) be sent to confer with the local Scout Commission. The young man will probably return an enthusiastic candidate for the position of Scout Master.

Waupaca, Wis. C. M. B.

A Plea for the Study of Dante

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Among the "Communications" in AMERICA for June 12, I found an article entitled, "Is Dante Read?" which afforded both pleasure and encouragement. It is with the humble hope that what this "Communication" did for us, our little experience may do for some other timid Dante lover, that we venture to speak of our own study of the great poet. Five years ago we introduced Dante's "Inferno" into our third academic course merely as an experiment, using the commentaries of Dr. Hettinger and W. W. Vernon. Our instruction was prefaced and supplemented by lectures kindly volunteered by one of the Fathers of St. Benedict's College here in the city, who is himself an ardent admirer of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and was mainly instrumental in inducing us to undertake what we deemed a presumptuous enterprise. To our pleasure and surprise the class fell in love with the study; and not satisfied with reading the text and the commentaries, wrote an analysis of each canto, its characters and symbolism, into which they embodied some favorite quotations. This finished, the work seemed too precious to be left in the rough and it was decided to rewrite it neatly and bind it in good cloth-covered loose-leaf folios. Historic settings, consisting of persons, places and buildings referred to in the various cantos rendered the folios still more interesting and attractive. These pictures were nearly all procured from the Perry Picture Company at small cost. The following year the same class took up the "Purgatorio," on the same plan, with the exception that the pictures in this volume consisted of a collection of Madonnas from the best artists, thus furnishing some knowledge of the various artists and their works as far back as Dante's own time. At the "Paradiso" we again hesitated owing to the warning of our commentators, backed as they seemed to be by those of the Poet himself. The enthusiasm of the class, however, left us no choice but to attempt the journey "to the stars." This airy flight, though a little hazy at times proved equally interesting and at times even delightful. One point we find worthy of observation is that in the "Paradiso," the interest and pleasure of the class increase perceptibly as they rise to the higher spheres, and the imagination seems most satisfied and most at home in the very highest circles. Yet, on second thought this can hardly be considered strange. For what Catholic child is not familiar with the loved company of the saints found here: Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Bernard and the rest? It seems to have been the Poet's intention that all who follow him to this loftiest sphere should feel at home, for in the beautiful prayer with which this last canto of the "Paradiso" begins, everything tends to reassure the fearful soul through confidence in Mary.

Naturally, we give but a superficial study of this great classic. It would furnish material for research in history, philosophy, astronomy and other branches of study; but this was not our purpose. What it does is to emphasize the teachings of the catechism, and furnish the children with safe, impressive and enduring illustrations. This fact would seem a good argument for the study of Dante in our Catholic schools. What is more apt for pure and lofty flight than the unsullied mind and unselfish heart of innocent youth? May it not be that we underrate the power and capability of the youthful heart to love and grasp the very best? Is there, after all, anything higher in the "Divine Comedy" than what we strive every day to teach in our catechetical and religious instruction? For the first two years we confined our study to the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." At present it has an established place in each year's program. Three classes have already completed the entire journey, and although the copying and setting up of folios is not obligatory, we have but a single instance on record where a student failed to do it. And these folios form one of the most attractive exhibits of each scholastic year.

Atchison. SR. N., O.S.

Socratic Salvation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard recently contributed two papers to the *Nation,* in which he discussed, under the title "The Breakdown of Internationalism," the root causes of the war.

He finds the main cause to be the failure of "humanitarianism" as a theory of ethics. This theory received its birth, or rebirth, from the French Revolution, in which, he says,

> A new view of human nature was then wrought out and opposed to the traditional views, whether Christian or classical, a view that in spite of surface changes innumerable still exists. Its most salient feature is the attempt to minimize the struggle between good and evil in the breast of the individual and transfer this struggle to society. Putting as it does prime emphasis on humanity and its future progress, the whole doctrine is properly known as humanitarianism. All forms of humanitarianism presuppose a naturalistic philosophy, the virtual denial of a special law for man as opposed to the law for phenomenal nature. Restraints that the past had imposed on the individual in the name of such a law are to be dismissed as mere "prejudice" or "convention" as contrary to "nature." "Do you wish," says Diderot, "to know in brief the tale of almost all our woe? There once existed a natural man; there has been introduced within this man an artificial man, and there has arisen in the cave a civil war that lasts throughout life." . . . The peculiar mark of this modern movement was from the start its enormous expansiveness. A man may, it is argued, indulge

his bent and unfold his originality to the utmost if only at the same time he sympathizes sufficiently with others in their passion for self expression. . . . Sympathy, in other words, is to be put in the place of restraint, at the base of morals.

This "expansive" type of personality, Professor Babbitt points out,

Came to be known in the eighteenth century, in an almost technical sense as a "beautiful soul." Not having to reform himself, the beautiful soul can devote himself entirely to reforming society: and this he hopes to do, according to his temperament, rationalistic or emotional, either by improving its machinery or by diffusing the spirit of brotherhood.

In the muckraker, by the way, the Professor recognizes "only the beautiful soul gone down"—a most distinctly precious and happy thought!

Now, according to the main notion of the French Revolution, a passion for brotherhood, an all-embracing sympathy coupled with a sufficiently shrewd perception of the utilities would take the place of the restraining virtues and firmly establish the earth as a place where the beautiful soul might expansively express itself without incommoding other beautiful souls also expansively expressing themselves, and upon this firm foundation would be built the "internationalism" of universal peace and brotherly love.

The results are now before us.

Contemplating the wreck, Professor Babbitt calls "humanitarianism" the "great illusion." It is necessary to recover the restraining virtues. Men, he says, "can not come together in a common sympathy but only in a common discipline." He will have none of the modern "morality of expression" as contrasted with the "morality of repression," if one may borrow the jargon of our young and beautiful souls of today, who edit "journals of opinion," "periodicals of protest" and the like. Not at all. The cure of the world's evils he finds in "humanism," which is the opposite of "humanitarianism." "Humanism," he says, "always implies faith in a special law for human nature as opposed to the natural law." It would have men impose on their ordinary selves the yoke of this human law—and so become moderate and sensible and decent.

Quite so. And on what is this "human law" to found itself? Hear the Professor:

As to the best way of acquiring humanistic discipline under present circumstances we may still turn with profit to that permanent model of the critic and humanist, Socrates. Do not dream of an impossible return to the past, Socrates said in substance. Do not, on the other hand, become a votary of the god Whirl. Retain the disciplinary virtues, but put them on a positive and critical basis. Conduct thus founded is plainly higher than obedience to a mere set of traditional taboos."

"An' there y'are, Hennessey!" one can hear Mr. Dooley say. Back to Socrates! Thus shall the world find salvation.

It is true, as the Professor says, that "this putting of conduct on a positive and critical basis is not an altogether easy task." Greece failed to do it. But it must be either humanism or religion, and on religion the Professor has nothing to offer. It is true that in quoting the late J. A. Cramb's remark that the great achievement of the nineteenth century was the substitution of the spirit of Napoleon for the spirit of Christ, Professor Babbitt says: "In that case the problem would seem to be to repudiate the spirit of Napoleon and recover the spirit of Christ." But it appears that it is the spirit of Socrates that we really need! For Christianity, it seems, has suffered a "humanitarian perversion" (whatever the Professor means by that!) and the choice is between "humanitarianism" and "humanism."

What curious ideas *do* come to the surface in times like these! By the side of Professor Babbitt Miss Jane Addams seems positively practical and Mr. Hamilton Holt a very Bismarck of *welt-politik!*

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Capital Punishment in Germany

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA, May 29, Dr. Austin O'Malley contributes a well-written article on "Murder and Sentimentality." To an unbiased reader the perusal of this article will reveal the lax and indefensible application of law in dealing with first degree murderers in this country. Undoubtedly a more rigid prosecution of murderers would lower the amazing rate of murder in the United States, which was 4.65 per 100,000 of population, or 18,609 murders in the years 1901-1910. Dr. O'Malley, however, is in error when he states that Prussia and most other states of the German Empire have no capital punishment. Such a statement must appear strange indeed to any one who is acquainted with the conditions of law in the German Empire. The fact is, Prussia, Saxony, and other states have capital punishment and employ a special official to carry out the execution by beheading. Following the stirring year of 1848, Prussia abolished capital punishment only to reintroduce it between 1850-1860. To my knowledge no voice has been raised either in the press or Parliament advocating the abolition of capital punishment. Capital punishment in the cases defined by law is invariably applied by the German courts, which are independent of political influence and free from the emotionalism of the jury so often met with in this country. Germany justly boasts of a low rate of murder, 0.70 per 100,000 population, or 4,257 homicides in the years 1901-1910. This is unquestionably due to the fact that it is almost impossible for murderers to escape from the hands of the efficient German police and the unrelenting prosecution of such criminals by the State. Capital punishment is and will remain the most effective deterrent of homicide, and the proposal of would-be reformers to abolish capital punishment, should be vigorously opposed and rejected as an abnormal outgrowth of the steadily increasing American sentimentalism.

Techny, Ill. JOS. F. ECKERT, S.V.D.

Erroneous Impressions of Hilaire Belloc

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention was called, by one or two friends, to a note in your "Books and Authors" column of May 1, in which you quote some remarks of the Boston *Evening Transcript's* London correspondent concerning Hilaire Belloc, and which escaped my attention at the time of its appearance. This gentleman, the correspondent, though an ambitious and able reporter of many literary matters, is not apt to be over accurate. I have often detected him in many misstatements. In this particular one which you quote, he conveys a false impression of Mr. Belloc's reputation in England before the war. He gives the impression that Belloc was more or less unknown in England before the war brought him very prominently before the English public, so little known, indeed, that he lived in almost abject poverty! Quite the conrary is the case. I know of few fine literary talents that, under similar circumstances, have met with more appreciation in literary circles than Belloc's. The best critics of England have paid homage to his great gifts. His name, naturally, has always been a clarion call in Catholic circles, as witness his great popularity at the various Catholic congresses, etc.

The fact that much of his work lay along Catholic lines militated much against his general popularity, as is natural in a country where the anti-Catholic feeling is as powerful as it is in England. Then, too, the two boycotts against him, that of the all-powerful Harmsworth press and that of the politicians, against whom Belloc waged so fine a campaign both in and out of Parliament, counted heavily against him.

Yet, in spite of these three really enormous obstacles, he had attained a position in England before August, 1914, that in a certain sense was quite unique among English writers.

"A comparatively poor man"! says the *Transcript's* correspondent. This is to so great an extent a personal question, that it is really an impertinence for anyone except Mr. Belloc himself to volunteer any information as to his earnings. Still the insinuation requires correction. Considering that Belloc has gallantly given so much of his labor to the propagation and defense of the religious and political creeds he professes, and that for nothing, he is, for a writer on serious matters and for one who has never sold his talents for gold, as many of his contemporaries have done, distinctly well off; not as wealth goes among English politicians of the Front Benches and the Jews who pay them, but for a writer on scholarly matters in a country where intellectual ability carries little prestige, as I have said. He has his delightful house in Sussex, with its refectory, its great hall, its chapel with his "Massing" priest, and his bit of ground. Indeed, as he once said to me: "If I had a forest, I would be quite a fine Catholic squire!" All who really know the man admire and love him; admire his ability, the amazing energy of the man, his wide learning, his clear-cut thought and style, coupled with much charm and brilliant conversation; and love him for his devotion to his ideals, his splendid militancy, his joviality and great generosity.

Bay Shore, L. I. LOUIS H. WETMORE.

"As to Shakespere's Heroines"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is one thing to condemn Shakespere's women; quite another to say that they are not generally as admirable or attractive as they might be. In his recent letter "E. R." seems to forget that one may fully appreciate the essential goodness of heroines like Juliet, Cordelia and Desdemona, and nevertheless call in question the sweetness, gentleness, loveableness and delicacy attributed by the original article to the majority of Shakespere's women. For it was stated there that "nearly every play contains a heroine so good as to remain a symbol of all that is best in human nature, so charming as to be for all time a type of what is most attractive in womanhood."

Now plainness, or coarseness, of speech and too great freedom of manner, which "E. R." grudgingly recognizes in Shakespere's women, are decidedly indelicate and unattractive. Is it, then, "taking puritanical offence" to deny the ideal womanhood of Beatrice because of her shrewishness and the nature of her remarks in Act III, Scene 1? Does Helena "appeal to medieval chivalry" by pursuing Bertram with her unwelcome love? Does Olivia "touch our hearts where each one's love is deepest and most sacred," by her infatuation for Viola disguised as a young man? Can Isabella be ranked as one of Shakespere's "gentle, tender heroines" in the face of her coarse, cruel denunciation of her brother's perhaps natural weakness before the gallows? Is she precisely exalting or exalted in her rejection of her virgin's veil for the robes of the Duchess? Do not Imogen, Julia, Rosalind, Viola, Portia, in donning male attire and passing for men, lose their "gentle, tender charm," "girlish grace" and sweet loveliness?

As "E. R." insists, in all these characters the entire conception of the dramatist remains good, even admirable. But the womanly attractiveness is lost. The preservation of essential virtue demands the sacrifice of the handmaids' niceness, modesty, reserve. The blame may be due to accident, circumstance or plot; but the fact remains that these women appear before us in a guise whose very success depends upon the absence of that feminine grace, sweetness and delicacy, which I at least would like to attribute to ideal womanhood.

Since "E. R." implies that St. Bernadine scarcely found the living Italian ladies all that he could wish, it is probable that their faithful portrayal by Shakespere in a "later, looser age" would hardly meet the Saint's approval as symbolic of all that is best in womanhood. So Canon Sheehan may have been wrong in his conception of Italian ladies; but he was right in thinking the vast majority of Shakespere's women far from types of highest and noblest womanhood. Shakespere wrote to interest and amuse, not to present exalted soul-stirring ideals. He shows us men and women as they are, rarely indeed as we should like them to be. I think, then, that the original article "As to Shakespere's Heroines" was a trifle utopian, and that a detailed examination of all the plays will signally fail to bear out the assertion that "nearly every play contains a heroine so good as to remain a symbol of all that is best in human nature, so charming as to be for all time a type of what is most attractive in womanhood."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. B. A. L.

English in Catholic Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA, in an editorial, "Making Italian Methodists," a Methodist charge is quoted, to wit: "They (the priests) are bending all their efforts to keep them (Italians) in ignorance and to segregate them from all influences which would make them independent citizens. Here is the meaning of the parochial schools, and here is our greatest danger." Now, while decrying the fallacy of such charges, I should like, apropos of this, to state one charge which has embarrassed me as a Catholic several times. A college teacher of Greek, one day, speaking of the immense foreign element in this country, complained that, in point of practical efficiency, the Italian and Polish Catholic schools were not doing justice to the children, because such schools allowed them to reach the higher grades without a knowledge of the English language, an essential to progress in the commercial world. It is true that a child entering a public school from such a school must necessarily be "put down" until he acquires English. In the public schools, all nationalities begin the study of English in the "primer." Let the national language of the mother country be preserved to these people by all means; but our Catholic schools should pay special attention to this, as it seems, very plausible complaint of non-Catholics.

Chicago. S. A. SMYTH.

Federation's Deficiencies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the current issue of AMERICA you justly characterize Catholic inaction in New York as a scandal, and you praise the American Federation of Catholic Societies, whose annual convention is to be held at Toledo in August. In past years I have attended the Federation's conventions, and to my regret have found it rather a name than a living organism. Federation may have headquarters, but it is never in touch with what are termed State, County or Diocesan Federations. At the annual conventions rosy and theatrical reports are read, but the initiated know that they do not represent anything achieved. In Manhattan, in New York State, Federation is a name assumed and borne by a little group of individuals, of a political past, present, or future. In Brooklyn it is something of a fact, but it is not supported by authorities. Elsewhere in New York State it is unknown. In Boston, under the leadership of the zealous and truly able Cardinal O'Connell, it is a living reality. The lessons of conditions in Mexico, Portugal and France seem to be ineffectual.

Flushing, L. I. FRANCIS A. MARCH.

AMERICA

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A Youth and Law

YOUTH is the period of dreams; manhood the time of disillusionment. Years ago the dreams were harmless enough; they came and went and left gentle sorrow, but not evil, in their wake. But that time has gone; the dreams have changed their nature and in many a case they do not pass with the passing of youth; they abide and make life a wild thing, even as they are wild and untrained. A young man of two-and-twenty, a graduate of one of our universities, has dreamed his dream and as it unrolled itself in his soul he wrote it down and dropped it in our mail-bag. Part of the phantasy runs thuswise:

> To my mind liberty is man's most precious heritage, to be defended at all cost. There are entirely too many laws; man should be free to live his life as he pleases, without let or hindrance. That's my judgment, and I intend to follow it.

There is an air of finality about this which precludes argument. The youth is sure with the sureness of a boy; as a consequence logic is helpless, unless perchance it comes from the arm of the despised law administering justice as soon as "living life without let or hindrance" becomes a menace to the rights of others. Yet there is much to be said about the youth's state of mind, so common in these days of debased philosophy, pragmatism, for instance, and a thousand other "isms" that scorn the existence of faculties and deride formal discipline, thus emancipating the soul—" a little rill from the great stream of life!"—not only from law, but from all notion of law. The young man is not to blame for his vagaries; he wrote in the spirit of the stupid *Contrat Social,* because he was trained in that spirit, "a spirit of Whiggery," which keeps the heel in the air and cultivates opposition for its own sake. *Ego contra* is its motto, especially when truth is in question. Quite naturally such upbringing, academic freedoms the "long-haired" call it, engenders a spirit of interior lawlessness which mistakes license for liberty and in Ruskin's words calls that freedom, "by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy and the malignant violence."

The lawless man denies his birthright. After all law is but a dictate of reason, in the one instance, of the Divine, in the other, of the human reason. Denial of law is denial of reason; more than that, it is the denial of rights and duties. Thus the lawless creature, is none other than the irrational animal, the beast driven by passion, a slave to sensuality. Boethius was right: "to be obedient to justice is the very height of liberty."

It is to be hoped that our youthful correspondent will soon emancipate himself from his university training and live to realize that life without law is impossible and undesirable. The next time he reads "Felix Holt" he should dwell on these words of the preacher:

> I apprehend that there is a law in music, disobedience whereunto would bring us in our singing to the level of shrieking maniacs or howling beasts: so that herein we are well instructed how true liberty can be nought but the transfer of obedience from the will of one man or of a few men to that which is the norm or rule of all men.

There are life and salvation in those words, young man, take them to heart: forget your university philosophy; it is damnable stuff.

Hazarding a Heritage

A SWEET, low voice, an excellent thing in a woman, is wafted in from the Far West. "Don't find so much fault," it pleads, "with the suffragettes." "Suffragettes" has become an unwieldly by-word; it loses definiteness with repetition. There are suffragettes who assault bobbies, slash paintings, lead gallant assaults upon unoffending pillar-boxes, and seriously adopt the hooligan's claim that the individual citizen has the right to declare war upon society and the State. With these persons, victims of minds, and possibly, of souls diseased, one does not "find fault." It is not necessary: to normal folk they pronounce their own reprobation. One thing is certain: our western appellant is not this sort of suffragette. For she is not wordy; she is courteous; she has a sense of humor; and one can not visualize her atop of a soap-box on a street-corner, shrieking to amuse an unwashed rabble.

But with the second sort of suffragette, with her who honestly thinks that the world's redemption is to be wrought by votes for women, one may be angry and sin not. She does not stand hopelessly condemned; her wits are merely a bit muddled; an honest rating now and then may help to straighten them. Nothing in the world was ever reformed by votes, or ever will be. The Kingdom of God is within you; so is reform. Precisely because it promotes personal reform, womanliness, as the Church

understands it, is a heritage that the world can not afford to put in hazard. The right of suffrage will add absolutely nothing either to woman's real power, or to the sum of the world's goodness; it may lessen each.

Lifting the Standard

AT present a new movement is felt in the moving picture world. For some time past the lower type of theater has found it profitable to cater to the popular demand for motion plays; recently even the better class has been struggling with a sense of increasing helplessness against a growing competition. But hitherto the exclusive stage that cultivates acting as a fine art, has seemed secure. So much of the motion representation was crude, that it made little if any appeal to refined tastes. That feeling of security is now shaken. The writing of scenarios has vastly improved, difficulties of light and movement have been largely overcome, the old crudity is disappearing, and the obvious advantages of the photo play over the old drama are clamoring for recognition. Nature's background of inimitable beauty is thrusting aside, as but poor illusions even at their best, the painted trees and rivers and palaces of the shifting scenes; the unities of time and place are seen to be cramping limitations; and where formerly a hundred filled the wings and center of the old-time boards, ten thousand now move across the lake or valley of the newer art.

It needs no clairvoyance to discern what must be the consequence, a consequence that is already taking shape. The very best of our actors and actresses are turning their eyes from the crowded audiences before whom they once loved to play, and are now enacting their art before the seclusion of the camera. Almost every day new names of national importance are transferred from the theater to the ranks of the moving pictures. Very large sums for short periods to be devoted to the production of films, have been offered to those who have hitherto been connected exclusively with the drama; and contracts that run up into fabulous hundreds of thousands are publicly quoted as the price demanded and given to "stars" for engagements of several years duration

Many will welcome this new development, even while they recognize that it is not an unmixed good, for it is a movement upward and not downward. It must make for the uplift of the photo plays, a thing that has been sadly needed. If as a nation we must be moving picture mad, and the millions that daily crowd to such exhibitions would seem to be proof positive of such madness, we should rejoice that some amelioration of the situation is now distinctly within sight. Unfortunately photo plays up to the present, even when they have not been immoral or suggestive, have shown two marked tendencies. They have tended to run into vulgar buffoonery, or into exaggerated and enervating sentimentality. Loud laughs or cheap tears have been the applause for which they were planned and played. With the influx of real art into the motion picture, the elevation of the standard would seem to be inevitable. It is to be hoped that the new performances will crowd out the old, and that they will not be made so high priced as to exclude the poor from their enjoyment; that so in the future the moving picture may become less of a demoralizing factor in our national life.

Vacation Time

THIS woman had evidently just returned from her vacation. She was sitting disconsolate among her baggage, and a passer-by overheard her complaining to her friend: "There now. It's all over, and what was the use of it. I'm just the same now as if I had had no vacation."

It was ridiculous and lamentable both. She probably spoke the truth. Probably she had gotten no good out of her vacation. Vacation comes after work. People who do not work do not know what vacation is; vacation for them is not a pleasant thing, a welcome change, but the same old monotony.

How many people there are like this woman it would be hard to say. Cook perhaps knows. But, no doubt, there are many who go groping for a vacation, without knowing clearly just what they are looking for. "It's too hot in the city," they say; "the people are all gone away." But others are flocking in; look at the crowded touring cars, "Seeing New York." "But I want change of scene," comes the retort. How long is it, my tourist, since the last change?

No; the heat, or the fashion, or craving for something new, these are not the solid reasons for a vacation. "What is?" Ask the one who knows, the busy man or woman, and he will tell you. "I am tired and rest and a change will do me good." There is the reason. Not from the devil's workshop of an idle mind comes the answer, but from charity's first home in a man's own soul.

The dog-days! The doldrums! Say a word of praise for this blest mid-summer time. Week-enders, and summer boarders we salute you. Bright summer sun, sweet breath of summer, health-laden breezes from the sea's shore! It is the good god Pan, it is the dear mother Nature, piping to us, starting the lively blood, plumping the hollow cheek, or tanning its paleness, infusing new life into toil-worn frames. Some men find it hard to work and some men find it hard to rest; but rest and work is the happy change of life. Take each of these gifts of nature as she brings them to you, take them with both hands, and enjoy them fully. Vain is it to repine because your brain is fagged, still more vain to grieve because vacation-time will not last forever. We do not work to rest, but we rest to work. Vacation is a great, good gift, both for the blessing it brings of gracious rest, and no less for that which it leaves, the added glee of labor.

Sowers of Discord

"AUSTRIANS Here Threaten Harm to Arms Makers" is the conspicuous heading given by a New York daily paper to a despatch reprinted from the London *Morning Post*. The subheading reads: "With Germans and Hungarians Ready to Menace Manufacturers." This is as far as many may go in their reading, and an impression, false as it is dangerous, is likely to have been created. Another fagot has been added to augment the conflagration of national rancor and dissension which in certain quarters has been sedulously fostered since the beginning of the war. The despatch itself, with its hideous imputations against vast numbers of our fellow-citizens, can not for a moment be taken seriously. Yet it is reprinted seriously. Men who have proved their patriotism even to heroism in every crisis of their country are insolently held up to contempt and suspicion.

We have quoted but one instance. Countless others of similar disregard for the feeling and the fair name of our own fellow-citizens might be cited. Millions on millions of highly respected and respectable Americans are flippantly insulted by careless journalists anxious to serve the interests of their respective papers. All sense of truth and patriotism, not to speak of charity, is laid aside and hatred is promoted among brothers in a neutral land. The campaign of these fomenters of national hatred can be compared only with the efforts of those engaged in disseminating religious bigotry among the the various classes of our citizens. Both attempts are treasonable and detestable. There is usually not even the excuse of fanaticism, since there is often question of purely venal considerations alone. To cast reflections upon any class of American citizens, or upon the land of their fathers, because of actions of individuals, is utterly reprehensible. The sowing of national discord among men equally devoted to the same flag, to the interests it represents and the memories it evokes, has lost in many minds all its odiousness. It is time that we cease accusing of disloyalty, or offending with brutally careless language those who may naturally differ from us in sentiment or opinion.

Bagot and "Blackwoods"

THERE is a man somewhere in Europe far from the firing line named Bagot. He is a Briton and a Catholic, too, at least so he says. He is interested in the war, but not to the extent of fighting; sutler-like he seeks a place of safety and sells his tawdry wares for a consideration; the price no one knows; the copy would be dear at a penny a yard. He deals in cheap gossip, the kind that black cooks and yellow scullions love, poor creatures of starved souls, who live below stairs, scent a scandal in every breath of air and rejoice in it as a whirling buzzard over carrion.

Bagot's tongue is on a pivot; it swings here and there and everywhere, like every gossip's tongue. Of late he has been lashing the Vatican, and *Blackwood's* is acting as a carrier of his drivel.

It happens this way. A valiant man, a Briton, too, discovered that the Pope is the cause of the war. Briton-like he wrote a whole book to tell his secret. The book shall be unnamed. Why not? The Briton himself is so much ashamed of it that he denies it his name and signs it, "Vigilant."

Just here *Blackwood's* comes in. Between the pages of the July issue is inserted a calumnious pamphlet which reads in part as follows:

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR:
ROME.

STATEMENT OF CARDINAL MANNING, 1874:

"There is one solution of the difficulty if England will not bow to the Pope—and that is the terrible scourge of a Continental War, a war that will exceed in horrors any of the wars of the first empire."

TESTIMONY BY A CATHOLIC:

"The Clerical Press throughout Italy will be found bitterly hostile to Great Britain and as enthusiastically Pro-German. No accusations against Great Britain as having brought about the war, no charges of political dishonesty, hypocrisy and bad faith are too violent or too ridiculous to be uttered and insisted on by even the highest dignitaries of the Vatican—and by the Press which reflects their ideas and policy. I have as yet seen no Anti-British outbursts in German newspapers which have not been fully equalled and sometimes surpassed by that Press. The carnest and even feverish desire for the victory of Germany over England is far more marked than for her triumph over France and Russia."—*Article by Richard Bagot, The Fortnightly, May,* 1915.

"Italy has long known that the Vatican has been egging on the German Emperor to invade England, and has for years warned us of our peril."—*The Papal Conquest, by Dr. A. Robertson, pp.* 327-8.

. . . . . .

THE BOOK SHOWS THAT:

The subjugation and overthrow of Britain is Rome's chief ambition.

Germany is Rome's ally and agent for effecting the overthrow of Britain.

Rome's secret agents in Great Britain have for years been doing, and are still doing all in their power to assist Germany, and ensure the success of a German invasion.

. . . . . .

Stanley Paul & Co., 31 Essex Street, Strand, W. C.

Blackwood's may not be guilty of malice; the incident as far it touches the magazine is referred to its editor and the post-office inspector. But Bagot, the gossip, that is another story.

Note the manner of man he is. Four years since he wrote a book called "My Italian Year": in it occurs the following passage:

When we are on the subject of atrocities, however, I think none can equal in grimness an episode which occurred, not in Lombardy indeed, but in the neighboring Venetian State, and this as late as 1705. In those days passion plays existed,

and one of these representations was usually given in connection with the celebration of the feast of *Corpus Domini*. It is recorded that on this occasion the procession of the Host was followed by a so-called "car of Purgatory," in which, for the edification of the faithful, twenty living infants were thrown into the flames and burned to death. To any person who knows how deep, and even exaggerated, is the love of Italians for children, and how this passionate affection is too often the ruin of the children themselves, such a horror as this would appear to be impossible. The fact, however, has been substantiated, and can only be regarded as another proof of how religion degenerated into superstition may be responsible for the most barbarous crimes against humanity.

Proof of these atrocious statements was forthwith demanded of Mr. Bagot; nothing satisfactory was forthcoming, so the London *Month* took up the controversy, and through a friend discovered in Brentari, the panegyrist of Garibaldi, the real story, as follows:

> On the 11th of June, 1705, *Corpus Christi* Day, in the course of the procession, a huge car (*carretone*) belonging to the Confraternity (*Scuola*) of the Holy Ghost and representing the Four Last Things (*i quattro Novissimi, i. e.*, Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven), caught fire, and in consequence sixteen children lost their lives, and some others were injured. A ducal edict was issued to forbid the use of such cars (*carretoni*) in future. . . .

There it is, every bit of it, Bagot the gossip and Bagot's gossip. True, two years after the publication of "My Italian Year," the author under fire, made a retractation. This, however, but accentuates our contention; Bagot is an irresponsible gossip. What more need be said? *Blackwood's* is welcome to the pamphlet, and England may well exclaim *non tali auxilio*.

LITERATURE

A Curiosity of English Literature

CARDINAL NEWMAN in one of his lectures remarks that Protestantism is the tradition of English literature. The observation is applied to post-Reformation times, and in this sense stands on undebatable truth. However, a footnote might be appended to what the Cardinal asserts in contrast, if not in contradiction, and as it contains a measure of satisfaction for Catholic men and women, may be worth commending to the notice of readers of AMERICA.

We all know, if we have meddled at all with the chronicle of English poetry, that in the long interval between the revival of letters in the sixteenth century and the time when the history of the past begins to merge into the fluid present, some six or seven periods have dawned and died in the progress of our literary development. At least so the critics have distinguished them. In our finite restlessness for generalization we have classified our writers into the Elizabethan group, the Jacobeans, the Caroline poets, the poets of the Restoration, and the classicists, or pseudo-classicists, according to our literary progressions. This brings us to Wordsworth and the Romanticists, where we may for present purposes suspend our consideration. During all these rolling years England has been sturdily Protestant; the greater part of the time intolerantly Protestant, and some of the time excruciatingly Protestant. No wonder, then, that Protestantism is the tradition of this portion of our literature.

But now observe the curious paradox which we must approach indirectly and by degrees. In the first place, then, the undisputed king of Elizabethan literature was William Shakespere. And William Shakespere was a Catholic. I think that we may set down this latter statement categorically in spite of the opposite contention. Many a solid fact has been disputed before this. Readers of AMERICA have seen, in a preceding article in this column, some portion of the evidence in its behalf; and if those who still doubt will investigate the matter for themselves, it may come as a surprise to find how little evidence can be accumulated against it.

Again, the most important poet of the Caroline period was Crashaw. And Crashaw was a Catholic. Of his Catholicism no one doubts. Of his rank as a poet no one *should* doubt who, putting religious prejudice aside, balances this man's profound seriousness and the fervor of his inspiration against the levity or the tameness of his contemporaries. For, of course, one does not consider Milton as any man's contemporary. He belongs to no school of poets. He resembles no one before or after him. He sits enthroned apart from all his peers, disdaining, whether from inherent greatness, as his admirers think, or simply from a large amount of self-esteem, to share a seat in any conclave.

Once more. Among the Restoration poets, almost majestic in his preeminence, "like the moon among the lesser fires," shines Dryden. And Dryden was a Catholic, a Catholic when he wrote the "Hind and Panther," a Catholic when he executed his translation of Virgil, a Catholic when he sang the greatest ode of his day, in honor of St. Cecilia, a Catholic when for twenty years he presided over the literary criticism of England in the coterie of Will's Coffee-House. And lest anyone should be tempted to counter with Macaulay's sobriquet of "illustrious renegade," and question the sincerity of Dryden's conversion to Catholicism, we must recall that if he embraced the Catholic Faith under the Catholic James II, he clung to it loyally when the breeze of court favor blew from a different quarter, and that he sacrificed his laureatship and many things besides rather than sacrifice his religious convictions.

Finally, the arch-priest of the classic age was Pope. And Pope was a Catholic. Neither has ever been questioned. And so we are brought face to face with this strange phenomenon, in a literature whose tradition is Protestant, in a country whose atmosphere is stiflingly Protestant, the leading poets in all epochs of her literary history have, by some unaccountable destiny, borne the stigma of Catholicism.

One period, indeed, seems to have escaped the infection, that of the Jacobeans, among whom Ben Jonson ruled the hour. But not entirely. After the preceding enumeration it may strike us as most curious of all that even Ben Jonson was not an absolute exception. For be it remembered that Ben Jonson, too, was a Catholic, temporarily at least and perhaps more fundamentally than his brief acquaintance with our Faith would lead us to suppose. When this burly fighter had fought his first fight, and, cooling his heels in an English prison, found leisure and incentive to take more thought of his soul than of his body, he did actually foreswear his allegiance to the home-made religion of Elizabeth and attach himself to the Faith of his forbears. He shook off his Catholicism, indeed, when he shook off the shackles; but he had at least entered within the pale of the Church. It is as if a certain law of Catholic leadership was struggling, even in his case, to operate, though against difficulties.

Catholic leaders of Protestant poetry: here is a curiosity that needs explanation. Perhaps we may attribute it to heredity, to a sort of reversion to primitive type, to some power of inborn, ingrained impulse superior to environment. For English literature was certainly born in Catholicism.

Catholics may glory safely in that. It was reared to adolescence in Catholicism, and it received from Catholicism the stimulus that carried it down the centuries.

Let us open our text-book of English. The first attempt to use our language not merely as a vehicle of speech but as coherent written prose came from one who, besides being the most attractive and gentle figure in our annals, is also a Saint and Doctor of the Church. English prose begins with the Venerable Bede's translation into English of the Gospel of St. John: an interesting commentary, by the way, on the standard charge that the Catholic Church forbade the Scriptures to her children. And if our prose was born under the shadows of the monastery, so also was our poetry. One generation earlier than Bede lived Caedmon, the first of English poets, the singer of the story of Genesis; Caedmon, the swineherd of Whitby, the monk as he afterwards became, and if not a saint by due process of canonization, yet very like a saint in the holy tenor of his life.

After the Conquest our language struggled up out of chaos into a new and different existence. But its story, from our present point of view, is so much the same that one fears to grow wearisome in telling it. Poetry and prose go hand in hand. "Orm's Ormulum" is the best known of these quaint old poems, and what is it but a metrical paraphrase of the Gospels with a sermon attached to each portion? The "Ancren Riwle," a charming bit of prose, so rhythmical as to be a miracle among the crudities of the thirteenth century, is nothing more or less than a rule of life for certain pious Catholic women. Caxton, who brought printing into England, was, if we may judge from the character of the books he selected for his press, not merely a Catholic, but a devout one. And the Arthurian legend, which runs like a golden thread through all our poetry from the thirteenth century to the twentieth, first came to light at the hands of a Catholic priest, named Geoffrey.

But we need not urge the point. For prior to the Reformation English literature was necessarily Catholic, as there was nothing else for it to be. "Wyclif was our first Protestant" cry the non-Catholic historians with some show of joy and pride, and certainly we have no desire to rob them of their darling. But if Wyclif was the first Protestant, it was a far cry to the second, and meanwhile the tide of Catholic literature runs on merrily to the sixteenth century. After that, indeed, the deluge! But perhaps it need not be so very surprising that there were some chosen survivors in the ark of the Church, that the old spirit has still breathed forth from time to time though in an uncongenial atmosphere, and that not a few of the greatest imaginations down to our own day have felt the spell of that Church which first planted the seed and then fostered the growth of all that our literature put forth.

F. M. CONNELL, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Personality of Christ. By Dom ANSCAR VONIER, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

According to the author, the present volume is a "very unconventional rendering of the most important points of the third part of the 'Summa.'" It is "neither exegetical, nor apologetical, nor devotional, but strictly theological." Such is the scope and character of the work. Its purpose is to provide a means for filling up the gap in Christian Christology, which, while fairly abundant in its treatment of other aspects of Christ's life, is meager, at least in the vernacular, in the study of its theology. The book is a distinct contribution to the literature of the Incarnation, and although it is safe to say that no one will find it easy reading, it will undoubtedly be read with profit and pleasure by all who have enough philosophical training to appreciate its subtlety. The author has not quailed before the extremely metaphysical questions of the notoriously difficult treatise of the Word made Flesh; and if he has not always succeeded in making his thought perfectly clear, the reason is not because he is unskilful, but rather because the matter itself bristles with mysteries. Not all will agree with his attitude on points on which the schools have long since made up their minds to differ, but much praise is due him for his careful avoidance of controversy, and his conscientious effort to expound Saint Thomas. A clear division of the subject matter, a lucid and painstaking style, and a number of original illustrations make the treatise a book to study and ponder over. The ordinary lay reader will perhaps find it too difficult; but priests and theological students who have been over the ground before, religious and laymen who have been trained to close and sustained thought, will find in it a mine of information and an undoubted help to a better understanding of the bewildering perfection of the Fairest of the Sons of men.

J. H. F.

Spencer Fullerton Baird: A Biography. By WM. H. DALL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

A book of compelling interest, though too large in bulk and too detailed in structure to suit a purely popular taste, it will be a most welcome and most valuable addition to the shelves of all true lovers of biography! It begins with the "Executor's Foreword," by Herbert A. Gill, and a Preface by William H. Dall, and contains twelve chapters, a minute alphabetical Index, copious notes and references, and is embellished by nineteen illustrations, mostly photographic.

The material from which the life of Baird is told was furnished by his daughter, Miss Lucy Hunter Baird, letters, personal and official, forming the most abundant source. Scores of these letters have been tastefully interwoven with the text. The biography itself tells the story of patient, persistent, progressive industry, grounded upon the most solid of foundations, namely a strong natural gift for the systematic study of Natural Science. Although Baird was a specialist, almost from infancy, still he never allowed his strong instinctive bent to interfere with the acquisition of a liberal education, such as was given at that time by a carefully arranged curriculum at Dickinson College. Schooled, too, from earliest childhood to habits of the strictest economy of both time and money, he learned by experience how to accomplish large purposes with very limited means. This knowledge stood him in good stead when, later in life, as Curator and as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, his relations with Government officials and politicians, whose minds were scarcely in sympathy with Baird's scientific policies, often made the practice of rigid economy a necessity.

In arranging and compiling the materials the editor has not failed to include the really human and humorous side of Baird's life. Among the humorous may be noted a letter from his grandmother, who encloses a requested four dollars, with the comment, "Had you wanted an ice-cream, or any article of dandyism, I think likely I should not have complied, but when the gratification is to feed the mind, I am not the one to refuse." His habit, too, of carrying a book with him, even when spending the evening with his fiancée, and actually studying it, not infrequently nodding over his study, provokes a smile from the reader. His own and his wife's parental interest in the young students at the Smithsonian, and friendly concern for their social and educational progress, is a trait of character highly estimable in both.

A chapter of "Selected Appreciations" closes the biography,

and we are told that it would require volumes to recapitulate all, or even the most notable, eulogies written on his life.

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Messrs. Henry Holt & Company will inaugurate on July 31 their "Writers of the Day" series. A novelty of this series will be that in it "authors will write about authors," the publishers hoping thereby to save much of the protest against unsympathetic literary criticism, of which novelists commonly complain.

July's "Best Seller," as announced by the *Bookman,* was "A Far Country," by Winston Churchill. This book deals largely with modern problems of education, politics, eugenics, etc., and was criticized thus adversely in AMERICA, July 3: "It is the land of religionless uplifters who can not or will not lift their feet out of marsh nor their heads out of fog." The other books on the list were "Jaffery," "The Turmoil," "Pollyanna Grows Up," "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "The Harbour." All of these have, on the whole, already been approved in AMERICA.

The August *Catholic World* has two specially attractive features, a story by John Ayscough, entitled "The Sacristans," told in his usual rapid yet strangely contemplative style, and a bright, sprightly poem, "Sister Gregoria, To a Bird at Sunset," by Thomas Walsh. The other poem in this number, "On the Feast of the Assumption," is also worthy of praise. There is a short story, too, by Anna T. Sadlier, entitled "The Captain's Ring," and the serial, "White Eagle," is continued. Church History is represented by two careful articles, "Alfred the Great, Patron of Learning," by Brother Leo, and "The Achievements of Pius X," by William P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D., the latter a review of the "Jus Pianum" by A. M. Micheletti. There are two other extended book reviews, "The Enlarging Conception of God," by Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D., which combats the humanizing tendency of Herbert Youtz's theology, and a highly appreciative sketch of "Roswitha the Nun (a Tenth-Century Dramatist)" by N. F. Degidon. "The Original Child," by Katherine Kennedy, pleads for the exercise of control in the development of a child's "individuality," and "The Story of the Táin Bo Cooley," by Emily Hickey, is an epitome of "The Táin, an Irish Epic Told in English Verse," by Mary A. Hutton.

The four scholarly addresses in "The Conduct of Life" (Dutton, $1.00) give evidence of the deep experience with men and affairs that has fallen to the lot of the author, Viscount Haldane. To those privileged ones who heard him deliver these addresses, in Edinburgh, London, Bristol, Montreal, the published words will return as pleasant echoes, and new gatherings of thoughtful people will doubtless give the book a merited welcome. That "a lessened readiness to accept authority of any kind" is responsible for much spiritual unrest of the times, is the author's contention, and facts bear him out. His remarks on history as an art and as a science are thought-provoking, as is also his evaluation of a university training. The plea for a "higher nationality" is stirring and pertinent in our days, but the "General Will," so urgently appealed to, must needs be much more "individual," if the author would not be more Kantian than Kant.

Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves in "The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns" (McBride, Nast Co., New York, $1.50) has put into a very interesting book a consecutive narrative of different events in which the present generation of the Hohenzollerns has figured. He relates what purports to be his own experiences and those of the other secret service agents working with him in the employ of the German Government. Critics are at a loss to decide whether all contained in these pages is literal truth or not. The author in his foreword maintains that he is not writing fiction. The truth, if truth it be, that Dr. Graves narrates is surely stranger than fiction, and the reader's interest never lags from the first page to the last.

In "Essentials of English Speech and Literature" (Funk and Wagnalls, $1.50) F. H. Vizetelly, the managing editor of the "New Standard Dictionary," gives the story of the English language from the dawn of civilization in Britain to practically our own time, so the reader may have before him a conspectus of the different stages of assimilation through which his native tongue has passed. The book is planned to help the student to determine with ease the different periods in the development of the English language, and he is provided with a guide to the important writers of each period. The book contains much that teachers of English will find useful.

The ninth edition of Wapelhorst's "Compendium Sacræ Liturgiæ" (Benziger, $2.50) has just been published. Its value, with which every priest and ecclesiastical student is familiar, has been enhanced by the care which has been taken to bring it up to date. The instructions on the divine office have been amplified, an appendix on the vestments has been substituted for the old appendix, *De Jure Ecclesiastico,* which has been incorporated into the text, and there are several minor improvements, but the book is in other respects unchanged.——The Rev. Francis Gigot, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture in St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y., has printed in pamphlet form (Benziger, $0.15) a lecture entitled "The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism." It takes up, discusses and answers the Higher Criticism's objections to the unity of authorship of the Pentateuch, and shows, briefly but clearly, that the traditional explanation best explains such divergences in style and legislation as he admits with the Modern Higher Critics are to be found in the Pentateuch. As the paper was prepared for a general audience in the University of Pennsylvania, it avoids technical discussions, and for this reason its thirty-five pages are not beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

"The Nations of Europe, The Causes and Issues of the Great War," by Charles Morris (John Winston Co., Philadelphia, $1.50), is the story of the wars of Europe during the last hundred years told with the idea of reaching an explanation of the present conflict. The writer begins with the French Revolution, which, in his opinion, stands between two spheres of history, "medieval barbarism" and modern enlightenment. A possible explanation of the present war may be an effort of medievalism, which still has a hold in Germany, Austria and Russia, to put down the doctrine of popular government. Mr. Morris does not explain how Russia does not happen to be with the other so-called medieval powers. Nor does he appreciate the good points of the older forms of government, but sees nothing good that is not democracy. The last chapter is without any bearing on the main purpose of the book, which is well illustrated.

"The Church's Opportunity in the Present Crisis," by Henry T. Hodgkin, M.A., M.B. (Headley Brothers, London, price twopence), is an earnest call to the "Church of Christ" to spread the gospel of peace; perhaps overearnest. War is horrible, no doubt, but sometimes just, not "the organized murder of innocent men upon a terrific scale."——Another pamphlet upon the war, "The Years 1914 to 1923 in Bible Prophecy," by T. Troward (Goodyear Book Concern, New

York, $0.30), professes to show from Scripture that the "Time of the End" is at hand. Its seriousness is amusing. Upon the assumption, which the pamphlet makes, of recurring "Scriptural periods" you could prove anything. For instance, by this same method, as the writer claims, "'the duration of the Papacy as a political dominion" was also predicted in Scripture.

"Prayers of the Gael" (Herder, $0.45) is a devotional little volume consisting of some hundred or more simple prayers, translated from the Gaelic into English verse by R. MacCrócaigh, and selected from a large number of similar aspirations and outpourings of the heart, which have long been in use and are still on the lips of the Irish-speaking people in the remoter parts of Ireland. They have the weird, melancholy note which is so characteristic of the race, whose eyes even while filled with laughter are always threatening to brim over with tears; and they are another monument to that strange familiarity with things divine, that almost terrifying sense of the nearness of God, which makes the Irish faith so different from any other faith. The accuracy of the translation would seem to be sufficiently guaranteed by the mere names of the translator, and his friends and collaborators. Padraig O. Siochfhradha, Tomas MacGearailt and R. MacCrócaigh certainly have the right ring.

"Woman's Suffrage" (American Federation of Catholic Societies, Milwaukee, $0.03) is the title of a pamphlet by Archbishop Messmer treating of a matter which he considers "the most important of all social questions that have come up in modern times." His own views are very definitely expressed. He believes that full political equality, and unrestricted political suffrage for woman can not be safely permitted "on either philosophical or theological grounds" and would "do the greatest harm to the family and the state." A restricted suffrage, on the other hand, limited to such fields as the educational and charity work of municipal bodies, he considers safe and reasonable.——We cordially welcome the series of penny pamphlets on doctrinal and controversial subjects that the *Sunday Visitor* of Huntington, Ind., is publishing. "Why You Should Be a Catholic," "Purgatory in the Light of Reason," "The Holy Eucharist Explained" and "Why an Unmarried Priesthood" are some of the titles.——The Comtesse de Courson's "A Hero of the War" (The Irish Messenger Press, $0.05) is a good sketch of Father Gilbert de Gironde, S.J., who was ordained last August and killed in battle four months later.——In "How I Became a Catholic," (Ave Maria Press, $0.10), Olga M. Davin, gives an interesting account of her journey from Lutheranism into the Church.——Last fall the Rev. A. J. Schulte gave a gild of Philadelphia Catholic doctors an excellent address on "The Administration of Baptism," which is now issued in pamphlet form by the Overbrook Publishing Co., of Philadelphia ($0.10): just the thing for nurses and physicians.

Another edition of Orison Swett Marden's "Pushing to the Front" (Crowell, $1.00), will be welcomed by the many who know his series of "inspirational books." Anecdotes abound and lend interest to what would otherwise be a string of plain platitudes. The motives put before the reader are not always of the highest, and Napoleon's ribald reference to the Twelve Apostles might well be omitted. Mr. Marden draws incidents from the lives of men and women of all walks, except, apparently that of saintship, and certainly St. Monica's perseverance, St. Ignatius' common sense, St. Francis Xavier's enthusiasm, St. Alphonsus Liguori's care of spare moments, illustrate the chapters devoted to such topics as fully as the "children of this world," whom Mr. Marden has chosen.

EDUCATION

Government Educational Work in China

THE present article deals with three years (1913-1915) of educational work in China. Its viewpoint is that of the general observer in educational progress, who compares what is being done in this country of teeming millions with what governments and people accomplish in other lands.

At the close of the late Manchu dynasty, the management of educational work, and of all funds set aside for this purpose, was in the hands of local self-government bodies. Some of these attempted seriously to open elementary schools, providing them with funds, superintending teachers and exhorting the people to send their children to attend the regular classes. But when the political upheaval of 1911 broke out, all educational progress received a temporary setback. Throughout the whole North and Center, and likewise in the South, schools were closed, and all available funds transferred to the army.

LOCAL DIFFICULTIES

In the early days of the Republic, the rulers of the country had to contend with much disorder. The establishing of peace and the suppression of contending factions absorbed all attention, and relegated to other times educational requirements. The problem was, however, a necessary one, and had to be solved without further delay. The local self-government bodies, which heretofore superintended education in the provinces, were dissolved by Presidential mandates, and a Ministry of Education established in Peking, with full powers to deal with all school matters. The new Ministry had a great task before it. Colleges and schools had collapsed everywhere, and funds were sorely needed to renew the work. In January, 1913, the Minister resigned, and the office was for some time entrusted to the Ministry of the Navy. Later on, Tang Hwa-lung, Vice-president of the National Council, was appointed Minister of Education. Lack of funds proved here, as on previous occasions, the great stumbling-block that barred the way toward progress. In some provinces, Buddhist temples were confiscated and their lands turned over to educational purposes; in other places, the monks were compelled to contribute 60 per cent. of their temple-rice to the maintenance of education. Fear was entertained that church property would be seized throughout the country, and many protests were made in provincial meetings and in the provincial press. To avoid confiscation, some Buddhists resolved to throw open their temples and engage in educational work. Those who took this step were, however, few, and gradually the Government either through prudence or because it found money elsewhere, relaxed its dangerous policy and made headway as best it could in such difficult circumstances.

PRIMARY AND HIGHER EDUCATION

Officials were sent to the provinces to investigate the state of education and report to the Ministry. On their return, it was resolved not to make education compulsory for primary schools. As to higher schools, the Minister attempted to make some reforms and coordinate the programs, so as to prepare young men for following a university course. Foreign languages, principally English, French and German, were to be taught in all high schools. Nanking, Wuchang and Canton were to have each a university establishment, but the scheme never matured, owing to the precarious financial situation of the Government. In Peking, a university was reopened and reorganized with seven faculties and a large staff of foreign professors, to whom was entrusted the teaching of law and political economy. At the close of the year, disorder broke out among the students, some of whom were dismissed, and the institution was closed a fortnight earlier than the usual time.

STATISTICS

At this period China had 35,998 schools, including high, middle and primary. In these schools there were 875,760 students and pupils. The Ministry is said to have spent in educational work the paltry sum of $3,000,000 in gold. These are astoundingly poor results, and show that out of China's 400,000,000 and more, not even one million receives a thorough elementary education. The United States, with a population of 92,000,000, or one-fourth of that of China, reports for the year 1912, an average attendance of 13,315,537 children at her public schools, with a further attendance of 789,763 students at her universities, colleges and schools of technology. It may be thus seen that China is still backward in educational facilities, and will have to wake up and work strenuously before she attains the proficiency of Western nations.

M. KENNELLY, S.J.

ECONOMICS

The Pan-American Financial Conference

THE Pan-American Financial Conference recently held at Washington, was called by the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of affording an opportunity to financiers of all Americas, South, Central and North, to meet and discuss the general and particular problems of the two continents, arising out of the war in Europe. Latin America in general, has been financed in Europe. The people of these countries are passing through the difficulties which confront all non-industrial States. Their ability to offer markets for manufactured articles is dependent upon markets for their own raw products.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

Europe, Germany and Great Britain in particular, have opened such markets to them systematically and scientifically. They have realized that, while much of the surplus of European manufactured goods may be disposed of in Latin America, the continent should not be considered merely as a dumping ground for such surplus, but that the best interests of European manufacturers and of Latin American consumers alike require reciprocity; that markets must be afforded for raw products in Europe, and that Europe must manufacture those things which Latin America most needs, in the shape of the quality and the price which suit those needs. Europe has learned that to lend money for railroad or other industrial development on condition that materials, and as far as possible men, be drawn from the lending country is a threefold investment. She has realized that to speak of trade expansion on a large scale, while neglecting to provide for transportation is sheer nonsense, incompatible with sound business policy. As a consequence of the war, Latin America has been cut off from Europe, can neither sell nor buy nor even draw on savings and investments in Europe. Thus these problems are placed squarely before the United States. But before allowing ourselves to be carried away by enthusiasm for the great trade expansion which seems to offer itself to us, we must seriously consider them.

CAN WE EMBRACE IT?

We must ask ourselves seriously if we are willing to manufacture to suit the needs, tastes and pockets of our neighbors, a process differing radically from our present method, or if we mean blindly to continue to try to sell them something which more or less suits us and of which we happen to have too much.

Are we willing to lend money for industrial, agricultural and mineral development on security that has been amply satisfactory to English and German capitalists, arranging that this money be laid out in American material and equipment, and in salaries to American technicians and managers? I have heard Americans who take themselves quite seriously, and are so accepted, ridicule the idea of "lending a man money to buy one's own wares." I have no comment to make on this attitude of mind beyond the suggestion that if it is general, we are not yet ripe for foreign trade expansion.

More vital than all these things, are we ready and willing to readjust our prohibitive shipping laws, and to permit the creation of a merchant navy which will make us independent of our competitors, and which will return to our own pockets the vast sums we habitually pay them for transporting our goods to market? These questions are as important to us as they are to South America.

THE WORK OF THE CONFERENCE

Eighteen of the twenty southern republics answered with alacrity the invitation of the Secretary of the Treasury, and sent delegates to the conference; exporters, bankers, ministers of finance, ex-presidents. To each of these eighteen groups were aggregated ten or twelve Americans, carefully selected from all parts of our country, by personal invitation, from our financial, industrial, commercial and economic leaders, with diplomatists conversant with Latin America, and authorities in international law, tariff experts and members of the Federal Reserve Board. From the general meeting of the conference, opened in the halls of the Pan-American Union, in the presence of the President and Cabinet, these eighteen groups withdrew to committee rooms arranged for this purpose, to study and discuss for a week, in absolute privacy, as a board of directors might study the problems of their corporation's interests, all angles of the question of closer financial relations between the Americas. From the reports of these group committees resulted the formation of two greater committees: on uniformity of laws and on transportation. The results and findings of all these bodies are now being compiled for publication and such action as the people of the United States are willing to take, in groups, individually or through Congress.

From Washington a tour was arranged to certain of the industrial and financial centres of the Eastern States and the Middle West. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston and New York all took part with the government in proving to the delegates by actual observation, that, given sea transportation, the United States are in a position to supplant in Latin America the entire export trade of Europe.

THE SERIOUS PROBLEM

At the same time, with every step of the journey, the conviction in North and South Americans alike, became more firmly established, that the problem of transportation is the only serious one, that its solution lies with us, in our fitness or unfitness to meet large problems as a nation, and that if this is not solved as a result of this conference, Europe will not only recover all the ground lost during the war, but will leave us out of the race as far as Latin America is concerned.

The Financial Conference of 1915 is without doubt the most important of all the Pan-American conferences. It has gone to the root of our trade relations with Latin America, and therefore, of our diplomacy, and stripped of all unnecessary words, has given us the choice between words and acts.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The month of August has been chosen by many of the great national Catholic societies for their annual conventions. First in the order of time, August 3-7, is the national convention of the Knights of Columbus, which is to be held at Seattle. The many important undertakings, local or na-

tional in their extent, which were carried through during the past year evince the sturdy life of this organization. Next in order, August 8-11, will take place at St. Paul the sixtieth general convention of the German Catholic Central Verein. During the fifteen years which have elapsed since the last annual meeting was held within that city, the organization has increased from 50,000 to 130,000 members, and has developed in its activities even more remarkably than in its members. Paramount with it have been the interests of the Catholic Church and school and of the laboring classes of our country. Attention has already been called to the convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies at Toledo, August 15-18, and to the Catholic Press Association convention, which follows immediately upon it, in the same city. Shortly after the opening of the Federation's sessions the Catholic Order of Foresters will meet for its international convention at Providence, R. I., August 17-21. This society has rapidly extended through the whole country and the present occasion will bring together delegates representing a vast membership among American Catholics. The presence and hearty cooperation of Catholics is greatly to be desired at all these conventions to render them even more instinct with vital and energetic Catholicism.

The *Catholic Weekly Exponent* of Canton, Ohio, gives the promoters of Catholic clubs great encouragement:

> We are proud to note that while the Catholics of many large cities of this country are talking about establishing Catholic Young Men's club rooms, Canton has already done so. . . . The Catholic Club building of this city is one of the most up-to-date buildings for the purpose that can be found anywhere in this country, and it is now the duty of the Catholics of Canton to make the club a permanent success.

It is to be regretted that cities of great name have been satisfied with discussing the danger of the Y. M. C. A., leaving the establishment of Young Men's clubs to some future generation. Canton has done well by its young men and by so doing has proved its practical Catholicism.

A Catholic paper, in reporting the reception of the Rev. Arthur Ryland, of Stroud, England, into the Church, remarks that he once underwent ordination at the hands of "Bishop" Vernon Herford of Oxford. Bishop Herford is said to exercise jurisdiction over certain Syro-Chaldean churches in India, which acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Babylon. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful that Herford is a bishop at all. Some years ago he was the pontiff of a heresy of his own at Oxford, a combination of the Unitarian heresy and the outward trimmings of ecclesiastical millinery, to which he gave the name of the "Church of the Divine Love." There was a semi-monastic order attached to his Church, the members of which were distinguished by a remarkably rococo style of habit. Mr. Herford later on appeared in the guise of a bishop; he was then mentioned in connection with another "bishop," Ventham by name. The Patriarch of Babylon, whose name might very well be Beelzebub, on account of the schisms which are connected therewith, will no doubt be found to be on intimate terms with other bishops of the Mathews and Vilatte type.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* paid this notable tribute to the late Archbishop Quigley, under the caption, "The Passing of a Good American":

> The death of Archbishop James E. Quigley of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago is mourned by thousands outside of his communion as the passing of a good American citizen whose influence was always on the side of social order and always on the side of humanity. It is seventeen years since, when he was Bishop of Buffalo, he arbitrated and ended the fierce strike of 'longshoremen. He had in Chicago, as in Buffalo, the full respect of the labor union men and of their employers.
>
> It is easy to understand why fifty thousand persons were in the sorrowing throng that met the body of Archbishop Quigley when it reached Chicago.

It is not so easy to understand how many Americans can listen to the vaporings of the Guardians of Liberty, and other anti-Catholic propagandists who spend their patriotic energies in an attempt to prove by calumnies that a good Catholic can not be a good American.

An anti-enlistment campaign has been preached by the pastor of the Maverick Congregational Church, East Boston, and the pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York. The *Army and Navy Journal* has this to say about the movement:

> Any man who attempts, without justification, to prevent or discourage the high duty of sharing in the public defense casts the gravest possible doubt upon his own fitness to guide and advise the young in any respect.
>
> It is a pleasure to know that the members of these churches do not sustain their pastors in this unpatriotic movement, but it is not a pleasure to know that with amiable weakness they permit their ministers to use the prominence which their church connection gives them to aid in spreading so dangerous a doctrine as that which is contained in their anti-enlistment movement.
>
> We are confident that when the patriotic members of the Church of the Messiah shall find how the anti-enlistment idea, behind which many will see their church on account of their pastor's connection with it, is spreading to other churches and other cities, they will wake up to the conviction that their church has a higher mission in the community than giving its support to so sinister a propaganda as that headed by its minister.

What a turn-about in affairs! Rallying to the flag, pledging allegiance used to be the stock in trade of these pulpits, as a phase of the "higher mission." Now patriotism has gone a-begging, and doctrine akin to treason is startling the congregations of two cities. Attention Guardians of Liberty! Native Americans are striking their colors!

At a recent meeting the "General Committee of the National Boad of Censorship" of motion-pictures adopted the following report (italics inserted):

> The National Board has never denied that infidelity and sex problem plays are legitimate subjects for the motion-picture but has insisted that they be treated with *seriousness* and *reserve*. Infidelity to marriage ties must not be treated *improperly* or suggestively as a comedy theme. Humorous films which emphasize loose marriage relations will be condemned. Where it is necessary to show *immoral* advances between the sexes, these should be indicated rather than exposed in detail. Immoral advances between the sexes bound by close blood relationships will be condemned. The Board insists in all cases that there be also a *minimum* of intimate and sensual detail. Great care should be taken to see that the best moral and professional standards should not be infringed. This applies to such persons as priests, ministers, nuns, sisters, etc.

To complete the farce the censors should have added: "And when burning houses are shown care should be taken to eliminate all color from the flames and blackness from the smoke."

These are the men in whose keeping is put the entertainment of our children—censors who approve of infidelity and sex problems and immoral advances with a "minimum of intimate and sensual detail"! But then, ecstatic souls, they will condemn "immoral advances between sexes bound by close blood relationships." Happy America to possess censors whose morality and grammar are so perfect.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In the Vosges the French succeeded in capturing the heights of Lingekopf, Schratzmenele and Barrenkopf, only to lose again, according to German despatches, the latter two. All along the western front French airships have been raiding the German positions; the fighting, too, has been fierce, especially around Souchez, but with little success on either side.

Bulletin, July 27, p. m.-Aug. 3, a. m.

Warsaw has continued to be the center of interest during the past week, as the Germans strove to complete their vast encircling movement to the north, west and south of the Polish capital. General von Hindenberg's army was checked momentarily at the Narew, but immediately resumed its vigorous approach upon the city from the west. General von Mackensen's army on the south, after forcing back the Russian line between the Vistula and the Bug, captured the long-contested strongholds of Lublin and Cholm. This gives the Germans control of the Lublin-Cholm railway and threatens to cut off the left wing of the Russian army, under General Ivanoff, that rests upon the rivers Zlota-Lipa and Dniester. This part of the army is now in retreat in the direction of the Bug river. Only two railroad-exits out of Warsaw are now left in the possession of the Russians, the one through Brest-Litowski to Moscow, and the other northeast through Wilna to Petrograd. Against this latter road the Germans are now launching a very strong attack. The operations around Warsaw and Lublin-Cholm have drawn large Russian forces to the center and the south of the Russian line of defense, while the Germans, as if foreseeing this event, are said to have been amassing their forces in the north for the very emergency that has now arisen. They are aiming now apparently at the capture of the northern railroad and besides this at severing the line of the Russian defense at Wilna on the north, just as General von Mackensen is threatening to do by the capture of Lublin and Cholm on the south.

The Eastern Front

The Russians meanwhile have not been unaware of their danger. Despatches relate that the civil evacuation of Warsaw has been going on for two weeks past. All property of military value in the city has been destroyed and the civilians have been fleeing from the city by the hundred thousands. The United States consul will remain at his post, though other consuls are departing for Moscow. The Russian army, too, is retiring to a new position, which they have been preparing. The new line extends directly south from Kovno through Brest-Litowski to Cholm, and is, as it were, the chord of the former arc-line extending around Warsaw. This protects the two railroad exits left open to them, though the northern one, namely, the Warsaw-Petrograd railroad, is being seriously threatened by General von Buelow's drive for Wilna. The Austro-Germans are pushing after the Russians southeast and northeast in five main divisions towards Wilna and from Suwalki, Lomza, Lublin and Cholm, in an attempt to isolate the Polish capital and to prevent the Russian army from regrouping along their new line. Mitau has been captured in the Courland district on the north. The Russians are contesting fiercely every foot of the ground of their retreat.

Nothing has occurred to change the situation in the Dardanelles or the Trentino. Along the Isonzo there has been continuous fighting, the Italians claiming to have captured a number of the Austrian trenches on the Carso plateau near Goritz. According to official report the English losses up to the present date have been

Other Items

330,995. By report from Berlin German submarines have sunk 229 British ships, 30 belonging to other belligerents, and 33 belonging to neutrals. An English note on the subject of the blockade of neutral ports was received by the United States Government on July 26. Two days later, however, following the publication of the German note, the British Government informed the State Department at Washington that they would send a second note to supplement the first, and the first was withheld from publication at their request. The British steamship Iberian was torpedoed by a German submarine and one American citizen, a member of the crew, was killed. The United States Consul at Queenstown reports, however, that the German submarine only attacked the Iberian after that vessel had disregarded her signals to stop. If this is the case, no blame can attach itself to the German warship for the loss of life, much less for violating the "deliberately unfriendly" clause of President Wilson's last note to Germany.

Germany.—The statement from the German Emperor on the anniversary of the beginning of the war, which was looked forward to with considerable expectation, has been announced in the press. "Before God and history," he avers, "my conscience is clear. I did not will this war." He declares that the preparations to crush Germany had been under way for a decade of years, while there was not the least "lust for conquest" on her part as a motive for the war, which he again describes as purely defensive. "Every German on earth felt, in accordance with the unanimous opinion of the Reichstag, that it was a fight for the highest good of the nation, its life, its freedom." Pointing then to the havoc created in East Prussia, he gives it as an example of what Germany might have expected in case of failure, and continues:

The Emperor's Declaration

> The consciousness that the fight was forced upon us accomplished wonders. Political conflict of opinion became silent, old opponents began to understand and esteem one another, the spirit of true comradeship governed the entire people. Full of gratitude we can say to-day that God was with us. The enemy armies who boasted that they would enter Berlin in a few months are with heavy blows driven back far east and west.

After attributing to God's assistance the success of the German arms, he firmly expresses his conviction that "no violation of international laws by our enemies" will be able to shake the economic foundations of the country, and then concludes:

> Great trials make the nations reverent and firm of heart. In heroic action we suffer and work without wavering until peace comes; peace which offers us the necessary military and political economies and guarantees for a future in which the conditions for the unhindered development of our productive energy at home and on the free seas shall be fulfilled.

So he hopes the German nation may be found "worthy of victory before God, who, we pray, may henceforth bless our arms."

Ireland.—Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, Secretary of the Cork Industrial Development Association, in his fourth lecture delivered at the Irish Industries Exhibition in New York, took up the minor industries that are contributing to present-day prosperity in Ireland. Corn-grinding mills have been reopened, and woolen factories have been established for the manufacture of tweeds. Idle mills that travelers in the past have commented upon, have been given a new lease of usefulness as up-to-date woolen factories. Within the last decade there has been a revival of the Irish flour milling industry, and practically the entire retail flour trade is in Irish hands, employing 5,000 people. Each year witnesses an increase in the output of Irish biscuits, and in 1913 more than $2,500,000 were derived from the foreign sale of home-made biscuits. The 1911 "Census of Production" numbered 10,000 people in the bread and biscuit trades. In 1913 the value of Ireland's exported yeast amounted to over $1,500,000. Within recent years there has been a rapid development in export of condensed milk, cream and cheese; some $2,200,000 represented the value of exports in these three commodities in the year 1913. Cork exported the greatest amount of margarine in the same year, when the total export value of this product amounted to $750,000. In the boot and shoe industry Cork is in the lead, one factory employing 300 hands and turning out weekly 30,000 pairs of boots. The other factories in different parts of the Island employ between them more than 3,000 hands. The weak point in this industry lies in the entire dependence of the manufacturer on foreign markets for raw materials. The strange fact is that Ireland exports hides, and then buys them back as leather. Large modern factories exist in many parts of the country for the production of fertilizers, the foreign trade of 1913 in this industry rating at $1,000,000. Soap and candle factories are thriving in the land, bringing a foreign trade valued at $165,000 annually. This is a remarkable showing, as competition with English firms is lively, solicitors from across the Channel going to the extent of a door-to-door canvass for their wares. There are also well-established factories for other household commodities, such as starch, blue, borax, matches, brushes, brooms, polishes, furniture, etc., in all the important centers. As for articles of dress, lace still gives large employment throughout rural Ireland, and poplin weaving has been revived, while carpet and silk weaving, toy-making, etc., find solid footing on sound commercial lines. The industrial progress made since 1903 is remarkable; in that year conditions seemed hopeless; now there is promise that Ireland's trade is on too firm a basis to be destroyed by ruthless hands. The revival of interest in all that relates to Irish activities has been very effective in the economic field.

Minor Industries

Mexico.—Conditions are as ever diabolical. Following the appeal of the foreign colony in Mexico City to our President for help came various despatches and letters

Hunger, A Letter

which confirmed the very worst reports. People are starving by the thousands, and the Chiefs seem glad of it. Some idea of the misery that obtains may be had from this abstract from a communication sent to Mr. Potter, of New York, from a special Red Cross representative in Mexico City.

I had an opportunity to see the "blood line." The blood which was formerly converted into fertilizer is now given away to the poor. I found a crowd of about 2,500 women and children waiting in line with jars, buckets, pails, tin cans, bottles, and various other receptacles. At one time those on the end of the line, fearing there would be none left for them, rushed to the front of the line in spite of the police and other crowds and fought for better places. Of the 2,500 in line only about 900 could be served. All the different animals of the city are brought to the slaughter house and converted into fertilizers. Lately it has been noticed that when the carcasses of the horses reach the plant nine-tenths of the flesh has been stripped off by the famished people.

This needs no elaboration. The letter printed below is the first of a series promised by a gentleman for whose knowledge and probity the editor of America stands sponsor:

To the Editor of America:

Owing to the interest which you have taken in Mexican affairs, and with the intention of furnishing you with such data as may perhaps direct your judgments, I shall here give you my impressions on the condition of my unhappy country. No one will be able, I think, to call these impressions unfounded. For the events on which they are founded I have, so to say, touched with my own hand. In many of them I have taken an active and, perhaps, no insignificant share. None of the facts go much beyond the month of June, when I left the capital of the Republic.

Political convictions and ideals? If by this we mean the influence which a political party exercises over public opinion and the more salient acts of its administration, no one party can be said to prevail to-day in the capital of Mexico. Carranzistas, Villistas, Zapatistas, and in general the entire revolutionary party are absolutely without credit and prestige. The men of sense and judgment, who in the beginning followed the standard of the revolutionary party, have been completely disillusioned. Those who later on centered their hopes on Villa, led to do so by his Aguascalientes manifesto, and disgusted by the outrages committed in the capital by Carranza, soon abandoned their idol, when face to face with the murders of Berlanga, the robberies of Garcia, and the immoralities in which the lawless followers of Villa indulged. It is a notorious fact that the last named had the effrontery to go in person, in broad daylight, escorted by a band of his henchmen, to carry off by violence a woman employed in the Palacio Hotel. The intended victim, however, was boldly and, thank God, successfully protected against these criminal designs by the noble French lady then at the head of the establishment. With their hopes thus deceived, and their dreams vanishing, many turned their eyes to Zapata, the brigand of the South, misled by the fact that his soldiers bore on their sombreros images and medals of the Saints and of Our Lady of Guadalupe. But from April to June everyone had plenty of opportunities to realize that Zapata was as much of a brigand as the other two, perhaps even more so. All these adventurers have one common bond of union, the most repulsive and diabolical hypocrisy. When Zapata entered the capital, after the city had been evacuated by Obregon, the Zapatista general who led the vanguard traversed the streets, carrying in his hands the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and on his arrival at the Palace, hoisted it on one of the more prominent galleries of the building. Now the man who did this, the truly Catholic general, who had thus unfurled the banner of Our Lady, did not hesitate some time before to hang up by the thumbs a poor parish priest of Puebla, to torture him in the most barbarous manner, and finally to put him to death, and for this one reason, that he was a priest. The followers of Zapata, like those of Villa and Carranza, took possession of the houses and mansions which victory threw in their way, with this special recommendation to their credit, that they sacked and plundered those which the former had respected. They shocked society and decency by parading the streets in costly and luxurious automobiles, accompanied by loose women. Their license knew no bounds; robbery and murder followed in their steps. In Tacubaya one of Zapata's followers, for no reason whatever, killed Francisco Bustillos, one of the best known and most respected druggists of the city. The capital can never forget the attack on the Hotel Lascurain. At ten o'clock in the morning, the troops under Bandera attempted to shoot and murder President Gonzales Garza. More than forty innocent bystanders fell in the riot. Their lawlessness and greed reached such bounds that the soldiers flung away their uniforms, and thus prepared for their odious masquerade, they poured into the streets at night to rob and plunder the passers-by. A very persistent rumor still prevails that the assailants of the German Chargé d'Affaires, who was seriously wounded by a band of ruffians, were Zapatista soldiers. I am personally acquainted with several families shamefully robbed and insulted by these men. Platoons of these lawless soldiers entered their homes in broad daylight, respecting neither age nor sex, insulting noble ladies, endangering health and life, when they did not go to further excesses. Thus you can easily understand that the influence which these men exercise over public opinion is not only evil, but absolutely opposed to the revolutionary ideas which they profess. On this point, perhaps, I have said too much. In my following letters I shall again touch on these and other topics, in order that the American people may become fully acquainted with the dreadful evils which now afflict the Mexican Republic.

A. Corolla.

Rome.—The appeal of His Holiness, Benedict XV, to the belligerent nations, as cabled to the United States, is as follows:

The Pope's Letter, Comments

When we were called to succeed to the apostolic throne of Pope Pius X, whose upright and exemplary life was brought to an end by the fratricidal struggle which broke out in Europe, we, too, felt, after gazing fearfully upon the bloody battlefield, the despair of a father who witnesses his home torn asunder and ravaged by a furious tempest. We thought with inexpressible sorrow of our young sons cut down by death; we felt in our heart, enlarged by Christian charity, the great unspeakable sadness of mothers and of wives made widows before their time, and the tears of children deprived too soon of parental guidance. Participating in our soul in the fear and anguish of innumerable families, and well knowing the imperial duties imposed upon us by the mission of peace and love with which we have been confided during these sad days, we adopted a firm resolve to concentrate our whole activity and all our power to the reconciliation of the peoples at war. We made a solemn promise to our Divine Father, who wished with the price of His blood to make all men brothers. Words of peace and love were the first that we addressed to the nations and their chiefs as the supreme

guardian of their souls. Our affectionate and insistent counsels as father and friend were not heard. This increased our sadness, but did not shake our resolution. We continue with confidence to appeal to the All-powerful, who holds in His hands the minds and hearts of subjects as well as Kings, imploring Him to end the great scourge. In our humble but ardent prayer we wish to include all the faithful and, to make it more effective, we have taken care that it be accompanied by works of Christian penitence.

To-day, on the sad anniversary of the terrible conflict, our heart sends forth the wish that the war will soon end. We raise again our voice to utter a fatherly cry for peace. May this cry, dominating the frightful noise of arms, reach the warring peoples and their chiefs and induce kindly and more serene intentions. In the name of the Lord God, in the name of the Father and Lord in heaven, in the name of the blessed Blood of Jesus, the price of the redemption of humanity, we implore the belligerent nations, before Divine Providence, henceforth to end the horrible carnage, which for a year has been dishonoring Europe. This is the blood of brothers that is being shed on land and sea. The most beautiful regions of Europe, this garden of the world, are sown with corpses and ruins. There, where recently fields and factories thrived, cannon now roar in a frightful manner, in a frenzy of demolition, sparing neither cities nor villages, and spreading the ravages of death. You who before God and men are charged with the grave responsibility of peace and war, listen to our prayer, listen to the fatherly voice of the vicar of the eternal and supreme Judge to whom you should give account of your public works as well as private actions. The abundant riches which the creating God has given to your lands permit you to continue the contest. But at what a price! Such the answer of thousands of the young whose lives are lost each day on the battlefields, and of the ruins of so many cities and villages, of so many monuments, due to the piety and genius of our forefathers. The bitter tears which flow in the sanctity of homes and at the foot of altars, do they not also repeat that the price of the continuation of the contest is great, too great? And it can not be said that the immense conflict can not be ended without violence of arms. May this craze for destruction be abandoned; nations do not perish. Humiliated and oppressed, they tremblingly carry the yoke imposed on them and prepare their revenge, transmitting from generation to generation a sorrowful heritage of hate and vengeance. Why not now weigh with serene conscience the rights and just aspirations of the peoples? Why not start with good will, a direct or indirect exchange of views with the object of considering as far as possible these rights and aspirations, and thus put to an end the terrible combat, as has been the case previously under similar circumstances?

Blessed be he who first extends the olive branch and tenders his hand to the enemy in offering reasonable condition of peace. The equilibrium of world progress and the security and tranquillity of nations repose on mutual well-being and respect of the right and dignity of others more than on the number of armies and a formidable zone of fortresses. It is the cry of peace which issues from our soul this sad day and which invites the true friends of peace in the world to extend their hands to hasten the end of a war which for a year has transformed Europe into an enormous battlefield. May Jesus in His pity, by the intermediation of the Mother of Sorrows, end the terrible tempest and cause to arise a radiant dawn and the quietude of peace formed in His own divine image. May hymns of thanks to the Most High Author of all good things soon resound! Let us hope for the reconciliation of the States; may the people once again become brothers and return to their peaceful labor in arts, learning, and industry; may once again the empire of justice be established; may the people decide henceforth to confine the solution of their differences no longer to the sword, but to courts of justice and equity, where the questions may be studied with necessary calm and thought. This will be the most beautiful and glorious victory. In confidence that the tree of peace will soon allow the world to enjoy again its fruits which are so much to be desired, we bestow our apostolic benediction upon all those who are part of the mystic flock which is confided to our keeping, even also upon those who do not yet belong to the Roman Church. We pray the Heavenly Father to unite Himself to us by bonds of perfect charity.

Up to the present the comments of the press of the warring countries give little hope that this Christian appeal will be heard. The *Westminster Gazette* speaks of the "implication of the Pope that we are all equally involved in a fratricidal struggle, and that all in equal degree are responsible for the origin and outcome of the strife," and then remarks:

> We had no choice in the matter in August, 1914, and we have no choice in the matter now. . . . There is no conceivable arranging of aspirations which will meet our view short of an issue which will make a repetition of these events impossible in the future.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* proclaims that "until victory definitely rests on the banner of our alliance, the Pope's wish can not be realized without the deepest wrong to the cause of right and liberty and peace itself." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* published the full text of the Pope's appeal and then remarked that the Italian press emphatically rejected the proposal. The Italian papers commend the Pontiff's ardent desire for peace but hold out no hope. *Il Secolo* says:

"It is useless to speak of rights and just aspirations, as the Germans do not understand. They know only the arguments of force, with which they must themselves be thrown back within their frontiers and reduced to impotence."

The Paris *Temps* remarks editorially:

> The last manifesto of the Holy Father is unlikely to effect any change. It shows only that the Vatican does not yet understand. The Pope divides paternal love equally between the victims and the aggressors and urges them to be reconciled, but the victims are not willing to be put on equality with those who massacre.

Officials of Great Britain and Russia, commenting on the war itself, offer less hope of cessation of hostilities. Asquith remarks that: "The question to-day is not of our hopes or our calculations, but our duties. Our duty, which we shall fulfil, is to continue to the end in the course which we have chosen and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Sir Edward Grey states that "the United Kingdom and the entire Empire, together with their gallant Allies, have never been more determined than they are to-day to prosecute the war to a successful issue which will result in honorable and enduring peace based on liberty and not burdensome militarism." The Russian Minister of War supplements this by stating: "The enemy is strong and cruel, and that is the very reason why Russia and her heroic Allies must continue the war, should it last for several years, until the enemy is crushed."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Pan-Americanism and the Church

NOW that Europe is so enveloped in war-clouds that it looks considerably less lucrative to our merchants, they are eagerly turning their business eye to South America. The Continent which has been more or less snubbed by Northern enterprise, is at present our great objective. Commercial necessity has at last opened up to our vision the vast possibilities that stretch thousands of miles south of Panama, and bids us take advantage.

To admit that the desire for dollars alone is bringing us into articulation with our Southern neighbors would be honest, but also crude. Our more delicate-toned speakers and writers prefer to talk of "Pan-American sentiment," "cooperation in a common destiny," and so on. Thus is a fetching tinge of the idealistic furnished to a project of moral hemispheric unity whose motive is essentially and crassly materialistic.

Perhaps we should feel far less smug and complacent with ourselves if we would candidly confess that the interests of South America signify nothing to us, except in so far as they might further our own interests. Profit is our primary consideration; Pan-Americanism the secondary. But, in that Pan-Americanism is capable of producing profit, we are sedulously thinking of ways and means for its attainment, and, in the striving, are deluding ourselves with the acceptable belief that the desire for it is our prime animation. A trifle humorous it surely is that this noble Pan-American sentiment never received very notable attention from us until war blocked the ports of Europe. One is hardly *ultra* in wagering that, if commerce could be fully renewed with the belligerents to-morrow morning, Pan-Americanism would be forgotten to-morrow afternoon. Be that as it may, we are now exploiting this captious slogan with a vengeance.

But our enthusiasm is receiving set-backs. South America waxes so different from North America that the prospect of their ever meeting on a common basis is, at best, dim. Our Southern neighbors have a government, a church-régime, and a social ambition decidedly divergent from ours. Their affinities are with the Latin countries from which they received their first settlers, not with the United States. In a word, they are intrinsically Catholic. Thus their Catholicism, being something of an obstacle to North American scheming, comes in for a full quota of North American strictures.

But certainly, if we wish to ingratiate our neighbors, we are beginning badly by maligning their "medieval church." To censure their creed is to stir up their resentment and distrust: to do this is to frustrate our own hopes and plans. These sons of Rome are not fond of hearing their Mother abused. If we desire their trade, we had better leave an uncomplimentary discussion of their religion out of the matter. We can carry on commerce just as well with Catholic countries as with Protestant or indifferent countries. If indeed we desired to bind them to us with ties stronger than the merely commercial, religious incompatibilities would likely prove a real difficulty. But there are no reasons why we should want them to be extremely intimate with us, except trade reasons; and we can trade with them, without being one in thought with them.

Perchance a truly Pan-American spirit would somewhat further and strengthen our business relations with South America; assuredly an anti-Catholic attitude on the part of our country would sever them. Let not the idea of a paltry pecuniary increment stultify our mercantile brain. Must the platitude be repeated that "half a loaf is better than no bread?"

Too, there is question of our right to look for South Americans to be similar to us in civil and social institutions and aspirations. When we say "Pan-American," we mean "like unto the United States." By what authority? South America is a distinct continent, with distinct political and religious ideals. There is no more cogent reason to expect it to be like our country, or to deplore the fact that it is not so, than to desiderate unity with Europe or to deprecate the absence thereof. South America is no more to us than is Africa to England. Hence it is irritating to the thinking mind to reflect on the diatribes which our writers and speakers are passing on the Church to which our Southern brothers pay fealty. In parlance unadorned, we ought to mind our own business. We don't and won't. Consequently, we are rendering ourselves not only odious to South America, but ludicrous to the critical world. For instance, the opinion is prevalent among us that South America, chained to the Rock of Peter, has been unable to progress duly. Yet it has actually progressed so far, that we are striving with all our might and main to secure its wonderful trade. Thus is our action falsifying and ridiculing our belief. Is it not time for us to permit intelligence to supersede prejudice, and concede that the Catholic Church, although it always essays to stem excess, is not a stayer of material progress?

Yet the conceit that it is such runs through no less a brilliant and otherwise illuminating new book than that of Edward A. Ross, Professor of the University of Wisconsin. The work, entitled "South of Panama," does not attribute all the blame of South America's alleged stand-still to the "bug-bear of the Roman Catholic Church"; it broadly takes into consideration such unfortunately influential circumstances as comparative paucity of white settlers, easy and tyrannical dominion of the Caucasian few over the native many, consequent caste-system, and so forth. The logical outcome of these potencies has been immoderate authoritativeness in Church and State. It will be some time, wistfully opines the Professor, before the forces of industry, democracy, and science transform the thirteenth-century character of these southern countries.

If such is so, South America ought to be congratulated. In medieval times, men were certain of their supper in our own great day and country of vaunted social and civic superiority, half our people are sure to be without it. It might help our economists and perfervid socialists to realize that the pinch of poverty hurts far less below Panama than above. For the Church has always stood for justice; justice has always stood for full stomachs; and South America has always stood for the Church.

If, over and above the spiritual and material good which have been accomplished by ecclesiastical power in tropical America, moral and social evil abound, let us not commit the fallacy and folly of attributing the evil to what has produced the good. Professor Ross is just enough to point out that sundry agencies have checked the progress of the Southland; but he is unjust enough not to exclude the Church from his enumeration. This is deplorable; but we may give him some credence when he declares that climate, race and social history, "three great lords of humanity," militate against the prevalence of virtue and character in South America. The hot temperature of the equatorial districts has done damage to the morals of the people; without the Church, however, there would be no morals to do damage to; license would be the rule.

As for the uncouth races that people South America, Professor Ross himself demonstrates that they vastly outnumber the Latin settlers; and yet the comparative handful of whites, strong with the strength which the True Faith gives, has succeeded in moulding these millions into a civilization which is daily becoming more perfect. The Church is duplicating in this Southern continent the sparkling feat which she achieved when, centuries ago, she conquered by mildness the hordes that conquered Europe by might. The Church has amply proved her efficiency by what she has already done in South America; not her inefficiency by what is yet to be done. Her critics love to leave time out of their calculations: yet everybody knows that gradual progress alone is sound.

Let her bitter reviewers remember that she did not kill, but cultivated the native South Americans; let them not forget that here in the United States, we did not cultivate, but killed the native North Americans. We banished the Indian problem by aid of rapine and murder; the Church nobly faced and is solving it with the weapons of Christ. To her is glory; to us, shame. Nevertheless, we give ourselves to glory: we pelt the Church with obloquy. If we can not be fair-minded enough to praise, might we not at least be sensible enough to be silent? If our country is rich in achievement, let us temper our pride with a thought or two for the race we slew. While we have stripped ourselves clean of all hampering duties toward a savage people, the Church of South America has burdened herself with their care. She has tenderly fostered and tutored the barbarian heart and mind to a degree which gives good hope that, in the not too distant future, they will compare with and even surpass our own. Should we, whose hands are reeking with Indian blood and whose national character is obviously decadent, point a finger of scorn? With much more appropiateness might South America speak of Pan-Americanism than we; for there native Americans still flourish, here they have long since vanished. The original America lies below Panama, not above. And it is the Church that has conserved this original America; changing it only with the golden touch of true civilization and the progress that endures.

Edward F. Murphy, m.a.

By Order of Darwin

MANY may recall with a smile Huxley's brilliant introduction to one of his volumes of essays, wherein he explains how he came to appear before the world as the antagonist of the traditional religion of his fellow-countrymen. He started out, he tells us, with no particular bias against that or any other religion, but with a simple desire to investigate certain facts of the visible universe. But, wherever he went in his tour of investigation, as he puts it with characteristic picturesqueness and humor, he found his path barred by notice-boards bearing the inscription, "No Thoroughfare; by Order of Moses."

Those notice-boards have to a great extent disappeared. Controversialists now recognize that many objections once urged with vehemence against science from the Mosaic books have little or no value. But it must not be supposed that the paths are therefore more free than formerly. A new set of notice-boards has appeared, of an equally minatory character. And *their* inscription runs: "No Thoroughfare; by Order of Darwin."

I have a particular case in mind. Some time ago a London paper printed a very entertaining and sensible article on the subject of the human skull, found some two years since in Sussex. In the course of this article the writer remarked that as far as history went back we found nothing but a record of high civilization and barbarism existing side by side as they do to-day.

The observation seems harmless enough; but assuredly no curate in the sixties was ever more shocked at Darwin than many pious Darwinians seem to have been at the blasphemous temerity of the writer. Among those whose feelings were most deeply wounded was that ardent freethinker, Mr. Robert Blatchford. In an impassioned article in his paper, the *Clarion,* he rebuked the unfortunate daily paper for admitting articles "throwing contempt on science," accused it of secretly encouraging priestcraft and superstition, and demanded, in tones which recall an Elizabethan priest hunter smelling out a Papist, that the accused should make a public confession as to whether he accepts the plenary infallibility of the "Origin of Species" or not.

Now I submit that that is not the question. The

writer in the London paper did not say he disbelieved in the "Origin of Species," though, really, as a free man, he had as much right to do so as Mr. Blatchford has to disbelieve in the Bible. But he did not say this, nor was he bound to answer Mr. Blatchford's interrogatories. After all, we are as much entitled to be agnostic as to biology as he is to be agnostic as to religion. What he did was to put forward a plain statement of fact, with which, if it be true, any theory of human origins must reconcile itself. And at the risk of being summoned to the bar of the *Clarion* to purge my heresy, I shall venture, as a preliminary to any discussion as to whether the above statement can be reconciled with the infallible authority of Darwin, to ask, as Huxley would have asked, whether the statement is itself true.

Well, it is true; absolutely and irrefragably true. As far as history takes us back, and in Egypt, in China, in Assyria, and elsewhere it takes us back a good way, we have nothing but the records of very elaborate civilizations surrounded by more or less barbarous neighbors. These civilizations wax and wane; the civilized area expands and contracts; but in every historic age the contrast is to be found. As to prehistoric man, well, he is prehistoric, which means that we know nothing about his history; though we know that he, or "some of him," was an excellent draughtsman, to judge by the bisons I have seen in those caves in southern France.

But that is not all. The observation may be carried a little further. Not only have we no historical record of an age in which there were no civilized men, but we have no historic record of any men whatsoever doing what, according to the progressive evolution theory, all men who have attained to any degree of civilization must at some time or other have done. I mean that we have no record of any people "progressing" by its own activities from barbarism to civilization. There are plenty of instances of a civilized nation imposing its civilization on barbarians. There are some instances of barbarians borrowing from a civilized neighbor. But, as far as I know, there is no single instance of savages becoming civilized without foreign intervention. To take a concrete case, there can, I suppose, be no doubt that a Briton of the year 200 A. D. was a more civilized person than a Briton of the year 60 B. C. But is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Briton of 60 B. C. was more civilized than the Briton of 200 B. C., or, for the matter of that, of 2000 B. C.? So far as I know, there is none.

Finally, do we find in the legends of any people, civilized or barbaric, the tradition of any process as I have described. Do any of them speak, if only vaguely and distortedly, of their emergence from darkness into light, from savagery into civilization. On the contrary, what they all say in one chorus is that their forebears were much stronger, wiser, and more virtuous than themselves. Not once do we find them saying: "We were once savages, hunting and fishing with rude implements, but, as the time went on, we learned how to tame animals, how to sow crops, how to build in stone, and so we became civilized man." What they *do* say with one accord is: "We can not build such temples and palaces as our fathers built, we can not sing such songs as they sang, we can not frame such weapons as they used: we have lost the secret of their art."

So much for the evidence.

Now, if in the face of this evidence anybody chooses to say: "I have a theory of the universe which seems to me to fit the facts better than any other; for the completeness of that theory the assumption is necessary that at sometime or other men became wholly barbaric—were indeed half bestial," I have this to say to it: the hypothesis has proved attractive to some great intellects, to Lucretius, for instance; but the framer of the hypothesis is certainly not entitled to call such unwarranted speculations and personal preferences "Science."

Cecil Chesterton.

Good Qualities of the Catholic Press

SOMETIME since America announced the close of the discussion of the question of establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper. The announcement was timely and appropriate. The discussion was in the nature of a planting. The harvest is for the future. In its announcement of the closing of the discussion America added this most wholesome, though disagreeable, truth in speaking of the Catholic citizenship of the United States: "Our people are virtuous; they are generous and quick to responds to appeals. They have made astounding sacrifices to build and support churches and schools; they are helping missionary societies at home and abroad; they are doing little or nothing for the Catholic press."

That has reference to an excellent existing press—the Catholic weeklies of the land—a press not appreciated as it richly deserves to be appreciated and not supported, nor even read, as its deserves to be. If it were read, it would be better appreciated; its publishers and its editors would be brought into closer touch with their respective constituencies and religion and morality would be more deeply, more rightly and more holdingly appreciated. America continues: "Somewhere there rests the great responsibility of arousing the people to the necessity of a strong Catholic press which knows no fear except of God alone. In this there is safety for the present and hope for the future."

I may not quote further from the editorial for there is mention of the possible Catholic daily—and the discussion of that question is closed. The ultimate *finis* has not, however, been written. There is to-day a strong Catholic press in the United States; a press which is strong, notwithstanding the struggles of editor and publisher to make both ends meet, and which would be stronger, in quick time, if elements on which the press depends for success did that which lies to their hands to do. I refer to the laity and to the pulpit. It is true that

the Catholic press does not confine itself to the modern fad of "the uplift and the betterment of man" as social agencies and other destructive agencies insist must be done. The Catholic press of to-day holds, and follows, the fundamental good quality of acknowledging the dependence of man upon Almighty God, and holds fast to the doctrine that without God—banished by social agencies and public schools—man is valueless. Is that fundamentally good quality rightly appreciated by the laity? Is it, in fact, rightly appreciated by the pulpit?

As to the good quality mentioned, the enduring quality, there is neither pulpit nor layman who will not instantly and cordially admit its existence in the Catholic press of to-day. But these are the days of rush and crush and "get there," and very often, the existence of the good quality is forgotten. There is to-day in the United States a press for which America hopes and to which it will bend its efforts to bring to fullest accomplishment. America asks for a strong Catholic press which will know no fear "except of God alone." The strength and the good qualities of the existing Catholic press come from the very fact that its editors in the conduct of their papers work on that principle: "No fear, save that of God alone." That principle needs to be hammered into the heads of many Catholics of the land and in the work of impressing it on the minds of the laity, and giving it a fixed and abiding place in their hearts, the Catholic press of to-day is doing that which it should do and doing it continuously. Is it ably done? It is, at least, done in all sincerity of purpose and when the happy day of co-operation between laity and clergy on the one hand and the Catholic press on the other, dawns over the land, the Catholic press will be a stronger press. The reason is obvious. It will have right support, sympathetically, morally and—pardon the necessary suggestion—financially. Asking the good qualities of the Catholic press, does the questioner overlook the fact that able writers are entitled to reasonable compensation, as the printers, the copy boys, the pressmen and the employees are entitled?

The case of the good qualities of the existing Catholic press might well rest on the impregnable statement of its abiding by the fundamental principle of fearing none but God and blessing His Holy Name! But the Catholic press has other good qualities. It is clean; it is kindly; it is charitable; it is wholesome—and when that quality is added there may come a protest from North, or South or East or West from the man who is "progressive," as the fad is to-day, and who forgets that Faith is eternal, as it was in the beginning and as it will be unto the end. "It isn't newsy" is another objection urged against the struggling Catholic press and, possibly, it is not. But if objectors would take the trouble to subscribe for their local Catholic paper; to give an advertisement as occasion demands; to encourage it; to be fearless concerning it; to let it lie open on their desks or tables in home or office, instead of throwing it unread into the waste basket, the Catholic press would improve in all right directions. It would have stories of right fiction, with news of home and foreign lands, with better correspondence, or greater correspondence, and with interesting features making it equal, from the human standpoint, to any religious paper of any one or other of the denominations of Protestantism.

The Catholic editor is human and he knows his constituency is human. But he knows and appreciates his first duty of fidelity to God, to fear none but Him. He knows also, and sadly appreciates the fact, that the features which the objector to the Catholic press of to-day desires are beyond his means. And why? Because of lack of support to which he and his publication are entitled and which he would give if the Grand Army of "Knockers" would take second and continuous thought and give to the Catholic editor the support the laity of Protestantism gives to religious papers of their particular denomination.

The good qualities of the existing—the weekly—Catholic papers? They are abundant; they are clean; they are based on charity; they are kindly; they publish no slanders against laity or clergy of the faiths of Protestantism; and they give no aid to malice. They are not so attractive in outward appearance, in very many instances, as the papers of other denominations. Neither are they supported as papers of other denominations are supported. "Come Rack; come Rope," they abide in the Faith once delivered to the Saints. Their failures are not their own, as a rule; their failures come from an indifference in the laity and too often in the ranks of the clergy.

The daily paper discussion is closed in the columns of America, and rightly closed. The question was fully and fairly presented and it is not a dead question—with apologies to America for treading on the dangerous ground of another opening. The present paper is with the press that is with us. The Catholic press, not rich in the goods of this world, but rich in cleanliness, charity, purity of thought and expression; Catholic in religion; American in loyalty to the Government of the United States, and holding fast to the impregnable, the fundamental, the Christian principle of fearing naught but God! All honor to the Catholic press! It could be bettered, undoubtedly, and when laity and pulpit do that which lies to their hands to do, the Catholic press will be bettered as an institution for the distribution of news that is news, accurately gathered, effectively presented and commented on in the spirit of charity which thinketh no evil.

Laurie J. Blakely.

Genesis and Woman's Rights

WOMAN'S dignity and woman's rights are nowhere more perfectly established than in Holy Scripture. But the sacred writings speak of duties no less than

of prerogatives, of submission to authority no less than of claims to respect and affection. The book of Genesis has thus become the first great stumbling block in the way of those who imagine that only in woman's complete and absolute independence of man, under every aspect of life, must be sought the right and glory of her sex. The doctrine thus stated has been widely popularized by modern socialism and the rationalistic press of our day, until it is almost accepted as an axiom in a great portion of the feminist literature which now abounds.

Foolishly fearing the truth, which alone can make them free, its advocates have eagerly enslaved themselves to the most debasing of the countless passing errors of our time. In the material evolution of human beings from the beasts of prey that prowled about through the primeval forests, they find the logical argument of their contentions. If, despite science and revelation, this favorite delusion be admitted, there is indeed no reason why woman should submit under any circumstances to even the least dominion of man. He is but the stronger brute who holds his mate in physical oppression. The grandeur with which a Divine Redeemer invested the very virtues which woman is called upon to practise at once loses all its significance. Subjection, of whatever kind, instantly becomes a disgraceful badge of servitude. Even the tender solicitude wherewith Infinite Love safeguards woman's position in God's Church becomes a mockery.

But there is a corollary to this doctrine which the worldly wise may overlook for the present moment. If in the name of a common brute origin woman proclaims her absolute independence of man under every aspect of life, man too will soon learn to draw his own deductions from the self-same principles. If he regards himself but as the highly developed brute, glorified by modern rationalism, he will before very long consistently come to act his part. Thus he has ever done where paganism was supreme, whether in cultured Greece or in the forests of pre-Columbian America. The golden matriarchate, so glowingly described in socialist philosophy and rationalistic feminist literature, is only an evanescent dream without a shadow of historic evidence, a myth and no reality. The degradation and oppression of woman from which Christianity rescued her would again return if Christianity were forgotten and with it the lessons it has taught the world.

How different the position of woman, when from the errors of a rejected pseudo-science we turn to the infallible truth of the word of God; when from the hideous fable of that mythical monstrosity, the low-browed, hairy, simian creature, with a slowly-rising intelligence almost entirely submerged in bestiality, we revert to the inspired record of the first pages of authentic human history! "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them." In vain has modern materialism sought to break a breach into the unshaken account of the first chapters of Genesis, confirmed by all the certain testimonies of science that stand above the realm of mere hypothesis.

Woman, in common with man, is decreed from eternity by the Most Blessed Trinity. Upon her soul is set the likeness of the Divinity, the image of God, limned in those marvelous gifts of spirituality and immortality, of intelligence combined with freedom of will and of dominion over all other visible creation on the face of the earth. Her very body, in its upright posture lifted toward heaven, its speech interpretative of mind and will, its features mirroring the beauty of the spirit, bears wonderfully impressed upon it the finger-prints of the Almighty Maker. Woman no less than man is the work of Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love. Together they were placed in an Eden of delight with the divine blessing upon them: "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth." In her God's work of creation was completed.

Here, therefore, is the first source of woman's dignity, the first article in the charter of her rights. Man may not dare to consider her without regarding in her, with the eyes of Faith, the image of the Creator. It is the likeness of God that is dishonored in every act of disrespect toward her; the image of the Eternal that is spurned and insulted in every degradation inflicted upon her; the effigy of the Almighty, designed, and fashioned, and made instinct with life by Him, that is lowered from its high pedestal and dragged into the dust by every deed of man's passion, cruelty and selfishness. For lesser insults to their majesty earthly monarchs would not fail to inflict signal punishments, nor is the King of kings alone to be outraged with impunity in that human likeness of Himself. If woman is the "weaker vessel," she is, therefore, to be honored with a more religious care. A deep respect for womanhood is a characteristic and a test of all true Christianity.

Consideration has so far been given only to the natural likeness of God impressed upon His human creatures. Nothing more seems to be referred to in those words of the Most Holy Trinity: "Let us make man to our image and likeness." It is by virtue of this natural likeness of the Creator that dominion is given to Adam and Eve over all other living creatures that move upon the earth; for the word "man" is here used collectively, as the transition from the singular to the plural shows: "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them." But there is furthermore a *supernatural* likeness of God imprinted upon the soul of man and woman through sanctifying grace. The Spirit of God Himself comes to dwell within them and they are lifted far above their mere natural condition, elevated as it already is above all other visible creation. They are made, in a certain sense, "partakers of the divine nature." These words might,

indeed, seem too daring for mortal lips to speak, yet Holy Scripture uses them, and our Lord Himself reminds the Jews of the Psalmist's inspired exclamation when He asks: "Is it not written in your law: *I said you are gods?*"

Here, therefore, are the two pictures for woman to contemplate: the image of the simian brute, so aptly chosen, and the image of the ineffable God. Brutes or gods! To drag men down to the level of the former has been the final accomplishment of modern materialism, "for professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." To lift men up ever more closely to the likeness of God and to perfect in them, day by day, His supernatural image, till they are at last eternally united with Him in the Vision of His glory, face to Face, is the certain promise and achievement of Christianity. Which, therefore, will woman choose: materialism or Christianity, fable or infallible truth, the likeness of the brute or the image of God?

Only the first chapter of Genesis has thus far been alluded to here. But much of profound importance toward a solution of the woman question is contained in the details which follow. Special consideration shall therefore be devoted to them in a subsequent article.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Count Zeppelin Awakens London's Conscience

AMID all the solemn pomp of a truly English trial George Joseph Smith was sentenced by Mr. Justice Scrutton at the Old Bailey court house "to be hanged by the neck until he be dead." Smith was a bigamist and murderer, who added a new method to the sordid instruments of crime. His was known as the "Brides in the Bath" case because he brutally killed three women, his wives, by drowning them in their baths. His object was to obtain insurance and other moneys.

By this time Smith has rendered what earthly expiation he could for his outrages against the laws of God and man. His corpse has been consumed by the lime, according to English tradition. However, his case served to bring about a remark from the presiding judge which forms the basis for interesting reflection:

> Since last August, he said to the jury, all over Europe, sometimes in England, sometimes on the sea, thousands of lives of combatants, and sometimes non-combatants, have been taken daily with no warning, and in many cases with no justification.
>
> Yet while this wholesale destruction of human life is going on, for nine days, with all the apparatus of justice in England, we have been considering whether the prosecution is right in saying that one man should die.

Doubtless England is not alone among the combatants in the smooth running of her "apparatus of justice." Germany and Austria have not yet complained of anarchy, neither has France, nor Russia. Let us hope, for the sake of common decency, that no country can produce a duplicate of Smith's brutality, although it is reasonable to suppose that one would not have to go very far south of Texas to find one. This crime of the "Bath murders" is the most revolting in English crime annals, standing out the more heinous because it occurs at a period when the British "apparatus of justice" has not been greatly troubled to dispose of malefactors.

Only a short year ago London newspapers could not possibly accommodate the long tale of evil-doing unwound daily in the police courts. "Stories" that New York city editors would fight for as first page ornaments have been consigned, without regret, to omnivorous waste paper baskets by their London analogies, subeditors. One would naturally think that with the limited supply of war news through the official press bureau, an opportunity would occur for crime to march forth in Rooseveltian ubiquity and storm the columns of every page. It doesn't. Not because the columns are glutted with other news. There is simply not enough interesting crime being committed to warrant generous apportionment of space. Figures would be tedious, and, incidentally, very difficult to obtain. Yet anybody with a hazy knowledge of London's usual felony list, as placarded in police courts day by day in times of peace, must realize that this war has had one good effect: it has at least reduced legal sins.

Murder has never been quite as common a crime in London as in New York. The murderers of London—the metropolis has identical attributes with England as a whole—are more artistic than their trans-Atlantic compeers, as DeQuincey would say; but they are neither as numerous nor so bold as the New York man-killers. Legal murder in England has declined materially during the war, only two big cases being mooted in the last two months. This is undoubtedly a record. If a statistical comparison could be effected between the commission of crime during this time of war and the days of peace the number of general misdemeanors would be found to have been reduced in the same proportion as the number of capital offences.

While no English judge has enjoyed the experience, not too uncommon among judges of southern Ireland, of being presented with white gloves, as a symbol of crimelessness, the itineraries of the leading jurists emphasize the fact that war is chastening the British people. Even the over-advertized illegitimacy cases have been proved to be little, if any more than normal. Drunkenness, which has come to the fore recently as a hindrance to the manufacture of war munitions, is not a legal crime; you have to add its ally, disorderliness, before inviting arrest. The charges of drunkenness and disorderliness, known among police reporters as "double-d's" have been much fewer than formerly. Leniency towards the soldiers, who are notorious offenders in this direction, may account for the reduction; although the new men, being recruited from a better class than the brave but ribald trooper, are not so inclined to saloon solace. In addition is the consideration of restrictive license regulations which cut off three hours of "open-house" from 10 o'clock p. m. to 1 o'clock a. m., usually fruitful of excesses.

Crimes distinct from the convivial crimes, fighting, and so on, (and in regard to the *et cetera* it must be said that London is regaining shreds of conscience) are much less frequent. Larcenies have decreased, pickpocketing has declined to a degree that would distress Fagin; forgery, and other "refined" malefactions have decreased. Miracle of miracles, the newspapers are telling one hundred per cent. truth, for no important libel case has been heard against the press for a long time. In short, the special constables, taking the place of the regular policemen who are at the front, have very few arrests to make and less papers to serve, which is as well for their own sakes. Public offences thus diminished in the capital of the world, it is safe to conclude that private sins are likewise decreasing; Londoners are not more pious, they are less impious; their sense of fraternity and the uncertainty of earthly existence have increased. Germany has stimulated the conscience of Europe!

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

The Children of France and the War

THE attitude of the children of France with regard to the war can only exist in a country that is invaded and partly held by the enemy. This fact brings the war before the minds even of children with a vividness that can not be

the same in other countries. Children are creatures of impulse, their impressions are necessarily fleeting, the awful mysteries of life and death, that press so closely round us at the present crisis can not be fathomed by their unformed minds, but the fact that, within some hundred miles, their fathers, brothers and friends are engaged in a deadly struggle is grasped by most of them keenly enough to influence their lives.

The Abbé E., who directs one of the most flourishing *Patronages* in Paris, has many associates on the line of fire and these boys, who yesterday were apprentices and workmen, are doing magnificently at the front. Their letters excite much interest among the little lads, whom their age keeps at home and who follow, with tremendous excitement, the career of their elders. In order to strengthen the links that bind together his boys, absent and present, the Abbé E. has had a genial inspiration. Each small boy adopts one of the elder associates who are fighting, writes to him, is interested in his experiences and, if possible, provides for his wants. The system works to perfection and is full of good results for both parties. The men at the front are pleased and grateful to be remembered, they write spirited letters to their little friends and unconsciously give them an example of patriotism and endurance that may happily mold their future lives. The little lads deprive themselves for the sake of "their" soldier of many delicacies: the *sous* that once bought chocolate are now carefully treasured to be expended for the fighting man, on whom the child's love and pride are centered. This, in itself, is excellent discipline; it teaches self-denial and generosity. Each little lad is so passionately interested in his soldier's welfare that if his letters are delayed the boy soon begins to despair; and if, as sometimes happens, the soldier is mortally wounded, the boy's sorrow knows no bounds. The Abbé E, meeting a small boy, who was crying violently, inquired the cause of his distress: "My soldier is wounded," sobbed the child.

In the Government schools for little girls the same system has been adopted as in the Abbé E.'s Catholic *Patronage*. These tiny children are keen to adopt a soldier and their mistresses favor their wish. To their "godson" are sent sweets, clothing, books, tobacco; the little girls learn self-denial and generosity, but they, too, can not endure that their "godson" should come to grief. "Give me a soldier who will not be killed," petitioned one very small child.

In return, the fighting men send their little friends letters that are sometimes singularly noble in tone and thought; if we remember that the writers are men of the people, we can not but be impressed by their delicately expressed gratitude. "What can I send you in return for so much kindness," wrote a Zouave from the wild district of the Vosges; "I am only a poor Zouave, I live underground or in the woods; around me there is nothing but iron and I can not send bits of iron to a little girl like you!" Then he goes on to say that he had discovered, that morning, a hedge of blackthorn in full bloom, not far from his trench; men had been mowed down, but the fragile white blossoms had weathered the storm. Creeping out of the trench, the Zouave crawled to the hedge, cut off a big branch, packed it up as best he could, and despatched it. It safely reached the hands of his "godmother," who, trembling with excitement, read the letter that came with the parcel. The closing passage of this letter gave the present extra value: "This branch will be faded when it reaches you, but you will not mind this when you hear that it grew on a bit of ground in Alsace, that we have conquered and restored to France."

Those who know the feeling of all French people, of every class, regarding Alsace will understand that the little "godmother" reverently hung up the faded blackthorn near the sprig of box, *le rameau bénit*, brought back from church last Palm Sunday.

In another letter, written to a "godmother," we saw a sprig of lilac; it had evidently, from the contents of the letter, been culled at some risk by the writer, and to the "godmother's" thanks were added words of advice and entreaty; her godson's risks moved her even more than his present. In another letter, badly spelt and written, by a peasant soldier, was a tiny "forget-me-not" from the forests of Argonne, some parts of which have been watered by the best blood of France during months of strenuous warfare. The soldier's delicate blue flower grew, he said, close to the wires that protect the enemy's trenches; "but my little present, that is so small compared to all your kindness, will please you because I had some trouble to get it; you will see that I am not ungrateful for all that you do for me."

Here again the little "godmother's" acknowledgments were tempered by a prayer that no useless risk should be incurred by her soldier, whose first duty is to France, to whom his life belongs.

The tone of these letters varies according to the age of the writer; the very young soldiers are naturally enthusiastic, and the hardships and dangers they have gone through have not shaken their firm faith in an ultimate victory. The *réservistes*, men over forty, are more sober in their expressions, but there is about them a steady endurance that, given their age, is highly estimable and, sometimes, pathetic. The letters of their little "godmothers" remind them of their own children at home. A fighting man writes from Alsace to his youthful benefactress: "I have at home a little girl of your age who never forgets to pray for you; it is her only way of thanking you for your goodness to me."

As the gigantic struggle drags on with its tragedies, its losses and its pain, we cling more willingly to any side light that brings an element of sweetness into the sorrow-laden atmosphere. The interchange of good offices between our soldiers at the front and our children at home is one of these side lights; it develops among our little one's generosity, thought for others, self-sacrifice; it brings them into touch with the realities of war in the only way that is suitable to their tender years: as messengers of joy. The soldier's letters, carefully put aside, reveal the fund of good feeling of these French peasants and workmen, who often are only known to outsiders by the anti-clerical utterances of the deputies whom their misguided votes have sent to Parliament. The real soul of France is now at the front, and its baptism of fire will, we trust, bring about a happy change; the full effects will be visible when our fighting men come home.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A "Bishop's" Calumny

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of your very excellent review of which I am a weekly reader, I observed a statement, quoted from Bishop Homer Stuntz, (Methodist) to the effect that *Fray Mocho*, our most prominent Argentine weekly, was on a par with *L'Asino* of Rome so far as its attacks on the clergy of the Catholic Church are concerned. I quote from AMERICA of April 10:

> There is published in Buenos Aires a weekly comic paper like the *Asino*, of Rome, and somewhat like *Life*, of New York. It is maintained partly for the purpose of ridiculing friars, priests and the Catholic faith in general. It is true that this paper is hostile to Christianity as it is represented by the Roman Church and is therefore understood to be opposed to religion in any form. But this is not the case. Its

cartoons are leveled at immoral and medieval priestly leadership. When our church held a great Sunday school rally in Prince George's Hall, in Buenos Aires, on Conference Sunday, last February, this paper—*Fray Mocho*—took flashlight pictures, secured photographs of the leading missionaries and Sunday school workers, and gave several pages to a sympathetic write-up of that truly great gathering.

I have been a reader of *Fray Mocho* since its inception and I can not recall during that time a single attack in its columns on the clergy. My sense of fair play was stung by imputing to a clean review so black a name and in order to bring the truth before your readers I took the liberty to write Mr. H. J. Black, the advertising manager of *Fray Mocho* and a personal friend, requesting him to secure for me a categorical statement on the matter from the managers of said paper, which I herewith forward to you:

SR. JAMES B. SHERIDAN,
Sarmiento 2002,
DEAR SIR:

Mr. H. J. Black has handed us your letter of the 7th inst., the contents of which we have studied with the greatest pleasure. With the same letter Mr. Black also sends us a copy of the review AMERICA for May 1, and we must inform you that our surprise could not be greater in the face of the inaccurate statement, made in said publication about *Fray Mocho*. In answer to the erroneous statement referred to, we can categorically state that the pages of *Fray Mocho* have never contained an attack, direct or indirect, against Catholicism or against the clergy; for faithful to its fundamental principles, this review has never sustained political or religious systems or tendencies of any kind, since its character, purely informative, literary and artistic, removes it from such a course. Our conduct in this direction is above suspicion, as our perfect friendship with the religious element of our citizens and with the clergy of Buenos Aires demonstrates; religious festivities and celebrations, as well as matters of current ecclesiastical interest, have always found space in the pages of *Fray Mocho*. Accordingly we accept with the greatest pleasure the offer which you make, and for which we tender you the expression of our thanks, as your spontaneous action in the matter will serve to establish the truth which has been misrepresented by a statement both misleading and clearly based on error. It is particularly pleasing for us to avail ourselves of this opportunity to send you the assurance of our personal consideration and to salute you.

C. PUIG CORRADINO.

It is singularly unfair to compare *Fray Mocho* with *L'Asino* of Rome. The comparison is as unjust as if your *Saturday Evening Post* were compared with the *Menace*. *Fray Mocho* is received by all our best Argentine families and I need scarcely tell you that our Argentine ladies would have nothing to do with any paper that is militantly anticlerical. Were *Fray Mocho* what Bishop Stuntz would have his American friends believe, it would be an insignificant sheet, whereas it possesses one of the largest circulations of any periodical in this Republic. Under separate cover I forward you a copy of the current issue and I feel sure that you will not find anything in its pages derogatory to Catholicism. May I hope that you will give the same publicity to the letter of Mr. Corradino as to the statement that appeared in previous issues of AMERICA in reference to his paper? In conclusion may I be permitted to offer a word of congratulation to AMERICA on the sustained excellence of its contents and particularly on its noble stand on behalf of our hapless brothers and sisters in Mexico.

Buenos Aires. JAMES B. SHERIDAN.

[The usual story: calumny of South America by a missionary, this time by a "Bishop." The "Bishop's" whole article is an excellent example of "Evangelical effort."—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Dangers in the Navy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A few weeks ago my duty took me to a seaboard town where, at the time there were about seven thousand U. S. sailors of all ages in the service. It is in fact at all times overrun by tars and therefore as good a place as any in the country to learn what they say and do. While I was there two priests of the place, independently the one of the other, took vigorous exception to Mr. Conroy's article on the navy. His statement that the day of the loud swearing, heavy drinking tar, had passed they denied outright. One went further and stated that the swearing of the modern jackie is of a very original character, without losing the strength of the older variety. A certain parochial residence fronts on a park with its usual fringe of park benches. There early in the morning on or about July 4 the clergy were regaled with the sight of a sailor on, and a sailor under, every bench. The first charitable thought suggested the effect of a hot night but some one more knowing intimated that they were "stewed." Perhaps this may have been exceptional as over one hundred thousand dollars in pay had been distributed to the bluejackets in port on this occasion, and forty-eight hours shore leave granted to allow the townspeople to get the greater part of it.

One year ago between a certain naval station and the town nearby there was pointed out to me a large field sparsely shaded by trees which, I was informed had been a sort of modern Grove of Daphne for the youngsters of the navy, until the naval authorities were persuaded by a priest to forbid loitering there on the way to and from the town.

One more incident: while I was traveling through New Hampshire last December, at one of the stations a young sailor boarded the train, bade a manly good-bye to his sweetheart, and took a seat in front of me. He was in a mood to talk to some one and I was his choice. He was still a Protestant—the girl a good Catholic. Her influence had saved him from drunken company some years before and her example had led him to desire to be a Catholic. He had a prayer-book and beads she had given him, and did not know exactly how he would face "the boys" with these. His two remaining years of service ended he would leave, become a Catholic, marry and settle down. "Why," said I, "do you not become a Catholic now?" "Because," he answered with deliberation, "when I become a Catholic, I want to be a good one and I don't see how a boy can be a good Catholic in the navy."

Boston. N. D.

Church Music

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article on "Our Discarded Church Music," by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in your issue of July 24, offers the sensible suggestion that music written to liturgical texts but, owing to its unliturgical character, no longer performed in church, be studied by Catholic choral societies and rendered in the concert hall. The suggestion is excellent and should be widely acted upon. The formation of choral clubs, at least in our larger parishes, is indeed a great desideratum. It would, however, be a waste of time and energy if such choral societies were to devote themselves to the study of a repertoire such as that proposed by Father Lord. When the banalities of Farmer and the ballet music of Marzo have been banished from the organ-loft, they should not be transferred to the parish hall. The hedonist Abt's *"Ave Maria,"* the adaptation of the text of the *"Agnus Dei"* to a secular composition by Bizet should be left in oblivion by Catholic choral societies. Every effort should be made to dissociate this kind of music from liturgical texts. The adaptation of the Unitarian text, "Praise Ye the Father" to Gounod's "Marche Romaine" for military band, might well be left to the Unitarians. There is, indeed, no dearth of Catholic choral music for mixed voices. Have we not the Masses and motets by the classic masters, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Cherubini, Schubert to select from? Then there are the works to Latin texts by Dvorak, Schuman, Gounod, Bruckner, Paladhile, Widor, Saint-Saëns and others. And there are the compositions to English texts, with a

distinctive Catholic note, by Perosi, César Frank, Elgar, Tinel and, last but not least, our own Father L. Bonvin, S.J. His songs, almost all written to Catholic poetry, rank with the best in that department of musical literature. There are the same master's choral works: "O World Full of Sunny Delight," "In the Summer-night," "Morn on the Northern Coast," "Brittany," "The CIII Psalm," etc., all for mixed chorus, solo voices and piano or orchestra accompaniment, and all works of the first order.

This incomplete list, shows that we have a musical literature meeting any local condition. Unfortunately, we do not use it. We leave it for our non-Catholic concert societies, in this country as well as abroad, to thrive on, while we are satisfied with the husks of Farmer, Marzo, Rhys-Herbert and others of the same class.

Pittsburgh. JOSEPH OTTEN.

A Black List for Motion Pictures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The communication of Mr. James V. Shields in your issue of July 17, touches upon a matter of vital concern to Catholics, the misrepresentation of the Church and her institutions in motion pictures. The main theme of Mr. Shields' remarks is that we secure representation on the Board of Censorship. This, of course, is the end to work for, but in the meantime, can not something be done in a systematic way to stop the showing of pictures offensive to Catholics? His letter has suggested an idea which I hope may be found practical; if not in the shape here presented, then in some other and better way.

From mention made by him of the play "Hypocrites," I judge that in the large cities, some if not all of the pictures are run for more than one day, as he speaks of the Brooklyn Federation of Catholic Societies having had this one "discontinued." Now down here it is different. The programs at these places are changed daily and by the time we discover that a picture is being shown that is distasteful to us, it is too late to do anything as it has been taken off and sent somewhere else before we are ready to make effective protest through our different Catholic societies. This has been our experience on several occasions and the net result of our efforts is simply an assurance that the management has no desire to insult the Catholics of the community and will try to avoid offense in future. But to do these people justice, very probably they do not know when they are booking films that offend us. What we want is to know beforehand just what ones are objectionable. The idea I have in mind is this: Could not the Catholic Theater Movement or some other organization in our large cities which have Catholic papers, exercise a kind of supervision over the moving picture entertainments and publish the names of such as are objectionable as soon as they are shown? These theaters throw on the screen between performances, a list of films booked for about ten days ahead and under the plan mentioned, Catholics everywhere would be forewarned and could take measures in time to have the objectionable ones cancelled. In this or some similar way we could improve greatly on present conditions, while contending for the idea advanced by Mr. Shields. I hope to see something accomplished along this line before long.

Augusta, Ga. JOHN L. ARMSTRONG.

Ben Jonson as a Catholic

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his anxiety to prove that there is a strain of Catholicism in the history of so-called Protestant English literature, the Reverend F. M. Connell strains a point somewhat when he includes Ben Jonson in the list. Ben Jonson was a Catholic, it is true, so also was Martin Luther; but even for the sake of a literary tradition I doubt whether any English Catholic would care to see the name of an apostate in the years of persecution, as Ben Jonson undoubtedly was, in the same list with such honored names as Crashaw or Southwell for instance; and it is to their era that he belongs.

The Catholic career of Ben Jonson is brief and shortly told. In 1598 he found himself in prison, and his neck considerably in fear of the gallows, for having killed an actor in a duel. Whilst Jonson was in prison a Catholic priest visited him, and eventually he was converted to the Faith. His father, who had served Mary Queen of Scots, had apostatized and become a minister. For twelve years Jonson remained a Catholic, and on November 7, 1605, two days after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, he and his friend Chapman, both of whom were mixed up in some obscure way with the Plot, were accused by the Earl of Northampton of popery and treason. At any rate, the Council sent for Jonson who was known to be a Catholic, and he was asked to use his influence to obtain information from the priests, evidently regarding the Plot. Just exactly what the information was is not known, though it has been conjectured to be connected with the secrets of the confessional. Jonson tried his best. He obtained papers from the Council promising safe conduct; he tried to "get at" the Venetian ambassador's chaplain, and through him at the priests, but they declined to leave their hiding places, and so Jonson's efforts fell flat. He wrote to Lord Salisbury complaining of his failure, and added that more than five hundred gentlemen were involved in the Plot, and his endeavors to get information for the Council had failed. Five years after this there took place what Father Herbert Thurston calls Jonson's "exceptionally disgraceful apostasy from the Catholic Faith, which he had for a time embraced." He left the Church when it was a penal offence to say or hear Mass or to be a priest; he acted as a sort of "stool-pigeon" for the priest-hunting Council of James I; whether, in the face of this he is quite the right sort of medium to inject a strain of Catholicism into English literature must largely be a matter of opinion. Personally I think any English Catholic would prefer his national literature to be unmistakably Protestant rather than to have a "Catholic" flavor of this kind.

New York. H. C. WATTS.

Mr. Belloc on Wine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his superlatively excellent article on "Poesy and Prohibition," which gave me quite a thirst—for more of the kind! Mr. Watts laid stress on the more lively, shall I say of the anti-prohibition poetical outbursts of those two valiant believers in wine and song, Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I would like to draw your attention to one of Belloc's sonnets in praise of wine, and God, who gave it us, which has a high tone and less rampant sentiment than the poems quoted by Mr. Watts; though, for that matter, not necessarily a greater effort. It is the "Sonnet upon God the Wine-Giver" (For Easter Sunday):

Though Man made wine, I think God made it, too;
God making all things, made Man make good wine.
He taught him how the little tendrils twine
About the stakes of labor close and true.
Then next, with intimate prophetic laughter,
He taught the Man, in His own image blest,
To pluck and wagon and to—all the rest!
To tread the grape and work his vintage after.

So did God make us, making good Wine's makers;
So did he order us to rule the field.
And now by God are we not only bakers
But vintners also, sacraments to yield;
Yet most of all strong lovers. Praised be God!
Who taught us how the wine-press should be trod!

Islip, Long Island. LOUIS H. WETMORE.

AMERICA

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Crying to Heaven

MANY things cry to heaven for redress; none clamors more insistently than the moral law violated in a brutal fashion by some of our New York theaters. Time and time again during the past winter stage and film have been turned into instruments for perverting morality and outraging public decency, at the cost, too, of the most sacred and intimate convictions of Catholics. First priestly virtue was flouted, and Catholics were silent. Then when the passion of the degenerates, who flung their caps in air over this filth, was jaded and the animal in them needed a new goad, a Sister was shown on the stage under unspeakable conditions, and Catholics were silent. The next infamy was quick to come; the Sister was put into burlesque with a ribald song on her lips, and Catholics were silent.

Not so the public prints; the smirking press agent smiled on Catholics from between the lines, and told them how spiritually uplifting was all this devil-invented ribaldry about their priests and Sisters, and Catholics were silent to the number of a million or more. Brave souls, generous souls! There you have it. Any pervert from the standards of decency, with money and lust as his doubled-headed god, can turn the very noblest Catholic sentiments and practices into public ridicules, can make them instruments for arousing base passions, gather coin from the traffic, dress his women-folk in silks and diamonds, from the profit and laugh at our cowardice. What other class of people would suffer these infamous conditions for the fraction of a second? Were the virtue of a Presbyterian elder, or of a Methodist deaconess, or of a Jewish rabbi flouted in public, the city would be shaken to its very foundations. And rightly so; for religious convictions are sacred, and no man of honor and courage will suffer them to be put in the market for a price. Catholics alone will permit that. Baruch may throw the priest on the screen with a naked woman; Isaac may paint Sisters trulls; Abraham may turn Sisters into burlesquers dropping ribaldry from their lips, and all for a price, and Catholics remain inactive, silent. No, not inactive, not silent. Some of them are busy striving to use the Church for personal aggrandizement; others are clamoring against their brethren in France, Portugal, or perhaps the Fiji Islands. A short time since, it was all but impossible to meet a New York Catholic without hearing: "I say, what the devil is the matter with those French and Portuguese Catholics? Why don't they stand up for their rights?" The devil that is the matter with the French and Portuguese Catholics is no more, but rather less a devil than the devil of New York Catholics. In France and Portugal the devil is the government, and Catholics with their innate respect for authority suffer much from governments without protest. The devil here is the man in the street who has sold his own soul for a coin, and then puts a price on Catholic virtue, the virtue of our brothers and sisters, and bids us "go to," as if we were Pariahs without brains or voice or courage. Of course, the retort will come: Why don't our bishops and priests do something? A plague on this drivel. Common morality, ordinary self-defense do not wait on bishops and priests. Laymen have responsibilities which do not depend on the nod of a mitre, or the swing of the stole. It is a layman's duty to fight for civic decency, a layman's duty to preserve his own self-respect, a layman's duty to make others respect his convictions, a layman's duty to protect the virtue of his children, a layman's duty to see to it that there is a rational censorship of film and stage, a layman's duty to be a man, exercising the rights of citizenship and enjoying its privileges. In short, it is high time that Catholic laymen realize that they, too, are part of the body politic with rights to be exercised, time that they stop acting as if the State were a great monster lifted in the air above them, at which they, its slaves, are permitted to gape in reverence.

A New Plea for Peace

THE voice from the Vatican has again been heard around the earth. The anniversary of the outbreak of the world war has called forth a new letter from the Holy Father, weighty with meaning. It is an earnest, practical effort to bring to a termination the fratricidal struggle which is strewing the fairest garden lands of Europe with corpses and ruins. He alone of all the mighty powers upon earth has hitherto been able to assuage or mitigate ever so little the dreadful horrors of this war. His words alone have been listened to with consideration, even when they did not entirely effect their purpose. His present message is important beyond all others. It calls for an exchange of views, direct or indirect, among the rulers of the embattled nations, "in an

endeavor, if possible, to arrange aspirations so that all may be contented." He advises them of the futility of an attempt at mutual annihilation: nations can not be exterminated, and the desire of revenge will live on from generation to generation. All friends of peace are therefore asked to unite with him in terminating this war and to establish a new order, an empire of right, "resolving henceforth to solve difficulties not by sword, but by equity and justice." Recalling the slaughter of the thousands of young lives daily sacrificed as the holocaust of war, he solemnly appeals to the rulers that they prepare at once for an interchange of views, since the price in tears and blood demanded by this struggle is too staggering to contemplate:

> In the holy name of God, our Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus, whose blessed Blood was given as the price for human salvation, we beseech you whom Divine Providence placed at the heads of belligerent nations to end the bloody carnage which, for a year, has dishonored Europe.

Already the words of the Pope have produced gratifying results; demonstrations of sympathy have come from all sides. Men of the most different nationalities, non-Catholics, no less than Catholics, have expressed their admiration of the Pope's proposal. May this appeal have the desired effect! May kings and emperors join the Father of the Christian world, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, in bringing Christ's spirit to earth once again.

Social Uplift

IT used to be true to say that "human nature is the same to-day as it ever was," but it is true no more. There is a tendency to-day to discount the lore of the ages. Those past ages were ages of faith, whereas this age is an experimental age, and nothing is true unless you find it out for yourself.

Take sociology, for instance. The name is new, but the subject itself is as old as the fall of Adam. It has changed its externals in the course of time with the changing conditions of life, but its fundamental principle, based on that unchanging human nature, has continued essentially the same up to now. That fundamental principle stated that "there were both good and bad in a man," with perhaps a little too much emphasis on the bad. Modern sociology puts undue emphasis on the good. It informs us that human nature is all good. It is not man, but his "environment" that is bad. For example, it used to be the right and the duty of the college authorities to guard against the inevitable dishonesty; now, lo and behold, young men in college tell you that "faculty supervision is 'prep stuff,' and an insult to the dignity of the 'college man.'" It used to seem proper to put criminals under surveillance; now they are all "trusties."

The nearness of extremes! Narrow is the channel between Scylla and Charybdis. Did abuses exist under the old systems—direct suspicion of each individual student, never any credit to the prisoner for a change of disposition? Then correct these abuses. But why pass from one extreme of ill-advised cruelty to the other of cruel kindness? It is like the man, he was a great philosopher at that, none other indeed than Descartes, who finding something he thought true to be false, forthwith doubted about everything, emptied all his accepted truths out of his head, as if it were a barrel with a few bad apples in it.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Knowledge comes to an individual, bit by bit, but wisdom lingers in a man at the end of his life as the accretion and sublimation of knowledge; and not only that, but it lingers also in the race. Knowledge comes to the generation, but wisdom lingers in the race as its legacy of truth. If we would be prudent, we can not discard the wisdom of the past in our work of charity toward our neighbor. It is our chart and soundings in rounding this Cape of Good Hope.

There was a reckless engineer who used to take curves at furious speed; he called it "taking a chance," and if you were to remonstrate with him, he would say: "What's the difference? The're as many wrecks going slow as going fast." He came to grief. To try to effect any real social reform with a new-spun theory of evolution to the neglect of all precedent is likewise merely taking a foolish chance. Why is there so much exaltation of the "Ideal of the State" and "the Superman," and not a word about the Ideal of God, so much care of man's body and so little of his soul, so much talk about environment, hygiene, open air, but no heed to the fact of original sin and the need of the grace of God? "This should be done, but the other should not be left undone."

What will be the end of these revolutionary schemes of social reform? You have seen children take their neat picture-collections of flags of all nations, or of the heroes of the world, or what not, and jumble them all together, only to rearrange them again in the same old order. Instead of pictures, we children of an older growth play with schools and prisons and theories of evolution. The name of the game is "Progress," or "Social Uplift," and the issue of it can only be a return to the old-time wisdom of our forefathers.

Oh, Georgia!

THERE was a time when Georgia stood for chivalry. At the mention of its name Yankees were tempted to doff their hats in honor of a State that respected womankind—every Yankee had a mother and most of them had sisters. But the day of respect for Georgia seems fated to disappear. Women are no longer sacred there; men of the "Empire State of the South," to whom the idea of warfare on women once seemed impossible, are like to write themselves down in favor of a bill that has for its purpose the "investigation of Catholic convents by grand jury committees." Imagine it, men of Georgia, the flower of the sweet Southland, fighting

Catholic women who give their lives to public service! Just picture sturdy Georgians, ten or twelve of them, gentlemen all, at least they were, arriving at any time of the day or night at the home of five or six defenseless women and demanding admission in the name and by the patent of the sovereign State. Could there be a greater insult to Georgia's manhood, a greater stigma on the Georgian commonwealth? Georgia's men fighting women! What has Georgia's august legislature to say to that? It is a monstrous outrage, altogether worthy of certain decadents in Iowa, who sleep in trousers and boots, eat hog and hominy from the end of a knife, drawl through their nostrils in speech, making a noise like a wheezing accordeon, and impudently send committees into convents to search for ants, cockroaches and watered tea. Georgia, is that what you intend to do? Fie on you, your chivalry is gone! The situation would be less ludicrous if Georgia had no real problems to engage her legislators' attention. But it has problems that need the wisdom and patience of statesmen for their solution, and it is stupid and dishonest for her lawmakers to turn aside from these evils to consider the best means of making the lives of ladies unhappy. Chivalrous as were Georgia's men toward women, the State has yet abounded in lawlessness. Here lies Georgia's real problem. What a mockery of justice and statesmanship for the legislators of a State in which "one-fourth of the mob-murders in the United States for the first six months of the present year were committed," to ignore such an abuse and give their time, their wits, their eloquence to the baiting of gentle women! Are Sisters devoted to charity in all peacefulness, more dangerous to the commonwealth than mobs at the door of the court house, mobs under the dome of the capitol, "lynching bees," and other forms of violence? Have Georgia's legislators become so fatuous that they blink at hideous crimes and punish virtue, so lacking in upstanding manhood that they pat criminals on the jowls and lift mailed fists against women? Shame on Georgia's men; they have forgotten their ancient heritage; they were chivalrous once, lion-like before men, gentle before women; they are craven now, all of them who give the odious bill one thought of approval, a shrieking, apologizing crowd before criminals, a raucous set before fearful women. And their papers, with one notable exception, talk softly and sweetly like the religious press which says "nice things" for the edification of the "dear girls." Oh, Georgia! where is your sometime chivalry? In the Kentucky mountains?

War, Capital and Labor

THE assertion is often to be found in socialist literature that wars are made by capital and fought by labor. Viewing the question from another angle, Mr. Samuel Gompers recently remarked that "labor bears the price of war." It is doubtless true that capital may be largely responsible for the beginning of a war. Its influence is felt not merely in the legislatures of the different countries, but it controls to a great extent the press and through this sways the people. No one doubts that even at the present moment it matters much whether the moneyed interests of our own country are bound up more closely with London or Berlin. That commercial ambitions have played an important rôle in the great war itself is equally obvious. Even when a war is most clamorously demanded by the people themselves, the reason is at least partly because their passions have been fanned to a white heat by the papers they have read, while the papers themselves are owned by men whose financial interests are not likely to be entirely forgotten in the agitation carried on by them among the people. This does not prove the socialist contention that wars are made by capitalism, as if it were the one cause of all national conflicts; but it goes to show that capital may often be an important factor in the creation of strife. There are many other factors to be taken into consideration, though the possibility that a particular war may be almost entirely instigated by commercial interests can readily be conceded.

It is not true, as the present war conclusively shows, that labor alone must bear the full brunt of the battle. All classes alike have been drawn into the mighty maelstrom of the contending armies. There is often no discrimination made between the rich and the poor, who fight and fall side by side. There is weeping in the hovel and a bleeding mother's heart beats comfortless in the mansion. A Catholic officer relating his losses in a bold expedition, undertaken with a handful of men, which ended in a surprise by a great body of the enemy, and an order from him for his men to flee for their lives, writes:

> I was particularly sorry for a young volunteer, the only son of an exceedingly rich banker. He was a genial, daring and delightful young lad. A shot struck him. He fell, and again stood up to escape. This time many bullets found their mark in him. His knees gave way and he sank dead to the ground. I heard the laughter of the enemy as they came upon him and saw his rich outfit. A field glass worth three hundred marks hung from his neck. He wore a fur vest of genuine pine-martin, a beaver muffler and a breast purse full of gold. The brave soldier had fought loyally for his fatherland and died for it. God grant him an eternal reward.

This is but one of countless instances. It is true the distinction between wealth and poverty is visible even here, but wealth was no bar to daring and patriotism. The lot of the poor is harder particularly where there is question of sacrificing the one support of the home or the only hope of declining years. War is terrible and its losses will naturally fall most heavily upon the poor. Yet it is not fair to overlook the part which is taken by all classes of all the nations engaged in this dreadful carnage. The success of Socialism has always to a great extent consisted in dealing with half truths and making them appear to be the entire statement of the facts in question. Capital is not to be exonerated where it is guilty, and it is often guilty in many things. On the

other hand, impartial justice must be done even to it. Labor, when true to the high principles given it by Christ and His Church, deserves the heartiest sympathy of every man and his most loyal support; but its cause can only be injured by resting it upon exaggerations.

An Angry Old Girl

AN angry old girl has written an editorial for a well-known radical paper. The editorial is not very coherent; the author is "mad clean through" and turns brain power into blue fire which she spits here and there and everywhere like a Fury out for a short leave. There is no doubt on two scores, however: she hates Catholicism and shrieks a litany of woes. She pummels the former real hard, but then she is a socialist and a suffragette, not a suffragist. She rolls off her litany again and again much in the same way that those "music machines," invented by the devil or his first assistant, are turning off the barrel, these hot days, morning, noon and night, "A Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

The Church is the enemy of progress, a foe to society which

> has reached that stage of evolution where it refuses to have idiots any longer on earth. [There are some left yet.] The time is here when society will refuse any longer to pay out millions of dollars that should be used for fine constructive purposes for the care of above mentioned idiots, imbeciles, epileptics, syphilitics, defectives and feeble-minded, produced by Catholics and others who believe in uncontrolled, reckless childbearing. . . . In this, the twentieth century, society will not permit itself to be thwarted in its work of race-regeneration by the opposition of those whose beliefs are as out of place to-day as the belief in witchcraft, and a million times more harmful.

The gentle creature is not out of breath yet, but the rest of her wisdom were better omitted. As is clear she is an exponent of socialist philosophy. She marks off a clear line between that and Catholic doctrine. The issue is this. The socialist lives for earth and earth's goods; his head is down, his eyes are on the sod; his inspiration is from the mud. Body and bodily pleasures are his be-all and end-all; he scorns the soul, rejects the supernatural order, laughs at the law of the spirit and is content with bread and beans or cheese and beer or pork and cabbage, with wine and women thrown in for a diversion, provided no responsibility eventuates from his frolic. For his ethics is that of the herd.

A Catholic begins and ends with the spirit; he accentuates the value of the soul, stresses the higher life, subordinates the temporal to the eternal, lives with his head on high, eyes beyond the stars, drawing faith and hope and strength from the shining face of God, longing for the consummation of life, which is Christ, the Lord. Therefore it is that he pities the idiot and the syphilitic, and all other unfortunates and recognizes in them children of his Father, redeemed in the Blood of Christ, fit maybe by God's mercy to have the light of salvation on their brows for eternity and the music of golden harps in their hearts for ever. Precious things the souls of idiots and of all bruised men and women!

There is the difference between the Catholic and socialist.

The angry woman does not see it, poor, deluded creature, caught in the thicket, torn by the bramble. And so she exclaims: "If a man believes that he is going to turn into a red (*sic.*) flamingo after he dies, the cherishing of that harmless delusion is his privilege." That is clever; but then she has forgotten that some people are turned into roast geese after they die.

LITERATURE

John Boyle O'Reilly*

THERE is no one who travels through Drogheda, in Ireland, but sees Dowth Castle; there is no one who visits Holyrood cemetery, in Brookline, Massachusetts, but may look upon a massive boulder towering in Druidic majesty over the hallowed field. Castle and rock, they mean little, or mean much, to the passer-by to-day. For the idle utilitarian to whom the present hour is the totality of life they exist without much significance, even as all the precious memorials of dead years; but to those whose hearts are still warm with memories for the yesterday, Dowth Castle and the solitary monument are not profitless things, for they speak in silent eloquence of the birth and death of John Boyle O'Reilly, the patriot, the editor, the poet.

It is just a quarter of a century ago, twenty-five years on the tenth of August, to be precise, that John Boyle O'Reilly went out of this life. He had seen only forty-six years, but they were full years, every one of them, and they sufficed to do the labor of the much-coveted three score and ten. To dwell for eleven years in a castle, the son of cultured parents, to become apprentice in a newspaper office, to dream the Fenian dream of a free Ireland, to serve as a soldier in the Prince of Wales's Own, to be arrested for treason, to be found guilty and sentenced to death, to have death exchanged for a life-in-death in the cells of English prisons, to toss with the tide on a convict ship bound for Australia, to labor with the road-gang between the hopeless barriers of the Indian ocean and the untamed Bush, to find freedom at last on a New Bedford whaler, to taste the welcome of America, to be the voice of the Celt on the platform and from the editor's chair of the Boston *Pilot*, to be made president of historic clubs and tendered honors by universities, to be able to win by his genius and his charm the admiration and friendship of the leading men and women of his day: this is a fascinating story, and the contemporaries of O'Reilly who wept at his untimely death must love to cherish the tale as they learned it in the long ago.

O'Reilly was an accomplished writer of editorials, a forceful and polished speaker, a prose story-teller of worthy achievement, but above all things he was a poet. Even in his prose work there is an underlying and pervading spirit of poesy that will not be denied utterance, a voice of love or of sorrow, a note of lyric grace or of dirgeful pathos, a gladdening vision or a dream of tears wept in some past day of remembrance. And so one turns to his poems to find his true soul singing and the door of his heart wide open.

He published four volumes of poetry, "Songs of the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," "The Statues in the Block,"

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*The sixth of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

and "In Bohemia." It will be possible to make mention of only a few of the poems. He won his early praises as a writer of narrative verse, the best examples of which are "The Dukite Snake," a fanciful tale of the Australian Bush, "The Amber Whale," a work full of the penetrant flavor of the sea, and "The King of the Vasse," a poem which, in its venture into the realm of the mysterious and the weird, asks kinship with the imagination of a Poe or a Fitz-James O'Brien. A deeper, philosophic note is sounded in the poem "Bone and Sinew and Brain," in which he makes as strong a plea for culture of mind and body as the Wordsworthian sonnet does for plain living and high thinking. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than "Macarius the Monk," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a poem which carries one back in spirit to those cloistered days when a toiling hour was first deemed a prayer ever so sweet, and a weary frame a benison from the skies.

With the growth of his poetic powers O'Reilly developed a lighter touch in lyric phrasing, and a surer deftness of expression. "The Statues in the Block," the title poem of the volume published in 1881, is a notable endeavor in blank verse. His poem of eulogy on the occasion of the death of his friend Wendell Phillips in 1884 won the unstinted praise of all the literary men of the day; for spontaneity and vigor and feeling and epigrammatic terseness it can scarcely be surpassed in American letters. In 1885 the far-famed "In Bohemia" was first read by O'Reilly to the Papyrus Club, when the plaudits for the forty-four lines beginning and ending with "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land" were an earnest of the popularity to which the poem has since attained. The same year saw "Ensign Epps, the Color Bearer," "a story of one man's truth and of all men's glory," the finest short narrative poem O'Reilly wrote. Soon following came "The Cry of the Dreamer," a rare idyl, sweet and precious as a Sicilian eclogue, with its world-old refrain "For a dreamer lives forever, and a toiler dies in a day." Among the poems succeeding these the most noteworthy is "Crispus Attucks," written for the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the negro who was the first to lose his life at the Boston Massacre of pre-Revolutionary days. In this the poet spoke with the fulness of emotion, for he was at all times the colored man's faithful defender.

O'Reilly had written spirited poems for the centenary commemorations of Daniel O'Connell and of Robert Emmet; as a matter of course he was the logical laureate on both occasions. But bordering on the anomalous and the paradox it might seem when in 1889 he was invited to write a poem for the dedication of the national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts. "The Pilgrim Fathers" was his offering, and by it he won once and for all the unreserved love of the New Englander to whom Massachusetts had been kith and kin for nigh three centuries. The poem is a magnificent tribute to the stern days of Miles Standish when the prayerful adventurers from across the deep, builded their own little democratic empire beside the untutored kingdom of Massasoit. A very different poem is the much-loved "What Is Good?" written in the same year. As possible solutions to the query the poet mentions order, knowledge, truth, pleasure, love, beauty, freedom, home, fame, and equity; then his own heart answers "Kindness is the word." His last poem "The Useless Ones," was published in the *Pilot* on February 1, 1890. The title referred to the fellowship of poets, whose province was not logic, but song, who would die as roses die, but like them during life give pleasure.

Well, John Boyle O'Reilly sang, and in his song gave joy. His was not always the fullest note, nor his diction always the most polished, nor his thought ever tenuously subtle and delicate as gossamer. But he was often singing in the noblest strain, he often chose the language of song fresh from the lips of Euterpe, and if he would have little to do with the meticulous preciosity of the Elizabethan school or the Cavalier, it was because his Celtic sympathies lay closer to those whose hearts are as great as their minds and who prize the loveliness of sincerity and purity and truth. O'Reilly's poetry is essentially the poetry of a man who feels strongly the things that ask pity and justice and mercy and love, and who believes that the passion of poetry should be the divine fire that warms the soul to an utterance only a little lower than the angels. He had his limitations; he was neither a Scott, nor a Tennyson, nor a Keats. Perhaps the Hellenic gift to write an "Ode to a Grecian Urn" was not his; though at times he was lyrical as the poet of "The Princess," and in narrative felicity he not infrequently suffers in no wise by comparison with the author of "The Lady of the Lake." He was of sufficient merit to rank with the poets of the New England school, with Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes. In any judgment of his worth it must be remembered that he died, if not in the Lycidas youthhood, at all events at the time when his poetic spirit was wooing fuller moods of expression, and following the gleam more surely in the quest for the ultimate goal. Had he lived, he might have consistently excelled his own best and the best work of his contemporaries; but even in the short years of his toiling he wonderfully gave of his heart and his mind and his soul, and in the written heritage there lingers yet more than the sweet aroma of a once-fair thought, more than the cherished recollection of a vanished spirit; rather the voice itself of the singer of songs, grown rich and mellow and warm with the passing of the years.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

REVIEWS

Thomas Davis, the Thinker and Teacher. 3s.6d. JOHN MITCHEL'S **Jail Journal.** 6s. **The Felon's Track.** 3s.6d. Edited by ARTHUR GRIFFITH. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Though the substance of these three classics of the Forty-eight movement in Ireland was first published over sixty years ago, their republication will have all the novelty of original works for the majority of readers. Two of them at least, those of Davis and Mitchel, have a vigor of thought and purity of phrase that should have insured them a place on their own merits, among the classics of the language. But the freedom, or rather the nationalizing of Ireland, to which their authors consecrated their virile pens, was then an unpopular pursuit, and the guides and moulders of literary opinions were not apt to see genius in the detested propagandism, nor, least of all, to advertise it. The result is that whereas Davis, who died before the fruition of his work could bring him into the clutches of the law, has received occasional, condescending notice, Mitchel, a man of yet stronger genius and of greater literary power and productiveness, but whose activities won him penal servitude, has only become known to the general public as the grandfather of the Mayor of New York. His "History of Ireland," his "Case for Ireland Stated," and numerous other works are all of permanent value, but the "Jail Journal" is his masterpiece.

In the three years, 1842-45, Davis' writings in the *Nation* and the influence he exercised on a brilliant group of coworkers had reawakened the national spirit in a form that has inspired every truly national movement thereafter, notably the Gaelic revival of the late decades. Davis strengthened, if he did not vitalize, the Repeal Movement of O'Connell, but his teachings bore rather on the necessity of self-government from within, the restoration of Ireland's olden traditions and language, the rebuilding of its industries and arts, the development of the talents of its people and the incalculable resources of its soil and streams and harbors, and the unification of all Irishmen in that national entity that is the spiritual essence of a nation.

Mitchel, the most logical and resolute of the heirs of

Davis, urged the people to hold their harvests, pay no rents, procure arms and fight for individual and national life what way they could. His arguments were put too forcefully to be ignored and he was convicted of felony by a packed jury. Hence the "Jail Journal," which incidentally describes his adventures on board a penal ship to Bermuda, Cape Colony, Australia, and after his thrilling escape, his varying experiences in the United States; but essentially it is the revealing of the thoughts and character of a stronger, more literary and more striking individuality than that other prisoner of genius, Silvio Pellico. There is scarcely a page that will not afford intellectual delight.

"The Felon's Track" traces the motives and adventures of a resolute and able man of lesser genius who became a felon for reducing the teaching of Davis and Mitchel to action. It will interest Irish students of the period, but the selections from Davis, and more especially Mitchel's "Jail Journal," will delight all who are interested either in the dogmas of patriotism or in true literature. They are well produced and edited. M. K.

The Ballade. By Helen Louise Cohen, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.75.

The artificial form of verse, known as the ballade, sets limitations upon the poet, almost as strict as those of the sonnet. It has not had the same universal vogue, however, nor can ballade literature show the classics that the sonnet can boast. The present book tells interestingly the history of this form of verse, from its beginnings in Romance lands in early medieval days, on through years of increasing popularity to the climax of appeal in French poetry, through its career in Chaucer and Lydgate, till both in France and England it afterwards became but a subject to be treated of in books of rhetoric or disquisitions on poetic forms. Its history closes with the studied revival of the ballade's intricacies in England and France during the latter half of the last century. Its evolution from an unsettled number of stanzas to a final three, its gradation of lines from seven to eight, the establishment of a recognized number of feet, the growth to an identical rhyme scheme in stanzas, the addition of the *envoy* are all learnedly expounded. The early French ballades rank highest in literary merit, though some later English ones compare favorably with them. From the examples given one finds with the author that poetry in ballade form is curious rather than beautiful, exhibiting "the sort of ingenuity that is inconsistent with real poetry," the rule to which "our sad, bad, glad, mad, brother," Villon, proved the brilliant exception, with his famous *Où sont les neiges d'antan,* upon whom Banville based his revival of the form. The book is painstakingly thorough, is copious in references, and generous in its acknowledgments of help from various sources. The author modestly waives originality, but hers must be the credit of much original research, of an original preservation of the facts in a running, reading form, with much of the literature now printed for the first time. C. L. B.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

The large circle of readers who have learned to await with eagerness every new book from the pen of Joseph C. Lincoln will not be disappointed in this novel. In "Thankful's Inheritance" we are again in the environment of Old Cape Cod. There is one of the typical old sea-captains, rugged, witty, wise and upright, and a widow, likewise typical of what is best in the New England character, and with these best types of the good Yankee there are others portraying, but in a kindly way, the other and less amiable side of Yankeedom. Romance in the shape of two wedding bells, a ghost, somewhat improbable, and a grasping New York plutocrat all enter to diversify and intensify the tale. It is an interesting and amusing story, though hardly to be reckoned among Mr. Lincoln's best novels. At the present time there is so much that is not only worthless, but even harmful and depraved in the output of our press, that books such as Mr. Lincoln's deserve to be called prominently before prospective readers. His novels are all clean and wholesome. He can take us through the whole gamut of our sentiments and passions without ever striking a note that is discordant or offensive. There is but one fault to be found. The occasional introduction of an Irish name is almost always done to designate an unpleasant offensive character. J. F. X. M.

The Evolution of a Teacher. By Ella Gilbert Ives. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

This is not a pedagogical treatise, as its name might imply, but an autobiography, published posthumously by one of the writer's intimate friends. The book is of interest not only for its revelation of the author's strong, but withal charmingly feminine character, but also for its glimpses of New England life just before and during the Civil War, and of Chicago at the time of the Great Fire. Mount Holyoke College was Miss Ives' Alma Mater, and her description of its well-balanced curriculum in the early sixties and of the cultured women then graduated, makes one wonder whether her acceptance of the elective system later in life was the result of her observation of its cultural effect on her own pupils. Miss Ives felt that in her case teaching had been bred in the blood. She was possessed of unfailing enthusiasm, unflagging industry and high moral ideals, which, to judge from the grateful letters in this volume, she was unusually successful in inspiring her pupils to seek and find. In the reviewer's opinion, herein lies the chief value of the book. It is an object lesson, not a bundle of principles. In this respect it fulfils the demand of the friendly editor, to whose chance word, "Tell us how a teacher is made," the author informs us the book owes its beginning. But it is too individual to be considered a sort of general formula of teacher-making. It shows how one teacher made herself. M. J. A.

Tennis as I Play It. By Maurice E. McLaughlin. Preface by Richard Norris Williams 2d. Illustrated with Seventy-two Reproductions of Photographs in Action. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

Mr. McLaughlin's book will be a revelation to those who have looked on tennis as a ladies' game, and one not to be classed with baseball for skill or with football for endurance. It is hard to resist the conviction, on laying down the volume, that there is no game whatsoever that calls for such an exacting combination of brawn and brain as the sport of which Mr. McLaughlin is the foremost exponent. No one, perhaps, has ever been in the position to speak so authoritatively on the subject. He has met and defeated the best players of all the world, he has fought for victory in many lands, he has proved his superiority in three continents, and hence has vindicated his right to be considered the world's greatest player. On account of its technical instruction, which is very detailed and practical, and has been proved to be effective, not by theorizing but by actual results, the book will be of much value to those who wish to build up for themselves a skilful and scientific game, as well as to those who are anxious to acquire such a familiarity with the strokes and fine points of the game as will enable them to take an intelligent interest in championship matches. For the general reader, however, the most refreshing thing about the study

is the constant evidence of that fine courtesy that marks Mr. McLaughlin as the true sportsman. Nowhere in his discussion of other players' methods is there the slightest trace of mean rivalry. On the contrary, he gives every man his due, and this with an air of greatest simplicity, that is so genuine that it could not come from anything but honest conviction. Mr. McLaughlin has done more than write a book which will always be considered a classic on good tennis; between the lines, and without intending it, he has given a lesson on playing the game as a sportsman and a gentleman.

J. H. F.

Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches. With 252 Illustrations. By FRANCIS BOND, M.A. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

The handsome and interesting volume with which Mr. Francis Bond enriches the ecclesiologist's store of knowledge of church art in England will receive a hearty welcome from students of church lore, and will provide a liberal education to the prospective traveler who hopes to visit the cathedrals, abbeys and ancient parish churches of England. The book though necessarily brief in its statements, finds its brevity more than counterbalanced by the scholarship and charming style of the author; though the reader will do well to remember that Mr. Bond writes as an Anglican: this will explain the many references to Anglican divines and to the Royal Martyr, King Charles I, who, very naturally, is not commemorated in the Roman Calendar. The dedications are not confined to the pre-Reformation period, but are continued down to the five churches dedicated to King Charles I, who was beheaded in 1649, the only distinctively Anglican dedication, unless we except a church in Australia dedicated in recent years to Thomas Cranmer, Bishop and Martyr.

In his short dissertation on the canons of hagiology Mr. Bond defers considerably to the work of Père Delehayé, though he is somewhat severe on the medieval chroniclers, whom he does not scruple to accuse of deliberate forgery, which opens up a much vexed question. It is somewhat tender to the memory of Henry VIII to state that he suppressed the dedication to St. Thomas of Canterbury on account of his name having become unpopular because of its identification with superstition: this is a pleading dear to the English diocesan chancellors when faculties are sought.

With regard to the names of the saints, there yet remains to be cleared up the question as to how far names have become corrupted and altered out of all recognition by local dialects and idioms. An instance occurs in the case of the Cluniac priory church of the Holy Trinity in York, which was restored a few years since. Among the ancient records was found a reference to the altar and certain customary lights of St. Sunday. As a diligent search of every available calendar and menology showed, there never was such a saint. Eventually, by a combination of dates and other indications it was found possible to place the saint, who was found to be none other than St. Dominic, who was known in medieval York as St. Sunday, evidently a play upon the Latin of his name. In the same way, many of the names of local saints, especially of Cornwall and Wales, will be found to be either corruptions or countryside dialect renderings of the original. Mr. Bond furnishes an instance of this in the Welsh saint whom he calls "Dogfael," but who also appears in different lists as "Dogwell," "Dogmell," "Dogmael," and so on. A curious and unexplained omission is that of any dedication to St. Bede. The excellent photographic illustrations with which the volume abounds add greatly to its usefulness, and a place may well be found for it on the shelves of every library that aspires to any kind of completeness.

H. C. W.

The Most Vital Mission Problem. By Rev. FREDERICK SCHWAGER, S.V.D. Translated by Rev. AGATHO ROLF, O.M.Cap. Techny, Illinois: The Mission Press. $0.90.

The time is past when Protestant mission activity could be ignored, but few realize the vast proportions it has actually assumed and the success, at least in a material way, it has achieved. The author, a recognized authority, confines his work to the Asiatic missions because of their overwhelming political and cultural importance and their enormous populations. The spiritual welfare of 972,000,000 souls is here at stake. Almost everywhere Catholics are outnumbered in the workers engaged in this promising field and the scanty means supplied them are utterly inadequate to enable them to compete on equal terms with the sects. Protestant authorities themselves admit that their rapidly made converts are not seldom wanting in the knowledge of Christianity, but they are none the less likely to be imbued with a strong aversion for the Catholic Church against which all the sects combine in the mission fields. In other ways too they are uniting their forces. The prestige of their many excellently equipped schools and universities must for a long time reflect upon the poverty of our Catholic missionaries and serve to discredit their efforts. Protestants may well be thankful to their American coreligionists for the millions contributed and the personal aid given by them, while American Catholics have hardly begun to realize the gravity of the situation. They must act in haste, or else, naturally speaking, "the future control of Protestantism in the great, closely inhabited lands of Asia is a foregone conclusion." Father Schwager's book should be carefully studied by all interested in the salvation of souls and the future of the Church. There is no doubt that the book might have been rendered into better English, but the translator's zeal in offering it to us at the present time is highly to be commended.

J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Temperance against Prohibition" is the title of the *Catholic Mind* for August 8. It is a reprint of the spirited discussion of the liquor question that has been running for some weeks past in the pages of AMERICA and supplies one in handy form with arguments, worth having, of the partisans on either side of this much-discussed subject of the day. The pamphlet concludes with an instructive and startling article on "European Alcoholism," by Dr. Austin O'Malley, which maintains that restriction of kind in sale of alcoholic drinks has not improved conditions of sobriety in European States.

"In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse," by M. Eydoux-Démians, translated by Betty Yeomans (Duffield & Co., $1.00), is a bit of contemporaneous history dealing with the present European struggle, that shows the generous charity and ardent zeal of the Sisters of Charity for the wounded of France. It is a narrative of the human side of war, touching and inspiring narratives of the wounded and the labors of love and patriotism of those who attend them. Sister Gabrielle is the central figure, a type of those heroic Daughters of St. Vincent who have been so loyal to France, and who have always intervened, as with an element of the supernatural, in their war-time pictures, and now again, almost miraculously, in the supreme struggle of 1914. The book is well worth a reading, and puts one in closer touch with the horribleness of war.

"Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, $0.75) is a tasty little volume of less than a hundred pages, the kindly tribute of dear friends to the noted con-

vert's life and works. Mrs. Ware Cornish writes of his conversion and his numerous writings, a contribution that originally appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Shane Leslie shows his zealous labors in the Cambridge Apostolate, and Richard Howden narrates interesting anecdotes of the lamented Monsignor. The book abounds in excellent illustrations, and gives the reader in brief the life work of this great English convert.

The publishers herald "Millstone," by Harold Begbie (George H. Doran Co., $1.25), as a strong and truth-founded story of the giant forces of syndicated vice that still threaten our youth, and the author in his epilogue says that it is a story of modern life essentially true and unexaggerated, and of its truth he has irrefutable evidence. These are strong words, and it is hard to conceive that the substance of the novel could have been drawn from real life. It is sensational without a doubt, but hardly "sanely sensational," as advertised. While interesting in parts, the novel is of no great importance and will hardly effect lasting good.

The autumn prospect indicates an increasing interest in Catholic lecture work. On the list of lecturers is the name of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, whose lectures of last winter were so well received. A new lecturer this year will be Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, sometime literary editor of the New York *Times*. His subjects include: "The Catholic Church and Socialism," "Orthodox and Heretics in Modern Literature," "What Happened to the Oxford Movement," "The Failure of Modern Thought," and "Newman and Huxley, a Study in Opposites." There are, too, lectures on prominent Catholics, such as Hilaire Belloc, Robert Hugh Benson and others of equal importance in the world of thought and action.

"Die Exerzitien des heiligen Ignatius" (Pustet, $1.75), by Rev. Peter Vogt, S.J., is a novel contribution to the literature of the "Spiritual Exercises." It is made up of passages gathered from the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and bearing upon such of the meditations of the last three weeks of St. Ignatius's famous book as are likely, in the author's judgment, to be selected for an eight days' retreat. The passages follow in a natural sequence or are knit together by a few inserted words, reference to the Fathers being made only at the foot of each page. Father Vogt had previously issued a similar work upon the first part of the "Spiritual Exercises," under the title "Grundwahrheiten." His latest book is not strictly to be regarded as an exposition of the exercises, but as a collection of patristic thought bearing more or less directly upon the general truths contained in them. The original Ignatian meditations in particular are therefore rather incomplete, as was to be expected from the nature of the work.

The following recently edited hymn books have been compiled in keeping with the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X: "The Parish Hymnal" edited by J. Otten (Herder, $0.25), is a practical volume of convenient size containing an abundant variety of well-chosen hymns and liturgical chants for Low and High Mass and Benediction. A good index adds to the usefulness of the volume, and the price brings it within the reach of congregations, sodalities and choirs of school children.——Everything indicates that the editing of "A Treasury of Catholic Song" (J. Fischer & Bros., $1.25), has been a labor of love for the compiler, Rev. Sidney S. Hurlbut. The book is published in an attractive form, the selection of hymns, both as to words and music has been done with good taste, and a very complete list of authors and composers at the end of the volume adds to the value of the book. In a foreword the editor outlines with enthusiasm the standard he has kept before him in compiling the hymnal.——A collection of forty "Gregorian Hymns for Benediction" (St. Louis University, $0.10) in modern notation is a little book that has already found favor with many choirs and religious communities.

Dr. C. C. Young's "Abused Russia" (Devin-Adair, $1.35) and John Hubback's "Russian Realities" (Lane, $1.50) are recent books on the Czar's empire. The first contains a warning, a prophesy and a prediction. The warning cautions Americans against unscrupulous agents of an inferior stock of Persian rams, for breeding purposes; the prophesy foretells the coming of better days for the persecuted Jews, and of political concessions to the Polish and Finnish peoples of Russia, all of which is to come after the war; and the prediction is that Russia will be invincible. The writer's views on the country's religious, racial, political and educational problems are seemingly drawn from personal observation, and his comments on these points are expressed with an earnestness that implies sincere sympathy with the people's difficulties. "Russian Realities" is a more bulky volume and by reason of a repetition of similar conditions in varied localities, less interesting than the first. Though by no means so intended by the writer, a Catholic reader closes the book convinced that the real need of Russia is a widespread knowledge of the doctrines, and a close adherence to the practices, of the one true religion of Christ. Both volumes are fully illustrated.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Giant Tells. By Jehanne de la Villesbrunne. $0.90; In God's Army. I. Commanders-in-Chief. St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $0.35.

Century Co., New York:
The Note-Book of an Attaché. By Eric Fisher Wood. $1.60; Arms and the Race. By R. M. Johnston. $1.00.

T. Y. Crowell Co., New York:
The Evolution of Literature. By A. S. Mackenzie. $1.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Millstone. By Harold Begbie. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Butterfly Guide. By W. J. Holland, LL.D. $1.00.

Duffield & Co., New York:
In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse. By M. Eydoux-Démains. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Devil in a Nunnery, and Other Medieval Tales. By Francis Oscar Mann. $1.50; Two Sinners. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. $1.35.

Harper & Bros., New York:
The Landloper. By Holman Day. $1.35.

Hearst's International Library Co., New York:
The Elements of the Great War. Hilaire Belloc. $1.50.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The Coming Newspaper. Edited by Merle Thorpe. $1.40.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson. $0.75; The Practice of Mental Prayer. By Father René de Maumigny, S.J. Translation revised by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. $1.25.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. $1.25.

Libraire Tequi, Paris:
Consignes de Guerre. Par Monseigneur Tissier, Evêque de Châlons. 3 fr. 50.; De la Connaisance de l'Ame. Par A. Gratry. Tome I and II. 7 fr. 60 ea.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Religious Education of the Child. By Robert R. Rusk. $0.50; The *Incendium Amoris* of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by Margaret Deanesley. $3.25.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Robert Fulton. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. $0.50; Citrus Fruits. By J. E. Coit. $2.00.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
College and the Future. By Richard Rice.

G. Schirmer, New York:
Reliquary of English Song. 1250-1700. Edited by Frank Hunter Potter. $1.25.

Fred'k A. Stokes Co., New York:
Dead Souls. By Nikolai Gogol. $1.25; The Steppe. By Anton Tchekhoff. $1.25.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
The Symbolic Poems of William Blake. Selected by Frederick E. Pierce. $2.00.

EDUCATION

Educational Work in China

II

ELEMENTARY education is the great need of the country. This is entrusted to local Boards, appointed by the Magistrate, and selected from among the scholars and gentry of the place. Revenue is collected for educational purposes, and may not be applied to other works. In the early part of 1914, an attempt was made to unify the spoken language. The Cantonese of the South can not understand the Pekingese of the Northerner, and the Western Chinamen is at loggerheads with the language of Shanghai. The provinces, nay, many of the large cities and towns, have each their peculiar "brogue," unintelligible to those of other provinces or towns. Nothing came of the movement, and the same medley of dialects continues to prevail as in the past. The Ministry ordered gymnastics and sports to be specially attended to, and more attention to be paid to strict discipline. In fact, disorder and insubordination were rife in several places; teachers had no authority, and petty rebellions against them were frequent. Thus at Wuchang, a large and important city in Central China and the seat of the revolutionary outbreak in 1911, teachers in the Government school had to resign, because they were unpopular with the students.

IN THE INTERIOR

Some provinces finding, through experience, that the local gentry were unequal to the task of starting good and efficient schools, satisfying the needs of the people, requested the Minister of Education to send capable inspectors from Peking. Few men were available. It was then thought that the many young men educated abroad were fully equipped to fulfil the requirements of the case. They were, however, rejected, on the plea that their stay in foreign countries interfered seriously with a thorough knowledge of their mother tongue. Such men were no doubt intelligent, and had specialized in engineering or other industrial branches, but they lacked breadth of view, and knew little of history, literature, especially the history and literature of China, little of government administration, law, political economy, pedagogics, and so could not help their country in her pressing needs. The conduct of the Government was much criticized; both in the foreign and the native press, with the result that gradually a more favorable attitude was adopted. Not a few young men, however, disappointed in their life's ambition, or wounded in their educational pride, threw in their lot with the rebels and worked for the downfall of their country. The above drawbacks influenced, likewise, the Government from another standpoint.

EDUCATING ABROAD

The number of young men annually sent abroad to complete their education notably diminished, and it was found preferable and, it may be added, also cheaper, to send them to the university recently opened in Hongkong, or to the numerous high schools of Japan. To illustrate this we need but take an instance of a single province. Thus Yunnan, in Southern China, sent abroad in the course of the year 8 students to Hongkong, 4 to France, 6 to the United States, and 40 to Japan. The educational expenses of a student in Europe were found to amount to $600 in gold, whereas the cost in Japan would be but $300 or $250, that is half or less than it would amount to by sending him to Western countries.

Another feature of the year, especially in elementary and middle schools, was the tendency to revert to the old style system of education, as it existed before the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. The classics, with all their antiquated notions on religion, the soul, philosophy, natural science, government and social relations, were anew introduced into the curriculum, and children shouted them as thoughtlessly as they did in the past. This was a grave mistake, and set the country back to where it was hundreds of years ago. What China really wants is a practical education, useful and modern knowledge, industrial, commercial, agricultural, for her teeming millions, and this she can not find in the classics. The classical scholar utterly disdains manual labor and all kinds of handicraft. To attest it, he wears long flowing sleeves and allows his finger nails to grow excessively, thereby exhibiting to all how alien he is in theory and fact to the practical pursuits of human life.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

As the year neared its end, all Government schools were ordered to continue sacrificial ceremonies in honor of Confucius. These had been suppressed in the early years of the Republic, and many thought they would never again be introduced. The literati in Peking and in the provinces requested the President to honor Confucius, as the ancient dynasties did, and the above step was taken to satisfy their demands. Such ceremonies have a religious character, and are largely tainted with superstition, Confucius being considered and worshiped as a super-human being. If he were considered merely as a philosopher, no one could seriously object to recognize him as such, but to kneel to his tablet, to offer incense before it, to make him the equal of heaven, is tantamount to giving him a kind of divine honor. Hence Catholics and Protestants have opposed the measure, and upheld the principle of Christian liberty guaranteed by China, and embodied in the treaties with the great Powers.

THE MISSION SCHOOLS

Grappling with so many problems, linguistic, economic, pedagogic and ritual, it is easy to understand how the Government must necessarily make slow progress. Elementary education is being much attended to and serious efforts are being made to open schools in cities, towns and hamlets. Practical text-books and programs are being prepared. The number of competent teachers is being increased, and it is expected to reach a thorough organization toward the close of 1916.

Besides the educational work of the Chinese Government, the various missionary bodies have opened schools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land, and principally in the ports open to foreign trade. In this good work, Catholics and Protestants vie with each other, and though the latter are better supplied with funds and professors, Catholic schools have held their own with no little success. In all the provinces these mission schools are most prosperous and overflowing with students. The Chinese themselves are the first to acknowledge that there are no better schools in this land. Their superiority is principally due to their excellent and varied programs, their good discipline, strikes of students being rare, and the strong Christian character which they invariably develop, imparting to Young China sound morals for the individual, the home, social and civil life. The Government is favorably disposed towards them, making large grants to some, and in a few cases acknowledging their degrees, as in 1912, those conferred by the Jesuit University in Shanghai.

The Peking *Gazette* gives the following figures for the different classes of schools maintained by foreign missionaries in China: The English and American Protestants have 3,437 elementary schools with an attendance of 76,658 pupils.

and 257 secondary schools with 30,592 students. The German Protestants have 164 elementary schools with 4,862 pupils, and 15 secondary schools with 532 students. The Catholic missionaries have 5,877 elementary schools with an attendance of 126,305 pupils, and 157 secondary schools with 6,545 students. Catholic secondary schools are now being pushed forward with greater energy than in the past, and so far amply repay the heavy sacrifices in men and funds made in their behalf.

China seriously loves education, elementary and advanced, and sees in it the basis of national prosperity and progress. As the country settles down, and more funds are available for this purpose, she will also devote more energy toward solving this necessary problem.

M. Kennelly, S.J.

ECONOMICS

The Psychology of Social Rest

ENGLAND, under the stress of war, seems to be teaching us a very wholesome lesson in social psychology. It is a lesson we might easily have learned from France many years ago, had we been so minded; but possibly our poor understanding of the Latins has forced us to wait, as it were, for an English translation. I refer to the terms of the recent English war loan.

Mr. Belloc looks for the social resurrection at the time when there will be a general redistribution of property on an equitable basis, when we shall have a number of small proprietors, and small capitalists, and correspondingly few proletarians. This is an idea which the Catholic French have always entertained, as Mr. Belloc very generously points out; also the southern Germans and many other Catholic peoples. Responsible ownership of the ground or the prominent means of production is almost, one might say, a Catholic characteristic. In Protestant countries, the severance of responsibility from the right of control has usurped the higher ideals of ownership, and the result has been and always must be socially volcanic.

The Lesson of the Loan

The new English war loan is professedly democratic. But at bottom it is more than that. It offers, by means of small denominational bonds, as the majority of French loans have always offered, to take the whole nation into its confidence. The results, of course, can only be predicted; but it seems more than probable that this appeal to the trust of even the poor people of the country will result in a new and enlightened patriotism, and a far greater feeling of responsibility for the affairs of government.

Now we ourselves are not yet under the necessity of raising a war loan; but we are undoubtedly suffering from a disease very similar to that which has hitherto caused the indifference to national issues among the English poor. Our laborers have no direct share in the country's industries, and very little incentive to promote by hearty cooperation the general economic development. There are many grave moral causes for this. Much injustice has been done, and will continue to be done, and many men have been kept in poverty who deserve at least moderate comfort. But if the success of the English war loan teaches one fact above all others, it is that investment in the country's resources, and resultant interest in the larger economic issues, is a matter, first and foremost, of psychology.

"Sense of Ownership"

Probably many comparatively poor men in England to-day have invested the equivalent of one thousand dollars in the new government bonds, who would never have done so had each bond sold for one thousand dollars. To be sure, the attached interest would have been the same. But the sense of ownership would not have been anywhere near the same. To see how true this is even in our own country, we have only to examine the lists of the small investors in fake mines, and many so-called curb stocks. A widow with a few hundred dollars in the bank can easily be persuaded to invest her all in some fanciful gold mine with shares at par value of five dollars. For one hundred dollars she can become an owner of twenty shares! That is the lesson in a nutshell. She might purchase one share of excellent railroad stock for the same amount of money. But it would not seem so much. And then, before she could buy a second share she would have to save her second hundred dollars, perhaps a matter of months, instead of being able to buy one new share as each five dollars was saved. The net results in income might be the same in either case. But, humanly speaking, and that means imperfectly speaking, the results would be entirely different. One would bring satisfaction, the other would only emphasize the gulf separating the poor owner of one share from the rich owner of a thousand. The difference between one and one thousand shares is far greater psychologically than the difference between twenty and twenty thousand shares. It ought not to be; but humanly it is so, and the new finances of Great Britain are depending on this human truth.

The Small Bond

If many of our large corporations were compelled by law to issue a certain percentage of their capital stock, and an equal percentage of their bonds, in denominations of twenty-five, or even of ten or five dollars, I am confident the result would be exceedingly gratifying. Many laborers who now simply put their earnings in a savings bank at low rates of interest would be stimulated to invest directly in the conservative capital operations of the country. This in itself would secure them a new concern for the welfare of the country as a whole, and above all a new and active sense of responsibility, a sort of anchorage that would be of untold value in times of social restlessness. The mere fact that each new five dollars would mean a new share of a new bond, that they would not have to wait perhaps for months to buy one solitary share, would make all the difference between vague hostility to capital operations and a friendly interest in them. It is the same psychology which makes a success of the various instalment schemes. It is the psychology which resurrected France after 1870. It might well prove for us the psychology of social rest at a time when class interest is becoming far more powerful than social loyalty. At all events, it is worth more than passing consideration, as England has found to-day.

Richard Dana Skinner.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A special cable despatch to the New York *Sun* contained this valuable and confusing piece of information:

> It is understood on excellent authority that the Pope held a long conversation with the Cardinals who represent England and France on the occasion of his name day to-day and informed them in unmistakable language of his strong sympathy with the Allies, aroused by a firm conviction that the war was deliberately provoked by Germany and Austria. Pope Benedict is understood to have insisted again upon the neutrality of the Holy See.

How anyone can reconcile the statements seriously printed in these few lines without doing violence to plain common sense is unintelligible. "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so" once

meant something to the readers of this paper. A few cables from Rome like the above will demand the addition of the word "foolish" to keep the sense of the sentence.

Mrs. Booth-Clibborn told the Purity Congress, in session at San Francisco last month, a few striking truths about the modern woman:

> Society has developed, especially within the last thirty years, a vast army of women who will not be women; married women who avoid children; incapable mothers who shirk the obligations and responsibilities of motherhood, in fact, women who can do anything and everything except fulfil the highest of all destinies, the bringing forth of beautiful children and the making of them into men and women who will bless humanity. Woman's neglect and denial of her highest vocation is bearing bitter fruit. Woman is not altogether to blame for her failure to fulfil her destiny. The world has made and worships this false woman.

It is quite a relief to hear a woman speak of woman's responsibilities. So much space has been given to woman's rights in public utterances that all responsibilities seem to have disappeared from view.

How delightfully ingenuous some non-Catholic papers can be is evidenced from this wise paragraph on "The Vatican and the War," that appeared in the *Churchman:*

> Nothing has more completely revealed the weakness of the clerical party in Italy than its absolute impotence in keeping the country to the policy of neutrality. All the clerical newspapers, both in Rome and in the great provincial cities, are definitely pro-German, and, of course, they only reflect the feeling prevalent in Vatican circles.

The logic of this is a bit difficult for the average reader, and under the circumstances narrated, it is strange that Catholics who presumably are prominent in that impotent "clerical party," should have fairly flocked to the flag, on the declaration of war. Are the 36,000 clerics now in the Italian army all pro-German?

Readers of the *Living Church* must have weighed with sadness the problem of empty pews as stated by the dean of the Episcopal cathedral of Milwaukee:

> A man withdrew from a church and compelled his family to withdraw, because at an oyster supper given by the ladies of the church, at which he arrived very late, he was served with oyster soup in which there were no oysters.
>
> A man left a church and took his children out of the Sunday-school because the paper napkins for the Sunday-school picnic were not bought at his store.
>
> One woman wanted to join the Episcopal Church, because she "just loved the litany and the burial service," and another woman because "the Episcopal Church believed in dancing."
>
> A woman refused to go any longer to her parish church after it had been redecorated and refurnished. When asked whether she objected to the new stained-glass windows, or the new altar, with its candles, or the new crucifix, or the new pews. "No," she said, "I don't mind any of those things; but a hard wood floor is too high church for me!"

The reasons given by the dean of the cathedral to explain why people "give up church" will make Milwaukee famous. This city was famous for another reason in the past.

It is perhaps due to the peculiar habit of modern thought that material values are accentuated at the cost of moral issues. A recent report on motion pictures is a fair example of the American attitude toward such problems:

> The rapid rise of the motion picture business is the marvel of the entire world. Commercial history holds no other instance of a new industry springing into life in so short a period of time. The admission receipts of photoplay theaters in the United States, during the first eleven months of 1914, totaled approximately $318,000,000. The Chicago *Evening Post,* in commenting on the Census report, states: "This is only the cold materialistic view of the industry. More than $500,000,000 of actual capital has been invested in the making and exhibiting of films in the United States. Two hundred and fifty thousand employees find in it a means of livelihood. Including all of its ramifications and affiliations, the industry is called the fifth largest in the land, and the total value of the property and good will of it all is practically inestimable."

The "good will of it all" is not inestimable, from the standpoint of decency at any rate. The most sacred feelings of a great number of American citizens have been outraged by filthy films, just because the box office receipts gave no indication that any one cared. A "white list" has just been issued to Philadelphia Catholics covering all the moving-picture houses in the city. If there were real good will on the part of all concerned in this great industry there would be no need of "white lists," for every program would be a white list.

The report of the Catholic Educational Association on the condition of Catholic secondary education makes interesting and instructive reading. The committee that drew up the report divided the high schools into three classes—parish or independent high schools containing boys, college high schools and girls' high schools or academies. Of the first class the committee found that there were 599 schools, with an attendance of 29,476 in the high school grades—17,594 boys and 11,882 girls. In the college high schools or preparatory departments there are 17,204 secondary students, with 989 teachers. The girls' high schools number 577, with 27,858 high school pupils. Altogether there are 1,276 secondary schools, the combined attendance amounting to 74,538. Of this number 34,798 were boys and 39,740 were girls.

These are consoling figures both to the Church and to the State; to the former for various reasons, to the latter, for the money saved to the public treasury, if for no other reason. Last year education cost the nation $750,000,000; there were 22,000,000 pupils in the schools of the United States, public and private, and 700,000 teachers; of these 566,000 were in the public schools. Some States contemplate showing their gratitude to the Church by taxing her schools, thus putting a triple burden upon Catholic parents.

The zeal of Protestants for foreign missions is aptly illustrated by this report of gifts received during the past year:

> The Northern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions received in the year ending March 31, 1915, an increase of $72,608 from the churches for general purposes. The total from all sources was $2,268,819. The United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for the year ending April 30, 1915, reported an increase of $10,000 from regular sources. The Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions reports a gain of $3,618 from Spring Conferences up to June 1, 1915. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society received $1,610,396, an increase of $441,515 for the year closing March 31, wiping out a debt of $182,713. The Home Board also paid its debt of $71,051, without diminishing its regular receipts from the churches. The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, for the eight months ending May 1, 1915, received $868,864, an increase of $125,000, four-fifths of which is a special emergency fund. From regular collections the gain was $31,866. The American Board gained $27,567 in the eight months ending March 31, 1915, the receipts being $393,112. The Foreign Board of the Reformed (Dutch) Church gained $11,000 in receipts from the churches in the year closing May 1, though there was a loss in bequests. The Domestic Board gained $16,000. The Reformed (German) Church gathered $84,178 for its debt last year in the Prince of Peace Fund.

This is a notable record. May it remind delinquent well-to-do Catholics that they have forgotten their annual dues of ten or twenty cents to our foreign missionary societies.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The capture of Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, on August 5, came at the end of the first year of the war, as the crowning achievement of the German arms. The Bavarian troops, after forcing the Russians to abandon their fortresses along the Blonie line, due west of Warsaw, led the way into the city, under their leader, Prince Leopold. The Russians fell back across the Vistula to Praga, and destroyed the three bridges across the river.

Bulletin, Aug. 3, a. m.-Aug. 10. p. m.

The German campaign, however, has not ceased with the fall of Warsaw. The Germans have in view the further object of either capturing the Russian army or else driving them to a base of operations far inland from East Prussia, and so crippling them as to render them useless for months to come. For this purpose they are trying hard to close in upon the retreating Russians from all directions of their immense line which circles around from the Gulf of Riga on the far north, west to Warsaw, and south to the Bug River on the border of Galicia. The city of Riga has not been taken by the Germans, but according to reports is being evacuated by its population. Most rapid and successful is the advance of the German army north of Kovno; already they have passed Poniewicz, which is seventy-five miles from their objective Dvinsk on the Warsaw-Petrograd railroad, the northern line of the Russian retreat. South the progress is slower; the fortress of Kovno continues to hold out against General von Buelow's army, but is in danger of being flanked by the advance toward Dvinsk, and General von Gallwitz and General von Scholz, only after a long and desperate resistance, succeeded in piercing the defenses on the north of Lomza. Serock, at the junction of the Narew and Bug, falling soon after, they pressed forward to the Lomza-Ostrov-Wyszkow line, seven miles from the Petrograd railroad. The strong fortress of Novo Georgievsk, at the junction of the Vistula and Narew rivers, nineteen miles northwest of Warsaw, is wholly invested by the Germans, but the Russians continue to hold it as a check upon the German pursuit; and by bombardment from Praga, which fell later, they for a time delayed the Germans from crossing the Vistula.

Fall of Warsaw

Ivangorod, the principal defense of Warsaw on the south, was captured by General von Woyrsh. Thereupon he was able to join forces with the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand and General von Mackensen in their steady drive north of Lublin and Cholm, for the railroad between Warsaw and Moscow, by way of Brest-Litowski, the eastern line of the Russian retreat. They have reached Lubartow, within forty miles of this railroad. The Germans are using airships to bombard the railroad sheds at Novo-Minsk and Siedlce along this line.

The British note, in reply to the remonstrance of the United States Government against the British Order in Council of March 15, was published in this country on August 4. With it were published two other notes, in defense of the rulings of the British Prize Court, and of the decision in the Neches case respectively, but these merely reiterate the doctrine of the main note.

British Note on Blockade

The new British note shifts the ground of its defense of the Order in Council from "retaliation" pure and simple, to retaliation by methods in themselves justifiable. It argues that its method of blockade, as specified in the Order in Council, constitutes "no more than an adaptation of the old principles of warfare to the peculiar circum-

stances with which we are confronted." The British contention may be stated as follows:

> The one principle which is fundamental and has obtained a universal recognition is that by means of blockade a belligerent is entitled to cut off by effective means the sea-borne commerce of his enemy. . . .
>
> They (His Majesty's Government) are unable to admit that a belligerent violates any fundamental principle of law by applying a blockade in such a way as to cut out the enemy's commerce with neutral ports, if the circumstances render such an application of the principles of the blockade the only means of making it effective.

The two Governments are exactly opposed in the interpretation of the principle of the right of blockade, the United States restricting it within certain bounds, so as to safeguard "equality of sovereignty upon the high seas" in transporting "innocent shipments to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerent territory," and Great Britain extending it so as to guarantee in the first place the success of her blockade.

German Reply in Frye Case

The German reply in the Frye case, published on August 5, denies the contention of the United States Government that the sinking of the William Frye was a treaty violation and therefore outside the jurisdiction of the Prize Court. At the same time it offers to pay indemnity, "not as satisfaction for the violation of American treaty-rights, but as the duty, or policy" of the German Government, or refer the case to the Hague.

Other Items

Petrograd reports a naval engagement in the Gulf of Riga, in which a German fleet of nine battleships and twelve cruisers and a large number of torpedo boat destroyers were repulsed. Artillery fire and hand grenade attacks are going on incessantly along the western front, especially in Artois and the Argonne and in the Vosges around Lingekopf. The British report that they have retaken their lost trenches near Hooge. On the Isonzo the Italians are still struggling fiercely for the possession of Goritz. They have captured more trenches on the Carso plateau and have drawn their lines closer around the Austrian stronghold. The reports from the Dardanelles are meager and show no decided gains for either side.

France.—The Catholics of France, with their traditional charity, are making systematic efforts to care for the victims of the war, and to help them to reconstruct their lives. Immediate surgical and hospital service are taken for granted. The amputation of legs and arms, and the bandaging of ghastly wounds, are a part of the routine of war and fall to the ordinary military staff. The more trying and more difficult task of caring for the wounded during the period of their convalesence is a greater problem, and is engaging the attention of the French women, who have taken on themselves not only to provide crutches and similar necessities for those who have been discharged from the hospitals, but have opened their homes and obtained quarters for the sick and the weak in the country, where fresh air and good food are doing much to restore them to health. Nor is this all. Efforts are made to enable the blind to accustom themselves to go about without a guide, to read by touch, and to maintain themselves without becoming permanent wards of public charity. This is the work that is engaging the sympathy of men and women all over France. The Marquise de Chambrun, writing to a friend in the United States, gives a case which, although not exactly typical, is still an example of the problem with which the French people, and especially the French gentlewomen, are grappling. The case she reports is that of a mere boy, who through the bursting of a shell received thirty-seven wounds, one of which necessitated the amputation of the right leg, and another resulted in total blindness. This boy, apparently a hopeless cripple, will later be taught how to read with his fingers, and will be exercised in a trade. René Vallery-Radot, the friend of Pasteur, writing in the *Petit Parisien,* makes a special appeal in behalf of the soldiers who went out so bravely in answer to the call, and have come back so soon, doomed to the darkness of unending night. He speaks for the Association of which he is the President, which is called "The Friends of the Soldier-Blind," and is devoted exclusively to the care of those whose sight has been given as the price of the defense of their country. Not the least part of the work of the association is to lead the blind little by little to the awful realization that never again will they look into the eyes of mother, or wife or child, and after the truth has been told, to help them not to be broken in spirit, but to take up their burden with courage. Nor does the work of the association stop here. M. Ridot enlarges on the efforts that are being made to aid the blind soldiers to learn a trade and become proficient in it; so that not only may they return to their families, but be in a position, blind though they be, to found a home of their own. Many kinds of work are open to them. The association of which M. Vallery-Radot is president helps them learn to make baskets, brushes and shoes, become *masseurs,* and acquire the trades of printing, typing, and so forth. The telephone business is also under consideration. Those who have a talent for music are helped to cultivate it. Distractions and amusements are provided to vary the task of learning to read and write according to the Braille system.

Wounded Soldiers

Germany.—The signed statement on German financial and economic affairs given to the Associated Press by the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury sums up the existing conditions, at the end of the first year of war, in five points. First, the British starvation-plan has failed. Second, Germany will never lack raw material. Third, the specter of unemployment has been banished since there is more work than workers. Fourth,

The "Prosperity of War"

as far as finances are concerned, Germany can carry on the war for a long time. For this contention the following demonstration is offered:

We produce in our own country practically everything needed for war. Thus expenditures for war purposes resolve themselves into savings. These again are at the Empire's disposition, as payments on the war loans, and deposits are flowing into the banks and savings institutions more plentifully than in times of peace. The total deposits to-day, after more than $3,000,000,000 have been paid on war loans, is higher than at the beginning of the war. The gold reserve of the Reichsbank has almost doubled since the war began.

Fifth, the confidence of the German people in the financial strength of their country is as unbounded as their confidence in its military superiority. There is, however, another phase of the economic situation to be considered. It shows how war, even under these extraordinary conditions, brought about by German genius for organization, is a dreadful economic waste. Thus, in no carping spirit, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes:

Our productive labor has in good part shrunk away, while millions of the most skilled men are now diverted into the manufacture of war supplies. And what we make is no longer productive good which till now meant new values and an enlargement of our national wealth. Where we formerly built houses, factories, machines, canals, merchant ships, now we produce only war material of every kind; the work of our hands disappears in the air as powder and lead. We are using up our resources, our capital. We save, but we create no new reserves.

Germany can in all probability carry through the war, as the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury states, without any danger of absolute economic or financial disaster, but the cost is great. as indeed it is for every one of the belligerent nations. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* sanely remarks: "Unless reason comes to the countries of Europe, we are steering for European bankruptcy." Germany may have succeeded in "wringing prosperity out of the war," but it is a prosperity accompanied by a waste which will ultimately prove a severe strain.

Great Britain.—The first anniversary of England's declaration of war was observed by numerous public meetings, at which speakers pledged the nation to an unrelenting pursuit of victory. The sentiments expressed are reflected in this editorial of the London *Times:*

Anniversary Day

Great Britain and her sister nations have borne the ordeal of the first year of war in a manner to which our descendants may look back with pride. We have made unprecedented sacrifices, have endured many vicissitudes and suffered many disappointments. The end is still remote. Yet with one accord this great union of free democracies faces the situation, and with rising courage. Nowhere is a whisper of doubt to be heard, not a shadow of irresolution. With quiet determination we have made up our minds to fight to the last. This struggle has taught the Allies many lessons, but the most vital of them is that England must win or lose forever her high place among the nations of the earth. The revelations made in the papers issued by the various Governments, and still more the unheard of methods with which Germany is conducting this war, have burned into their minds the knowledge that German victory would mean the irretrievable ruin of England and with it the downfall of European civilization. Between the civilization of England and the civilization of the German State there exists a gulf that is impassable. One represents democratic ideals of righteousness and human fellowship, the other the annihilation of the individual before the supreme right of the State. Nothing can reconcile the two. One must succumb to the other. We are determined that it shall not be the one upon which the greatness of our race has always rested and upon which our noblest hopes depend.

Each belligerent nation has declared itself guiltless a dozen or more times, but the mad chariots of war still continue to crush thousands beneath the wheels.

Ireland.—In his fifth lecture at the Gaelic League of Ireland Irish Industries Depot, (624 Madison Avenue, New York City) Mr. J. L. Fawsitt first outlined the nation-building work that awaits prosecution by the Irish Industrial Associations. By their conferences, their exhibitions, their journals, such as the *Leader,* the *Irish Industrial Journal,* etc., they have begun the industrial regeneration of the country. But the battle for the full possession of Irish markets is not yet won. Ireland unnecessarily imports annually goods to the value of $175,000,000, no better than her own products. All Irish consumers are not devoted supporters of Irish manufactures. An influential section of the people is not yet convinced that it is practical patriotism to buy Irish goods, and that by so doing, they help not only their country, but themselves. Many Irish manufacturers are lacking in commercial enterprise and efficiency, and have not yet grasped the meaning and the value of scientific advertising. Producers do not mutually support one another. And finally voters need to be trained to send into the new Irish Parliament as their representatives Irishmen fully alive to the necessity of developing the nation's latent resources.

Industrial Development

The lecturer then considered how the Irish in America may assist in this constructive work. The men and women, he contended, who voluntarily leave Ireland, are a loss to Ireland and the Irish race, by cutting themselves and all their potentialities from their people. The best service of the Irish exile to his country is to return, if possible to Ireland. Emigration should be discouraged, for Ireland needs every one of her children, if she is to work out her destiny. The financial help of the Irish in America is needed for the cause. And the exiles must help that cause by loyalty to Ireland's language, traditions and ideals. They must carry themselves in this the land of their adoption as the equals of the various races that are building up the prosperity of America. In conclusion Mr. Fawsitt exhorted all to win the respect of the world by their upright and honorable lives. Their first duty was to America, their next to Ireland. He suggested cooperation with the industrial revival, pointed out a few practical ways of furthering it, such as the purchase of Irish goods, and the organization of an Irish Chamber of Commerce to foster and encourage trade with the United States. The lectures of Mr. Fawsitt have been of the

highest interest and educational value. They should produce lasting and beneficial results.

Mexico.—The nation is still on the cross, but there is a slight hope that the nails may soon be wrenched from the wood and the bleeding body taken down. During the week a conference was held looking to the pacification of the country; the conferees were Secretary Lansing, the Ambassadors of Brazil, Chili, Argentina, the Ministers from Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala and Mr. Paul Fuller of New York. The sessions began August 5 and were suspended temporarily August 7, probably to give the Latin-Americans an opportunity to communicate with their Governments. At this writing the plans under discussion are not known. Carranza showed his usual pique over the conference, and issued the customary manifesto, which was substantially as follows: (1) The suggestion that a new and impartial man take my (Carranza's) place emanates from the enemies of the revolution or from ignorant people who assume that, after the work of the army is done, all that is necessary is to call an election. This is a trap set by the reactionary elements; (2) The vital work of the revolution remains to be done after the army is in undisputed control, for reforms will then be promulgated as "war measures" by a military decree drawn up by the chief (Carranza) of the military forces; (3) This done, elections will be held; Congress will then convene and I will submit to it all the laws decreed by me as military chief; Congress will probably ratify these reforms, and thus the revolution will come to an end. Congress will be the chief power of the nation, and government under the constitution will be resumed immediately. Those who know Mexico and Carranza will smile at this manifesto; its sum and substance is: I, Carranza, intend to be President, Congress, constitution and everything else, and decent Mexicans, the vast majority of the people, may make the best of it. Later in the week the First Chief petitioned recognition from the United States, through his attorney in Washington, and from the same source came an announcement that two of Carranza's agents in our capital would "be glad to confer with representatives of any element of the Mexican people with a view to furthering the common interest, the peace and the welfare of the nation." This with other similar statements is taken to mean that Carranza will not step aside for any cause whatever. If this be so, a lasting solution of the Mexican problem is impossible, for these words of General Hernandez are absolutely true: "I tell you this, that the supporters of Villa, or of Carranza, or of Zapata are no more representative of the wishes and aspirations of the millions of citizens of my country than the pickpockets and thieves of New York city are truly representative of the ideals of all the people of this city."

An Important Conference

Meantime the problem has been further complicated by the recall of the Brazilian Minister to Mexico, who for some time represented the United States, the expulsion by Carranza of the Minister from Guatemala, who was ordered to quit the country within 24 hours, and numerous raids by Mexicans, on ranches in Texas, which necessitated the placing of several companies of United States infantry at different places along the border, to protect the lives and property of American citizens. The outcome of all this is not clear; it is certain, however, that most Mexicans want peace, and that the Carranzistas want victory and domination at any price. This last statement is made certain by an unofficial telegram sent by Constitutionalists from Vera Cruz, wherein surprise is expressed that any interference with their plans should be contemplated, now that victory and peace are in sight.

Spain.—An important event in the Catholic life of Spain has been the successful Liturgical Congress just concluded in the Benedictine Abbey of Montserrat. In its inspiration and organization, and in the language used, Catalonia played an important part. The congress was presided over by the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Ragonesi, assisted by the Archbishop of Tarragona and five bishops. The liturgical functions were carried out in all their perfection in the presence of 2,000 people. Of the three sections composing the congress, one was devoted to historical studies, another to works of the sacerdotal ministry, the third to Gregorian chant. Scholarly papers and addresses discussed the liturgy from the historical, dogmatic, musical and archeological standpoint. In the closing speech of the three days' sessions, the Nuncio resumed the discussion and eloquently dealt with the liturgy as an educative force for the intellect, the will and the imagination of the people. The Archbishop of Tarragona read a telegram of loyal adhesion to the Sovereign Pontiff and proclaimed amidst the general enthusiasm that the faith of Spain and Catalonia was as strong and immovable as the rock-ribbed mountains of Montserrat. The entire audience closed the splendid gathering by the singing of the "Credo" from the Mass of Pope Marcellus. The congress has borne permanent fruits, first in the translation of the Roman missal into Catalan, published at the abbey and presented to the Nuncio; secondly, in the series of practical resolutions adopted. These resolutions summarize the drift and purpose of the proceedings. They emphasize as of vital interest the fact that the faithful should take as close and intimate a part in the liturgical ceremonies as their fathers did in the Middle Ages. The participation of the people should be complete; they should follow the texts, join in the chant, etc. As the Mass is the center of the liturgy, the faithful should share in it to the utmost extent, internally and externally, by communicating at the Mass, by considering themselves co-celebrators with the priest, by not occupying themselves with anything else but the great Sacrifice. To promote the aims of the congress, the liturgical books of the Church should be widely translated for use among the people.

Liturgical Congress

TOPICS OF INTEREST

"The Rights of the Child"

THE expression "the rights of the child" has, I believe, been traced to Victor Hugo. There is some question whether it was not used before him by that fond lover of his children who was willing to have them committed to a State institution, Jean Jacques Rousseau, but certainly the French poet-novelist first emphasized it to such an extent as to make it one of the shibboleths of his generation and give it the prominence it has had in our time. It has sometimes been said with a good deal of pride that this is "the period of the child" and that there never was a time in the world's history when so much attention was paid to the children nor so much done for them. Perhaps the old saw that it is better not to pay much attention to children is accountable for the fact that in spite of devoted attention to children for the past two generations, there is far from universal satisfaction with regard to children's progress and distinct dissatisfaction because of their persistent exhibition of traits that make them particularly unamiable. It was of our American child that a German visitor to this country said, not long ago, that "while American mothers were so lovely as almost to disarm any criticism, their children were so impossible as to make one wonder whether, after all, this very amiable mother must not be responsible for it." On the other hand, an American said, not very long ago, that "there is just as much obedience as ever in the American family, only now the parents obey the children instead of the children the parents."

Manifestly the doctrine of "the rights of the child" is bearing fruit. Quite as manifestly also childhood is not to be marked by any of the qualities such as submission, and those other traits that used to be considered so praiseworthy in the young. Any one who knows Victor Hugo's career even a little would not be likely to think that his teaching, or any initiative that came from him, could possibly foster respect for authority during his long life, for he was always the enemy of discipline and subordination. His talks to his children consisted in urging upon them the importance of liberty, that wonderful word that every one uses and so few understand.

Hugo's youngest child died in a Paris sanitarium the other day. Perhaps her notorious career was due rather to some irrational elements in her make-up than to anything else, though her unfortunate conduct was of a form that surely was made much worse by the lack of training in self-control in her childhood. After the death of the English officer, with whom she ran off, she sank almost to the lowest depths of infamy, and it is clear that her misfortune was accelerated and accentuated by the defects of character consequent upon the teaching that "the liberty of the individual" and "the rights of the child" were the most important factors for conduct. Certainly, Victor Hugo suffered enough from the divagations of his children to give him pause in his preaching with regard to "the rights of the child" and "not breaking the children's spirits" and "letting the individual develop according to his nature," phrases which have acquired popularity from his writings and yet are condemned so strikingly by what happened to his own children as a consequence of this teaching.

In spite of the failure of such training in his own children he brought up his grandchildren the same way, and almost needless to say, even more effectively spoiled them. He left a provision in his will, I believe, that on pain of disinheritance, none of his grandchildren should be married by the Church. They must have no religion. Two of his grandchildren, Georges Hugo and Jeanne Hugo, have been the spectacle of Paris for years. While I was making my medical studies in Paris twenty years ago, the Leon Daudet-Jeanne Hugo divorce was the topic of acute interest. The details of the event were impressed upon me, for the younger Charcot, Jeanne's second husband, was my special professor at the Salpetrière when the divorce was granted, and I recall that Jeanne's brother, Georges, took sides with Daudet against his sister, and on one occasion publicly insulted her at the Comedie Française, with the result that he was thoroughly drubbed in the foyer of the theater by young Dr. Charcot. Dr. Charcot afterwards became the center of interest for Parisians as a consequence of Jeanne Hugo's social improprieties, to use the mildest possible term, and then went on that expedition to the Antarctic, in which he did such good work. At the time it was said that he would not be sorry if he should never return to Paris, and indeed there was the feeling that his one idea was to get as far as possible from home.

I have sometimes wondered then, whether Victor Hugo or Solomon was the better teacher in the care of children. Of course, Solomon is dreadfully old-fashioned, and who would now dare to say, "spare the rod and spoil the child"? This is the age of the child and the children must have their own way. Well, the Victor Hugo children and grandchildren had their own way and exemplified very well their paternal relative's teaching.

As a sort of contrast to all this, I was talking with Mr. Wilfrid Ward during his recent visit to America, and the question of the training of the Huxley children came under discussion. Huxley, though himself an agnostic, had insisted that his children should be brought up Anglicans, with the firm teaching of religious principles. His reasons for doing so, as he explained to friends, was that there are periods in the lives of young folk when they need all the help that religion can give. If they wished to make a choice afterwards when they were mature enough to be able to judge for themselves and should choose to accept his agnostic position, well and good, but in the meantime it seemed not only better, but eminently advisable for them to have religious training. Huxley and Victor Hugo represent directly opposite

poles in a great many things, but particularly in this matter of religious education. The lessons of their experience seem worth while recalling.

We have probably done an infinite amount of harm to children by all this specious talk about "the rights of the child." Children have been spoiled and made only childishly happy for the time, but their possibilities of happiness for the future have been sadly impaired. For happiness consists not in having many things, but in having as few desires as possible unsatisfied. Happiness is reached not by multiplying the desires, but by limiting them, and from very early years controlling and suppressing them and making ourselves understand that there are many things we do not need, a great many things that we can get along better without. By practising such self-control it is not only possible, but even easy to come to a point where there is actually a satisfaction in self-denial and a joy in feeling that there are so many things that other people seem to think that they need that we do not need, making them dependent while we are independent. This is not merely the doctrine of the Saints, but some very worldly minded sinners who think seriously. Goethe, not likely ever to be canonized, said, *Entbehren sollst du:* "Thou shalt deny thyself," to have life at its best.

Such a state of mind, however, can only come from thorough early training. Religious training is best for this, but it is only thorough if it is not limited to the years of childhood, but carried through all the period of youth up to maturity, so that discipline and not liberty is made the watchword of education. That doctrine is, however, so different from most of the teaching now, that I suppose it will be scouted as "old fogyish." There are a large number of families like the Hugos brought up in disaccord with that old-fashioned doctrine, which prove that not only parents are made very unhappy by the lack of self-control in their children, but that the children themselves for whom so much happiness is planned, are set straight on the path toward unhappiness and made quite incapable of any genuine satisfaction in life because they lack the discipline of mind and heart, which enables them to accomplish the things that bring satisfaction.

The supreme right of the child in each generation and the only right worth while talking about is the right to the best direction that its forbears can provide, in order to enable the boy to avoid the pitfalls in his path. The child has not only a right to happiness during its younger years, but to happiness during life, and that can only come from habits of self-control in youth. To learn these habits may require a good deal of self-denial and many limitations of personal liberty. As has been well said, however, the greatest limitation of personal liberty ever framed is the Ten Commandments. Much of present-day talk with regard to limiting the liberty of the individual and above all much of what is said with regard to the right of the individual to happiness neglects this great set of limitations which in spite of their denying quality, really make for happiness in the end.

There is entirely too much talk of "the rights of the child" and too little of the duties of life. Happiness comes from a fulfilment of duty: the earlier the practice in that begins the better. Children can enjoy this practice, if it is properly arranged for them, just as they can enjoy the exercise which they must go through in order to form their muscles, though such exercise always involves a great many pains and aches. Any one who tries to save a child from these achy discomforts consequent upon exercise by limiting its activities, simply hampers its development. In the moral order in almost exactly the same way a certain number of exercises that are nearly always difficult and never easy and pleasant must be gone through in order to form character. To have these provided for it is the right of the child, and it is this that its elders in their wisdom must as far as possible secure for it and not the indulgence of its inclinations, which gives only passing pleasures, but no real satisfaction, and does not, moreover, tend to real happiness in life.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The Proofs of the Past

IF ever you have occasion to read one of those monuments of history which Western learning produced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries you will note in it certain features contrasting strongly with whatever great modern historical work you may have come across. You find the writer concerned with facts as facts and with theories as theories. Often he is only concerned with the facts. He simply wants to find out, and, when he has found out, to tell. He is proud of his learning; but he is also proud to give you the basis of it. If he is out for a theory he defends it as a theory, nearly always with the violent personal note which in controversy is an *admission* that one is defending a theory.

Again, he is very accurate, he is *very* accurate in things susceptible to just judgment. He is correspondingly careless in his guesswork. Often his theories will be quite wild and sometimes ludicrous, but it is as theories that he puts them forward, not as a body of teaching dogmatically affirmed and to be dogmatically accepted. That kind of affirmation he keeps for things on which all men will agree when they see the evidence. He is correspondingly naive in setting down all the evidence he has. If his chronicler talks of "an innumerable host," down it goes as innumerable, even though it comes oversea in three boats or lives for a month on the supplies of a small country town. If his chronicler gives him the names of seven kings at the origins of Roman history down they go all in order and as simply real as contemporaries might be. And who knows they weren't? Finally, he has the note of giving you *all* he knows, and there is an air about him which suggests that the evidence is limited.

Our great modern historical works are in quite another spirit. They are written, invariably, to maintain a theory.

They select an average fact in support of that theory. They affirm the theory before it is proved, during proof and after proof. They are either indifferent to accuracy in measurable things, or they omit the measures altogether; and they are correspondingly exact upon spelling, repetition, lists. They suggest that the evidence behind them is indefinitely large in extent and they refer one to it in a host of highly abbreviated foot-notes which are hardly intended to be controlled. Finally, they dogmatically affirm, with the object that it may be as dogmatically accepted, not the thing on which all would agree, could all see the evidence, but just these other things on which there is doubt and in which, therefore, one's success in suggestion is dependent upon not taking one's reader into one's confidence.

Now it is evident, upon the face of it, that this tendency in modern historical work promises a grave danger. It imperils truth, and how practical that peril, though of academic origin, may be I will consider in a moment. But first let us examine why such a mood has come to exist in the great modern historian. Note you, it does not exist in the humble text-books. These propagate falsehood honestly and concern themselves straightforwardly with what they have been given as facts, and their humility is no small part of the peril we run. It is the high priests of modern history who show symptoms of that disease which substitutes hypotheses for certitude, and what they would wish for what they know. How did they catch that disease and why does it flourish in them?

The first cause was undoubtedly the immense accumulation of material. There was too much to tell upon the old lines. Parallel with this went the advance in range of experience which physical science enjoyed, and enjoyed, remember, through the constant and successful use of hypotheses. Unfortunately, both the expansion of learning and its rapidly divergent lines of research produced a third thing which has nothing to do with the learning and is rather an enemy to it. It produced the opportunity of mumbo-jumbo than which nothing more powerfully perverts, as by an appetite, the fallen race of man. The physical scientist could say with justice to the reader: "Only a few of us, and I am one, have had the training and the time to examine these things, you have had neither: you must take this truth from me." Once let that power be accepted, and the temptation in the learned to abuse it and in the vulgar to worship that abuse is very strong. Short of a balance they will both yield to it.

Now that balance, paradoxical as it may sound, existed in the practice of religion, false or true: I mean in the acceptation as true of a number of teachings upon matters which could not, of their nature, be discussed from experiment. Such an acceptation satisfied the appetite for authority; by a sort of reaction it left men far more ready to question assertions made in the temporal sphere. You have but to watch the mind, learned or simple, cultured or uncultured, which accepts some dogmatic system on transcendental matters to see how it works in its treatment of evidence on mundane matters: it has proportion. This phenomenon has, I repeat, nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of the transcendental system. I am examining the matter not as an argument for religion, a phrase with no meaning unless we postulate *which* religion, but as a human happening. It is true that men who have lost their old shrines will turn to worship at some new ones, just as it is true that a man who has lost his taste for wine will replace it by some other beverage. He must drink. The new learning, and its ministers were there to play the ritual part and men, in the loss of the old authority, grasped at this new one. Nowhere was the new spirit more powerful than in the science of medicine which, changing its dogma every twenty years was infallible all the time. It was powerful in every academic field and in history among the rest.

But here a man may well ask, what is the harm of it? "The doctor's replacing the priest is an active peril. He may have us all hurt ourselves and our society badly and then, at the next change in his infallible doctrine, it may be too late to go back. But what harm can the same false spirit in history do?" This harm: that men can not help arguing from the past; it is their object lesson in politics. It is the exemplar. So strongly do men feel this that, quite illogically, the man who would most change some institution in society has the strongest appetite for proving that in a remote past his novel proposal was the rule. See how keen the Communists are to prove some fancied original community of land. Note how the polygamists, an increasing heresy among us, cling to a strange clotted myth of "primitive marriage customs." Observe the Asiatic historian in Lombardy to-day, marked under an Italian name, one Ferrero, and "proving" that the might of Rome was based not on arms, but on usury, a comfortable doctrine! All these men instinctively claim history for a foundation and, in our morals as in our laws, our particular policies, domestic and foreign, true history strengthens the State. False history weakens it. We all know with what grave anxiety England must now regard her future. It is true to say that no small part of our perils is due to the grotesque fictions of "racial" superiority, of original "free and germaine" institutions, of "later dominion," economic rather than military in its basis, with which the governing classes were fed at the universities for two generations. Such phantasies in the place of truth divorced its victims from Europe and went counter in their effect to the whole stream of civilization. They warped the vision of Christendom. They lent false strength to vain things and hid the powers of things alien but strong. The liquidation of such deficits in the intellectual account of a ruling class is always a perilous and often a catastrophically disastrous operation.

If it be asked what remedies we have, the answer seems to be that of general remedies we have none, except a change of the mind of society; but we have particular remedies which each reader can use for himself, and that is to consult the first-hand evidence on any point he is

concerned with. Such evidence is to-day easily obtainable in a thousand reprints.

A few years ago an official Oxford historian published a little book on our ancestors of the Middle Ages. It was a cheap issue and intended for a wide and popular circulation, which undoubtedly it attained. In this manual he was careful to describe that odd and, as he told us, utterly exploded thing called the Christian Faith. He gave it to his readers in detail lest they should remain ignorant of an institution so fundamental to his subject, and yet now so long perished that they could find traces of it only in the books of the learned! Well, in this pontifical description of the fossil he omitted all mention of the Incarnation and did not so much as use the two words "Jesus Christ!"

In a time and place where balderdash of that texture can pass for history and, well, there is no general remedy save a general change of the mind. But the particular inquirer, troubled and doubtful as to this don's authority, might have corrected that history by consulting such early documentary evidence of the old doctrine as is contained in the New Testament. Much of it is nearly contemporary.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Women and Peace

PERHAPS it is too early to look for far-reaching results from the recent pair of international conferences, held by women in the interests of peace. The seed they sowed has indeed not yet had time to blossom, but certainly sufficient to sprout. Apparently it has not even sprouted, however, and, most likely, will not. Why?

If we consider the seed and the soil, we find both so favorable that the lack of germination, at first blush, looks strange. What could be nobler than the resolutions which have been passed at these two congresses? They embody a vehement, though sane, protest against a slaughter which, if prolonged, will end in the murder of civilization. Most commendably our women seekers of peace saved their arraignment of war from being a mere string of platitudes, by preferring suitable remedies for the catastrophe. The world knows well that it needs concord, but is not exactly aware how to get it. The Hague conference essayed to do some excellent teaching. Its monitions that justice be made the basis of settlement of the European contention; that neutral nations combine and consistently exercise their mediatory influence upon the belligerents; that the principle of arbitration be embraced by every world-power and, if any are unwilling to adopt it, that moral, social, and economic pressure be brought to bear on the recusants: all these, and their several kindred suggestions, constitute a common-sense emollient, if not specific, for the great misadventure of modern times. An intellect would have to be considerably below the average not to find wisdom in the bulk of the women's expressed views.

Too, these women's meetings were not anachronisms The war, of course, is still in its infancy; but so many horrors have been gorged into the brief period of twelve months, that the world is already appalled and dreads to see the monster grow. Attempts to stifle it should be welcomed in every quarter of the globe. Governments are tired, whether they admit it or not, of hurling $20,000,000 a day into the bloody maw of death. The world's business brain is insulted, criticism gloomily indicates that whatever can be ultimately gained by any nation will be inadequate to what will have been lost by all. Already men's eyes have closed to the novelty, glamour and excitement of the contest; their breasts are torn with disgust, dissatisfaction, and despair. Certainly the peace-endeavors of women could not be ill-timed at a juncture when Mars has become so intensely hated and feared; assuredly the bleeding heart of humanity was well prepared by sorrow to receive profitably such a message as the last sapient one which the Hague has transmitted.

To be sure, no nation cares to depart from the contest ingloriously. But women judiciously informed them how they might all do so with honor. Why then were the voice of Berne and that of the Hague not listened to? Why were they in so many quarters vulgarly laughed at? Why goes war still savagely on, without even a hint at cessation? Why are the two congresses, convened at such inconvenience, seemingly fruitless? As the fault is, to all seeming, not particularly with the soil or the seed, it would appear to be especially with the sowers themselves.

Modern woman has introduced so much discord into human affairs that naturally she is ignored, or, still worse, sneered at when she registers a protest against discord. She has wriggled out of the conventions with which time and man's tenderness sacredly bound her sex; plunged into the world of action; swum for the goal of "equal rights"; practically attained it: only to lose, or at least to impair, her world-influence. Placing herself on a level with man, she ceased to be an object for him to look up to. Becoming his equal, she ceased to glow on his imagination as a star. She is not such an inspiration as she was. Had the two women's peace-assemblies been composed of good old-fashioned silver-haired mothers, whose great aim in life had been sons for God and the State, and not suffrage for themselves, Berne and the Hague could not but have been religiously heard. As it is, the votes-for-women and women's-liberty crescendo, so long and stridently ringing, has exceedingly fatigued the ear of the world; men are too weary to listen, even though it is now being exploited in the cause of calm.

Why is it women have not realized that, in their so-called servitude, they were more powerful directresses of men's lives than they are today or, if they keep "advancing," ever will be? A drop from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages is a rather long one, but it is warranted in a criticism of the excesses of modern woman. In those "days of old," girls were sheltered enough to have the charm of coyness; women were home-loving enough to be ideal mothers and to be content with being such. Yet they had power, plenty of it. The

hedgments which men placed about them were not, and were not deemed, barriers, but protections. Guarded in the sublime position to which Christianity had reared them, women could lose none of the dignity with which God has invested the delicate possessors of life's vessel, the mightily weak weavers of racial destiny. What more could a woman wish for than the greatest gift which man could give: his devotion? Since his life was hers, what a powerful force she must have been in its moldings! The Church exalted woman; woman exalted man: no wonder the world was then godly!

But now the age of chivalry is only a mist, largely dissipated, at that, by the torrid sun of modern, fervid, social ambitions. Advanced women have voluntarily discontinued being pedestaled goddesses. They have notably ceased to act as the helpers of men, animated by an all-consuming desire to be helpers of themselves. It is extensively forgotten that, while to physically superior man naturally falls the duty of protecting woman's body, to more finely-organized woman logically devolves the office of directing man's heart. During most of the past century, the world of men has more or less felt the need of a mother's, a wife's, influentially gentle, virtue-filled hand; while, of late, it has been having its ears soundly and almost incessantly boxed by suffragettes' fists. Real homes have become really rare. For a home can not be, without a whole-soul woman; but women have largely torn themselves from domesticity and ejected the better part of their energies into the great outside tide of life. Drowning was inevitable.

The hearth has always been woman's safeguard and man's inspiration. That gone, the foundation of society is unsteady. Decidedly the morals of men have weakened during the decades which have been devoted to woman's "emancipation." If one tithe of the stories which are wafted to us from beyond the sea be true, the primeval brute is to-day again moving to the ascendent. Could this, war or no war, possibly be, if woman had remained at man's side as his soul-help-meet, and not run ahead of him as a suffragette? As a house is apt to be chaos without a woman's touch, so is a man's life.

Women might protest that in raising their status, they have had no desire to lift themselves out of a man's life but rather into it. The fact remains that by stepping into it, they have lost their influence over it. Man knew and honored woman when she stayed in her own sphere; he sees her only as a stranger when she invades his. He realizes too well the demerits of his own world and was inclined to imagine woman's the realm of perfection. Frankly despising the seaminess and sordidness of the scenes with which he comes in daily contact, can he esteem woman when he finds her serenely floating in them? Can he any longer think of her as perfect when he jostles her, shoulder to shoulder, in an exposed life, to whose evil allurements he himself has not infrequently been weak enough to succumb?

No; while woman has been gaining in ostensible power, she has been losing in prestige, and consequently in real power. Without man's confidence, her social abilities are in a knot. For he is, and by nature, always will be the sex regent. The best she could ever hope for would be to aid the world by helping him; but by antagonizing him, she has greatly forfeited her chance to succor the world.

It is the thoughts which woman inspires in man rather than the words which she speaks to him, that rule male conduct. Hers is intrinsically a moral influence. But can women conscientiously say that, particularly of late years, their selfishly aggressive measures for more power, notwithstanding that man had given them the sweat of his brow and the unstinted devotion of his heart, have been calculated to edify and stimulate his soul? Can they, who have turned a whole century sour with their bellicose demands for greater "liberty," expect to be listened to the first time they call for peace?

Edward F. Murphy, M.A.

Compulsory Silence

THE British recruiting sergeant undoubtedly knows his limits in the matter of martial ardor when summoning "slackers" to the colors. He feels that if he bears upon their supposititious "lily livers" by frankly stating some of the superimposed conditions of conscripted service, he is merely using a perfectly legitimate psychological implement for the purpose of rank-swelling. Outside the London Law-Courts, for instance, a hospitaled hero explained that in the event of compulsion the additions to the army secured by that measure would, more or less justly, be subject to inferior status in the eyes of the volunteer soldiers. "We'll see they get their taste of the German shell-fire," were his exact words, with perhaps the omission of the letter "s" in "shell." This seems quite reasonable for a gentleman fighter's attitude. He, the speaker, had left a wife and family in Dublin, gone through the purgatory of the trenches, and returned minus half his right hand. A man in that position must feel piqued when he sees scores of able-bodied youths, more obligated than himself to their country's service, not volunteering to go, preferring, in the classic phrase, to "let George do it." Yet further inquiry reveals extenuating circumstances. Out of the twenty military-aged men who attended the wounded soldier's harangue, two were American citizens, twelve were "rejects," and three were employed in government work. This left three "slackers."

The orator provided the means of discovering these facts. He pointed out the men in the crowd with his walking stick. An orderly approached them, with a request to step forward, and they underwent catechizing in full sight and hearing of the bystanders. This is one of the salient methods employed by the recruiting authorities. Like all the others in vogue it has an ugly feature for the man not in the service, and forms a most attractive pastime for those already wearing His Majesty's very utilitarian uniform. These are secure from random insult, and can gratify that inevitable human relish for the misfortunes of peers. The "slacker" must take his medicine which just now is on every side in very liberal doses.

All over London the call to arms is heard, and from the general sprinkling of khaki-clad figures at every turn it would be unsafe to say that the young men are not generously responding. Admiration is the suitable tribute paid by all classes of ineligibles to the men who have lined up in the critical fight, and naturally too many have gone to extremes

against the "slacker." There is, undoubtedly, a type of Englishman as there is a type of every country's manhood, or alleged manhood, which cannot be stirred to patriotism, because an insufficient proportion of red corpuscles in the blood makes agitation impossible. If conscription is prescribed for such it can benefit the country little. Exhortations from even the most eloquent of Established clerical throats can not rouse their souls to fervor, any more than yeast could aerate lead. The women of England, in their quiet, punctilious manner, have found the only effective way of making these chaps smart is by talking of nothing but war in their presence, and praising deeds of other men. This feminine propaganda penetrates the thickest-skinned.

Yet there are many excellent people who have taken to the plinth with loud calls for conscription and the round-up of the "slacker." As a rule the gentlemen who make the most noise in this direction are farthest removed from the scope of military eligibility, but this must be courteously considered to be only an incident. Where the trouble enters, however, is in the general effect these "gloom gospelizers" produce. They are certainly not tending to sustain the sturdy British spirit in these dark days of the war, and whatever impetus they accord to the army roll is not without drawback in the smoldering anger they induce in the breasts of thousands of half-willing recruits, which may recoil on innocent heads after the war is done and the excited gentlemen settle down to their tea with the smug assurance that the little isle is still right, and a good deal tighter.

From statements of reliable witnesses "slacker-baiting" once reached the proportions of a popular sport in British society of all grades, except the very lowest, where the "slacker" is unknown, and the very highest, where he is practically ostracized. Now the hysteria is stilled, except for an occasional vent from some book-bound amateur journalist, aroused from Winklian slumber to the alarming discovery that England, while indomitable, is not invincible and that the German power is indeed force. Yet the impression veritably smites the new observer that Britain is put to it for men, which is not really the case.

The appeals posted throughout England are excellently lithographed, and well edited, saving occasionally some stale catchwords and poorly disguised threats. The shirking youth of England are intimidated with the loss of feminine favor, and the women of England are asked "Where their boys are," and other questions of a personal nature calculated to arouse the Boadicea spirit. In short, the traditional English reserve is being assailed officially, for recruiting methods and literature are direct in principle and inconsiderate in argument. The young man is told plainly to enlist because he is wanted. Solicitors in uniform button-hole him. He cannot escape the call. The conditions of enlistment are quite generous considering the crisis, and the hint of compulsion pervading the studied words of the multitudinous advertisements sounds a warning to the negligent that government may tighten up on its purse-strings to late-comers.

A hundred morals could be picked from the recruiting campaign. The outstanding conclusion is that no matter how great and glorious, abstract and transcendental an empire may be in times of peace, a death-grapple with a mighty competitor will gather in the straggling ends of dominion and make what was universal quite domestic, render the chasms of class quite negligible through the medium of common interest, and tend to reduce the puffed unsteadiness of a grand imperial chaos to a compact mass of fighting force.

There seems to be no question that Britain is thoroughly aroused to her need; that she is obtaining every recruit she can equip, for the streets and public gardens and places bear testimony to the rapidity of numerical enlistment, if not of equipment. Some sort of industrial conscription to guarantee the production of high-explosives and other necessities will probably be introduced. All classes of men who cannot serve are "doing their bit" in arsenals as errand boys or skilled mechanics. Desire to help is the average Britain's position. The threat of compulsory service has been so thoroughly dinned into the "slacker's" ears that he is choosing the lesser evil of voluntary enlistment, as the only alternative to the callous cry of certain stern employers, "Serve or Starve." Therefore it strikes the observer that Britain's best measure would be to extend her able censorship to the tongues of the ineligible militarists, and, while war is waging, demand compulsory silence.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

"Assumpta Est Maria"

THE cloistered life, like every other form of vigorous and progressive vitality, has its trials and growing pangs, and they are many. It also has its compensations: they, too, are many. One of these compensations, one of these privileges, is to stand daily in the choir of the monastic church as the afternoon sun floods the outside world and pours in a many-hued stream through the painted windows; one of these compensations, part of the promised hundred-fold, is to stand at the hour of None, being at peace with the world, with men, and with God, and to sing those words ascribed to St. Ambrose, which will be sung so long as the Church exists on earth:

Largire clarum vespere
Quo vita nusquam decidat,
Sed præmium mortis sacræ
Perennis instet gloria.

Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last,
That by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

The afternoon, the None hour of the year is August, and it was in August that Mary passed into the *clarum vespere*, the glorious evening of her Assumption into heaven, into the eternal sunshine of the Beatific Vision. The very word is eloquent of her triumph. *Adsumo:* "I take to myself," and God took her to Himself on the day of her Glorious Assumption, on "Lady-Day-in-Harvest.

It must be a never-ending source of wonder to every student of the Sacred Liturgy of the Latin Church to note with what exquisite skill and artistic judgment the Church has placed in the Divine Office a spiritual pageant on the great holydays. The story of the harvesting of God's Mother bursts out with a glad anthem at First Vespers of the Feast of the Assumption: "Mary is received into heaven; the Angels rejoice; and praising they bless the Lord. . . . The Virgin Mary hath been taken into the celestial bridal chamber where the King of kings sitteth upon a starry throne." So she passes into heaven, with the choirs of Angels bearing her company. In her passing the imagery of the Divine Office puts in her mouth the words of the prophet: "In all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. Then the Creator of all things commanded and said to me: and he that made me rested in my tabernacle (and he said to me: Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thy inheritance in Israel, and take root in my elect)."

Mary is now to sing her Magnificat before the face of God, and as she reaches up towards the Eternal Presence there breaks on her ears the anthem that ushers in her own canticle on the earth, just as she is her own anthem to her everlasting Magnificat in heaven. "Virgin most wise, whither goest thou, rising gloriously like the dawn? Daughter of

Sion, thou art all beautiful and comely, fair as the moon, clear as the sun." And while she hastens on her way, the angelic hosts crowding the battlements of heaven look out to behold her, and they, too, raise the mighty shout: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." And, as if in answer to this question, the whole company of Angels and the redeemed, in heaven and on earth, send back as an echoing reply: *Exaltata est sancta Dei Genetrix super choros Angelorum ad cœlestia regna.*

So Mary has passed into heaven, where, crowned as its Queen, the Sacred Liturgy flings at her feet one last tribute, Salve Regina, and so the pageant of praise is completed.

O Queen of Heaven surpassing fair,
All pitiful beyond compare,
Mother of mercy, hear our prayer.

O Life in earth's short weary ways,
A Sweetness shedding pity's rays,
O Hope of everlasting days.

Lo! through a vale of tears we roam,
Sighing, we weep, oft-times we moan,
Eve's children exiled from their home.

Turn, turn, O advocate thine eyes
Of mercy on us, nor despise
Our tears, our sorrows, and our cries. . . .

In contrast to the Breviary Office, which presents more the dramatic aspect of the festival, the Mass of the Assumption shows itself to be of a mystical or symbolical character. The Introit, with appropriate variations, is found in other Masses. "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honor of Blessed Mary the Virgin: for whose Assumption the Angels rejoice, and praise the Son of God." "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the king." In the Epistle Mary is typified under the figure of Wisdom:

> In all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. . . . And so was I established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested. . . and my abode is in the full assembly of saints. . . . I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion. I was exalted like a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho. As a fair olive tree in the plains, and as a plane tree by the water in the streets, was I exalted. . . (*Ecclus. xxiv.*)

The symbolism of the Epistle finds a parallel in the Gradual: "Because of truth and meekness and justice: and thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully. Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear: for the king shall greatly desire thy beauty." Thus the mystical significance of the Old Law, and mingling with its echoes there breaks as with a full flood of praise, the alleluiatic verse of the Catholic Church: "Alleluia, alleluia. Mary is received into heaven: the host of heaven rejoices. Alleluia."

By implication, in the Gospel the words of Our Lord on behalf of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, are taken to refer to the rest into which Mary, the Mother of God, has entered, finding their echo in the Communion: "Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her." It is of that rest and that glory that the ancient Catholic hymn sings:

O what light and glory
Deck thee all resplendent,
Thou of royal David
Glorious descendant.

Mary, ever-Virgin,
Who in heaven art dwelling,
All the quires of Angels
Evermore excelling.

Mother, yet the honor
Of a Virgin bearing,
For the Lord of Angels
Dwelling pure preparing.

Him within thy bosom
Chastely thou enshrinest:
Thus our God incarnate
Takes His flesh divinest.

Whom the whole creation
Evermore adoreth,
And, all lowly bending,
Rightly now imploreth,— . . .

Henry C. Watts.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Miss Repplier and Hilaire Belloc

To the Editor of America:

Miss Agnes Repplier as a critic of Hilaire Belloc is singularly ineffective. I anticipated as much when I heard the rumor that she was to "criticize" him for "The Catholic's Bookshelf." With the exception of some of the critical vagaries of the *New Republic*, that arena for the loose-thinkers of our time, the stupidities of Austin Harrison and Holbrook Jackson, I have seldom read a critical estimate of a contemporary writer more unconvincing than that of Miss Repplier in your issue of July 24. Mr. Joyce Kilmer, that gentle, all-too-gentle poet—would that he would give us a drinking song or a martial lay!—recently remarked in your columns, in an article analyzing the arch-hypocrite Tagore, beloved of Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., that Yeats was once a poet and never a critic. Much the same might be said of Miss Repplier after her hasty and ill-judged criticisms. She was a delightful essayist. But never a critic.

I do not quite see, I cannot quite place, the reasons for Miss Repplier's inability to write a clear estimate of Mr. Belloc, to nail down the essentials. They are both Gallic. There is a certain cold clarity, amounting at times almost to hardness, in both their work and personalities. There are numerous points of similarity, save that Miss Repplier, like all women, lacks the saving graces of democracy, balance of thought and appreciation of the raw bones of life.

I have said that Miss Repplier has failed to mark the Bellocian essentials. What these are I shall presently point out. For the moment I wish to nail three phrases in her criticism that are simply untrue, one of them insulting, all of them doubtless due to her ignorance of the political conditions of the last ten years in England. To take the insult first. It is contained in the phrase, "In 1915 we know that the British workman is a drunken shirker, etc." So!

Outside the papers engaged in the attempt to rehabilitate Lord Haldane in the eyes of an actively hostile public, and the notorious "Cocoa Press" (Cadbury and his ilk), the practically unanimous opinion of impartial investigators is that the agitation against the British workman as a drunken shirker is absolutely unfounded. I was in London myself for some time after the war started, and took the trouble and pleasure of making a wholesale and rigid investigation of "pubs" in all parts of London, under the able guidance of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, who is thoroughly acquainted with representative drinking places in all parts of the city, and can vouch, from this personal investigation, which covered an appallingly large number of these taverns, that there was literally less drinking after the war started than there was before. Investigations made by friends of mine in other cities lead to the same conclusion.

It is a notorious fact that the unpreparedness of the British

nation for the present conflict was due to the criminal neglect of the politicians of both parties during the last, broadly speaking, fifteen years. The man supremely responsible, the man who closed the Woolwich Arsenal, is Lord Haldane. Now it is well known in England that an inquiry into the lack of ammunitions will be instituted in Parliament after the war, unless the politicians can head it off. Unless they can do so the situation will be serious for them. Many heads will fall. Lord Haldane will be politically hanged and quartered. Therefore, ably seconded by the subservient party press and the papers owned by the cocoa-makers, the politicians evolved the ingenious plan of an immediate agitation against the British workingman as the sole cause of the inability of the War Office to produce sufficient ammunition for the armies at the front.

But to return: "As a Member of Parliament Mr. Belloc was singularly ineffective." Thus Miss Repplier. Now, if a Congressman made a unique reputation for himself as a singularly effective speaker in Congress; if by his speeches in Congress and throughout the country he succeeded in arousing an agitation that resulted in an extraordinary cleansing of that public body; if he fought corruption persistently, and to a great extent successfully, against overwhelming odds, so that he was dreaded by the shamelessly corrupt; if he resigned as a protest against the attempts of the political leaders of all parties to suppress him, and did so at a moment when his resignation acted as a great stimulus to the attack on the criminal elements in political life, well, you would hardly consider yourself justified in saying that his career in Congress was "ineffective." Yet this is just what Miss Repplier says in regard to Mr. Belloc. She writes about the man from a point of view in these matters as ignorant and prejudiced as that of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell.

"As a sociologist he (Belloc) is unconvincing." To Miss Repplier, after a prolonged study of "The Servile State" and Mr. Belloc's political articles in the *Dublin Review,* the *Fortnightly Review,* the *Eye Witness,* etc., this is the last word on the subject. As an expert in sociology she is, of course, quite entitled to her opinion. I beg to differ, however, from her opinion. Belloc's "Servile State" is a book which no one who wishes to understand the tendencies in English politics can afford to neglect. It advances a thesis that is as powerful a weapon against Socialism as I know of. It has also the power of being distinctly an original one. This thesis is often misunderstood, as Miss Repplier seems to have misunderstood and underrated it. It is not to be mixed up with the Socialist plea that present capitalistic conditions are servile, nor with the sheer Individualist's taunt that Socialism would involve slavery. Mr. Belloc means by the servile state something quite definite, and not at all rhetorical, which is, Miss Repplier to the contrary, rapidly forming under our very eyes to-day. He means that we are rapidly tending toward a condition where citizens shall be divided into two classes, the free and the unfree, the former being responsible to the State for the well-being of the latter. I have not space to develop the arguments for this singularly acute thesis. But I have space to say that Miss Repplier's idea that the war has altered matters so much that this thesis, advanced in 1913, is refuted by the martial events of 1915 is singularly inaccurate. As a matter of fact, servile conditions have advanced since the commencement of the present war with a rapidity that is startling. The one bit of sunshine in the black outlook for liberty for Englishmen is the democratic nature of the second War Loan.

I have left myself no space, for this letter is already inordinately long, to point out the essentials in any criticism of Belloc, essentials which Miss Repplier has conspicuously neglected. A few may be hurriedly noted. She has failed to point out his French descent and training, which is half the battle in understanding this complex individual; the classic mold of his mind and the accompanying hatred of the barbaric; the fact, and this is in some ways the most important of all, that he was once a soldier. You can not write an estimate of the man until you realize the extremely important part that military experience has played in his life. It is the keynote to the whole.

Bay Shore, L. I. LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am thoroughly scandalized at the pro-floral correspondence in AMERCA. I did not think a Catholic, much less a priest would advocate flowers at funerals. Flowers are forbidden on the coffin in the church. I also think that, according to the mind of the Church, flowers are out of place at the lowering of the body into the grave. Why then, should they be at the bier in the house? You will answer, "To soothe the living." But the Church has forbidden them for the very purpose that the living should be mindful of their last end.

My husband died after living thirty years away from his Church. The very somberness of his Catholic burial, for all flowers were excluded, and the kindness of the priest in offering to say two Masses for the repose of my husband's soul, had more to do with my conversion than anything else. He might have offered a fifty-dollar wreath, but I would have looked upon that as I looked upon the floral offerings of my friends. I think it is a poor type of Catholicism that will not be soothed as much with Mass cards as with flowers.

To advocate the buying of flowers for funerals or monuments for graves, because some people thus earn their bread, is like advocating beer-drinking, because it gives brewers and others a means of earning their livelihood. If all the Catholics the world over would buy blocks in the Extension Society and never again purchase a stone for graves, but for churches in poor places, could Catholics be called uncharitable? The stone-cutters would simply be obliged to seek another profession. Neither are floral donations a "pagan custom," because they soothe the living, but because they becloud the real lesson of death in the minds of poor mortals.

"In those first sad hours, do we not need whatever will remind us that our dear one is, or will be, with God and the Angels?" Yes, but I don't see how flowers will do that. Rather Mass cards should soothe and edify the living and accelerate the vision of God for the dead. "Beautiful in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints," but only of saints; not of the wicked, no matter how many flowers may be on their coffin. But flowers. merely becloud this fact in the minds of lukewarm, "molly-coddle" Christians, as may be seen from these words of a dissolute acquaintance of mine, spoken to me when I was still outside the Fold: "I hate to attend Catholic funerals. They just appall me." Would this acquaintance have reason to say so if we buried death with flowers?

Collegeville, Minn. A READER.

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A recent editorial, "Hazarding a Heritage," on that intricate question "the woman vote," has prompted me to raise several points in favor of suffrage for woman. Economic conditions have changed so since our grandmother's time, that woman, in the factory, in the school, in the business office, is recognized as a strong factor in the business world. Without discussing conditions which brought her there, without discussing in what degree she promotes economic efficiency, we must admit she is

there to stay; that in all probability self-support is a necessity with her.

As a rule, because she is a woman,—and the trite argument holds, regardless of all circumstances that it is "man's place to support the home," youth though he may be, wealthy though he may be,—because of this very argument, she is apt to receive less salary than her male co-worker. Now, it is common knowledge that, in the struggle for existence, "political influence" is a great aid, and often a man finds his just salary increase acceded to because, in a union or otherwise, he has the power of a vote. But the scrub-woman may find a wage increase just as much a matter of existence as the elevator-man; and while the Catholic woman may hold, as her ideal, a home-loving mother or daughter, necessity may have placed her where the privilege of voting might be of great benefit to her. If she has a vote to record in the coming elections, she is not a nonentity as a wage-earner.

Again woman, as a voter, could help to mold at least some of the "social welfare" laws in a country, prison laws, sick-benefit laws, humane laws of many kinds, which only the influence of woman, with her more subtle sympathies, could help to frame. Unless she has a vote, she cannot participate personally in the making of such laws. Granted, rightly or wrongly, that, in some States, woman has already been given the vote, shall the Catholic woman remain silent while her active, college-educated, non-Catholic friend, not so conscientiously trained in her duties as a homemaker, grasps quickly the new power given her? Several local elections recently were determined by the "woman vote," it is claimed.

Is it impossible for her to cast her vote, as an intelligent *woman,* without becoming a so-called "suffragette," without losing her womanliness? If she votes as a matter of duty, as a matter of civic welfare, she is hardly likely to be of that blatant type, the "woman politician." Such a one is bound to work her own political destruction. But she will at least keep in touch with civic problems, and perhaps in this way escape a narrowness bound to come to the "stay-at-home" woman in particular, who, hemmed in too much by the four walls of her house, finds her intellect stunted, her nature warped through too many humdrum actions and littlenesses of outlook. May not a strong distinction be drawn between the terms "suffragette" and "woman-voter"?

Chicago. S. A. SMYTH.

A Catholic Booking Bureau

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A prominent club woman, in religion a Catholic, lately remarked that in the Catholic clubs there is not sufficient attention given to distinguished Catholic litterateurs. This statement is true, I think, in Chicago at least, but is not necessarily the fault of those who make up the programs. There is a need of a proper concentration that will bring these people in touch with those who have to do with club programs, educational centers, etc., and this crying need is that of a Catholic booking bureau. This prominent clubwoman, who disdains the Catholic clubs here on account of their inferior offerings, has a catalogue of well-known Catholics whom she names glibly and then asserts, to her listener's horror, that it is only the Protestants who appreciate them and who go to the trouble of seeking them out.

"There's Agnes Repplier. Think what an acquisition she would be on a program—if you could get her." 'She did speak in Chicago once." "Not on any Catholic club program?" "No, I'm afraid it was at a school, a Protestant school that time."

By means of a lecture bureau such a thing would never happen again, for by this means all the clubs and societies of a city might, should they so desire, secure bookings with a lecturer, artist, or reader, whoever it might be, at great convenience to themselves and to the artist. A national or international booking bureau is what the writer advocates, and asks for ideas toward the development of such an enterprise through the columns of AMERICA, a paper which has generously given so much of its space in fostering ideas for Catholic social service.

Chicago. READER.

English in Catholic Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the information of S. A. Smyth, of Chicago, who seems embarrassed by a remark of a college teacher of Greek that the study of English does not begin with the *primer* in the Polish Catholic parochial schools, permit me to state there is not one such Polish school in the United States. English is taught in all the Polish parochial schools of our country from the primer up, just as in any other school. I would suggest that S. A. Smyth investigate this matter to his own satisfaction in Chicago, where nearly all the nationalities under the sun are well represented, the Poles not the least among them, and I am convinced that he will cease to repeat the tale he attributes to a college teacher of Greek.

Steubenville, Ohio. C. SMOGOR.

Catholic Circulating Libraries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your "Note and Comment" column in the issue for July 24 contained a reference to the Boston Catholic Circulating Library. Reading the note, the present writer wondered whether your readers generally were aware of the existence of other libraries of the kind. The Catholic Free Library, 217 North Sixth Street, St. Louis, Mo., and the Catholic Institute Library, Main and Allan Streets, Buffalo, N. Y., are at least two other examples of similar institutions. Perhaps some of your readers can mention others. It is possible that also in this field our left hand is unaware of what our right hand is accomplishing. Praiseworthy as this attitude may be in some matters, it is the belief in many quarters that Catholics have been unduly devoted to this principle of reticence, even to the extent of sacrificing the advantages of legitimate publicity. The Gospel applied to the twentieth century does not seem to sanction the practice of hiding one's light under a bushel any more than it did in the first century. And yet how often does it happen that one catches a glimpse of various Catholic enterprises in the obscurest corners of our Catholic papers, and is brought face to face with the old query, "How is it that I never heard of this activity before?"

The Federation of Catholic Societies and the Catholic Press Association have done a great deal to bring Catholics into closer touch with the activities of their fellow-Catholics. The policy of Archbishop Glennon in bringing the various charities of St. Louis into closer relations has already amply vindicated itself, while the same plan on a larger scale attempted by the National Conference of Catholic Charities has been productive of much good. The present movement in behalf of effective work for our boys and young men by establishing troops of Boy Scouts and Catholic Y. M. C. A.'s is opening the eyes of many of us to the need of coordinating the efforts of isolated workers. Is it too optimistic to think that the day is dawning when we shall have a great central building in every Catholic community, from which will radiate the benign influence of Catholic societies, clubs, libraries, charity organizations and newspapers?

Waupaca, Wis. H. H. R.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Month of Catholic Conventions

GREAT Catholic conventions are following each other in rapid succession during the present month. They are a welcome sign of Catholic life. They bring with them a renewal of corporate spirit and energy. Considering merely their internal effect upon the widespread Catholic associations which conduct them, they are a tonic and elixir, quickening the pulsings of life and sending the blood with a new thrill of energy through the entire social body. They are not therefore meaningless or useless. The Church has ever gladly encouraged them and her dignitaries have willingly lent to them the prestige and support of their presence. Such conventions, too, are required for the planning and arranging of the year's economy and all the many details of membership, rule and governance.

"But what results have they to show?" is the query insistently made. "'Ringing resolutions' are passed, a silence follows, and then all continues as before." Were this the whole story they still would have achieved important results. They would at least have preserved the life which for want of them might have become extinct, they would have made possible its normal growth, and who is pessimistic enough to say that no good has come of our Catholic organizations? They may indeed be considered as a necessary adjunct of Catholic life.

But the whole tale is not so briefly told. A very great deal of good has actually come from these conventions, varying naturally in its extent and intensity with the different conventions and organizations themselves. Of the resolutions passed many are partially and some are entirely carried into effect. However, that much more could be done, and should be done, we all admit. To point this out in a spirit of charity is not amiss. But there is no excuse for carping criticism on the part of those who should be present to suggest the remedy, to stimulate, encourage and cooperate instead of comfortably sitting at home and passing strictures on men who have borne the heat and labor of the day. It is precisely because of the great number of apathetic or carping members that so little, comparatively, can be accomplished by our Catholic organizations. There are vast possibilities unrealized in even the best of our associations, but this is often most perfectly understood by the very men who undergo the greatest personal sacrifices to make an organization effective. Criticism is not unwelcome to them when given in a helpful spirit, but what they most desire and deserve to receive from us is cooperation. The best place to correct mistakes and point to higher aims is the convention itself. It has been arranged for this very purpose. It is there that Catholics must steadily strive to make possible the more perfect realization in all their societies of the great Catholic ideals of universal, fearless and unselfish cooperation for the promotion of Catholic interests, the propagation of our holy Faith and the welfare of our native land.

What Is a Prisoner?

A "PRISONER," says the dictionary, "is one who is confined in a prison or whose liberty is forcibly restrained." In the light of recent disclosures, however, that definition has become inadequate and obsolete. A more exact and up-to-date definition of the term would read perhaps like this: "A prisoner is an irresponsible, misunderstood person, whose impulses are noble but whose early environment has made him disregard the conventions of civilized society, and consequently he has graciously accepted for a limited period the hospitality of the State, on the stipulated condition, however, that he may visit his relatives occasionally, attend the funerals of deceased friends, contract a marriage, if he so desires, be free from annoying surveillance, be provided frequently with refining amusements and be in general the object of philanthropists' affection and of 'uplifters'' unwearied concern." Though rather long, the definition is fairly accurate and in substance should find a place in the next edition of all American dictionaries.

New encyclopedias, too, should not fail to describe carefully how criminals were executed in this country during the early part of the twentieth century. Such an account would tell how the last words and actions of the condemned man were faithfully recorded by the conscientious reporter for the edification of the public, and how our wonderfully perfected press service made it easy for every man, woman and child in the land to enjoy each grisly detail of what happened in the death-chamber, on the way to execution, and on the scaffold, and if it were not for the interference of certain reactionaries the public would also have been entertained by moving pictures of the unfortunate's last moments.

Thoughtful people cannot but realize that condemned

prisoners were never more criminally coddled than they are to-day, and that our rare executions, on the other hand, were never more morbidly "public" than now. Let our prisons be kept real prisons, and let newspaper readers be told merely, when, where, on whom, and for what crime, the law has imposed the death penalty. Thus will several grave abuses in our administration of justice be readily corrected.

The Civilizing Church

"OF all the blue-moldy accusations that are constantly being leveled against the Catholic Church," observes Father Hull, in his little excellent book on "Civilization and Culture," "I know of none more perverse and vexatious than the ever-repeated taunt that 'the Church is an enemy to civilization and culture.'" That falsehood is one of the most precious heirlooms of the Protestant Tradition. With that familiar accusation as a major premise, it is easy to prove why England's coal mines, for instance, were miraculously discovered only after the people had thrown off the "yoke of Rome"; that the paucity of telephones in Spain is directly attributable to the enduring influence of the Inquisition; that Ireland's poverty is plainly due to "rampant Romanism," and that the invention of the automobile, the airship and the submarine is connected in some mysterious way with the Diet of Worms, the Westminster Confession or the Landing of the Pilgrims. So the "man in the street" implicitly assumes that a nation's "progress," by which he means its wealth and luxury, can be practically measured by its attitude toward the Church, and that the extent electricity is used by a people, rather than their fidelity in observing the Ten Commandments, indicates how dear a race is to Heaven.

But it is not hard to prove that even the material and intellectual advancement certain Protestant countries have made since the religious revolt of the sixteenth century is due to the initial impulse given them by the Church. In this connection Father Hull remarks:

> We often hear of cases where an employee of a large firm, after learning the whole business of his master by years of service, suddenly gives notice, and leaves, and sets up a new business for himself, and gradually swallows up all the trade of his former employer, taking as credit to himself all that he has learnt from another. So it was with the Protestant advancement after separation from the Church. For fifteen centuries the countries of Europe had been in their pupilage under the Catholic Church. They had learnt the business well, and acquired the power of working onwards for themselves. They rejected the Church's guidance, and began to walk along according to their own will. They prided themselves on the results, but they forgot to acknowledge with gratitude their indebtedness. They began to glory in their own progress, with never a "thank you" to the Church who had given them their early training and thus rendered such further progress possible. They even attributed their advancements to the peculiar genius of Protestantism, and got the perverse idea into their heads that it was Catholicism which had hitherto kept them back. It only needs a sound reading of European history to dispose of this hallucination. But those who are its victims generally leave such history severely alone.

All the nations of the world, by first seeking under the guidance of the Church, God's kingdom and His justice could enjoy in due measure all "these things" of earth that they have striven for so tirelessly, and which the European cataclysm is now seriously imperiling. Meanwhile they would hardly be setting such little value as they do today on the far more precious and important things of the spirit.

Atrocities

IT is a familiar word these days. In the official books of all nations at war the enemy is accused of committing cruelties that are an outrage on civilization. Where does the truth lie in the mass of contradictory statements that have been issued from every European capital? What one of the warring nations is guilty? Each one engaged in the conflict, for the whole game of war is an atrocity, once the first shot is fired. The Red Cross worker can lessen the pain of a shattered limb, the nursing Sister can ease the dying, the priest can strengthen the soul in agony, and so the atrocities are minimized, but not averted, the inevitable atrocities of war. The official casualty lists are the true books on the war's atrocities, and they need no affidavits to clinch their truth.

The men who answered the call to arms a year ago, and are now back home in France, Germany, England, Belgium and Russia, battered remnants of manhood, tell the story of the war's real atrocities; men without legs and arms, men in wheeled chairs or on crutches, demented men with sightless eyes. A wave of sympathy greets the hospital train as it slowly brings up at the little wayside station, deposits its burden of human wrecks, and starts for the front again to fetch more of the ashen fruits of battle. But the nation's sympathy or the world's sympathy cannot give sight to the blind, or put back the arm that has been torn by the bursting shell. The pomp and circumstance of war! You can find it in its reality on the stretcher with its burden of bleeding human flesh. It spells atrocity.

The Healer's Hand

THE Great War has forced men's thoughts back upon the stern realities and problems of life. It has sobered thousands and humbled their pride. "Many a thinker must see in this present awful crisis," says an anonymous writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event, for which a train of political causes has been laid, but also one of the natural results of our ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conceptions in the last fifty years is appalling." Breaking what they termed the galling shackles of Christian dogma and morality, men now clamor for a larger free-

dom. The old-fashioned doctrines cribbed and cabined them to narrow limits. They want more space, greater opportunities. Everywhere hands are rudely knocking at forbidden doors. While our age is feverishly endeavoring to increase its economic and commercial efficiency, it is still more eager to widen the circle of its material comforts and luxuries, its grosser pleasures and amusements. Literature, art, journalism, the theater reflect in glaring colors the passion of the age.

And yet the millions thus steeped in materialism still go ahungering and unsatisfied. No wonder. They have a distorted view of life. They have shifted its center of gravity. That is in the spirit, not in matter. The true life, the only one deserving of the name lies not outside us, but within. It is a life in harmony with God's law and Commandments. When that life is lost, the soul is smitten with a moral leprosy. That word makes us shudder. Leprosy! Life slowly ebbing away under a corroding virus. The spirit's earthly tenement crumbling inch by inch in the grasp of a loathsome enemy. The coldest heart thrills with sympathy at the agonies of the doomed and helpless victim. And few miracles of the Gospel strike a more sensitive chord in our hearts than the one in which Our Lord cleansed the ten lepers of their disease, and restored them to the full vigor of manhood and of health. It was an act of infinite mercy and power. It was as if the portals of the grave had been broken down and the dead had come to life.

A moral leprosy has attacked our age. The poison of materialism has tainted the very sources of life. But the soul unconsciously protests. It must be saved from the foul contact. But only a Divine Hand can seal the scarred brow of society with restored health and beauty. A Divine Voice must repeat the words: "Be thou clean!" Only then will the scars and scales disappear.

The Eastland Investigation

THE first profound shock occasioned by the awful loss of life in the recent Eastland disaster has given way to a keen demand of the American public for authentic information relative to the cause of such wholesale destruction of life. Investigations undertaken by State and Federal authorities have been in progress with the usual searching examination of persons intimately concerned with the management of the Eastland, as well as with the enforcement of the steamboat inspection laws.

It may be determined that certain officials in the employ of the State or Federal Government have been negligent, or that the steamship corporation has been remiss in the proper exercise of necessary precautions for safely handling passengers. The most severe penalty possible would be conviction and imprisonment on a manslaughter charge, although in the light of the modern "sweeping investigations," so-called, such extreme penalty is hardly probable. Back of all the legal responsibility lies the moral obligations of those to whom the care and safety of human life are entrusted in transit upon the ocean or waters bounding the shores. Any negligence resulting in the loss of human lives constitutes negatively a criminal act for which extreme punishment should be meted to the wrongdoer. We are all morally responsible for our acts of omission, no less than for those of commission, and in the civil as well as in the moral law we are equally held to such responsibility as the nature and scope of our duties warrant.

Those officials, empowered by reason of position and expert knowledge to realize the condition and status of the Eastland as a passenger steamer, were the proper and the sole officials to determine the number of people to be carried by the vessel. The decision of the Federal steamboat inspectors is paramount, and unreasonable deviation from the numerical limitation placed by them upon the carrying capacity of the vessel in itself constitutes a grave and culpable act.

United States inspectors of steam vessels are appointed primarily because of fitness and experience, although it is also true that political influence plays no small part in the selection of these men. Administration of their duties is oftentimes made extremely difficult because of the pressure brought to bear upon such officials by large corporations relative to certification of vessels, which by reason of extreme age or faulty construction are unfit for service upon the inland waters of the coast or for ocean travel and service. Corporate interests, moreover, are ever seeking to interfere with the measures of punishment imposed by the inspectors upon masters, pilots, mates and engineers for negligence and infringement of rules. This interference, and it is interference of the worst kind, has, in past years operated to the detriment of the inspection service and has directly led to many avoidable accidents, causing unnecessary loss of life.

In the final analysis it is not the man, be he official or private citizen, obeying merely the statute law, who makes the best citizen or official, but rather he, who in addition to close adherence to rules and regulations established by statute, employs for his guidance the rules of a conscience that has not become hardened by contact with undesirable influences.

The Homesickness of the Soul

THE New York *Sun,* in closing recently its Sunday discussion of the subject, referred to the immortality of the soul as "that eternal problem, ever clamoring for attention, before which Reason is helpless, if not dumb, and only Faith can with confidence speak." The eternal problem; reason ever inquiring about the immortality of the soul: what does it mean? It means homesickness, homesickness of soul. There are no problems of his whereabouts to vex a man when he is at home with himself and with all about him, no false appearances, no choosing of words, no company talk, and the like. A man is at home when he is simply him-

self, understanding and understood, and can settle down and rest in the comfortable ease of fond and familiar surroundings. Being without this natural comfort and rest, and good understanding, and give and take of sympathy is what we mean by homesickness.

The soul has its "homesickness" as well as the body. It cannot be at home here in this world. It is only restive here. It cannot settle down and rest with a sense of familiar ease. While showing a brave face to the world, it is questing forever for something that is not here, that it can never find in this world. It is longing for happiness, the true happiness of home, rest and ease of all its faculties, the magnificent joy of heaven; and that longing unsatisfied is homesickness.

That longing for happiness in our soul is real. There is no use trying to smother it. It is not "all imagination." It is only blissful ignorance or oblivion of the changes and chances of life that says "I am perfectly happy; I have every thing I want." That longing is with us all through life, it is in our hearts wherever we go. It is the call of home, it is the "*kuhreigen* of our native Alps."

There is no being cured of our homesickness unless we answer the call and turn our faces toward home. Then the journey of life, with the trials that come to trouble joy, is brightened with hope, for we remind ourselves that every step along the stony road is one step nearer home. They are only strayed children who go bewilderedly looking for a home of lasting happiness this way and that in the blind alleys of the world's pleasures.

In this connection a member of the American Ambulance service in France gives his impression of the dead soldiers as follows:

> It is very curious to see how virtually all fatally wounded men know that they are going to die and how they grasp it with a certainty that exceeds the certainty of anything else in life. . . . It is very impressive to see the quiet, optimistic calm with which they face the end, and the bigness of it. It makes one feel confident that there is an after-life, or that it is at least right to die for an ideal.

They were probably good Catholic soldiers of France, and with good reason were they calm and optimistic. They had reached home. They had passed round the turn of the road out of the dark passage of death, and there they had found God, their Father, waiting to receive them with open arms.

LITERATURE

On Aubrey Beardsley and Others

I AM a devotee of the detective tales of Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. E. C. Bentley. I think that it is for this reason more than for any other that I have a passionate dislike of the work of Aubrey Beardsley. Whenever I dip into the pages of the "Yellow Book" and discover a few more of those damnably artistic black and whites, in which the black is always predominant and the white a small splash to emphasize the darkness of the whole, I inevitably take refuge in the works of those two excellently wholesome story-tellers.

The reason why my fondness for detective tales creates hostility towards Beardsley's work does not lie on the surface, but it can, I think, be easily explained. Put it this way: it may be called playing the game of finding the murderer, a singularly attractive game. In the tales of my two favorite writers the criminal is found; neither of these excellent fellows would play so dastardly a trick as to have a high old time with my nerves and then to leave me in suspense at the end. The murderer is found, even when, as in one of Doyle's stories, it turns out not to be the murderer at all. But Beardsley never played the game. The tail-pieces to the stories in the "Yellow Book" never end the story: his art is never a finished art. Rather they are the beginning of another story, and an unclean one at that. Beardsley has this in common with the primitives who decorated their caves in what your modern thinker will call "prehistoric days" and then give you their whole history in detail. Neither would give you their full impression of the subject; they merely predicted the object they were drawing. But they differ in this, that the illustrations of the Stone Age failed for lack of a technique to achieve full expression. They wanted to make a mammoth look like a mammoth even when they made it look like a giraffe. But Beardsley did not. Beardsley art consisted in suppressing the important parts. I have always had the feeling that back of those dark splotches that shade his drawings there lurk the shades that would give us the key to the whole. Beardsley would never tell you who hurt and twisted and murdered the unfortunates in his pictures. The criminal—murderer, thief, degenerate, dwarf, prostitute—is never brought to justice, as in Doyle, or Bentley, or Belloc's excellent tales of "The Green Overcoat." The criminal always escapes; the loathesome part of the story is given full play as the shadows in the background bear him off to his own particular hell.

And just as it may be said of Beardsley that his art was incomplete, so may it be said of the art of the period in which he lived. The very name which they themselves selected to emphasize their work was an admission of incompleteness. *Fin de siècle* is as meaningless a descriptive phrase as I know, with the possible exception of the term *Zeitgeist*, which your German philosopher in the bleak porphyry of Berlin will give personality to, and deck out in clothes fit for that which has achieved royal things in thought. Yet *fin de siècle* does, in its uncertain way, describe the decadents of the nineties. They were the morbid growths of a particularly conglomerate period, the year of the breakdown of the Victorian compromise. But where the conceit of the decadents played havoc with a critical estimate of themselves was in their assumption that *they* were responsible for the destruction of the Victorian ideal of comfort at all costs. In that estimate they showed their lack of the critical faculty, seeing that the test of a man's critical ability lies in his estimate of himself. The destruction of the compromising spirit of the Victorian age is to be credited to two schools and one man. The first of the schools was the Socialist, the second was the High Church Movement, and the man was Charles Dickens. But those false and insane estimates of pride and vanity, that sheer egoism that sent some of these men to prison and some to death, twisted and warped their viewpoint so that they failed to see that these two groups of thinkers and that very great man had already killed the compromising tendency of that Victorian mind which had provoked into existence the fads and fancies of rationalism, anti-militarism, and other strange creeds, and to which they—puny fellows!—thought they had given the death-thrust.

Young Beardsley's career in London had that touch of

romanticism which still brings false worship and sympathy to him and many of his fellow craftsmen. At one time Beardsley earned five shillings a week as a draughtsman in an architect's office; a raise to seven shillings a week enabled him to devote two shillings to lessons in drawing. His first notion of that art of the grotesque which was to bring him renown came, one supposes, from the Japanese. Yet the purity of the Japanese grotesque is lacking in Beardsley's work. It was an imitation of the Japanese, but, like his own contradictory nature, not an imitation. He worked that little perverted art of his into a new school of illustration and found a thousand imitators. His pictures made the accustomed "sensation" of the period, and became a fad because so few could understand them. They conveyed the idea of an offensive impropriety and yet defied the most searching analysis. They were but hideous tricks in the grotesque, yet with a fascination that one returned to them again and again. Watts, and that I cannot understand, and Burne-Jones, and that I can, encouraged his excesses and praised that very quality of elusiveness of which I have complained. Yet for all this praise of the masters, who saw in the dreamy, poetic boy a dissatisfied soul with a dissatisfied art redolent of the diabolical, an art which they could dabble in at second-hand, as it were, Beardsley's work was really popular among the public just because the public could not understand the possibilities of being pinched and tickled at the same time.

Personally Beardsley was interesting. Without any schooling, he had educated himself to read Italian, French and Spanish, and at one time, I believe, entertained the belief that his success would be achieved as an author. He had practically no "education" in art save a short time at the schools. To call him merely "erratic," as some do, is not to describe the man. In all his work he was *deliberately* inconsistent. He said once, in one of those poses so characteristic of his age: "Disease is so delightful." Coming from St. Teresa or some hardened saint, that remark might almost pass as a beatitude. In Beardsley it was merely an attitude. Yet it is the key to the mystery of his success.

In Brussels, in 1896, he had a severe attack of pneumonia. He recovered, but with a diseased body and the knowledge that his days were numbered. With great courage he worked on, doing some of his most effective work in that ill period. In April, 1898, he was received into the Catholic Church, dying a few months later at the age of twenty-three. It is with a few words on his reception into the Church that I would conclude this paper.

You will hear it said by those who know little or nothing of the appeal of the Church, and this you will find particularly in England, where the Protestant Tradition holds firm sway over men's minds, that the converts from the decadence of the nineties to Catholicism came as men incapable of strong reasoning and "played out," as the phrase goes. That is, having given their best to paganism, their youth, their vitality, their whole strength, what they gave to the Church was emaciated bodies and minds. So tenacious is the folly of such reasoning that you will find, to take another illustration, people who belong, as an elderly lady of Dartmoor once described them to me, to the High Church of England, and who speak of Newman so as to give the impression that all his activities ceased after 1845! The stupidity of it!

Take the personal question of the men themselves, men vital, in the summer of their development, with minds keen, as in Beardsley's case, to repudiate conclusively the excesses of his pagan boyhood in that fine series of letters published after his death. It was not a tired band that volunteered their services to Christ's Vicar, not a group of men defeated by life, sick for rest from conflict; rather a tried band sick of the excesses that played havoc with their desire to live. They sought life as it should be lived, gay and riotously, with hours of high meditation, a life demanding full play of mind and soul and body; a life filled with great passions, yet ruled by sense of the infinite and ultimate good. Men sick of life? Ay, sick of that parody of life which they had toyed with, realizing such lives spelled spiritual and artistic death. So in the initiation of what was true and beautiful and good came Aubrey Beardsley at the end: and that was his beginning.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

REVIEWS

Poems. By BRIAN HOOKER. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York: Laurence J. Somme. $0.60.

The Light Feet of Goats. By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL. New York: Laurence J. Somme. $1.00.

The Call of the Open: An Anthology. Compiled by LEONNARD STOWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. $0.80.

The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems. By EDWIN MARKHAM. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Here are five recent books of verse that for the most part are worthy of commendation. Mr. Hooker's work is a triumph in diction. As far as diction goes the following from "Lilacs in the City" could hardly be improved upon.

> Amid the rush and fever of the street
> The snarl and clash of countless quarrelling bells,
> And the sick heavy heat,
> The hissing footsteps and the hateful smells
> I found you speaking quietly
> Of sunlit hill, horizons and clean earth.

Equally good work is found on nearly every page, whether narration, lyric or epigram. There is the boom of Swinburne; the word-mosaic of Tennyson; the luscious fullness of Keats, but—Alas for the critic's duty!—Keats and the rest are gone and their legacy of words is accessible to any word-smith with taste and a genius for smelting and welding. Not that we wish to hint at plagiarism and paraphrase in Mr. Hooker's "Poems." Not at all, but only to say that our literature is surfeited with diction: over-feasted is a better word; for a glorious feast it has been. Now, real literary diction like Mr. Hooker's is undeniable art, the reflection of a mood of insight, the fruit of the creator's travail. But if the tension and the pain which give us these fine flashes of line and phrase could have been condensed into a thought or a situation, the *suppression* of art and the internal friction, so to call it, would make the lines tenser and cut deep into the heart of life. For in an opulent poetic literature like the English it is so easy, in composing, to slip into beautiful lanes that have been laid out and adorned by others, and in travelling whereon our song will portray flowers not all of our planting, and the agony of great creation and its eternal fruits will not appear.

We have in "The Vale of Shadows" a handful of poems, written against the tremendous struggle that is now wasting Europe's manhood so lavishly. It is good, sonorous verse bearing some fine flashlights of blackened Reims, the burial of the dead by night, with echoes of the cries of frightened children who are not old enough to understand the reason why their elders slay one another. When, though, he calls upon the spirit of Luther to come and heal the times we cannot but start. Such a sentiment, though couched in immortal verse, which this is not, could never palliate the violence done to plain historic truth in hailing as peace-

champion the man whose actions glorified lust and revolution and lit the flame of a war that for thirty years burned wastefully over a whole empire.

It is a very superior volume of verse that the author of "The Light Feet of Goats" has gathered. A little turgid at times, perhaps, he amply redeems a fault of form by the splendid reaches of his thought. There is a poem on the struggle of good and evil in us worthy of high praise, also one on the pitilessness of desire. There is a sweet little effusion on "Huntington Street," just delicately lifted above the doggerel, marking fine versatility in the singer. Altogether there is hardly a poem between the covers but will not repay many readings.

Under the title "The Call of the Open," Mr. Stowell has gathered a tasteful anthology in a small volume that will never hang heavy in the poetry lover's pocket. There is the widest range of selections taking in contributions from every age of our literature's history. It will afford ample opportunity for deciding whether in the production of light lyric the language has gone barren at the present time, as well as for noting the progress and divergence of method in verse-making down the long bright years.

That to Mr. Markham was due a definite place, for his sounding and pregnant verse was settled some years ago by his "Man with the Hoe." But in the present volume he may well ambition a more universal title. Here is epigram and lyric and narrative poems done in an excellent manner on old, world-shadowing themes. Mr. Markham surpasses as a rhymer and, especially, in the mingle and roll of his epithets, which qualities give an unsurpassed charm to his narrative poems. For instance an opening like the following will tinkle gratefully in the tiredest ear:

> Once in the time of Louis the King
> Happened a smiling and holy thing.
> 'Twas all in the out-door days of old;
> Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
> Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
> When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
> From city to wondering city went
> Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

Our criticism finds this poet's best work in his narrative poems nor does he seem to the reviewer to have succeeded in condensing his style, naturally loose-flung and ringing, into lyrics of high order. The "Juggler of Touraine" is a delightful versifying of a beautiful old legend of late variously popularized. It suffers from too abrupt an ending, however, for the exquisite touch of the tumbler's death is omitted. The whole collection is eminently worth reading and an earnest, no doubt of more and riper work from the same pen.

T. B. C.

Sketches in Poland. By FRANCES DELANCY LITTLE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Frances Little has written and painted the Poland of a year ago, before the armies of three nations made it their battle-ground. She lived with the Polish nobility, and with the peasants, too, and you cannot read her pages without coming to the conclusion that she knows the country and its noble people. "To know a people one must not only have learned its history, but have lived in its midst," she tells us, "on the soil and among the surroundings of its forefathers." Frances Little went to Poland a stranger, and returned to England a fervent friend of the brave nation that was sundered limb from limb a hundred year ago, three of the present Governments now at war getting a part of what the Russian Commander-in-Chief realistically described as the "living flesh of Poland."

The value of the present volume lies in this, that it is a truthful record of what the author has seen and heard, descriptions of places visited, of people in their real everyday life. There is the artist's touch in every line, and in the pen and color sketches the reader sees a vivid portrayal of Polish character. It is the story of a people that in these days have a strain of the medieval in their nature, a nature at once brave yet melancholy, for the Pole lives to a great extent in the past, and a glorious past is Poland's. A nation that is forgotten by the world, for up to the outbreak of the present war, scarcely a dozen books have appeared in English in forty years, dealing with the land of Sobieski, the land that stood between Europe and Turkish domination. She was blotted off the map of Europe by the treaty of Vienna, the "greatest crime in history," and so she passed out of the mind of Western Europe. Her conquerors have done their utmost to destroy her nationality, yet it is stronger to-day than ever. There is no attempt in these pages to exaggerate the oppression that Poland has endured during the years since the division of the country by the powers that met in Vienna. Indeed it would be useless to say anything about it more than to give plain facts. This is what Frances Little does. Instead of raving about injustice, the writer tells of Prussian and Russian outrages in the words of those who have suffered. Their sufferings, instead of weakening their characters, have only steeled them to endure bravely till the day comes when they can have what is their hope, peace with freedom.

Frances Little has written well of the people she learned to know and love and admire for their sterling qualities of courage, generosity and piety. Fearlessly and sympathetically she has unfolded in her pages the picture of the bruised and betrayed but still unbroken heart of the Polish nation; a nation that, in its brightest day of prosperity no less than its darkest hour of suffering and oppression, has kept unblemished its noblest national traditions.

G. C. T.

The Riverside History of the United States: Vol. I. Beginnings of the American People. By CARL L. BECKER. Vol. II. Union and Democracy. By ALLEN JOHNSON. Vol. III. Expansion and Conflict. By WILLIAM E. DODD. Vol IV. The New Nation. By FREDERIC L. PAXSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.00.

This new work treats of theories and general ideas of government, economics and politics rather than with the events that went to make a nation. It is a history intended for the teachers of advanced classes or professional men who are anxious to get at the causes that were at work molding the Colonies into a people. Professor Becker in the opening volume begins with a view of the exploring activities of the Old World, and finishes with the Revolutionary Period. His style is epigrammatic, and a bit ironical. He is not very appreciative of French colonial enterprise. Canada, we are told, in 1671 was little more than "a musket, a rosary, and a pack of beaver skins." "Jesuit priests strangely compounding true devotion and unscrupulous intrigue, learned the native languages and with the magic of the crucifix and the Te Deum converted the spirit-fearing savages into loyal children of the Bishop of Rome." The writer of this statement is Professor of History in the University of Kansas, an institution of learning that the money of Catholics doubtless helps to support. Good friends saved him, says Mr. Becker, from many minor errors and some serious blunders. What a pity he did not have a Catholic friend to protect him from the Jesuit bugbear!

The formation of the Union under the Constitution forms the theme of "Union and Democracy," and the development of the territory west of the thirteen Colonies finds place in a

group of events covering about forty-five years, and completes Professor Johnson's part of the series. To show the action and reaction of the most important social, economic, and political forces that combined in making the United States is Professor Dodd's share in the "Riverside History." He works on the assumption that the people of this country did not become a nation until after the close of the Civil War. His pages picture the background of Congressional and sectional conflict from the days of Andrew Jackson to Lincoln. On the whole he handles the more important phases of our national development during that period, carefully though briefly. The last volume of the work brings us up to the present time, shows how the Constitution emerged from the confusion of civil war and reconstruction substantially unchanged, and then deals with the economic development that followed in later years. To discover a means for readjusting the mechanics of government to the needs of national life, Professor Paxson maintains, is the problem that faces the people of the present generation. The volumes are bound in flexible leather and with the exception noted in volume I, are good popular histories. G. C. T.

The Breath of Life. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.15.

The Investigation of Mind in Animals. By E. M. SMITH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $0.90.

Those who were acquainted with the John Burroughs of earlier days when he told us the story of wood and meadowland and the dwellers therein he knew and loved so well, will hardly be able to recognize their genial friend in this latest of his published works. He has wandered afar from his old haunts and except for an occasional rift in the clouds, letting through a gleam of his former self, we are almost forced to the conclusion that he has forgotten the days of "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine."

Mr. Burroughs has attacked the world-old problem of the origin of life, but surely not with serious intent, for in his preface he tells us, "I have not aimed so much at consistency as at clearness and definiteness of statement, letting my mind drift as upon a shoreless sea." His mind does indeed drift far and wide upon the sea of Bergsonian philosophy with its "creative energy" which explains nothing and its "creative evolution" which is a contradiction in terms. Then he lets go his helm upon the sea of hypotheses framed to explain the constitution of matter, apparently taking them for granted as established laws, and drifts to his heart's content. He finds electricity in the heart-beats, electricity in the thinking brain and finally we are informed that "electricity is the soul of matter." The ether is deified. "It is omnipotent and all-powerful." Then it is "almost omnipotent" and finally, "we can affirm and deny almost anything of the ether." Matter is eternal and yet "life comes to matter." Man "appears," in fact, everything "appears" and thus the main point at issue is, if anything, made more hazy and obscure. The author musters a veritable army of comparisons and examples with every manner of halt and limp, unsafe guides on his "shoreless sea."

There is something inexpressibly sad in this drifting of the old gentleman's mind which leads him to say that "the theological solution of the problem of life fails more and more to satisfy the thinking men of to-day." Fabre after his years of nature study did not say this. We regret that Mr. Burroughs did not remain a simple interpreter of facts instead of venturing out upon perilous seas where only shipwreck awaited him.

The second book will be of interest and value to those who wish to obtain a summary of modern research along the lines indicated by the title. It is a clear and concise statement of the methods followed in gathering and weighing the evidence for and against intelligence in animals. Controversy and discussion, as the author warns us in his preface, are outside his scope. However, he has very wisely pointed out many of the principal difficulties attending the various methods of investigation. The summarized investigations range from the protozoa or unicellular to the more complex insect and animal organisms. Chapter first, on "Protozoan Behavior" concludes thus: "To sum up, though the activities of unicellular organisms reveal no irrefragable proof of the presence of mind, a study of their conduct suffices to exhibit at least a fundamental resemblance to so-called 'intelligent' behavior." This, to say the least, is rather an indefinite statement. Again, in chapter fourth the author refers to the "classical view" of instinct as "perfect *ab initio* and accordingly unmodifiable." The "classical view," however, concedes the possibility of adaptation to environment and individual needs. Modification brought about through the sensitive memory is quite a different question. Nor is it true that the "classical view" has "now been consigned to the limbo of myths." The author has appended an extensive bibliography but it is rather disappointing not to find mention of such an eminent authority as Eric Wasmann, whose work in this matter has brought him international fame. E. P. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Abbot Carlyle's "Community Letter" which opens the midsummer issue of *Pax* contains another earnest appeal for more "Caldey Helpers." The war is bearing so heavily upon these devoted Benedictines that they will find it hard to keep together unless friends come to their aid. Dom Aelred has started a gardening school for lads which promises well and he is eager to increase the number of Catholic settlers on the island. "Reminiscences of Dr. Wordsworth," "A Vision of the Development of Caldey," an ascetical paper entitled "Waste," "In Patria," the story of a conversion, and a study of Mgr. Benson as a "Preacher of Vocation" are other good papers in the number.

Another Catholic literary gentleman who is going to start lecturing this fall is Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose critical papers have delighted AMERICA's readers. He belongs to the staff of the New York *Times* and of the *Literary Digest* and has published two books of excellent verse. Among the subjects on which Mr. Kilmer will speak during his tour are these: "Poetry: The Democratic Art;" "Francis Thompson and Swinburne: A Study in Contrasts;" "John Bannister Tabb;" "The War and Its Poets;" "Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Ernest Dowson;" "Gilbert K. Chesterton and His Poetry;" "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood;" and "Some Modern Manias: Literary, Artistic and Social."

The central figure of "Michael O'Halloran" (Doubleday, $1.35), Gene Stratton Porter's most recent story, is a superhuman but amiable Irish newsboy who adopts "Peaches," a little crippled girl and sees that she is restored to health. Interwoven with their adventures are a marriage problem and the doings of a pair of lovers. "Mickey" is much addicted to making verses and alters without improving the "sad scary lines" in "Now I lay me." The story is as cheerful and optimistic as could be desired and will doubtless be eagerly read by those who made the author's "Laddie" a "best seller."

"The Practical Conduct of Play" (Macmillan, $2.00), by Henry C. Curtis, is, as the name implies, an instruction upon the method of organizing playground work, a task for which Mr. Curtis is well fitted by his years of service as Secretary of the Playground Association of America, and as Supervisor of the Playgrounds of the District of Columbia. It is so abundant in detail, both big and little, as to be a complete hand-book for the playground worker. It would seem as if

nothing had escaped his careful survey of the field. While an enthusiast in his work he does not close his eyes to the dangers that attend it, but shows good judgment in handling them.

"The Landloper" (Harper, $1.35), by Holman Day, is the romance of a modern knight-errant. Like so many novels of the present day, it is a severe arraignment of the ruling classes and an appeal for the rights of the poor. A whimsical wanderer, Walker Farr, after a series of Chestertonian adventures, finds himself drawn into the work of "uplift." His conversion dates from the death of little Rosemarie, poisoned by the typhoidal city waters. Thereafter he quietly organizes a crusade against the "Consolidated Water Company" and the huge political machine which it controls. By a clever speech at the convention, he arouses public feeling and overthrows both at one stroke. The pictures of the soul-drying work in the cotton mills, the sufferings from the impure water supplied by the "Consolidated," and the helplessness against a corrupt political faction, are sketched with a strong hand.

"Religious Education in the Family" (Chicago University Press, $1.25), by Henry F. Cope, is a strong plea for better American home life. The writer realizes that the Sunday school, the Bible class, can do little or nothing to mold the character of the child, if there is no religious atmosphere in the home. "How many have been influenced by Sunday-school teaching," asks the author, "when they stepped into a polling-booth, when they chose a life-mate, when they guided their children?" The whole tone of the book, which is written by a religious and sincere Protestant, will make the Catholic teacher realize the tremendous problem that is facing those who without the guidance of the Church are striving to embody moral principles and high ideals in their educational programs.

"The Giant Tells" (Benziger, $0,90), by Jehanne de la Villesbrunne, is a collection of ten interesting stories about saints and fairies which Jean de Tombelaine, a huge Breton fisherman, relates to little Jehanne and her brother Joseph. Children who are eager to learn what a "Korrigan" is, how were-wolfs behave, how the first windmill was made, and why the church at Tréguier has such a beautiful steeple, will enjoy these well-told tales. The remarks of Jean's little hearers are natural and amusing and there are good illustrations in the book.——The Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's-in-the-Woods, Indiana, have recently published a second edition of their "little classics," a series of "Stories of Mary, Our Heavenly Queen," and "Stories of the Angels" ($0.05 each), for the use of the first and second grades of parochial schools. There are seven Mary books and five Angel stories, and they are just what children like, being both simple and interesting. Catholic teachers are sure to find these little books very useful in the pious work of combining religion with education.

"The Art of the Exposition" (Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, $1.50), by Eugen Neuhaus, of the University of California, is written with a critic's fine discrimination between the true and the false in art. While some faults are indicated in the work of individual artists, yet the writer is enthusiastic in his admiration for the general effect of harmony in the work of the architect, sculptor, landscape architect and painter-decorator, and emphatic in declaring that the essential lesson of the Exposition is the lesson of art. This artistic harmony is found to extend to the last detail of the Exposition, the avoidance of glaring white in architecture by the use of the Travertine staff material, the blending of colors in the work of the landscape architect even down to the cinnamon-colored sand of the asphalted paths, and the drabs, yellows and warm reds of the stalwart guards. The rich mellowness of the lighting effect, as opposed to the offensive glare of the direct light, used in former expositions, is mentioned with special praise.

Charles A. Brackett, D.M.D., Professor of Dental Pathology in Harvard University, contributes to the "Harvard Health Talks" series a useful little volume on "The Care of the Teeth" (Harvard University Press, $0.50). He advises the reader to be descended, if convenient, from a line of ancestors who have had sound, well-kept teeth, warns parents that little Mildred may be suffering from "malocclusion," and maintains that the micro-organisms in the mouth that cause the decay of teeth are of a vegetable rather than of an animal nature. Besides "the faithful and intelligent use of a brush of proper quality," just after meals or at least before retiring for the night, the author suggests that silk be often drawn between the teeth. He strongly urges the prophylactic use of the dentist, and would have us let him scrub the teeth once a month. Our relations with him would then be most cordial and we would visit his office with the same cheerful serenity we show when we go to the barber's.

EDUCATION

Ibsen in the Class-Room

"IS Ibsen fit reading for Catholic girls?" asks a Catholic teacher. Many kinds of objections occur to me against placing Ibsen in the hands of young Catholic students, literary objections, pedagogical objections, moral and religious objections. Let me state a few of them:

In the first place Ibsen may still be regarded as a contemporary author. Though a contemporary may, now and then, by way of relaxation, be glanced at in the class-room, he should not be studied, nor even brought into prominence there. This does not mean that I have but a poor opinion of current authorship merely because it happens to be new. I do not forget that Homer, Dante and Shakespeare were once, each in his own day, contemporary authors. I deplore the tragic instances, happily few, when worthy authors were denied bread while still living, to be given costly stones after their death. Let us hunt for merit and give it a taste of renown, it is a slight recompense, ere merit becomes only a memory and a name. The laborer is worthy of his hire; it would be unnecessarily cruel and harsh to deprive the industrious hirelings of art of their meed of fame until they are laid away beyond all tasting. But the reading world will take the risk of rounding up its living geniuses without the aid of the school-room. The world of grown-up readers has frequently been at fault in picking among literary entries for immortality, and we cannot look for infallible verdicts in this respect from the mouths of sucklings.

READ THE OLD BOOKS

Young people take a course of literature to be able to sift the grains of wheat from the bushels of contemporary chaff. This capacity of wise and fastidious discernment is best developed by confining their attention, while they are at school, to the classics, that is, to the books upon which successive generations have set the stamp of approval and admiration. Try to keep the young mind in the austere airs, where only the great ones in literature survive, until it gets the hang of genius and can tell the difference between an ivory flute and a tin whistle. Why do people go to school at all if they are to be absorbed in the vast unlettered majority whose Ibsens are all Shakespeares and whose Winston Churchills

are all Thackerays? You cannot make plain to immaturity the difference between the ugly ducklings and the stately swans that float down the currents of literature. You might as well try to tell the child the difference between a real gentleman and a clever imitation. It is a difference that cannot be explained in words of one syllable. And just as companionship with the gentle will breed an instinct, beyond the producing power of magisterial speech, for detecting rudeness, so is long and exclusive familiarity with great books the only source of true instinct in discovering worth amid the shoddy and the indifferently good. Youth, moreover, needs no pedagogical urging in the direction of contemporary letters.

LITTLE "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT"

My second objection to Ibsen is that he is a foreign writer. His works may be masterpieces in the original: it is certain they are not masterpieces in an English translation. Furthermore, translations from the Danish have not equal claims upon the attention of young students with translations from older and more highly developed tongues. Such languages as Latin and Greek, French and Italian, and Spanish, because they have played so large a rôle in civilization, have much to teach, even in translations. The northern speech, of which Ibsen is said to be the first great master, has nothing of message or inspiration which may not profitably be kept back till some later day. In general I have seen little in the gloomy and morbid Scandinavian and Russian literatures which has conspicuously that sweetness and light rightly associated by Matthew Arnold with the best literary productions. The northern literatures have cultivated strength and originality at the cost of cheerfulness, sanity, spirituality and moral delicacy of thought and word.

IBSEN A PAGAN

These are purely pedagogical objections to Ibsen. On artistic, moral and religious grounds he is still more objectionable. Ibsen is not a Christian. No loose interpretation of that abused word allows us to classify him under it. For him there is no Divine Christ, no Redemption, no supernatural life and destiny, no world of angels and saints. For him there is, in one sense of the word, no God. Human society, as it has heretofore existed, is nothing but a congeries of lies and deceptions, systematized by Church and State; a vast, blind, ugly herd of ulcers and old sores. I have said Ibsen is not a Christian: he is not a good sort of pagan. He falls far below the spiritual plane of the old Greeks. In Sophocles and Æschylus the dramatic action is set against a background of impressive and exalting sublimity, a vague, shadowy world of spiritual, overruling presences. Making due allowance for the errors and confusion of thought incident to the supernatural darkness of the age, the philosophy of human life of the best Greek drama is, in its broad outlines, mainly correct; and, because it is correct, it is in the best sense natural and can boast of the dignity and grandeur of its art. Ibsen stands condemned as an aspirant to dramatic fame of the higher kind simply because his plays are wholly lacking in this expansive atmosphere of the spiritual and the unseen. Life, as he chose to view it, has neither truth nor beauty. The defect cripples his art. He seemed to have for a while such a suspicion himself; and in "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" he strove with home-made artifices to lengthen the perspective of life into the region of the spiritual: with grotesque results.

DEPRESSING REALISM

For the most part Ibsen found himself at ease only in a depressing kind of realism. He could not see the upper surface of the cloud on which the light of heaven plays; he chose not to see the silvery edges over which fall cascades of inspiring loveliness; he resolutely studied the under side and reveled in telling us how very dark and black it is. What impulse to higher things is there in the strong dramatic treatment of insanity, hereditary disease, morbid sensuality and selfishness, abnormal and ugly idiosyncrasies of character? And when these phenomena of life are emphasized by undoubted technical skill until the impression is created momentarily that there is nothing else in life except repulsiveness and hopelessness, where is the truth of art? I do not deny that there are ugly things in life. And they have to be faced bravely and studied and overcome by science and religion and the individual will. But art is not needed to call the melancholy facts to our attention, much less to exaggerate their hideousness. In the ordinary course of our day, if it lasts well on toward noon, those facts are not altogether evadable. And, if we desire enlightenment and aid, we have priests and physicians, medical books and religious books, and books on political economy, written by thoughtful students with a delicate sense of responsibility to God and to the public. Ibsen delighted to search for dramatic material amid life's squalid tragedy; but we search in vain in the life and antecedents of the sour, crabbed little Norwegian playwright, who was the object of his wife's pitying and humorous acceptance, for anything which would remotely qualify him as a physician of the body or the soul, of the individual or of society. For the life of me I can see no good, artistic or otherwise, in creating, even for a moment, in the mind of girlhood the impression that the world is a vast pathological ward of physical and mental "cases."

THE ANIMAL OVER-EMPHASIZED

The pervading fault of Ibsen's art, and one which makes it noxious to young and impressionable readers, is its preoccupation with the animal side of man. It would be tragical, indeed, to act for any length of time on the supposition that we were incorporeal spirits. Upon the other hand, I should say it is still more tragical to go on as if we were only a higher kind of brute animal. A dog, who has no mind or free will to get in the way of his natural instincts, can be trusted not to fall below the standards of canine propriety. But an intellectual animal like man can easily fall short of human standards. He can cease being a decent man; nay, a decent animal. And this nadir of cosmic degeneracy is touched whenever a man or a woman thinks of himself or thinks of herself primarily as an animal. A dog, if he have any mode of reflex consciousness, may think of himself merely as an animal and still remain a respectable dog. But a man, who thinks of himself mainly as an animal, will not remain a respectable man. Let him forget that he is more than an animal and at once he becomes less than one. This is an inexorable law. This is a Christian paradox which finds countless illustrations in history and daily life. It is fatal to look at ourselves and at the world with the eyes of the tiger and the ape. It is fatal to our souls: fatal also to our bodies. Our spiritual interests are the safeguards of our animal integrity. To be a decent animal I must be a spiritual man or a spiritual woman. To use my body well I must study the needs of my soul.

Ibsen must be handled gingerly in the presence of the young, to whom, in the words of an old pagan, we owe the greatest reverence. If it is deemed necessary to refer to his wonderful constructive skill in the drama, an explanation of his technical manner need not involve complete immersion in his muddy waters. But will it not be awkward for an educated Catholic girl to have to confess that she is not familiar with Ibsen? I should say that she ought to find it

more awkward to have to confess that she is familiar with him. If she knows the great names of the past, no estimable person will count it against her that she is hazy about Ibsen. If you have the light of the sun at your command, no sensible man will insist upon a rushlight.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Capital Punishment

CAPITAL punishment still continues to be the topic of the hour. Not long since it was discussed before the New York Constitutional Convention and, as usual, radicals and conservatives took part in the debate, the latter defending the punishment in principle, the former denouncing it as "murder" and "butchery," words which, though indicative of strong emotions rather than of calm judgment, have misled so many that a simple restatement of principles may not be out of place.

THE RIGHT TO TAKE LIFE

To take human life is not *intrinsically* bad. If it were, God Himself would stand convicted of crime, and nations would play the part of Cain every time they waged war, no matter how serious the cause. But does the sovereign State possess such a right? It does. Civil society is not the outgrowth of a social contract or pact of any kind: it is a natural institution, resulting directly from the fact that man spontaneously, instinctively follows a primal instinct or impulse to live in community for the accomplishment of an end to which he has inalienable right. Given men, society follows immediately and naturally, without force or compulsion, physical or moral. Now authority is an essential element of society; the latter connotes the former; one is as natural as the other: their author, therefore, is the same, He who fashioned men as they are, putting into their hearts the impulse to live in community. But the purpose of authority is such a preservation of the social order that the end of the commonwealth can be obtained. For that is it given, to that does it tend, for that it must be exercised. It exists simply and wholly for this purpose; as a consequence it has a right to all means to this end which are not in themselves bad. As we have seen, to take human life is not in itself bad. There is therefore no difficulty on this score. But is it a means to an end?

IS IT A MEANS TO THE END?

What is the end? The end is the good of the majority, to be obtained by the preservation of the social order. This is attained by repressing crime, protecting honest citizens, and restoring the balance of justice upset by the commission of crime. All three elements are obtained by capital punishment, which therefore can be used legitimately by the sovereign State when necessity demands. True, there are those who deny that the chair or the gallows is effective. Statistics are quoted to prove that murder has decreased after the abolition of the death penalty, which, it is said, inspires no terror. Even if true, these statements would not prove the death penalty immoral or useless; the balancing of the equation of justice would still warrant it. Do those who present this argument mean to claim that a man bent on murder is deterred from his nefarious intent by the reflection that capital punishment has been abolished?

AN OBJECTION EXAMINED

Statistics are working both ways at present, but especially in favor of the death penalty. Granted for the sake of the argument that murder has actually decreased in States where capital punishment has been abolished. What then? The decrease has not been proved to be the outcome of the abolition of the punishment. A thousand and one other elements may have promoted this happy state of affairs. Economic and sociological conditions may have been improved, precautionary measures may have been multiplied, and so on indefinitely. But apart from all this, the logic of the argument employed against capital punishment is scarcely appealing. Can it be that the lesser punishment, imprisonment for a term of years, for instance, accomplishes what the greater punishment fails to do? Are men more easily deterred from murder by fear of imprisonment than by fear of death? Logic and history say no; a certain class of sociologists say yes. But, then, logic is not sentimental and history tells the truth. That men do not fear the electric chair or the gallows is surely remarkable. Why, then, do they cling to life to the last instant, making every appeal for clemency, even though commutation of sentence means a life of solitary confinement? Fear of death drives them to do so; that is the fact. The logic of this fact is not far afield. The deprivation of good is always hard; the pain consequent thereon is proportionate to the value of that which is lost. Some men are driven mad by loss of reputation; others are broken in spirit by loss of fortune; all, even the most manly, suffer something under every loss; such is nature's law. But life is the greatest of all temporal goods; it is the foundation of all others, fortune, health, reputation. Surely if it be natural to shrink from the loss of the lesser good, it is natural to fear the loss of the greatest good, life. Moreover, death at its best is a dreadful punishment; death in disgrace is a heartbreaking infamy, unbearably hard, unlovely in aspect despite the words of sentimentalists, whose emotions are stronger than their ethics.

EMOTIONAL ARGUMENTS

Against all this Scripture is quoted diffusely; but that is not Scripture's defect; the exegetes have taken lessons in a school where words obscure ideas and tears and sobs replace ethics. And words and sobs and tears leave the morality of capital punishment unscathed. It may or may not be expedient, that is not the question; it is not a crime, there is the question, and consequently can be used against murderers, and should be used against them by the sovereign State wherever and whenever the welfare of society requires it.

E. L. T.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Marie Odile," a play most objectionable to Catholics, which had a long run in New York, though, it is whispered, at a financial loss, goes "on the road" early in September. It will be interesting to see what attitude the Catholics in our other cities will take toward the production. London Catholics are not proportionately numerous, but they seem to be an energetic set for they protested vigorously against "Marie Odile's" continuance and after a short run the play was removed. From Kansas, too, comes the good news that the State Board of Censors found "Charlie" Chaplin's moving picture films unfit for presentation. But thousands of American Catholics no doubt are still paying for the privilege of laughing immoderately at his low vulgarities.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post,* Mary Roberts Rinehart pays a worthy tribute to the French and Belgian priests whom she had seen in the war zone:

> No article on the work of the Red Cross in France can be complete without a reference to the work of these priests, not perhaps affiliated with the society, but doing yeoman work of service among the wounded. They are everywhere,

in the trenches or at the outposts, in the hospitals and hospital trains, in hundreds of small villages, where the entire community plus its burden of wounded turns to the *curé* for everything, from advice to the Sacrament.

In prostrate Belgium the demands on the priests have been extremely heavy. Subjected to insult, injury and even death during the German invasion, where in one diocese alone thirteen were put to death—their churches destroyed, or used as barracks by the enemy—that which was their world has turned to chaos about them. Those who remained with their conquered people have done their best to keep their small communities together and to look after their material needs—which has, indeed, been the lot of the priests of battle-scarred Flanders for many generations.

Others have attached themselves to the hospital service. All the Belgian trains of wounded are cared for solely by these priests, who perform every necessary service for their men.

Mrs. Rinehart is not a Catholic, but she can appreciate heroic unselfishness, and devotion to duty. Will the governments that outlawed priests who were religious, and then welcomed them back in the shock of war, make their home-coming permanent?

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has suggested to the pastors of his diocese an annual collection for the St. Vincent de Paul local conferences to be given to the poor of the city, and that a Thanksgiving Day special Mass would be a fitting occasion for such a collection, thús combining charity with thankfulness. This would make our National day of Thanksgiving mean more to Catholics than it does at present, for the religious element is far in the background. Catholic countries have always had their day of Thanksgiving for good crops, and other temporal blessings.

The appointment of a famous Harvard athlete to the distinguished position of a football coach in one of our American colleges leads the New York *Sun* to make an apposite suggestion:

> In view of the considerable number of young gentlemen from the innumerable American colleges and universities who make coaching their profession, should not new sheepskins, Bachelor of Football, Bachelor of Baseball, Bachelor of Rowing, Bachelor of Track Athletics, and so on, be issued? Moreover, shouldn't these highly modern and monumentally influential professions be rewarded with appropriate honorary doctorates on commencement day?

The flattery showered on the diamond and gridiron heroes by enthusiasts in and out of college halls makes the mere winning of academic honors seem incidental to college life.

John L. Davie is Mayor of Oakland, Cal. His esthetic sense is blunted, and he gives grave offense to Californians by his lack of artistic appreciation. He also forgets the very salient truth that a public office is a public trust, that the City Hall is not deeded to him in fee simple just because he has been called by the will of the people to be their servant. The *Monitor* tells of his trouble:

> The public should be told that the Mayor of Oakland, if permitted to continue in the project he has announced, will bring down upon his city, and incidentally upon California—which, though incidental, is a graver aspect of the case—the laughter or the scorn of the rest of the country. This project is to remove from the wall of the Mayor's office in the City Hall in Oakland a mural painting by Frank Van Sloun, part of a lunette which decorates that room, and which has for its subject-matter aspects of early California history. The picture in question portrays the Indian and Mission period. In it Frank Van Sloun introduces the figure of a Franciscan Friar. He could no more help doing this than a painter portraying the history of Massachusetts could avoid introducing a Pilgrim Father. But it appears that the Mayor of Oakland, formerly a leader in the gutter movement known as the A. P. A., objects to this picture and proposes to substitute for it a copy of "Washington Crossing the Delaware. . . . Mayor Davie not only outrages the feelings of Catholics by his act—as he specifically intends—but he insults the taste and intelligence of every citizen of Oakland, of every true Californian from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the deserts to the sea, when he seeks to destroy in a public edifice the symbol of the historical beginnings of our State. What would happen to a Boston mayor, we wonder, if he began to pitch into the street the pictures of Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Fathers?

Public opinion has to be reckoned with by every public servant. It was public opinion that changed John L. Davie from a private citizen into the Mayor of Oakland. It would be well for him not to outrage public opinion. If he has sense he will leave undisturbed the Mission Mural in Oakland's City Hall.

A bulletin just issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education describes the training of children in the Indianapolis schools:

> The practice in the Indianapolis schools is to help the pupil to understand the nature of his own community life, his dependence upon it, and his responsibility for it; to develop a right attitude toward government as the means by which all members of the community may cooperate for the common interest; and to cultivate habits of right action as a member of the community.
>
> Civics is not taught as a separate subject until the eighth grade, but civic education is a phase of all the work of the school. The aim seems to be to make of education, not a process of instruction in a variety of subjects, but a process of growth, during which the various relations of life are unfolded.

Incidentally it is mentioned that there is no subject of moral education in these schools. If the various "relations of life" are unfolded in this educational scheme, what of the child's relation to its Creator? Surely great citizens are not to be expected from children who are never taught whence the State gets its authority.

The public press is giving a great deal of space to Mexico these days. A year has brought about a change of front that is nothing short of marvellous. Editorials have appeared on the Mexican question in all or nearly all our papers. The following from the Hartford *Courant* is typical:

> Material losses by Americans through German submarine ravages or by British seizures are insignificant compared with the tremendous losses that Americans have suffered in Mexico—great enterprises involving millions abandoned, brigands holding up those that try to continue, trade stopped, and Americans themselves told that they belong at home and should return or else take what's coming to them. . . .
>
> If Huerta, recognized as president by all the other important nations, had been recognized by ours, too, he would long ago have buried or expatriated his enemies and have established order, the same kind of order that old Diaz maintained, namely keep still or be shot, Mexican order.
>
> If we ever do go into Mexico to set things right, we first of all will find all factions against us, and, second, we'll find all the American republics against us worrying over our schemes of extension, unless we have the sense to invite them to a conference first and to join us in the pacification. South of the Rio Grande we are not loved over much and we can not afford to increase the strain.

The blood tale of unhappy Mexico was told and retold by the Catholic press all during last year. The murder of priests, and citizens, the violation of nuns, the cry of hungry children was of more concern to the Catholic press than material losses. But the Catholic press stood alone in the crusade. One New York paper gave a portion of its magazine section to the Mexican situation, and then discountenanced the testimony of the writer, though most of it was sworn testimony, in its editorial page. What explains the change of front? Is it merely that American dollars are in danger, and that strikes the American press more intimately than the danger to human lives?

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Before the Russian resistance the German army under General von Buelow halted a while at Kovno, and in the Courland district on the north, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg was sent there himself to take charge of the operations. Further south and east Field Marshal von Hindenburg captured the fortress of Ostrov, Prince Leopold captured Siedlce and Sokolov, and General von Mackensen captured Lukow and Radzyn. This brings the German advance at its nearest point within thirty miles of the main Russian line of defense against invasion extending south between Kovno, Grodno, Bielstock, Brest-Litovsk and Vlodava. The Russians having escaped apparently from the German trap, it is expected that they will make their stand on this new ground, and that the decisive battle will be fought there in the near future. The only railroad out of Warsaw now remaining in the hands of the Russians, namely, the one to Petrograd, is also threatened by German advances north and south of Kovno under the new leader.

Bulletin, Aug. 10, p. m.-Aug. 17, a. m.

The operations in the Dardanelles have been resumed with new activity, on the part of the Allies, the forces of Turks resisting fiercely, but suffering, it is reported, from a lack of arms and ammunition. Severe fighting has been taking place at the end of the Gallipoli Peninsula near Ari Burnu and Sedd-el-Bahr, and the Allies have also succeeded, according to their official report, in landing a new force of 50,000 troops at Suvla Bay, some twenty miles to the north, and in fortifying their position along the shore.

The Dardanelles

Germany and Austria are said to have been mobilizing a large force of 300,000 men at Orsowa on the northeast border of Serbia, where that State abutts on Hungary and Roumania, for a drive across Serbia and Bulgaria, to the relief of the Dardanelles. Obviously it is to the interest of the Allies to form a strong league of the Balkan States and Greece against the passage of the German army, or at least to win Bulgaria over to their side. Bulgaria has hitherto inclined rather toward the side of Germany, but, realizing her opportunity for expansion, she proposes, it is reported, to help the Allies on condition of receiving from Roumania, Serbia and Greece certain concessions of land taken from her in 1913 in the Treaty of Bucharest, and largely inhabited by Bulgarians. Roumania has refused to comply with Germany's demand for a free passage for war munitions to Turkey and has mobilized a part of her army at Orsowa in preparation for the crisis; the Greek Cabinet is reported to have resigned, giving way to the party of M. Venizelos, the former Premier, who is known to be strongly in favor of the cause of the Allies. Serbia's reply to Bulgaria will be, it is reported, the deciding factor.

The Balkan Crisis

In a strong note of August 12, 1915 the United States Government gives its reasons for not complying with Austria-Hungary's demand for an embargo upon war munitions, as follows:

U. S. Reply to Austria

"The principles of international law, the practice of nations, the national safety of the United States and other nations without great military and naval establishments, the prevention of increased armies and navies, the adoption of peaceful methods for the adjustment of international differences, and finally neutrality itself are opposed to the prohibition by a neutral nation of the exportation of arms, ammunition or other munitions of war to belligerent powers during the progress of the war."

Austria-Hungary.—The national economist Professor Julius Wolf, of Berlin, has published interesting figures in the *Neuen Freien Presse* of Vienna to show the advantages Austria will reap from closer economic relations with Germany. The export of Austria for 1900 amounted in value to 1,900,000,000 crowns, and for 1913 to 2,800,000,000 crowns. That of Germany for the same years was respectively 4,600,000,000 marks and 10,000,000,000 marks. Reducing both to the same terms the Austrian export has increased only 1.6 per cent. during these thirteen years as against an increase of 2.3 per cent. on the part of Germany. In the markets where the greatest profits are made Austria has secured almost no foothold. Professor Wolf argues that the conditions for production are in some regards no less favorable in Austria than in Germany, while in no sense can they account for the difference in commercial progress between the two nations. He holds, therefore, that it would greatly profit Austria-Hungary to join itself more closely to Germany in an economic union and to utilize to the utmost the German initiative. There is considerable division of opinion in regard to this entire question. The step which Austria-Hungary is called upon to take is so momentous that careful deliberation is evidently required. Austrians of note and influence are not wanting who believe that this is the time which must decide their country's economic greatness. The matter has thus been stated by them:

A Momentous Question

The hour has come when the economic conditions of Austria-Hungary can be placed in their proper relation to the world's economic order. We must now bring about a division of work and an exchange of goods with the German Empire which is suited to our own peculiar development. It is time to find a form of economic cooperation with the Germanic spirit of enterprise, talent for organization and power of capital which will weld together even more closely, if that is possible, our bond of political unity.

Germany.—It is refreshing to note the attitude of German Catholics in regard to Ernst Lissauer's chant of hate, "Hassgesang," against England. The *Kölnische Volks-Zeitung,* the organ of the powerful Center Party, was the first to demand exclusion of the verses from all books intended for the young and thus attacks the un-Christian sentiment of the poem:

Lissauer's "Chant of Hate"

A Christian cannot read Lissauer's hate-song today without having it go against his grain, despite all England has done to us. The object of these lines is to start a popular agitation to keep the Lissauer song out of all books which are destined for school children. The German press is asked to give this agitation the widest publicity.

Editorially the same paper remarks that the war has been conducted with bitterness enough without nourishing the youth of the country on feelings of passionate hatred which would have serious consequences in the future. This of course is a step in full conformity with the wishes of the Holy Father and indeed with the demands of our Faith. The campaign has been favorably taken up by the German press, the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarking:

We read Lissauer's successful hate-song at the time of its appearance with unconcealed disapproval, for it is utterly devoid of real patriotism, and merely, like the rubber stamps of *Gott Strafe England,* "God punish England," panders to certain instincts which unfortunately come to the fore in excited times. A close investigator knows that the brave men in the trenches are nearly always free from this "hate," and it is chiefly preached by persons whose heroism varies with their distance behind the front. That the hate-song and similar products are to be kept out of books for the young is a necessity.

The author himself has since declared that the verses were written "as a result of the passionate impulse in the first week of the war, when the impression created by England's declaration of war was fresh." They were directed, he says, not against the individual Englishmen but against "the English will to destroy which threatens Germany."

Great Britain.—Lord Northcliffe announces that he is about to begin a campaign to further his favorite policy of conscription. His plans, it is stated, have been carefully considered, and he intends to encourage public meetings and lecture courses which will excite the attention of large sections of the provincial population, unacquainted with his publications. Despite the Premier's bitter opposition to this projected policy, there can be little doubt that conscription seems nearer than it did six months ago; Lord Northcliffe claims the hearty support of many important persons, including members of the Cabinet. Several Ministers have said that they would not oppose conscription should its necessity be shown, and it is thought that Lord Northcliffe's chief support will come from Mr. Lloyd George. However this may be, it seems certain, that in the opinion of a majority of the Cabinet, the voluntary enlistment system has by no means proved a failure. In point of fact, it is nearer the truth to say that it has brought in more men than the Government can equip. Just how many citizens Great Britain has under arms, has never been announced officially. Kitchener, and Lloyd George himself, has said more than once that the returns were "satisfactory," pleading the while, for more recruits; Lord Davenport, speaking in the House of Lords, estimated that 3,000,000 men had joined the colors; more recently, Lord Lansdowne has stated that less than half a million men were at the firing line. It seems clear then, that the bulk of the army is still under training. Many have been sent to the Dardanelles; a much larger number are in France, anxious to be sent to the front, but detained, perhaps indefinitely as things now seem, by want of ammunition and heavy guns. As an outsider views the situation, what Great Britain needs is not men but guns. Anything like compulsory service, either in the army or in the

Northcliffe and Conscription

ammunition works, is bound to be distasteful to the English temperament; but if conscription must come, it should be a force that will put workers in the munition factories. Army recruiting will take care of itself. Lord Northcliffe's motives, it may be said, are not above suspicion. His friends regard him as a patriot, bent on a plan which by calling into play the whole might of Great Britain, can alone save the country. Others there are, however, who denounce him as a selfish meddler, plotting the downfall of the present Cabinet, out of motives that are purely personal and thoroughly selfish.

Mexico.—American citizens living in Mexico have been driven to desperation. Through the Brazilian Minister they have forwarded to the State Department in Washington an appeal in which they beg for help for themselves and for some practical measures of relief to the country. The document reveals the frightful conditions in the Mexican capital, and implores our Government to act promptly. It runs:

Americans' Appeal

The American residents of Mexico appeal once more to their Government and people in behalf of the suffering millions of pacific men, women and children in this country who are victims of hunger and cruelty and violence. These conditions put the gravest and most pressing responsibility upon the United States, which not only has passively permitted them, but has promoted them with arms and ammunition and by encouragement to political adventurers who have prostituted the name of liberty and the cause of human rights.

Americans and other foreigners stand aghast and wonder whether they can be living in the twentieth century and in a country bordering on the United States, which has made itself responsible to the world for protection of life and property here and yet does nothing more than send repeated warnings that are derided by half-savage men, drunk with ill-gotten power and the spirit of graft and hate.

For many months the Americans here, driven almost to desperation, have tried to bring their Government to a realization of the awful situation and begged that the American people be informed. Their request, long denied, was finally conceded in part by the President in his own statement of June 2 reciting briefly the conditions in Mexico.

These conditions, then hardly endurable, are much worse now, and the apparent inactivity of the Government at Washington fills Mexico with despair. There is not even a semblance of government here at the capital and we are living on a smouldering volcano. The entire City Council has been imprisoned without cause. We have seen three changes of armed government in thirty days. There is no communication with the world, except by special messengers.

The effort, it continues, of men trying to convince the world that Mexico is not hungry and Red Cross work not needed is deplored. The number of deaths from lack of food is declared to be increasing. The efforts of Special Commissioner O'Connor to relieve the distress by getting food in are dwelt upon, but it is declared that he has not yet succeeded in bringing a pound of food into the capital or to receive even a message from Washington regarding the work.

Mention is made of the seizure by the authorities of the *Mexican Herald,* the only English periodical left in the city. The appeal concludes:

The few reports coming from outside the capital nearly all show the same conditions of distress. If something is not done by the United States or other foreign governments to open communications, supply food and stop the killing of men, outraging of women and destruction of property, there will be still graver complications for the world to settle in Mexico. The breaking point has been reached where foreigners who have long counseled self-restraint are getting desperate because of what they see around them and what they suffer themselves.

That the Americans in Mexico base their appeal on just grounds is corroborated by the following letter written by a recent refugee from Mexico, whose testimony is unimpeachable:

Plunder and Violence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

From my preceding letter, describing, as this present one will, the political conditions in Mexico, you can understand my reasons for stating that not a single one of the contending factions exercises the slightest influence on the views and opinions of reasonable and fair-minded men. These show no favor or sympathy to the revolutionists. In their eyes, they are all outlaws, vying with one another in license and crime. Such is the verdict of the better class in Mexico. From what follows you can see for yourself that the salient acts of the administration of the various factions only confirm this general opinion.

And first as to the administration of Carranza. After his rupture with Villa and the Aguascalientes Convention, Carranza withdrew to Vera Cruz. By his orders, the latter city was made the capital of the Republic. At that very moment, his favorite of the hour, Candido Aguilar, was transferring his capital to Orizaba, thus depriving Jalapa of its constitutional rights. The City of Mexico remained the capital of the State of the Valley of Mexico formed almost entirely from the old Federal District.

After this first arbitrary measure, Carranza decreed the "Emancipation of Woman," by a law which made divorce legal throughout the entire country. And the decree was made still more odious by the indecent attacks on womanly modesty and conjugal fidelity in the preamble to the Bill.

By a third decree, the First Chief ordered all the ports of the Republic closed to foreign commerce, with the one exception of the port of Vera Cruz. At the same time he considerably raised the tariffs on exports which henceforth had to be paid in gold. The profits thus accruing to Carranza are evident. He issues paper-money and harvests gold for himself and his followers.

Certain banks in Cuba and the United States could easily furnish a balance-sheet of the capital invested by them for Carranza and his lieutenants.

Later on when Obregón was playing the tyrant in the City of Mexico, there came a fourth decree. The government offices and departments were to be transferred to Vera Cruz. Every day for some time, train after train left the old capital carrying off every object of value from the various bureaus of the government. With my own eyes I have seen men taking away from one of the principal offices of the "Palace," not only desks and bookshelves, but even cuspidors, telephones and electric light fixtures, down to the very push-buttons. But don't imagine that everything arrived safely at Vera Cruz. The Carranzista leaders, accustomed to pillage and plunder were not the men to be so nice and scrupulous. And what were the secret instructions given by the Carranza Administration to Alonso Obregón while the latter held his rule of terror in the former capital? He was to make it pay dearly for its lack of sympathy toward the revolution. The news was spread broadcast that flour, vegetables, cereals, the necessities of life in a word, were absolutely needed in the city. The neighboring planters and farmers, still in possession of such food-stuffs, and allured

by the high prices offered, asked passes from the Government for safe and free transportation. The Government agreed; freight-cars loaded with provisions rolled into the sheds. There everything was confiscated by the authorities, the freight shipped to Vera Cruz, so that Carranza might export it all to the United States in exchange for ammunition and arms. And not an explanation, not a cent of indemnity was offered to the owners. But it was loudly trumpeted in the Government papers, that his Excellency, General A. Obregón, deeply moved by the sufferings of the people, was studying the best means to remedy their woes. And what were the means? He openly said in various interviews given to the reporters, that since the poor were hungry and the rich refused to help them, he would not object if the famished people laid violent hands on whatever they needed wherever found; that his soldiers would not fire a shot if the wealthy were robbed and plundered; that it was an act of justice which nothing or nobody might prevent or forbid.

And the rich, so they were called, were in the same condition as the poor. They also needed food. Obregón would not let it reach them, but forwarded it as we have seen, to Carranza. Was there ever such hypocrisy and injustice? I do not speak of the decrees that flung so many Catholic priests into prison, nor of the wrongs and outrages inflicted on our most prominent business men. All that is too well known. Be it enough to say that Obregón went so far as to withdraw all police protection at night, so that the city might be left to the mercy of a lawless and frenzied mob. A certain Gerardo Murillo stirred up the passions of the well-known socialist and anarchistic club of the "Casa del Obrero Mundial," urging the members to rob and plunder the mansions of the rich. Thank God! The plot almost completely failed. I say "almost." For in the end they plundered the Jesuit Church of St. Bridget, the Academy and Convent of the "Josefinas," the Church of the Incarnation and a few others. It was a pitiable and fearful sight. At 11.30 a. m., protected by Obregon's cavalry, these lawless men sacked and plundered everything in one of the most prominent quarters of the city. From the Academy of the "Josefinas" they carried away furniture, carpets, curtains, lamps, etc., everything they could seize. In the Jesuit Church of St. Bridget they mutilated the statues of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony, broke to pieces the crucifix, and the adoring angels keeping guard over the tabernacle. But wonderful to say, after all the pillage and plunder, the statue of one of the angels, the head of which had been broken off, still stood there bearing in his hands the Scriptures, on which could be clearly read an eloquent warning to those who attempted to destroy the house of God. When, after the retreat of Obregón, the church was restored to public worship, the statue was placed in the vestibule, a reminder to him and his like that heaven and earth shall pass away but the words and the promises of God shall not pass away!

A. COROLLA.

As a result of the conference held in New York by Secretary of State Lansing and the representatives of six Latin American republics, a note was sent to the Mexican leaders August 14. After stating that in the recent conference, the various diplomats were "inspired by the most sincere spirit of American fraternity," "convinced that they rightly interpret the earnest wish of the entire continent"; after reminding them that:

Pan-American Note

> In the heat of the frightful struggle which for so long has steeped in blood the Mexican soil, doubtless all may well have lost sight of the dissolving effects of the strife upon the most vital conditions of the national existence, not only upon the life and liberty of the inhabitants, but on the prestige and security of the country.

After expressing the hope that each and every one of the contending leaders

> measuring in his own conscience his share in the responsibilities of past misfortune and looking forward to his share in the glory of the pacification and reconstruction of the country, will respond, nobly and resolutely, to this friendly appeal and give their best efforts to opening the way to some saving action,

the note finally comes to the point and says:

> We, the undersigned, believe that if the men directing the armed movements in Mexico—whether political or military chiefs—should agree to meet, either in person or by delegates, far from the sound of cannon, and with no other inspiration save the thought of their afflicted land, there to exchange ideas and to determine the fate of the country—from such action would undoubtedly result the strong and unyielding agreement requisite to the creation of a provisional government, which should adopt the first steps necessary to the constitutional reconstruction of the country and to issue the first and most essential of them all, the immediate call to general elections.
>
> An adequate place within the Mexican frontiers, which for the purpose might be neutralized, should serve as the seat of the conference, and in order to bring about a conference of this nature the undersigned, or any of them, will willingly, upon invitation, act as intermediaries to arrange the time, place and other details of such conference, if this action can in any way aid the Mexican people.
>
> The undersigned expect a reply to this communication within a reasonable time, and consider that such a time would be ten days after the communication is delivered, subject to prorogation for cause.

But Carranza and his chiefs are reported to be still working for recognition and preparing to resist by force of arms any external interference.

Yucatan and Liberty

From private and entirely reliable sources we have gathered the following data with regard to the tyrannous conduct of the revolutionists in Yucatan. Up to a recent date the States of the Mexican Republic had been forced to submit to the odious yoke of the "First Chief." Yucatan, however, had escaped. That State was peaceful, law-abiding and flourishing. Its people imagined that their generous contributions, their submission to the recognized government, their abstention from political strife and their patience under the most cruel outrages would be their best protection against further wrongs. They were mistaken. There were two grievous charges against them. They were Catholics and they were prosperous. Their doom was sealed. But Yucatan decided to strike before falling. A leader appeared in Abel Ortiz Argumedo, a partisan of Carranza, but unwilling to share in his lawlessness and cruelties. He freed Merida from Carranza's yoke of terrorism, and was everywhere hailed with enthusiasm. Carranza's forces took the offensive, and Argumedo and his poorly-armed troops were powerless. The First Chief was again victorious. But Yucatan had not tamely yielded. Its bold stand for liberty and law deserves to be better known.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Collapse of Socialism

RECENTLY in the columns of AMERICA, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has mordantly expressed the inconsistencies of the Socialists. He doubts if there are any Socialists left. I share the doubt with him. In recent controversies with devotees of the movement our arguments would quickly terminate for the prime reason that I could not persuade the hostile forces to agree on what Socialism *was*. Some, and these a dwindling number, had swallowed Marx whole and spat the fellow out with venom; others injected into the dispute the "rights" and wrongs of the Jews in Russia, twaddle about the "emancipation of women," whatever that may mean, and other weird inconsistencies, which ended in my coming to the unwelcome conclusion that a large proportion of my fellow-men, and especially women, shared in that decay of clear thinking, that deliquescence of the intellect, which is the outstanding feature of our time. When the historian of the future describes the many ills of our society, the vast political corruption and atrocities of our economic organization, the stress, the main stress, of his description of our feeble era, as all atheist eras must be feeble, will be on that utter forgetfulness of the meaning of words, which, in philosophy, has given us Pragmatism, and in physical science hypotheses for facts. The modern thinker would give us counters for coin.

I may be wrong, and, if so, I stand to be corrected, but my thought is that words came into being to express facts and ideas. If you fall over a fact it is well to have a word to describe that fact. The word in itself is of no value, a mere plaything when separated from the object it was created to describe. The natural corollary is this: when you have a word that describes well an idea, hold to it, grip it fast! Do not loosen your mind and allow it to catch on to some other fact or ideas. Do not let it perch itself in mid-air without a meaning, as words of their own nature will. Or, what is surely the worst thing that can befall a word, do not let it mean five or six things at the same time. If you once allow such unlimited freedom to a word you will find it sticking its letters in your face at all times, and usurping the places of other words in an arrogant manner, confusing you and generally playing the devil with your philosophy. Indeed, you will soon lose the control of words, and then control of yourself; and you will end as a Pragmatist, or fail to make necessary preparations for war, or become a politician—or endure some other fearsome fate.

To take an example of the way in which words escape from the control of your modern thinker. Take the word "progress." In its modern usage this expression has caused more wreckage of the intellect, created more intellectual driftwood than any other word that I can, for the moment, think of. It is clear to minds better adjusted for purposes of sane thought than those idols of the moment in modern philosophical circles, that the word progress can mean something only in reference to some aim definitely expressed. Bear in mind, I pray you, that this word progress bears no moral meaning. The aim expressed need not necessarily be a good aim. A labor union official may sincerely desire to work for the strengthening of his union, or he may merely desire to make money out of his job. Once you know his aim, in either case you may say he has progressed or has not progressed according to whether he benefits his union or not, or whether his bank account is increased or not. But to use the word progress as it is constantly used today, without mentioning the object in view, is to talk sheer nonsense and to express nothing. To call a political party the "Progressive Party" is to make an end to language, nay, to all thinking. The word progress is loose, playing horrid tricks with your "radical" thinker, your "radical" politician, your "radical" apologist for loose morals for woman and for the prevention of conception. The word is at large, attached to neither fact nor idea, and we poor devils of the pen who care for clear thought must chase it up hill and down dale, o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent till we run it down, and bind it to its proper meaning for the proper uses of mankind.

To return to Socialism. Let me give an example of the inability of Socialists to define clearly their own creed. An able English writer published a challenge in a London weekly in which he stated that he doubted if, outside the stalwart band of Marxists of the Social Democratic Federation, now amalgamated with the "British Socialist Party," there were many people who were still Socialists. A Socialist daily paper of London realizing the quality of the challenge asked its readers to give their opinions on his statement. The opinions were duly given and proved the statement to be quite correct. While all duly clung to the title of Socialist, they more or less unanimously added that nothing in the world would induce them to hand over "the means of production and exchange" to the State. Here, then, we have another attempt to destroy the usefulness of words. Indeed, the reply of the challenger lay along these lines.

He pointed out that there is a certain economic and political theory on behalf of which strong arguments have been and can be urged. It is this: that the only permanent solution of the social problems will be achieved by taking the means of production from the private persons who are at present their legal owners and vesting them in the political officers of the State that may administer them for the benefit of the whole community. That theory is called Socialism. If you believe in the theory it is natural and proper that you should be fond of the name. But that any one's affection for the name should survive his belief in the theory, as it quite evidently does in many cases, is almost impossible to believe.

But that is not the main point to emphasize. The main point is this. The theory still exists and still demands a name. If you deprive it of the name it has always borne you commit an act of pure waste; and you do not in this case or any similar case, even justify your action by making any valuable use of the name you have stolen. If a Socialist does not mean a man who wishes the State to own the means of production, what does it mean? As to that the new "Socialists" seem somewhat vague. Sometimes it seemed to mean a man discontented with existing social conditions, that is, a man who is neither a knave nor an ignoramus. I can only say that when I called myself a Socialist I meant by Socialism something explicit, definable and distinctive, and I am quite certain that until it again means something as explicit, definable and distinctive it will be no use preaching it.

Thus we discover the collapse of Socialism to be due in the main to one thing: its inability to remain truly socialistic in the face of that criticism which has its origin in Catholic thought. Socialists still fondly cling to a term, which in the use they have put it to, has no meaning. They are wantonly destroying the use of a word for the sake of a sentiment.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Defects of the Catholic Press

THE last three Popes have given the most generous encouragement to the Catholic press, and rightly, for it is, or can be, a tremendous weapon of the Faith. Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in Europe. Each of the larger countries proudly boasts its Catholic daily, there are many cultured and stimulating weeklies, while sober and scholarly fortnightlies and monthlies play their part in the defense of religion and the furthering of the Catholic cause.

When we turn to America we find the journalistic field in a condition truly lamentable. No Catholic daily exists and, for the matter of that, geographical reasons account for its absence. For the rest one might truthfully say the Catholic press does not exist. The number of even readable Catholic weeklies can be counted on the fingers of one hand; we have one excellent fortnightly, and two, or shall we say three, monthlies can be dignified with the name of magazine.

This is sad but true. At the the same time it does not mean that journalistic enterprise is lacking. On the contrary, it is obtrusively present and we poor Catholics are expected to support an Egyptian plague of ill-edited, illiterate and un-American sheets, without either policy or news, papers which if they appealed to any but a Catholic public would die of inanition in a month. The existence of these papers is a reproach to the Church and an insult to the intelligence of the Catholics of America. The low intellectual tone which marks the majority of them is heartbreaking. Let us be modest and say that Catholics have at least as much intelligence as the average man or woman among their fellow-citizens, but to judge from these sheets one would think that we were incapable of assimilating the easiest of predigested mental breakfast-foods.

These are harsh words, but what is the use of blinking facts? We all know it, but none of us dare say so for fear of being called disloyal. We have said that the Catholic press, so-called, was ill-edited, illiterate and un-American. One does not have to prove these points, these adjectives rise unbidden at the sight of the average paper, but let us take an example or two.

One paper comes to mind which week by week publishes "Helpful Hints for Our Young Men." Admirable! No. A mere waste of space, for the "Hints" consist of a column of mawkish sentimentality which would nauseate any young fellow of normal manly instincts. If that editor knew his job he would know that "our young men" simply will not read the sort of stuff that a spinster of forty-five might write. Here is one of the secrets of the lack of influence found in the Catholic press. Bad editing! Yet there are any number of capable Catholic editors, the journalistic woods are full of them, and they can be found anywhere but on a Catholic paper. The reason?—well, we'll deal with that later on, and just remark in passing that "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." A seminarian with a "spoilt" vocation; a barber turned printer; a "medico" without patients, or a busy priest with a large parish, are all of them admirable people in their own way, but they certainly are not journalists in the technical sense of the term. With the best will in the world they will fail in journalism, Catholic or secular. Now we have put our finger on the spot. Unless we get trained men to run our papers we might just as well have none at all. No one can deny that what we are pleased to call "our Catholic editors" are really one or other of two things. Either they are amiable amateurs—and to this class most but, thank God, not all our clerical editors belong—or they are failures in the art of journalism. No one can deny it. The result of of it all is this, that they fall back upon their assistant editors, "Mr. Shears" and "Mr. Paste," and eke out a miserable existence by stealing one another's thunder, usually without acknowledgment. When they do by any miraculous chance write anything original we get some delightful samples of how crass ignorance can be. Take one amusing example:

One scribe—it would be uncharitable to state into which editorial category he fell—selected the Divine Office as a subject for mirth, and incidentally let fall some caustic remarks on the suffragettes, based on the antiphon containing the words: *Intercede pro devoto femineo sexu.* This the brilliant scholar translated "the devout female sex" in blissful ignorance that *devotus* has never meant "devout," but always "under vows," *i. e.*, nuns. Think of it! Yes, it actually occurred, and the point of the joke is that the Latinist was corrected by a suffragette! But to pass to more serious things.

The un-American character of our Catholic papers—

and this applies to all of them, good and bad—is a serious mistake. They are un-American because they appeal to the "Hyphen." It matters not what hyphen it is, any appeal to race or to politics is out of place in a Catholic paper, which should appeal to Catholics as such whether they be of Irish, German, Chinese, or Patagonian descent.

The worst offenders in this respect are those which, directly or indirectly, are forever raising the question of Ireland's freedom. This is a perfectly good issue in its proper place, and there are excellent weeklies devoted to the cause of Ireland, but it cannot be too emphatically stated that right thinking on the subject of Irish politics is not synonymous with Catholic orthodoxy, despite the Canadian priest who was once bold enough to say so. This being the case it should be discussed at length anywhere but in distinctively Catholic journals.

Its absence would no doubt leave a great blank in many of our papers, but there is much to be said to fill it. One of the legitimate functions of the press is criticism and, with those brave few exceptions that prove the rule, no Catholic paper in America ever dares open its mouth on any one of those very obvious questions which need ventilation. None of us is either infallible or impeccable.

All this, however, is destructive criticism. What can and what should be done? What we need is organization. Don't let us blind ourselves to the fact. For the lack of it American Catholics, for all their sixteen millions, are the most inchoate community in the world. It may be doubted if we have any leaders, but, if we have, they should get together and suppress at one stroke the horde of "official organs" and others which now call themselves Catholic papers.

The country should then be divided up into sections, each capable of supporting in the financial sense a well-edited paper. About ten or twelve of these sections is all that are needed and the Catholic population of such divisions would be large enough to ensure the success of what would really be "official organs." The financial returns would enable the authorities to engage good editors, there are scores of them, who in turn could get their material from Catholic writers of talent, there are hundreds of them, and so our few Catholic weeklies would be bright, newsy, and intelligent, a pleasure to read and not a duty to support.

N. Y. E.

The Young Man and Stock Raising*

SUCCESSFUL work in stock raising demands as a prime requisite a love of animals. To know them one must love and understand them. There is an old German adage, "The eye of the master fattens his cattle." Therefore the young man who thinks of this sort of career as a life work must make himself thoroughly familiar with agriculture and country life with all that this implies. Then, if he is still satisfied and sure of himself, there is no better field in which to spend one's days than in the field of animal husbandry and stock raising.

The field is broad, offering plenty of opportunities to young men in all circumstances with and without capital. It conveniently separates itself into two natural divisions: the field of practical farm and estate management either for oneself of for others, and the scientific study of breeding and feeding looking toward teaching and research.

The former sort of work demands first of all a long apprenticeship under practical men who have given their lives to the improvement of livestock. To get the most out of this apprenticeship a boy should grow up on a good stock farm, where he will gradually learn all that is necessary without great effort. Then he should supplement this with a four years' course in a college of agriculture, specializing in animal husbandry subjects during his last year. The best training and results never seem to come by the reverse process, that is, high school and college first and practical experience afterwards. To have the greatest success in breeding, growing and finishing stock, the first principles must come from contact with the animals themselves. The best caretakers live more or less with their animals. This can be done with no loss of self-respect and simply entails close observation of the animals day by day.

To go into stock rasing for oneself requires considerable capital, but if a boy already lives on a farm and can work and cooperate with his father, the lack of a large amount of capital is not a serious handicap. The formulation of an ideal is necessary first of all: steadiness of purpose will bring about the realization of that ideal. Nor is a four years' course of training wholly necessary. The boy who can go no further than high school can secure employment on a high-class stock farm and gradually work up to the place where he himself will have charge of the feeding, breeding and management of the flock or herd that he loves. But at least a two years' special course in college in place of the last two years' high school, or a two years' course in a secondary school of agriculture, is highly desirable in order to form a proper ideal. That ideal must include the principle that no stockman can afford to be in the stock raising business today with anything except pure-bred, registered stock. This may not be attainable at first, but can be gradually realized.

A striking instance of this is shown in the herd of dairy cattle in the Animal Husbandry Department of one of the best agricultural colleges in the United States. About twenty-five years ago there was in the college herd one pure-bred female, poor in quality, worth perhaps $100. Today there are in that herd fifty or sixty fine, pure-bred animals, all descended from this one female, which are a delight to the eye and a source of

*The thirty-eighth of a series of vocational articles.

the greatest satisfaction to the person who has been responsible all these years for their breeding. Four of the middle-aged animals in this herd are worth $1,500 each because of their great productive ability. No female stock has been purchased in all these years. Such a record, of course, is attainable only as a result of singleness of purpose and a high ideal. Any young man can duplicate this record on the home farm if he will familiarize himself with the few principles involved, cling to his ideal, and know and love his animals.

A concrete example of how a farm boy has "made good" in this way may be cited. This young man at the age of perhaps thirty-five years is now the general manager of one of the largest and finest Jersey stock farms in the world. He was a farm boy with a good common school education finished and rounded out with two years at one of the leading agricultural colleges of the country. At first he was the hog herdsman on this farm, then he went to another farm in a higher position, and finally went back to the first farm in the capacity of general manager of all the flocks and herds on the place. The two years' special work in college can be secured by the young man who is willing to work for what he can earn during vacation and while in college. Under no condition, however, can actual manual labor in direct contact with the animals themselves be neglected, if animals and their habits are to be known through and through.

Moreover, the city boy can succeed as well as his country cousin, as is evidenced in the case of a young man now on a large farm in northern New York. He has paid his way entirely since the second year in high school. He did not finish his high school work, but entered college as a special student. After earning his way here for two years the lack of practical farm training was apparent, and he is now securing that with one more year in college in view, when he will be well-prepared to take the position of herdsman and gradually work up to a satisfactory place commanding a good salary.

The other great division in this field is along the line of teaching and research. Very little is known of the principles of breeding and feeding farm animals. Here is a wonderful opportunity for the young man with a love for animals, and with a scientific turn of mind. The training that he must put himself through is similar to that of the other young man who is fitting himself wholly for practical work, and while it is not correct to say that it must be more thorough, it must be different. He will be a better scientist if he can have an apprenticeship of two or three years on a stock farm before beginning his technical education, for he will then be able to grapple more easily with the fundamental problems in breeding and feeding.

While the man who is to be the practical raiser of stock out on the farm is rounding out his experience in actually feeding and caring for his herds and flocks the scientist in this field must be spending his time in the laboratories of school or college. In the second division of this field of endeavor the time of the training period will probably be longer and it will be somewhat harder to pay one's way, yet the opportunity here is great and the chance for success is sure.

In stock raising either practically on farms or, on the scientific side, in teaching and laboratory work, one is dealing with living, growing things and with principles that show why these animals live and grow and produce food, clothing and labor for human beings. It is this touch with the fundamental principles of life itself that makes this line of work so interesting and satisfactory. At the same time the young man, who by persistent effort puts himself with the leaders, will not lack for proper recognition and proper remuneration for his labor.

Cornell University. ELMER S. SAVAGE.

A Scandalized Contemporary

THE *Living Church* has a particularly bitter article in its issue of July 31, in reference to certain marriages that have taken place lately in the Catholic Church. We think we know the reason of this bitterness. It is usually manifested after an important conversion from the ranks of the Anglican clergy has been announced. Such an announcement has just been made. The Reverend Bernard Moultrie, a clergyman of thirty-two years standing, and one who was until recently the Warden of the best-known Anglican Community, has lately been received into the Catholic Church. It is the most noteworthy conversion since that of Father Maturin. The *Living Church* feels that it must do something to offset this victory for the enemy! The easiest thing to do is to attack the practical methods of Catholicism, for it is not hard to find scandals, or at least apparent cause for scandal, in the workings of a great system. This is the trump card of the *Menace:* the *Living Church* plays its game with a like astuteness. It has a large number of subscribers to appeal to, who are more or less ignorant of Catholicism, but who are favorably drawn toward it. By taking advantage of this ignorance a double purpose will be served. The Catholic Church will be vilified, and individuals who are considering its claims, will be deterred in their search for truth. So the *Living Church* proceeds to give to the world two instances of the alleged scandalous way in which divorced people can be *remarried* in the Catholic Church. The article resolves itself into a solemn protest, which is offered with sorrow and regret. "Alas, that things should be so!" it seems to say. We give some extracts to show its drift:

> One of the discouragements which frequently come to those who earnestly desire that our Roman Catholic brethren should adequately portray to the world those Catholic ideals that alone give hope for the re-union of Christendom, is connected with the outrageous defiance of Christian ideals which so often attends the solemnization of holy matrimony by priests of that communion.

This is pretty strong. Two instances, as we said before, are given to prove that this statement is justified;

we have not the least intention of giving them a further publicity—and then after a homily on our duty in this matter, comes the protest:

> Because we are Christians, because we are Catholics, because, being both, we share and ought to share, in the opprobrium which such an act brings upon the Christian religion and the Catholic Church, we protest against a system of canon law whereby such acts as these become possible.

The fact is that this is all solemn "buncombe," and we strongly suspect that the one who wrote it, knows that it is buncombe. At least, he knows, as every well-informed person knows, that *remarriage* after divorce is impossible in the Catholic Church. He also knows that the Canon Law of the Catholic Church is framed in the interests of humanity. Nothing would please him and his friends better than that the Episcopal Church should adopt the whole of this Canon Law just as it stands. The instances which may be cited from time to time, where it would appear that the law has been ineffective, are such as no law, however perfect, could avoid. They are hard cases, which must be dealt with in such a way as to avoid even greater evils. It would be interesting to know how the Anglican Church would handle them. As far as we can observe, the approved method is to allow ministers of other denominations to cut these difficult knots, and then when the marriages have been effected, to admit the parties concerned to the full privileges of communion. The Catholic Church does not deal with difficulties in this way. She faces each issue, and regardless of the cost, follows her system to the letter, knowing that her long experience with humanity, and the promised guidance of the Holy Ghost will order things for the highest benefit of mankind.

We recommend that the *Living Church* should make itself further acquainted with Canon Law before making such portentous protests. It will not be necessary to read Catholic books to do so. Dr. Mortimer wrote a popular treatise on theology called "Catholic Faith and Practice." It is safe to say that a copy of this work may be found in the library of every High Church clergyman. The chapters on "Holy Matrimony" are practically word for word a restatement of the very Canon Law that is protested against. In them will be found a full discussion of the various impediments that render marriages invalid. And, of course, it is hardly necessary to say, that it is because so many invalid marriages take place today, that opportunities are created for so-called remarriages. If a protest must be made, let it be made against invalid marriages. Who is to blame for them? Certainly not the Catholic Church, which is often criticised for the seemingly unnecessary formalities that must be gone through before any marriage ceremony can be performed by a priest. It is not her fault, for instance, that unbaptized and baptized persist in marrying. It is not her fault that foolish young couples run away from home and attempt to enter the marriage state by all kinds of illegal and un-Christian methods. Who is to blame for this? We think we can put our finger on one real culprit. The chief one to blame for clandestine marriages is the minister, who either on account of respect of persons, or else vulgar love of money, is willing to marry any one who applies to him, be they baptized, unbaptized, members of his church, or total strangers. As long as ministers do these things, so long will there be divorces, and consequent remarriages.

In almost every case in which the Catholic Church has to bear the brunt of criticism in the matter of marriage of divorcees, it will be found that the difficulty has been created by an invalid marriage in the first instance, due either to the laxity of the civil law, or to the willingness of Protestant ministers to marry any one who asks them.

What is to be done? Must the Church lower her standards? That she has a high standard in the matter of marriage, no one but a bigot would deny. Must she accept every marriage of any kind as lawful and valid, and thereby admit that either the State, or a hundred varying sects have the right to decide who may, or who may not enter upon matrimony? Has she no authority as the representative of God to place lawful impediments by way of preventing monstrous evils? Are we to sacrifice our ordered system that has stood the test of centuries, and adopt that chaos to which the marriage methods of Anglicanism are reduced, because a few hard cases may be cited, which we did not create, but are trying to deal with prudently?

The *Living Church* suggests an alternative. The guilty parties who have knowingly contracted an invalid matrimony, should be put under penance, before being allowed to marry lawfully. Shall we say why this would be impossible? It would be impossible as long as there are Protestant ministers who would welcome the opportunity to break down any such penitential system. The practical result of an attempt to enforce such a discipline would be this: the parties concerned would merely leave the priest's house, and go over the street to the parsonage, and there obtain what had been denied them. For remember that in hard cases like these, you are not dealing, for the most part, with exemplary members of the Christian family, but with those who, having done wrong in the first place, are very likely to do the same again.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Why Are Our Children "Different"?

"WHY are boys and girls so different now from what they were when I was a girl?"

"Are they different?" I asked, for I was somewhat taken by surprise. Besides I was conscious of a feeling that the best answer to the question could probably be given by the lady who was asking it, for she is the mother of several growing boys and girls, and has a keen intelligence of her own.

"Why, yes," she replied. "Haven't you noticed it?"

"Well—yes." I hesitated. "But I imagined that the trouble was with me."

She paused a moment as though gathering stray thoughts

together, and then went on more certainly. "Perhaps I exaggerate a little, but I cannot help thinking that it isn't just right for children to be growing into men and women with ideas and impulses that seem so strange and unwholesome to their mother. I may be a bit old-fashioned, or maybe their growing so big makes me feel old, and think old, too, so that I have got a little behind, and ought to be quite willing to let Virginia and Harry and Tom and Mary set the pace."

She caught me smiling, and said, "Why do you smile?"

"Frankly," I answered, "because it seemed funny to have you suggest letting boys and girls who are not yet out of high school set the pace."

"But from my point of view it's not funny," she replied. "I'm beginning to feel that the children expect me to do it, and I know several women of my own age who are already letting their boys and girls do that very thing. In fact, one of the favorite arguments in the house now is that Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones lets Sam or Molly do something that my children are proposing."

"That must be rather troublesome when you have different ideas of your own," I suggested.

"Indeed it is," she answered. "Especially when it has the effect of making you wonder whether you are wrong and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are right. Perhaps I shouldn't be so much bothered if it weren't that I am sure there is something about my boys and girls I do not quite understand, something I am certain never was in us when we were their age, and that I never expected to find in children of mine."

"That sounds rather astonishing," I observed with a laugh. "I should be very much interested to hear what this strange thing is."

"It seems to me to be a combination of several things in them," she said quietly. "If they were older I should call it their attitude toward life. Of course, I know it's only natural for children to love pleasure, and I'm sure I do all I can to make mine happy; but what worries me is that they don't seem to think they should bother much about anything else but having a good time. For instance, the fact that I think they shouldn't go to more than one party or theater in a week seems unreasonable to them, especially if they are able to point out that their lessons are all done, or that there is no particular reason, except my old-fashioned rule, that they shouldn't go."

"Do you mean to say that they expect some kind of entertainment every week," I interrupted, "and that they think you old-fashioned even when you allow so much? I begin to understand why you are a little bewildered."

"I am rather amazed sometimes," she answered, "not so much at their wanting to have what they call a good time, as at their being really earnest and serious about almost nothing else. They have always got to be amused; they don't seem to know how to amuse themselves. If I were a girl again, and my girls were neighbors, I'm sure I should not know what to do with them if they came to spend an evening with me in my old home."

"That's an amusing way to put it," I said, "but it surely makes the contrast stand out very clearly."

An expression of deep seriousness came upon her face. "What worries me most is this," she said earnestly, "they are very much set upon having their own way, and while they do not become exactly rebellious, they are, to say the least, extremely argumentative. They seem to think they have the right to decide things for themselves. They argue that all the boys and girls they know have their own way about lessons, and parties, and theaters, and clothes, and all the other things they are interested in. Of course, I know that in some ways I ought to be pleased with this and look on it as being promising and self-reliant; and I might, too, if the tendency of what they are trying to do were not in a direction I don't want to see them moving in. Now I don't like to say it about my own children, but I may as well tell the truth, frankly. Everything they are so keen about doing appears to me to be some form or other of self-indulgence. And most of the boys and girls they know are the same. They want to have their own way, they seem to think they have a right to it, and with them, too, it's all in the one direction. That's what I meant when I asked why they are so different now from what boys and girls were in my day. I sometimes wonder what is wrong with the way I am bringing them up. I am sure that even though we didn't perhaps think about it very often, we had some sense of duty, and that we didn't feel free to argue with father or mother upon their opinions of what we should do. Indeed I don't think it priggish to say that we often got a good deal of satisfaction out of doing things or not doing things just because they were expected of us. I believe that even as children we had some sense of responsibility, and that we understool it was best for ourselves to do our duty, and to be guided and directed by older people. I really think I was happier than my girls are, and that on the whole we got much more pleasure out of the parties we had and the occasional theatrical performances we were allowed to attend than they do out of these constant good times they are always so busy about. I can't make out where this strange spirit comes from or how it has got such a hold on my boys and girls. It doesn't seem right, and I simply cannot account for it."

"I agree with you," I said, "that it doesn't seem right, and as for accounting for it, perhaps I can help you a little." I had been pondering deeply of late upon certain marked tendencies in our country's life, new directions given to social, political and educational development by new forms of very old human tendencies, and the serious talk of this earnest mother set me thinking that what she was complaining of was only another manifestation of the working of this same general force.

I went on: "Perhaps I shall seem a little pedantic in what I am going to say. However, I'll risk that in the hope that we may get some light on the question. At first I was surprised to hear that your children should show these tendencies, because I thought that in your home and in the Catholic schools they are attending they would be sufficiently protected, or I might say insulated, from the influences that would give them the ideas and impulses you are distressed to see in them. In my opinion, however, these things, as far as your children are concerned, are as yet only symptoms, not a disease. You may be sure that the trouble is not working in them without resistance. That much, even under the worst conditions, the Catholic training they are receiving in school and the influence of your home, would be certain to do for them. However, this strange spirit which you speak of seems to have made its first advances upon them, and I think I begin to understand why this should be so. Wordsworth said that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and while this may be true in a certain way and for a short time, I think he compressed much more of reality, at least present-day reality, in the line, "The world is too much with us."

"The world?" she questioned, somewhat amazed. "Why, my children are too young yet to know anything about the world!"

"The fact that they may not consciously know anything about the world," I replied, "gives no assurance that they are not being affected by it. Indeed, I question whether the influence the world has on them is not the most persistent and permanent of all the forces their minds and characters are

subject to. The very tendencies your children are showing prove conclusively to me that, however they come under the influence of life outside their home and school, it actually is this influence that is affecting them, for in their strong desire to have their own way, and in their eagerness to escape restraint and to have a good time, they are clear mirrors of the times. Do you realize what a pagan place the world has become? There seems to be a universal cult of unrestraint. The demand is for what is called the enfranchising of human nature, and what really is the licensing of human impulse. The Socialists are at it all the time. Every attempt toward the further secularization of education is a move in the same direction. Why, even under the appearance of charitable work, humanitarianism is, with a great many earnest people, supplanting religion. In dealing with crime, sentimentality is taking the place of justice. The whole tendency of the day is to get rid of responsibility and restraint."

"But my boys and girls know nothing of all this. They never have anything to do with Socialists, and they certainly do not read serious articles about secular education and crime."

"That's true," I responded quickly, "but they do read newspapers and stories in magazines; they do see plays at the theaters; they are always running to the 'movies.' They spend a great deal of their time in the company of other boys and girls who do attend secular schools, and whose fathers and mothers, even though they do not realize it, keep step with the world around them. I do not mean that anybody is definitely teaching them the doctrine of unrestraint, but I can see now very clearly how this doctrine is being taught them by suggestion, by almost everything that appeals to their interest and natural love of excitement and pleasure. Of course they see no danger in it, and are not conscious that anything is wrong. Every one around them seems to be doing the same thing, and the only thing that appears strange to them is that you, or anybody else, should suggest that for any reason they shouldn't join the procession."

"Dear me," she said sadly, "I always imagined that I had kept my children so safe. I've always sent them to Catholic schools, and I haven't given in to nearly all their demands. I wonder who is to blame?"

"Not the children," I answered, "nor you, nor their schools, that is, not yet. After all, the poison is in the very air they breathe."

"But is there no antidote?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, I think there is," I answered quietly. "The antidote that suggests itself to me is, after all, not new: just plain Christianity. Perhaps there will be need of somewhat larger doses, and applications at unaccustomed places. It is evident that, since your children have got to live in this world, they cannot escape all its contacts; but in spite of this, a great deal can be done which perhaps is not being done now to keep them from becoming worldlings. In the first place, there are a great many worldly habits which they need not form. This much you can attend to yourself by standing firmly for real Christian discipline at home, first letting them see how good a reason you have for being what they call 'different from other people,' and making them understand that, to a certain extent, they must be content to be different, too. Then you must fortify them against the miasma the world is noxious with. They must have a constant prophylactic. I need not tell you that this should be the earnest, constant and regular practice of their religion. You can train them to that mostly at home, but you will have untold help from keeping them at their Catholic schools until their education is finished."

"That is exactly what I have always intended to do," she answered firmly, "and both they and I have been making good use of what you call the prophylactic. I am not quite so sure about Christian discipline in the home. Perhaps I have been a little off my guard, and somewhat disinclined to be thought too much different from other people."

"And yet being 'different,' in another sense, is the very thing that worries you about your boys and girls."

"That's true," she said, "and that's what makes me unhappy. Do you think I shall be able to influence them?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered with conviction. "Now that you have thought out, or talked out, what the trouble is, and understand so thoroughly the remedy, you will begin to see progress at once. Besides," I added earnestly, "you know you will not be working alone."

NELSON HUME, PH.D.,
Headmaster, Canterbury School.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am blamed by "Z. M.," in AMERICA of July 3, for opposing "a suggestion thoroughly Catholic" inasmuch as I contend for Masses and flowers instead of for Masses and no flowers. I consider no suggestion "thoroughly Catholic" that would needlessly take the bread out of an honest worker's mouth; and for that reason I opposed "A Layman's" suggestion. Especially did I resent it when I saw a group of "prominent" men calmly approving the suggestion, with apparently no thought of the many men and women to be affected by it. Every priest indeed is "specially chosen by God to foster the supernatural," among other things, the supernatural command of Christ to care for the poor. From the whole range of the New Testament, I can recall no duty more solemnly insisted on than that of relieving the bodily necessities of man, feeding him, clothing him, sheltering him, visiting him in his distress. Now before my critics accuse me of heresy for that statement, I charge them first to weigh it carefully, and then to open their Bibles, turn to St. Matthew, chap. xxv, and read from verse xxxii to verse xlvi. They may rise from their perusal of that tremendous passage with more sympathy in their hearts for the poor of this world.

Those words of Our Lord in St. Matthew apply immediately to the relief of destitution, and I think they have some application also to its prevention, and that I am in line with them, and with other words of the Gospel, when I plead for the retention of a custom that means bread and butter to many honest workers, as well as consolation to many a sorrowing heart. Whether I be in accord with the current political economy, I care not a straw.

"Money is never wasted, 'A Priest' would have us believe, so long as someone profits by the expenditure," says "Z. M." Well, now! I said absolutely nothing to warrant such a charge. Any ordinary Christian could have seen that I was defending an honest business, not a worthless one. As to "money lavished on expensive gowns," "Z. M." might prefer to see society people clothed in sackcloth and ashes. So would Quaker theologians. Catholic theologians, however, would allow them to array themselves occasionally like "Solomon in all his glory," and an army of dressmakers and dry-goods clerks joyfully assent.

I favored "a whole roomful of flowers around the bier of the dead" (AMERICA, June 19), not the practice of placing "flowers upon the coffins of the dead" (AMERICA, June 26 and

July 3). But that's only a minor imputation. A graver one is this: "'A Priest' seems convinced that all is as it should be as long as we are certain of the flowers and doubtful about the Masses." An ugly insinuation, founded solely in "Z. M.'s" fancy. The suggestion to make a comparative record of Mass offerings and floral offerings is impossible. Floral pieces are sent by friends without, as well as by friends within, the parish; and even if all the donors were members of our parish, I could not expect them, or most of them, to come to me. I have said Mass almost daily for years, and have hardly ever been without intentions, most of which, I believe, have been for the dead. The same is true of nearly all priests in this city. We send many intentions to priests in small country towns, where the people are not in the habit of making offerings for Masses, and I do not think they are in the habit of making floral offerings either. I doubt whether you will find floral shops in the villages of California. If some floral contributors are not in the habit of remembering the departed souls, all that one need do, I think, is to remind them of the practice, and they will adopt it. It's "in them" to give.

Finally, I confess that I may have been hasty in thinking that the florist's business was imperiled by "A Layman's" suggestion, as, at the time of my first communication, the thought of non-Catholic patronage never entered my head. I am not concerned with making the florist rich, but only with seeing him live decently. Hence, if his livelihood would not be materially affected by a withdrawal of Catholic patronage, and if the consolation which flowers give to the bereaved could be neglected, I would stand with the anti-floral correspondents for Masses and no flowers.

San Francisco. A PRIEST.

[This controversy is closed.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Ben Jonson as a Catholic

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your correspondent, H. C. Watts, feels aggrieved at an article in AMERICA of July 31, entitled "A Curiosity of English Literature," and in voicing his grievance does really, I think, perpetrate another literary curiosity himself. His grounds of complaint are two: the first is that I allude to Jonson as a Catholic, whereas Jonson was, or became, an apostate. Now, in point of fact, the offending article describes this poet precisely as Mr. Watts describes him: as a Catholic, and as an apostate. "He was a Catholic temporarily," but "he shook off his Catholicism when he shook off his shackles," and indeed the whole point of the paragraph about the man turned on his defection from the Church. Is it, therefore, not a curiosity that Mr. Watts could protest so indignantly against a contributor who agrees with him so harmoniously? *Quidquid negat alter, et alter; annuimus pariter.*

Secondly, Mr. Watts grieves that "in (my) anxiety to prove that there is a strain of Catholicism in English poetry" I should have mentioned the name of Jonson at all. How it ever entered into the mind of your correspondent that I was endeavoring in my article to indicate the Catholic strain in English poetry is an inscrutable mystery, and is the second curiosity of his letter. The paper recorded a single fact, curious, as it appeared to me, viz., that the most representative poet in every period of English literature for 200 years came under the spell of the Catholic Church. One of these leaders was Ben Jonson, yet I was careful to explain that he, having been a Catholic for a brief period only and having afterwards abjured the Faith, could not be cited as a satisfactory example, although my contention was literally true even in his case, since he had entered within the Church's pale. If I had been anxious, as Mr. Watts conceives, to mention the names of the representative Catholic writers in English poetry, God forbid that I should have named Jonson, or yet Pope, for whose piety as a Catholic I have no esteem, or Dryden, for whose piety I have but little more, or Shakespeare, of whose piety I am profoundly skeptical. God forbid that I should have omitted the name of Southwell, my own Jesuit brother, or Heywood, whom I might call my Jesuit foster-father, or Habington, or Shirley, or many others vastly more Catholic than any names recorded in the article. Yet the former I named and not the latter for the simple reason that I was setting forth not the names of great Catholics who were English poets, but the names of great poets who were Catholics; a very different thing.

Let me trust that my friend, the enemy, will realize how fraternal is our agreement on these points, and that to do so the better he will read the article in question *after* having criticized it.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. F. M. CONNELL, S.J.

Votes for Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Since an Irishman has leave to speak twice I feel that you will graciously accord the same privilege to a daughter of the race. My plea for the suffragists should have been one for women in general—the so-called "New Woman"—in particular. It requires great courage to open AMERICA week after week with the knowledge that either in the editorials or elsewhere, a sound rating is to be her portion. Warriors among us fortified by a legacy of unutterable gentleness handed down for our consolation through the Gospels, gaily renew our subscriptions and continue to read and rejoice, while the truly feminine—well, I am not prepared to say how the scoldings affect their minds. As to my sisters, the suffragists, I have already had the pleasure of hearing them called upon from the pulpit to register in order to exercise their right to vote. The day is surely coming when the Church will have reason to bless those Catholic women who have worked for, and helped to win, equal suffrage in the United States.

Though highly honored at seeing my little prayer for mercy in print, I must beg you not to pursue me with your eloquent pen. I might have courage enough to die for an ideal, provided there be no preliminary tortures, but I have neither the energy nor the brains to hold my own in an argument with the distinguished editor of AMERICA.

Spokane, Washington. M. M. C.

[This gentle daughter of Eve, fed on the meekness of the Gospel, has been misled into thinking that AMERICA opposes votes for women. AMERICA is opposed to suffragettes, their preachment of stupid and sometimes immoral doctrines, their antics now as "warriors" astride horses, now on the hustings, now in the "ring." Vote, ladies, if you can and will, but before and during and after the voting protect yourselves from the suffragettes "working toward the realization of their perfect selves."—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Protest of an Anglo-Catholic

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Moore's letter in AMERICA of July 17 greatly interested me. He insisted strongly on the sincerity of Anglo-Catholics. Might I state that sincerity is no criterion of truth? The Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian Scientist, are equally sincere in their beliefs; and yet the Anglo-Catholic must not only condemn their doctrines, but must oppose and attack them fearlessly. In like manner we Catholics consider Anglo-Catholics guilty of heresies, and therefore perforce

must oppose them. Mr. Moore states that he holds many doctrines in common with us, such as Apostolic Succession, the Real Presence and many others. May I add, that it is not a question of what a few Anglo-Catholics maintain as the truth, but what the Anglican Church holds as the truth? It is easily proved that the vast majority of Anglicans oppose bitterly those very doctrines which you, Mr. Moore, hold in common with us. Not only did Cranmer, the first *Protestant,* not Anglo-Catholic, Bishop of Canterbury deny them, but even at the present day, there are bishops, deans and parsons who not only positively reject them, but who do all in their power to prevent such doctrines from gaining any foot-hold among their people. The point then is, we are brought to the sad conclusion, that the Anglican Church is of such a chaotic nature, as to retain in its fold those, even though they be bishops, deans and archdeacons who publicly teach essentially uncatholic doctrines, and this with as much approbation as those meet with who teach the opposite. Nay further, it not only retains them in its fold and has done so for the last 350 years, but moreover it dare not and cannot expel them. For were the Anglican Church to decide in favor of Episcopalianism as a Divine institution, it would mean that probably about one-half the clergy and three-quarters of her laity would secede from her communion; if she were to decide against it, the whole of the Tractarian tradition would be destroyed. These are the words of the late Mgr. Benson, who knew, I believe, something about what the "true Church of England" teaches. Now the question to be studied by you, Mr. Moore, is this: how can you give your allegiance to a Church wherein according to you, such a damnable heresy obtains among one-half its clergy and three-quarters of its laity? Just fancy the Fathers of Nice, Ephesus, Chalcedon, Constantinople and Trent, glorying in the fact that one-half of them stoutly defend a doctrine which the other half just as stoutly repudiated. You personally, however, are ashamed of such "comprehensiveness." But I put you this plain, blunt question: Why are you ashamed? Is it because you are convinced that it is wrong? If so, you stand before the world self-condemned, as one who claims to be a true and loyal member of a Church, which he knows tolerates within its fold, men who teach a doctrine which according to him is blasphemous and heretical. The same argument holds against you with regard to the other doctrines which you say are common to Catholics and Anglo-Catholics. These are as vehemently denied by the greater part of Anglicans, as they are defended by Anglo-Catholics. So here again you are in the midst of persons who according to your views, are blaspheming heretics. If the Kikuyu scandal, "Foundations," the heretical teachings of Sanday, Streeter and Thompson, who have denied in book and pulpit the very *fundamentals of Christianity,* have not opened your eyes to the falsity of the Anglican position then I ask, what will? Evidently your place is not in the storm-tossed, battered hulk of Anglicanism, but in the peaceful bark of Peter. Here you will find rest for your soul and peace of mind, as did Newman, Manning, Faber, Maturin and Benson, who courageously forsook the religion of their youth, because they learned but too well, what the "true Church of England" teaches.

Spring Hill, Ala. E. J. F.

Have We Nothing?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In passing recently through Montreal, Canada, I was much struck by the architectural beauty of the new Loyola College which the Canadian Jesuits are erecting for the English-speaking students of the city. The buildings when completed will number seven, of which three are fast nearing completion. There is a degree of artistic beauty and harmony in the group that is strangely lacking in similar Catholic institutions in the States. In olden times architecture above all other arts seemed to be the exclusive possession of Catholics, and one cannot recall the beauties of the medieval universities without a sigh, but nowadays Catholic educational institutions seem to prefer barracks or factories as models rather than the Gothic glories of the past. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that our Protestant neighbors are adopting as their own the priceless Catholic architecture of the past. Could not our American Catholics take a lesson in building from our Canadian brethren?

New York. O. S.

Delinquents and Laundries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Whether you will esteem a letter from one not of your Communion I know not, but at least I am a fairly faithful reader. I may turn Roman Catholic yet if my friends don't stop thrusting the *Menace* down my throat. I also read the Chicago papers, and a grave pronouncement in one of these has been tickling my funny-bone ever since I saw it. Some learned alienist in charge of delinquent women reported that the greater number of them were of such a state and degree of mentality that the occupation best fitted for them was laundry-work. Higher grade intellects did not do nearly as well. That is a dreadful blow to my pride, for I am a Ph.D., but terribly proud of my ability as a "notable housekeeper," especially *in re* ironing fine linen. Of course we should all listen humbly to the expert, so where do the Sisters of the Good Shepherd come in who have been keeping the unfortunates committed to their charge out of mischief and honorably self-supporting by that same employment "fitted to their degree of mentality"? For me, I prefer the expert who is that by the call of Our Lord, consecrated, endowed by Him with "sanctified common sense," to the "expert" who is in the expert job for the sake of the pay-check and the chance to pry into other folks' business without let or hindrance.

If the Protestant world hadn't got so far away from Mother Church, one might be able to knock the conceit out of some of these "new" discoveries. Shade of Saint Teresa!

Madison, N. J. E. M.

"American Spelling"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I recently clipped from a prominent daily paper the following item:

> A remarkable fact regarding the name of God, is that it is spelled with four letters in most of the languages of civilized peoples.

In these modern times and in this marvelous U. S. A., which is now the richest and most civilized country and government on the face of the earth, they also spell "God" with four letters, *viz., G-o-l-d.* The trend of modern times and the enormous wealth of individuals and corporations, in these United States where wealth has been garnered in comparatively few years, seem to have driven the majority of people, both men and women, crazy for the almighty dollar. The standard by which everybody who is anybody in these modern times, is judged seems almost invariably to be, not what are they or who are they, but the golden question: "How much are they worth?" This is especially true in the great West of our country. It makes very little difference what an individual may have been in the past or what his social and moral reputation and mode of living was in the past or is at the present time. The one standard of judgment seems to apply to all and that is: "What have they got and what are they worth in the coin of the realm?"

Salt Lake City. JESSE COOGAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A New Aristocracy

THE summer heats are on with a vengeance; the result is apparent on all sides. There is wild talk in the North, wild talk in the South, wild talk everywhere. San Francisco must be particularly hot; the city is pulsing with words, words, words; the wires that radiate from it are hot with phrases. Only the other day an Exposition orator decreed in a long speech a new aristocracy for the United States; the country is still throbbing with the news. This new caste is to be "a real aristocracy made up of Apollos and Venuses and their fortunate progeny." At present there is no approach to anything like that within our borders:

> Instead of such an aristocracy, we are actually building up an aristocracy of lunatics, idiots, paupers, and criminals. These unfit persons already have reached the proportions of a vast multitude—500,000 lunatics, 80,000 criminals, 100,000 paupers, 90,000 idiots, 90,000 epileptics—and we are supporting these defectives in idleness like real aristocrats, at an expense of $100,000,000 a year; and this mighty host of mental and moral cripples is increasing, due to unrestricted marriage and other degenerative influences, at a more rapid rate than the sounder part of the population, so that they are bound in time to constitute the majority unless some check is put upon the increase. Every one of these lunatics possesses the right to vote even in States where women are not given the right of franchise.

Such a description would cause the ordinary man to despair of the "new aristocracy," but then the ordinary man is a clod, without hope or vision or initiative. The eugenist solves the problem by four sets of words, "a health registry," "a eugenic's registry," "physical perfection contests" and "a health survey." Mystic Mesopatamia! It is just this way: the health registry

> will be one of the most effective means of arousing an interest in health as a personal asset. Such a registry would be invaluable in connection with the operation of restricted marriage laws. In time, health as an asset will come to be esteemed as more precious than gold,

whereas a

> eugenics registry would be the beginning of a new and glorified human race which some time, far down in the future, will have so mastered the forces of nature that disease and degeneracy will have been eliminated. Hospitals and prisons will be no longer needed, and the golden age will have been restored.

Then there will be medals for shapely ankles, tapering fingers, pearly teeth, Roman noses and loose lobes; and to make assurance doubly sure, the "health surveyor" will make a yearly inspection, put rings in fit male's noses and brass tags in fit female's ears; cooing will become lowing, soft and sweet, and the barnyard will be glorified in unfeathered bipeds. Horrid man! No, damnable ethics! Body and breeding, its message; God and morals, its aversion.

The new aristocracy that eventuates from such a philosophy of life will be just like the old, neither better nor worse. Brains and decency will go abegging and insane asylums will swarm with victims of lechery and drunkenness.

A Children's Text-Book

"CHANGE your husband every three years"; "this world would be much better off, if that legal ceremony we call marriage had never been"; are quotations from a metropolitan journal's recent interview with a woman who seems to be living up as consistently as possible to the doctrine she teaches. Moreover, those responsible for the appearance in an evening "home paper" of such wicked folly as the foregoing took care that by means of striking headlines, well-drawn cartoons and flippant comments the article should not fail to seize and hold the attention of all who perused the paper. That is only one example of the kind of "copy" which now abounds in "representative evening papers." Such articles have become a commonplace. "Everybody reads them"; few are scandalized at them; and there is scarcely a boy or girl ten years old or over who cannot fare sumptuously every day on this delicate soul-food. It is not hard to see what a baneful effect the constant reading of papers that counsel "changing your husband every three years" will have on the growing children of a family. A writer of the day describes the influence thus:

> One of the worst offenders against the life of the home is frequently the daily newspaper. Its standards are those of the street; it is made for consumption on street-cars and crowded trains. It has a habit of tearing down all reserves and, compiled largely by young men who affect a cynical indifference to everything that might be labeled ideal, it takes the world in terms of its lowest and least desirable factors. But it finds its way into every home; it is the child's most potent text-book. Everybody reads some of it; the least one in the home can comprehend its crude, often infantile drawings, its alleged funny pictures. The paper is at liberty to

print what it will within certain civil restrictions; but we are not obliged to feed our children on what would certainly pervert their appetites, foster base conceptions of the home, and cultivate the habit of taking parenthood and home-living as a ridiculous joke. Often even the "family paper" is like the "family entrance" to a saloon, an open door into the very worst aspects of life. It results in the child's mental picture of the whole world as a round of scandal and divorce, of the fields of the world as one great moral garbage heap, of the abnormal as the normal. The matter is much more serious than we realize. The newspaper is the child's interpreter of life. What life will be to him later depends on what it now means to him. Surely the home owes it to itself, for its own preservation, to see to it that mental food so abnormal, so destructive of the tastes, appetites, and moral powers of life, is kept out of the child's mental dietary.

There is an editor, the story goes, who will not admit into his home the paper he manages. He is not averse, however, it would seem, to other men's families reading his journal. But every Christian father, worthy of the name, should see that his wife and children are safeguarded from "family papers" that make light of the Ten Commandments.

The Prisoner and You

TIME was when prisoners were prisoners, nothing more nor less, just criminals who committed a crime and were under punishment for it. Those were the days when men put God and morality above sentiment and utility. God's claims were acknowledged, and a new council of perfection had not been invented by "uplifters" who know all about contraceptives, sterilization and vasotomy, but have forgotten the Sixth Commandment. But the old order has changed. God is disappearing from man's ken and maudlin sentiment is replacing sturdy common sense. Hence it is that prisoners are no longer criminals, but "just unfortunate boys," "victims of adenoids or irregular teeth"; or, if you will, silk-hosed youths, heroes of "prison marriages" and "social visits"; guests of the State, who besides enjoying a thousand and one other privileges "should be supplied with nightshirts, sheets and underclothing," "be permitted to receive daily newspapers," "buy toilet articles and have family photographs and pictures 'of a proper character' in their cells." That is all "very lovely"—for the prisoner, not for the taxpayer, however. The criminal, already a parasite on society by reason of his crime, is to be made a double burden on the honest citizen who labors in the sweat of his brow for his daily bread. John and Michael are to go down into the trenches day after day, in fair weather and foul, and hammer in discomfort to help support in ease the thug who scorned work from the time he reached the age of reason, and now sits in a cell reading the daily paper, or gazing at pretty pictures or applying violet talcum powder to his rosy jowls.

Sentiment has gone mad; it always does when a certain class of men and women, well-known to nerve specialists and alienists, are driven by the spirit of evil to study godless sociology, abnormal psychology and other perversions in order to help the devil in his campaign against righteousness. Give such folk full fling and prisoners will have electric fans, pages, pretty waitresses at whom to make eyes, and all the comforts of home. It will but remain for the State to issue illustrated catalogues, setting forth the advantages of prison life. Meantime the noise of John's and Michael's picks will resound beneath the surface of the earth, and exhausted after a hard day's work, the laborers will conclude that judged from a human standpoint, it pays to be a thief and a murderer. On with the "uplift," up with the criminal, down with the taxpayer!

The Pope and the Press

A SHORT time since the Holy Father issued a letter imploring the rulers of the nations at war to stop the slaughter of men and give thought to peace. People and press of neutral countries were pleased, not so however the press of some of the belligerent nations. The war was on, and slaughter or no slaughter it would go on, till victory was achieved, and none were left to enjoy peace save kings, women and children and smug editors sitting in swivel chairs, far removed from the smell of powder. In other words, the press scorned the Pontiff's plea. His counsel and exhortation meant nothing to it: he was wrong in fact, implication and principle. Just here lies a curious difficulty. A few weeks before the same Pontiff was the object of attack by the same press, especially by the French and British press. He was held up to scorn for what editors were pleased to call his "dereliction in not condemning acts of the enemy." His advice had failed at the very time the world needed it: his infallibility broke down in a great crisis; his prestige was lost; his power was broken. The dear old *Spectator*, maidenly even in her wrath, shook in an effort to control her anger. The non-Conformist press, always easily upset by somebody else's crimes, was visibly shocked, and the "shocks" found their way into print. whilst the *Guardian*, seldom objective but ever a faithful upholder of a dignified smugness, actually attempted a witticism to the effect that:

> "the representative of God upon earth" is afraid of the Germans. The confession is enough to rob the Vatican of the last shred of its credit and influence—a credit and influence which had already been sorely shaken by a Pontiff who thinks that some of the worst crimes in history will be sufficiently condemned—when he knows who has won—by issuing a Code for the Polite Conduct of War in Future.

The *Guardian* forgot to say that the confession was its own, not the Pope's; his Holiness is never stupid or impudent, nor does his humor resemble the "whisking" of a rheumatic elephant. But that is neither here nor there. The point is this: a short time since the press so longed for the counsel of his Holiness that when it was

not forthcoming, it declared him fatuous; a shorter time since his Holiness gave counsel and the press declared him fatuous. The reason? The ox gored in both cases was not the same, and the infallibility of the press is independent of truth and peace and prudence.

Cowardly Neutrality

A STRICT neutrality in the present war is expected of every American citizen. Its observance will conduce to the individual's peace of soul and to courteous and friendly relations with his fellow-citizens. Whatever his sympathies with any of the contending hosts, this regard for the opinions of others will check the utterances of prejudices and passions too easily aroused, and ever ready to take the bit and run wild. But there is a battlefield where neutrality cannot be tolerated. There is a conflict in which we are not mere passive spectators, but active belligerents. Here we must take sides. For a struggle is ever raging in the world, more tragic in its progress and results than Von Hindenburg's onslaught on the forces of the Czar, or the charges and counter-charges of German and French regiments on the shell-sprayed trenches of the Vosges and the Argonne. "You cannot serve God and Mammon." Here we must choose. Neutrality would be cowardice. God and Mammon are irreconcilably opposed to each other. Their ends, their principles, are mutually contradictory. Mammon and the world mean all that Christ and His Gospel condemn, the age's insatiate greed of power and wealth, its Babylonian lust of forbidden pleasure, its contempt of decency and self-restraint, its unbelief, its indifference to the rights of God, its fatuous declaration of independence of His laws. There can be neither alliance nor peace between the two rivals. The gifts of Mammon cannot be enjoyed in conjunction with the supernatural gifts of God. "The world is the enemy of God." It is "seated in wickedness." Yet our generation has made its choice. Mammon beholds millions thronging to his shrine; he showers his golden gifts upon them; he lifts the cup of pleasure to their lips. But the gifts soon become iron bonds of slavery, the cup overflows with wormwood and gall. The service of God demands humility, gentleness, obedience, the virility of true manhood, the noble power of sacrifice. That service still has its true loyal soldiers. But too many neutrals hover on the edge of the opposing armies. They treacherously flit from camp to camp. Half-hearted worshipers of Mammon, they stealthily creep into the outer chambers of his temple, yet pretend they have not deserted the courts of the Living God. Such is the arch-neutral who says: "One religion is as good as another." Such are the Catholic parents who for social rank and prestige send their sons to colleges and universities where their Faith is undermined. A dangerous neutral is the Catholic politician who has a pew in his parish church, is a member of Catholic societies, yet who when his Faith is attacked on the platform, in the halls of Congress, lifts no protest, but remains unmanfully dumb. A pitiable neutral is the Catholic mother, who says that she dearly prizes the innocence of her daughters, yet allows them to follow the pagan fashions of the day, and be present at plays and entertainments where everything sacred is outraged and ridiculed. We tremble at Christ's ultimatum against such neutrality. It is not veiled in the suave language of a deceitful diplomacy. It rings out in clear, simple but solemn words: "He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." "You cannot serve two masters."

Liberty, Its Use and Abuse

FOR nearly a year, Catholic leaders have been endeavoring to rid the United States mails of much noisome stuff. Commenting on these efforts, a non-Catholic correspondent, "H. F. G.," lays down the following propositions:

> (1.) Liberty means liberty of dissent as well as liberty of assent. (2.) Liberty is decidedly a blessing even to those who suffer from it. To whatever extent, for instance, the Catholic Church suffers in this country from the abuse of liberty, it benefits under liberty to a far greater extent. Far better liberty abused than no liberty.

"H. F. G." clouds the issue somewhat by an arbitrary terminology; his liberty seems to know nothing of law. "Liberty," he claims, "means liberty of dissent as well as liberty of assent." Of course, it does, in a sense; but accepting the principle without gloss, I am free to dissent from the proposition that the whole is greater than any part, that two plus two make four, that white is not black. More: I am free to dissent from "H. F. G.'s" fundamental position, thus leaving him, on his own showing, utterly without a case.

The first fallacy of the proposition lies in the wholly unwarranted assumption that the intellect is free. By the law of its being, the intellect is bound to assent to ascertained truth. St. Augustine's famous dictum, *in dubiis libertas,* far from giving countenance to intellectual indifferentism, merely stresses the law, that the intellect cannot rest save in the clear cognition of the truth. Nor, unless we are prepared to welcome general anarchy, can the will be said to be morally free. Despite the fact that he is endowed with a will that is physically free and can violate every law, human or divine, man ever remains bound by the natural law, to choose good and reject evil.

"H. F. G.'s" second proposition is a curious combination of paradox, misconception and truism. Accidentally suffering may be a blessing; in itself it is not something to be desired. It is also certainly true that the Catholic Church, so largely free in this country to work out her mission, has flourished under American ideals of liberty. This, however, does not justify, as "H. F. G." seems to think, the continuance of the campaign of libel. Few will

deny that "liberty abused is better than no liberty," but liberty, without a license that might easily be repressed, is better. Liberty is perfected, not weakened or destroyed, by restraining those who abuse it.

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf

COVENTRY PATMORE*

IN Mr. Sargent's portrait of Coventry Patmore, the most dramatic of modern portrait painters has made the old poet stand at least nine feet high. It is a wonderful portrait this, by a man whose art expresses human character down to the last detail. Austere, arrogant, contemptuous, remote, the old frosty face represents not only a thousand conservatisms, but also a loyalty, a simplicity, a Quixotism which were the very essence of the man and the poet.

He was of the elect and he knew it; and the society of the elect was very small in his mind. I do not think that he belonged to the old English aristocracy, but he had naturally its pride, its limitations, its self-complacency. To meet him, unless you were of the elect, was a thoroughly alarming experience. When he looked at you you felt that you were "of the damned people," to quote Lord Alvarley, a Radical, a Dissenter, a snob; all in fact that he held in abhorrence.

His personality, his external personality, was very old-fashioned. It took no account at all of Progress with a big P. He abhorred Democracy. The Science which is not the Daughter of God would have been a baggage to him; it was well that he was spared the horrors of the Feminist Movement. He belonged very much to the type of high-minded, somewhat narrow English gentlemen and idealists produced by Eton and Oxford in Early Victorian days, so many of whom made and swelled the Oxford Movement. "The Angel in the House," shows that Patmore as a young man was very much at home in the life of the Cathedral Close, with its urbanities, its refinements, its smooth and gracious prosperities; but when there came the moving of the waters it was quite to be expected that he would be drawn to the Church which is at once the most aristocratic and the most democratic of all institutions.

I am quite sure that behind the terrifying aspect the old poet presented to me, there was a real simplicity and a real lovableness. Three women found him very lovable; he gave "The Angel in the House" two successors. I remember Christina Rossetti, on extenuation of his three marriages, saying that he needed a woman's care. Someone going to see him in his days of widowerhood found him weeping in the dark. Women, well-bred women, were always profoundly interesting to him. In one of the delightfully dextrous verses of "The Angel in the House," he says:

> A woman is a foreign land
> Of which, though there he settle young,
> A man can ne'er quite understand
> The customs, polity and tongue.

Well, in a limited sense he was at home in that country; no poet had written more exquisitely and more humanly of the relations between men and women. But his woman was always the Elect Lady. I doubt that he could have taken any interest in a *mésalliance,* or the mind of a peasant.

"The Angel" has very much the same atmosphere as those novels of Miss Charlotte Yonge's which were so much admired by the pre-Raphaelites. After the darkness of the eighteenth century, and the parting of the ways which produced a religious revival outside the Church of England and not inside it as Wesley fondly hoped, the English Church had become high-mindedly idealistic, and if not aristocratic, at least gentle.

"The Angel in the House" is in fact an Early Victorian novel in poetry, with the delicacies, the reticences of its period and its type, and as such it had a great popularity; but apart from the routine of its lunches, dinners, balls, love-makings, goings to church, which have an air, almost smug, of refined and comfortable English uppermost middle-class life, where the existing and desirable stability was firmly established as by the will of Heaven, there are flashes and phrases in the poem strange enough in their context. Under the smooth surface, the conventional air, the lover breaks bounds and springs like a lark in a cage:

> The winds that in the garden toss
> The Guelder roses, give me pain;
> Alarm me with the dread of loss
> Exhaust me with the hope of gain.
> . . . . . .
> The wings of will spread idly as do
> The bird's that in a vacuum lies;
> My breast asleep with dreams of you
> Forgets to breathe and bursts in sighs.
>
> I see no rest this side the grave
> No rest nor hope from you apart;
> Your life is in the rose you gave,
> Its perfume suffocates my heart.

Such poetry as this, such wisdom as:

> Through passionate duty love flames higher
> As grass grows taller round a stone

must have sometimes caused popularity a misgiving. After all it was the domesticities, the fond detail of "The Angel"; to say nothing of its fortunate name, which made it widely read in a day when the domesticities were the fashion set by royalty. But popularity fled from the "Odes," though the finest of them had a simplicity and a clearness beyond the nimble dexterity of "The Angel." "The Unknown Eros" was given to me when I was a girl by an Irishwoman, distinguished in letters as in other things, with the remark: "You will perhaps be able to understand it, I cannot make head or tail of it." Well, I can hardly believe she tried. "The Toys" presents no riddle; nor do "It was not Like Your Great and Gracious Ways," and "If I were Dead You'd Sometimes say 'Poor Child!'"

It is a long way from "The Angel in the House" to "The Unknown Eros," and I think in that space there occurred Patmore's conversion to the Catholic Church. The Eros of "The Angel," though a beautiful spirit, yet lived in houses and among everyday people, in an atmosphere which has a touch of dowdiness like all those Early Victorian days and what they comprised. He had, in the interval, included various other domesticities: "Amelia," "Tamerton Church Tower," "Victories of Love," all just slightly dowdy, though full of beauties, as though crinoline had been put on this Eros despite his wings.

In "The Unknown Eros" there is all the difference between flight and being tethered to the earth. This volume gives Patmore his place among the immortalities, as a great spiritual as well as a great human poet:

> For ah, who can express
> How full of bonds and simpleness
> Is God.
> How narrow is He,
> And how the wide waste field of possibility
> Is only trod

*The seventh of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

Straight to His homestead in the human heart.
And all His art
Is as the babe's that wins his Mother to repeat
Her little song so sweet.

And again, not of the way of a man with a maid, but the way of God with the sinner.

Yet what returns of love did I endure
When to be pardoned seemed almost more sweet
Than aye to have been pure!
But day still faded to disastrous night
And thicker darkness changed to feebler light,
Until forgiveness, without stint renewed
Was now no more with loving tears imbued,
Vowing no more offence.
Not less to thine Unfaithful did'st thou cry
"Come back, poor child, be all as 'twas before."
But I
"No, no; I will not promise any more!
Yet when I feel my hour is come to die
And so I am secured to continence,
Then may I say, though haply then in vain
"My only, only Love, O take me back again."

And here for the last quotation must be a poem which ranks among the poignancies of literature to which these poems of earthly and heavenly love contribute so much:

If I were dead you'd sometimes say, "Poor Child!"
The dear lips quivered as they spoke
And the tears broke
From eyes, which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor Child, poor Child!
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor Child!
And did you think when you so cried and smiled
How I in lonely nights should lie awake
And of those words your full avengers make?
Poor Child, poor Child!
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have Thou no mercy upon me!
Poor Child!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

REVIEWS

De Ethica Naturali. Prælectiones Scholasticæ Abbreviatæ ad Usum Privatum Scholarum in Universitate Gregoriana. C. MACKSEY, S.J. Romæ: Ex Universitate Gregoriana. $1.50.

Those who have made the acquaintance of Father Macksey's works on Psychology and Cosmology will be glad to learn that a third volume, uniform in method with the two former volumes, but more extended and detailed, has just been made available for the American public. Were there needed any testimony to its thoroughness, lucidity and scholarly accuracy, it is to be found in the fact that the book has grown out of a year's lectures in the famous university of the Society of Jesus in Rome. With the modesty that characterized the printing of the author's previous works on philosophy, Father Macksey did not intend at first to give his study of ethics to the general public, having printed it merely for the convenience of his pupils in Rome. Acting, however, under the persuasion of certain educators in this country, who wished to use the book as the text in the class-rooms of colleges in America, he has had a limited number of copies sent to Boston College, Boston, Mass., although he has not as yet put it into the hands of any American publisher.

The field of Catholic ethics has long been fixed in its general outlines; and so, in the scope and treatment of the matter, in the general sequence of the theses, and in the main features of the argument, Father Macksey has conformed to traditional lines. The excellence of the book consists rather in the independence of thought with which the author has approached the subject. Refusing to be shackled by the order of his predecessors, or to swear by the words of previous writers, he has made a very successful effort to simplify, clarify, unify and coordinate theses which, in spite of their being recognized as intimate parts of a whole, have only too often appeared as disparate and disconnected. This is particularly noticeable in the usually confusing treatise, *De Fundamentis Moralitatis*. The method throughout, as was to be expected in a series of lectures delivered almost literally within hearing of the Vatican, is eminently scholastic both in thought and phraseology. The reader is never permitted to advance to the proof until he has eliminated from the discussion, by a succession of veiled distinctions, everything except the exact point under consideration. The proofs proceed for the most part by way of the syllogism, and are followed by brief but clear exposition of principles, which point the way to the solution of important difficulties. The book is a contribution to the literature of ethics, and should find a place on the shelves of every professor of the subject, both for its intrinsic usefulness, which is enhanced by a good index, and for its fairly copious references to St. Thomas and standard authorities. Some of the colleges are already preparing to substitute it for their present text-books, although it will prove hard reading for most college boys. Seminaries will find it invaluable for their reference libraries, and where Latin is the language of the lecture-room, suitable for their regular codex. J. H. F.

Questions of Moral Theology. By Rev. THOMAS SLATER, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

It would be a mistake to infer from the foregoing title that this book is of interest only to the clergy. It is doubtless of importance to them, but the questions under discussion are of equal concern to the intelligent laity. Many of the papers in fact deal with economic or sociological subjects which have seldom been so extensively treated from their ethical point of view. They include such titles as "The Moral Aspect of Stockwatering," "Bankruptcy and Conscience," "Unearned Increment and Title by Accession," "Secret Commissions in Trade" and "Deals in Options and Future." The author's point of view is always clearly expressed in a straightforward and satisfactory way. The ethics of business present special difficulties to the student of moral theology because, as the author says, he has no clear notion of the operations in question. Father Slater's own knowledge of these subjects is evidently based upon careful and thorough study, and his application of Catholic principles is plain and unhesitating. He is happy likewise in his delineation of modern sociology, describing its oscillation between the two extremes of mechanism and idealism, while the rational Catholic doctrine of the constitution of States and of the conduct of private life, as detailed in our treatise on natural law and traced authoritatively by Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the "Christian Constitution of States," has not yet been fully understood. "Its sound common sense would recommend it to all reasonable men." Other subjects of practical utility are likewise dealt with in these essays. If in questions open to controversy the author's views may at times be challenged by the trained theologian, they are nevertheless sustained by cogent reasoning. The book can well be recommended to non-Catholics for "The doctrine taught by the Catholic Church is vitally necessary for the modern world."

J. H.

What Should I Believe? By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This is Dr. Ladd's most recent contribution to the literature of philosophy. Its sub-title, "An Inquiry into the Nature,

Grounds and Value of the Faith, of Science, Society, Morals and Religion," discloses the scope of the work. Written in the author's usual urbane and genial style, it is reverent and sincere throughout, and bears ample evidence of his good intentions. It contains much that is commendable but quite as much that is reprehensible. The opening chapter is devoted to a synthesis of faith. The result is bewildering rather than enlightening. We summarize in the words of the author: "Faith is not knowledge, nor mere sentiment, nor pure thought." What then is it? Dr. Ladd does not attempt a formal definition. Belief is an unexplained, and largely or wholly inexplicable, assent of the mind; it chiefly originates in our sentiments or in our practical needs; its assurance comes out of the unexplored depths of feeling, and the belief itself with its irresistible conviction depends forever on its own internal evidence. Imagination plays a leading rôle in the construction of the objects believed in. This is especially true when there is question of faith in religious or moral tenets. Our profounder feelings or our more important practical needs postulate belief in something which is least provided for through the observations of the senses, or by those inferences from sense observations which fall strictly within the sphere of knowledge. Imagination responds to the call, and lo! the demand is satisfied. Reason must now be brought to bear on our beliefs, not indeed with any intent of scientifically demonstrating them, but merely to purify and support them. The received and established teaching represents faith as an intellectual assent based on, and proportioned to, the knowledge and veracity of a witness. If words are to be taken in their current meaning, Dr. Ladd's perplexing synthesis perverts all this. However, not a single cogent argument for so radical a view is advanced.

The reviewer's dissatisfaction is only increased when he turns to the author's concept of God. From the present work, it is difficult to decide whether or not Dr. Ladd is a pantheist. In places he writes like a man who believes in a personal God distinct from the universe, whereas elsewhere he seems to be speaking the language of monism. Our third and final stricture deals with the author's notion of morality. His shortcoming here is but a corollary of his teaching about God. He fails to bring out the real import of a morally good act, and he keeps clear of the fundamental question, whence comes the obligation of leading moral lives. In the present book, he has not grasped the essential relations of the creature to the Creator and, as a logical consequence, the lengthy chapter on "The Faiths of Morality" is superficial and pernicious.

It is in books like that under review, where grave errors are scattered among undeniable truths, that there lurks the greatest danger. Paradoxical though it may sound, such works do much harm precisely because their good qualities deceive the unsuspecting reader. If a writer of Dr. Ladd's accredited scholarship is so much in the dark, not to say in grave error, on such fundamental subjects as the nature of God, of faith and of morality, his latest work cannot but beget skepticism and open denial, while the more confiding among his readers will be led on rationally to break completely with something so shadowy and so elusive as religious faith is said to be, springing up we know not how, and groping after we know not what. D. J. C.

The English Essay and Essayists. By HUGH WALKER, M.A., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

"The Channels of English Literature Series," of which the present work is the seventh volume, has proved itself to be a safe and reliable guide to the student who would trace the rise and development of the different branches of English literary art, and both in scholarship and style, Professor Walker adorns the series with an important contribution to the sum of literary knowledge. The essay, as such, has not hitherto been treated in any way that may be called systematic, nor does the author altogether supply this want. He has, however, placed his readers on the highway to obtaining a very adequate knowledge of the essay; this, we may take it, is the function of a "channel," to indicate the course through which the main stream flows.

In his introduction Professor Walker discusses briefly the essay and its composition, and in subsequent chapters leads to its development, rising to what he undoubtedly considers its zenith in the Queen Anne essayists, continuing the tale down to the essayists of such recent date as Stevenson, Gissing, Francis Thompson, the treatment of whom is exceptionally sane, and John M. Synge, with just a hasty glance at the Neo-Celtic School. The author will be appreciated for the sympathetic treatment he accords the individual essayists he enumerates; a quality that will make the volume welcome in the higher studies of literature in schools and colleges, and, undoubtedly, whet the literary appetites of students for a fuller acquaintance with the works discussed.

Professor Walker lays down, more or less, a rough canon of criticism, one of the elements of which is impartiality in the critic; an element which, one would think, would apply also to himself in his work, which is ultimately, an extended critical essay. It is surprising, therefore, that on occasion the Professor leaves the highway of criticism, steps off so to speak, to brush up against "Romanism," creating a slight, but entirely unnecessary diversion from the real matter in hand. A small affair, indeed, as the facts show, but none the less a deviation from the even flow of his critical estimation of the essay *qua* essay; a morsel of grit which becomes an irritant in the smooth running of a happy choice of illustrative quotations and congeniality of style. H. C. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The August *Month* begins with a searching review of the war's first year by Father Keating. He finds the Allies, though they have the "whole neutral world to draw from . . . are one and all lacking in numbers and military equipment." England's geographical position, and its form of government, he shows, have prevented the people from "fully understanding the requirements of the crisis and acting up to them." He looks in vain for "some widespread tokens of thrift, some abatement of luxury, some sense of the necessity of personal self-sacrifice," and deplores the sad "prevalence of the slacker." But he finds "the one consoling aspect to the Christian in all this terrible business," to be "the universality of the appeal to the Christian ideal of justice and fair-dealing." The "Miscellanea" in this issue are particularly rich in sage counsel for Pope-baiters.

"K." (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.35) by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a disappointment. It reads like the uninspired work of a news correspondent striving for "copy," rather than the live, enthusiastic story of a true artist, devoted to her profession. There are many signs of hurry in the book. The characters are merely names, hate and love spring up strangely and unaccountably, and "the extra sponge left in the operating field" does not explain, as it is meant to do, the central mystery of the story, *i. e.*, the famous Dr. Edwardes' loss of confidence in himself, and his taking refuge from fame in the gas office under the obscure name of "K." The story, as far as the background of truth is concerned, is real but for the most part depressingly so, and at times borders dangerously near the gross.——Frank N. Westcott, the brother of "David

Harum's" creator, has now tried his hand at a similar story and in "Hepsey Burke" (H. K. Fly, $1.35) portrays a kindly, shrewd widow who keeps a motherly eye on a young parson and his wife. Hepsey's habit of making sententious remarks grows tiresome, while the humor of the book is often flat and sometimes wanting in delicacy.

In "Penelope's Postscripts" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00) Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of the renowned Penelope books, now carries her witty and artistic heroine through Switzerland, Venice, Wales and Devon and then shows her to us in her New England home as Mrs. Beresford, the mother of the "three loveliest models in all the countryside." To supply the usual "heart-interest" the fair Egeria goes along and meets her fate in Devon. In real life of course no merely human being could keep saying constantly such clever things as does Penelope, but in this author's books, bright remarks and amusing adventures crowd every page.

"The Children: a Message to Priests, Teachers, Parents and All Lovers of Christ's Little Ones" (Holy Childhood Association, Box 598, Pittsburgh, $0.05; $3.00 a hundred) is a pamphlet containing eloquent appeals which Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., Associate Editor of AMERICA makes in behalf of the Holy Child Association. He reminds the reader that the organization now has 20,000,000 members, collects annually some $825,000, supports 256 missions, educates 600,000 children and has secured Baptism for 20,000,000 little ones who are now in heaven. The author urges the spread of the association among the children of our parish schools and emphasizes the spiritual advantages of membership.

The readers of Father Ernest R. Hull's valuable little books on Catholic apologetics will be glad to learn that, under the title of "Civilization and Culture" (Kenedy, $0.35), he has gathered together the papers bearing on those subjects which he contributed to the Bombay *Examiner*. Beginning with a searching analysis and clear definition of the two terms, he shows wherein they differ, and then proves that the man of the "Penny Catechism," who has a sincere and practical regard for justice, honesty and truth is the most highly civilized person there is. Many "cultured" people of to-day are shown to be inferior to savages, and the Church's civilizing influence on the world is admirably described. "Fortifying the Layman," the "Formation of Character," and "Civilization and Culture" are three of Father Hull's books that educated Catholics ought to have within reach.

"Commercial Work and Training for Girls" (Macmillan, $1.50), by Jeannette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens, is the result of an investigation of the commercial schools of Cleveland, undertaken by the authors to find out what kind of training is given in preparing girls for office work. Fifty-two detailed records of as many business schools in Cleveland represent part of the labor expended in the preparation of this publication. The conclusions arrived at are that the schools must be freed from "hurry up" methods, more consideration should be given to the evening commercial school, and more discrimination exercised in registering pupils for business courses. Standardization of all business schools, whether public or private, would do much toward improving commercial education.

The latest number of the "Stella Maris" series is an appreciation of St. Ignatius, and St. Francis Xavier, by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., and it is entitled "In God's Army: Commanders-in-Chief." (Benziger, $0.50). The author's endeavor is to catch what he calls the "personal accent" in the saints he is describing that the readers may feel they have come in soul-contact with Ignatius and Xavier. The interesting little volume makes no pretence at being a biography, but a study of these two great saints, from special points of view, and written with Father Martindale's usual literary charm.—"The Angelus Series" also has out a new little volume entitled "Love's Gradatory," (Benziger, $0.50) by Blessed John Ruysbroeck, which Mother St. Jerome has well translated from the Brabant dialect and furnished with an excellent preface. This famous mystical work which was probably written for Margaret of Meerbeke, Precentor in the Convent of the Poor Clares at Brussels, describes the ladder of holiness which lifts the soul to God by the seven rungs of good-will, voluntary poverty, purity, humility, nobility of virtue, the "return to primitive purity of the intellect" and lastly the repose of eternity.

The edifying "Life of Father Richard Henle, S.V.D." (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.40) who was martyred in China during the Boxer rebellion of 1897, has now been translated into English, and as a companion volume, the same publishers have ready Father Lynk's practical talks for young people on "The Lord's Prayer" ($0.40)—"The Little Manual of St. Rita" ($0.50) compiled by Father McGrath and a "Little Communicants' Prayer Book" by Father Sloan ($0.20) are recent Benziger publications.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
First Principles of Chemistry. By Brownlee and Others. $1.25; Text-Book of Cooking. By Carlotta C. Greer. $1.25.

D. Appleton Co., New York:
The Splendid Chance. By Mary Hastings Bradley. $1.30; Sanitation in Panama. By William Crawford Gorgas. $2.00.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
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Plebiszit und Optionsklausel. Von Dr. Hans Wehberg. 40 Pf.; Das Passwesen. Von Dr. Hans Wehberg. 40 Pf.

EDUCATION

Normal School Psychology

SOME years ago, while an instructor in the evening schools of the city of Boston, I was surprised to hear from a lad of fifteen years, the question, "Teacher, what is God?" I recalled at once a sentence which had impressed me forcibly, when reading the life of Saint Thomas of Aquin: *Puer cæpit solicite quærere a magistro, quid esset Deus?* and this, when Saint Thomas was but five years of age, and a student in the Benedictine Monastery at Monte Cassino.

After explaining to the best of my ability, notions of the Deity, such as would be appreciated by a lad of fifteen, I took occasion to mention the incident to a graduate of a State normal school, seeking information relative to methods employed for handling problems of this kind. I was surprised to learn that the normal school graduate was absolutely unable to meet the situation, and I was informed further that no instruction was ever given in the State normal schools of Massachusetts, which would prepare a teacher to meet such queries.

Aware that psychology had been long a topic of instruction in the normal schools of this Commonwealth, I made further inquiry and investigation, from which I am convinced that normal school psychology in Massachusetts, taught as it is today, is useless from the standpoint of effective equipment for a practical teacher.

Claiming the distinction of having established in 1839 at Lexington the first normal school in America, later located at Framington, Massachusetts now maintains, with annual appropriations approximating $500,000, ten normal institutions, having an aggregate student body of 2,600, of which considerably over one-third is composed of Catholic young men and women. Let us examine in general the quality and extent of instruction offered by these schools in the subject of psychology, and trace, if possible, the causes for such.

NO UNIFORM STANDARD

Normal school psychology in Massachusetts is individualistic, extent and quality of instruction depending upon the attitude taken by the head of a particular school. No fundamentally uniform standard for this most important work has ever been established by the State Board of Education for these schools, despite the fact that with the enactment of chapter 106 of the Acts of the year 1870, the State normal schools were placed under control of the board.

In no two schools are the fundamentals of psychology treated alike, and in no school is proper attention given to the study of psychology from the rational standpoint. No examinations are required of persons selected to offer courses in this vital subject, and the results obtained can be imagined readily.

Graduates of high schools are admitted to these State institutions, and it is with such youthful students, scantily equipped from the limited curriculum of a secondary school, that the instructor in psychology is to labor. From the beginning of the course, empiricism is made the watchword. The physiological aspects of psychology are accentuated, the rational all but entirely ignored. The student is provided with advanced text-books, and from these and from lecture courses are obtained formulæ to be applied later in the class room. "Experience" is the corner-stone upon which principles are constructed, and no thought is, or can be, given to a proper appreciation of these so-called experiences from the standpoint of general principles rationally established. You may ask why does this situation exist, and the answer will be made that the psychology of today is the "new psychology," that it has been separated from philosophy, and that it is now a science of induction. No explanation is given of the alleged "separation of psychology from philosophy," and confusion results whenever proponents of the "new psychology" attempt a classification of its characteristics. We ask if it is not true that we think when we consider problems in logic, metaphysics, epistemology, ethics or natural theology, and if psychology can be considered formally in one way, materially in another, and we are told in reply that we do not understand the "spirit of modern progress." The devotee of the "new psychology" decries the use of the terms "formal" and "material" as "mere scholastic quibbling." It is admitted that mental action is co-extensive with thought, but it is insisted nevertheless, that the "new psychology" is separate from philosophy. The stand is novel as it is equally absurd and untenable.

This modern attitude, if such it may be called, is not peculiar to Massachusetts. It is co-extensive with the "new thought" development, and the harm it is inflicting upon the young teacher is beyond estimating.

No one will claim that elements of empiricism should not be considered in the study of psychology, but on the other hand it should be understood plainly that experiences are of value, not in themselves, but rather as aids utilized in the establishing of rational principles whether such be concerned with mental action alone or with a thousand and one other matters.

INFORMATION FAULTY AND NON-FUNCTIONING

Equipped with an alleged training in this "new psychology" the normal school graduate enters upon her work as a public school teacher burdened to the ground with information which is equally faulty and non-functioning. If she succeeds in her work, it is not because of the instruction received, but rather in spite of it. Failure to reach the high-water mark of efficiency as a teacher in public school work is not traceable to the teacher alone—the cause lies among other things in the method of instruction afforded in the normal schools. It is assumed of course that the normal school pupil is earnest anl diligent, and this, in a majority of cases is a fact.

Repeatedly have I questioned normal school instructors relative to the general lines of development undertaken in the courses in psychology. My query in this regard had been suggested by an incident which occurred some time ago while I was traveling in company with several men. The group was representative of several callings in life. In the course of a general conversation, it became known that one of the party was a normal school graduate and a teacher. He was immediately asked by a practical farmer for a definition of psychology, and a description of the field covered by this subject. His response was an attempt to outline the component parts of the brain and a survey of the nervous system. A correlation of psychology with allied subjects was beyond his ability. Here was a teacher actually engaged in public school work, occupying, as every teacher does, a quasi-public office, and yet incapable of distributing knowledge which he should have possessed. The study of rational psychology was unknown to him, and I learned myself from him that no attempt had ever been made by his former instructor to furnish him with such necessary information.

PSYCHOLOGY IN A FIELD OF ALLIED SUBJECTS

Normal school instructors will hold that it is impossible to outline the position of psychology in a field of allied subjects, since this would take up by far too much time in the class room. I do not consider this attitude either intelligent or logical, for I have witnessed the relative position of psychology, in the field of allied subjects, brought forth in strik-

ingly clear manner in but two or three lectures given by competent men.

Shall we conclude that psychology is without kith or kin in the philosophical world? I do not believe this can be so, nor do I think that in the study of psychology we can separate ourselves from other fields, which together with psychology constitute the world of philosophy. Dialectic, at one time considered but a part of the trivium, opened the door to other departments of philosophy, and this was logical in *rerum natura,* for dialectic, although distinct from other parts of philosophy could not be separated from them. Why, therefore attempt this separation of psychology?

The pupils of the public schools are embryo men and women, and the duties of the teacher, acting *in loco parentis* are as important as they are sacred. None the less important and sacred are the duties of those who educate the teacher student. Yet it is a fact that by no class of people, more than by educators with "new thought" tendencies, are greater wrongs being committed upon the young in the faulty equipment of the public school teacher in the field of psychology. The seeds of noble womanhood and manhood are sowed in the home, in the teachings of the Church, and in the schoolroom. Why should the last named field attempt a nullification of the work of the first two?

From the standpoint of justice and better citizenship it is imperative that experimental educational clinics cease to be an integral part of our educational system. Better no study of psychology at all than the hodge-podge material thrust upon the teacher in our tax-supported schools. A retreat from the indefensible methods of the "new psychology," and the establishing of a proper general standard of instruction in psychology in the Massachusetts normal schools must be made by the Massachusetts Board of Education, if justice is to be rendered the young, who are incapable of demanding that which is their due. Let us hope that the reformation is near at hand.

LESTER B. DONAHUE, PH.D.

SOCIOLOGY

The Central Verein Convention

IN the midst of the unhealthy and confusing suggestions which are advanced today by individuals and associations for the solution of the social problems of this country, it is most refreshing to hear the voice of the Central Verein, the National Federation of German-American Catholic Societies, in its St. Paul convention, again calling attention to a sane and conservative program of reform, and giving to us in its own work a practical exemplification of how such a program can be carried into action. It is encouraging, too, for Catholics in general, no matter what their nationality may be, to see this organization in its sixtieth year of activity, showing the vigor and energy of youth, and recruiting from among the sons of its present members the nucleus of a strong and militant organization for the future.

The plea of Archbishop Messmer, in the sermon of the convention, for increased attention to the need of social reconstruction and the stirring cry of Archbishop Ireland, in his address, that the representatives of the Central Verein "steer according to the old charts," meeting the new questions of the day upon the unchanging principles which are made for all times, found ready response in the minds and hearts of the delegates and the action of the convention. For it is the desire to attend to the needs of the present upon the basis of the great, unchanging, fundamental truths which forms the very soul of the work of the Central Verein.

The great strength of this federation and the wide field of its influence is seen in the large number of delegates—priests and laymen—who are in attendance upon its yearly gatherings. The present convention was in this respect like the meetings of the past. It clearly marks the Central Verein as a popular movement, vitally affecting the life and feelings of the people. Its social and religious propaganda mold in a very forceful and effective manner the views and actions of the rank and file.

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEES' WORK

The conference of the legislative committees of the various State Leagues, which was established as a permanent institution at the last convention, was one of the particularly noteworthy features of the 1915 meeting. The work of advising on legislative matters has now been crystallized in the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, and the report of that Bureau on the subject demonstrated how very successful this plan had proved during the one year of its existence. The legislative committees themselves have been more active than ever before, and they have performed a great service to the Catholic cause, particularly in defeating dangerous and undesirable legislation. They have also aided greatly in constructive legislative work, especially in the interests of the working classes.

The urgent need for Catholic workingmen's associations, which has attracted the attention of the Central Verein for a number of years, was emphasized at a meeting held for the purpose of discussing that subject. The spread of radical doctrines within the trades unions makes the formation of these associations an imperative duty of the present hour. The farmers' problem was taken up and debated upon by the convention itself. It was decided, in accordance with a thorough report of a special committee upon this matter, that the time was not ripe for a universal encouragement of the cooperative movement, the farmers in this country not being in a position at present to give to the consumer certain necessary services which the middlemen, despite many abuses in connection with their occupations, can easily give. Education of the farmer and consuming populations to a better understanding of each other's problems was urged as the need at the present time. The establishment of farmers' organizations along the proper lines was recommended.

THE WOMEN'S SECTION

The meetings of the women's and young men's sections of the Central Verein reflected the spirit of the parent body itself. The women's section, the *Frauenbund,* received a temporary form of organization at this convention. This is to be the nucleus of the permanent organization, to be formed at a future gathering. The purpose of the women's section will be to meet those phases of the social question which fall specifically within the women's sphere, such as the wider extension of charitable work. The formation of St. Elizabeth Societies, such as exist in Europe, is to be the particular endeavor of the *Frauenbund.*

THE JUNIOR SECTION

The Junior section, the Gonzaga Union, has enjoyed splendid progress during the past year, not alone in new members obtained, but in actual work accomplished. In the meetings of this body an intelligent and zealous interest was shown that augurs well for the future efforts of this organization and of the future Central Verein. The working program of the Union, adopted at its last convention, was the basis for the discussions. It was decided to carry out its provisions even the more vigorously, particularly in the formation of Boys' Clubs, in the encouragement of the "Big Brother" idea in Catholic circles, and in the protection of young men traveling to our large cities. The social study club idea, which has already borne such excellent fruit in the ranks of the young men, was especially emphasized. As Bishop Busch, of St. Cloud, declared in several of his addresses, in the young man is bound up the hope of the Catholic cause for the future, and the successes of the Gonzaga Union is one of the most encouraging features of the Central Verein.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY

That unswerving spirit of loyalty to the Holy See which has especially characterized the Central Verein throughout its long history, was evident in a striking manner at this convention. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, in his remarks, dwelt upon this fact, that the Central Verein had ever held fast to Rome. As a practical proof of this matter a gift of $1,000 was made by the convention to the Holy Father to assist him to meet the onerous burdens which have been imposed upon him by the great European war. It was also announced that over $50,000 had been collected by the Central Verein for the war sufferers in Austria and Germany.

The true Catholic atmosphere which pervaded the whole convention, the spirit of thorough and sincere endeavor which was at all times in evidence, the certain and decisive manner in which all questions were taken up and disposed of, should make the sincere Catholic feel greatly encouraged for the future, thankful that such a militant organization exists to confront with a real Catholic philosophy and Catholic outlook the problems of the day. May the Central Verein enjoy another sixty years of activity, productive of ever-increasing good!

LOUIS BUDENZ,
Central Bureau of the Central Verein.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Supreme Tribunal of the Segnatura has rejected Count Boni de Castellane's appeal that his marriage case be sent back to the S. Roman Rota for rehearing thus confirming the decision of the first Rota Bench, declaring the marriage valid. After the second decision which was against her claim, Anna Gould refused to go on with the case stating, according to report, that she could not hope for justice in Rome. Despite her unjust criticism of Roman papal procedure, she has received justice at the hands of a Supreme Roman Court.

There has been a great increase of missionary activity during the last few years among Catholic Deaf Mutes. Only about twenty priests and sisters were enrolled for the work according to the Educational report of 1907. Today there are actively engaged in the field forty-one priests who are giving a whole or part of their time to this educational work. The sign language is being studied in six different seminaries, so that at the completion of the seminary course priests will be thoroughly equipped to take up this important apostolate. There is also an increase in the number of Catholic schools for the deaf.

Though according to the Protestant tradition Jesuits, the world over, are largely occupied in plotting against the government of the country in which they live, in England at least they seem to have taught their students patriotism. For Stonyhurst has 435 alumni actively engaged in the war and many are waiting for commissions: Beaumont College has nearly 300 ex-students serving in the army or navy; St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, is represented by 106 in the army; Mt. St. Mary's has 160 with the colors; Wimbledon, 252; Stamford Hill, 82; Glasgow, 100; Preston, 68; Leeds, 62, and the Jesuit College of Riverview, Australia, has sent 100 former students to the front. The editor of the *Protestant Observer*, however, is not at all impressed by such figures, but wonders how the Admiralty and the War Office can "expect the blessing of Almighty God" on the arms of the Allies, when the Bishop of Chelmsford and Lord Wimborne, and even Queen Alexandra, have countenanced divers flagrantly papistical practices. "It is useless to disguise the fact," continues the *Observer*, "that the program of Rome is being steadily accomplished." Quite true. And a very simple program it is: Loyalty to God and country, even to the shedding of blood.

The *Allgemeine Rundschau* brings a detailed report of the Catholic Women's War Day, held at Frankfurt under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League. It is gratifying to note the practical nature of the subjects treated and the absence of mere war tirades. The topics were all reducible to four headings: the nourishing of the people, the care of war widows and orphans, popular morality, the youth of the nation. They were all subjects of deepest interest for women, and their selection indicated the important part that Catholic women are taking in preserving, through their fidelity to domestic duty, the high standard of Catholic morality in these difficult times. The war itself, in the closing words of the presiding officer, was to be made "a guide to higher things." The ennobling of family life and the strengthening of the feeling of motherhood's responsibilities were held out to the convention as woman's holiest duties.

The Procurator of the Belgian Missions, Rev. Joseph Hoogers makes a strong appeal in the *Good Work* on behalf of the foreign missions:

> What I want are only pennies and dimes, but so many that they may in the long run be equivalent to gold and silver. I ask them in the form of "stamps," those little fragments thrown away every day all over the world. If some one, shrugging his shoulders, condemns our bold attempt as inadequate, and not in proportion to the purpose aimed at, I can only point to the noble, strenuous figure of a man who was called "The Lord's stamp collector," the Rev. Jos. Theodore Stein, who died recently, and who was the pastor of a small parish in Wurtemberg. For thirty-three years he was busy gathering stamps on behalf of mission work. By sale of stamps, albums, collections, by gifts in money, and other fragments, he realized, during that time, the amount of $40,000, gave support to two hundred different missions, and redeemed more than two thousand heathen children!

The support that Protestant missions receive in money contributions often passing the million mark, makes this modest plea for Catholic help for the foreign missions seem very mild. To answer it there is need of little wealth, but great good-will. Surely it is worth the trouble.

A week ago a Good Government meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall of Germantown, Pa. It was to have been held in the Town Hall, but as the purpose of the meeting was to attack Catholics, and also to denounce a very prominent Presbyterian who happens to be President of these United States, the doors of the Town Hall were closed in the face of the fanatical sowers of discord. The circular issued by a man named Fox, speaks for itself:

> You are earnestly invited to attend a real anti-Roman Catholic lecture. The best well-known lecturer, and the man who was responsible for the recent upheaval in Chicago, has been engaged, and will deliver his strongest lecture, based on personal contact and experience. Mr. Peterson, another lecturer and traveler, will show us why we should be Protestants seven days a week. These lecturers are the most powerful obtainable.

The only thing to be regretted about this Good Government rally is that there was any hall in Germantown that could open its doors to bigots of the Fox ilk. The man's name is significant, as Herod's was.

The *Outlook* is much concerned about the last Encyclical of our Holy Father. Indeed it is even disappointed:

> The Pope has issued another plea for peace addressed to the belligerent Powers. . . . This plea can hardly be other than disappointment to radical pacifists and to loyal members of the Roman Catholic Church. The plea will dis-

appoint the pacifists because . . . it proposes no plan by which peace can be secured. . . . The plea will disappoint churchmen because it is wholly lacking in authority. . . . It has not the tone of moral authority which the world both Protestant and Catholic has a right to expect from one who claims to be the "Vicar of the Eternal and Supreme Judge before whom all shall be called to account."

The folly of the Vatican to attempt any move in the cause of peace without consulting the *Outlook!* Certainly the Pope should have spoken with more authority, so as not to disappoint Protestants, whose very name means a protest against his assumption of the authority belonging to Christ's vicar.

Bishop Williams of Michigan, preaching in Grace Church a few Sundays ago talked to his New York audience of the "rags and pomp" of church services:

The ecclesiasticism of to-day and those who administer it are to be compared with the scribes and pharisees. There is abroad in the church a passion for names, a crude theology and a strong desire to ticket every man and file him away. The vast majority of people know a Christ of dogma, tenets and unpractical theology. People give Him names, and then set Him aside—on a Sunday shelf. Such Christ is not real and does not live among the people. The real Christ is hidden in names and rags of pomp.

A few hundred years ago the founders of Bishop Williams' church, left the Church to bring back the simple Evangel. It looks as if the Reformation did not reform, if the so-called Reformers are today in a position where Christ is placed on a Sunday shelf.

The English *Church Times* prints a very frank note from an Anglican chaplain at the Dardanelles:

One very soon finds out that the limitations of Protestantism have to be shed and discarded in dealing with crowds of wounded men, many of them at the point of death. Some desire the Blessed Sacrament, and unless one has got the Reserved Sacrament, one simply has to confess one's inability to give them that supreme consolation. Only the other day a Nonconformist chaplain came off to this ship to beg some wafers, so that he might reserve the Sacrament and be able to administer in one kind when necessity should arise!

The pity of it is that there should be any "limitations" to what purposes to be revealed truth. In time of peace the "limitations" may eventuate in rather an easy form of worship, but when the bugle-call means a summons to death, men demand more than limitations of truth. They want it all.

From the New York office of the *Far Eastern Bureau* comes a very strong plea for a better understanding of the Chinese who have suffered so much from the irresponsible stories of globe-trotters lured by the scent of printer's ink. The appeal for the Chinese takes the following form:

Because of bias due to bigotry, through several centuries Roman Catholics have been reviled and abused as "worshipers of idols." It is one of the grandest facts of American citizenship that here, within our borders, more than any other place on earth, all sorts and sects of Christians, not to speak of the numerous non-Chistian bodies, live together in peace, with good will, and with a tolerable comprehension of and respect for each others' religious differences. Yet, even in America, the misconception still exists among many people that Roman Catholics do "worship idols." Such being the case, there is small room for wonder that many of our Christian publicists and others, more or less well-informed upon purely Occidental matters, commit a very similar injustice towards the one people in the world least understood and least appreciated, having regard to their marvelous real accomplishments in many realms and the natural beauty of their character. Need we say that we refer to the Chinese? To charge the Chinese with "worshiping ancestors" or heroes is as ridiculous and unjust as it is to charge our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens with "worshiping idols." Both offensive misconceptions are due to confusion caused by that "little knowledge" which we are told "is a dangerous thing."

It surely will console Catholics to know that a nation as "enlightened" as the Chinese have to suffer from vaporing journalists and all-knowing tourists. Hereafter when the secular press distorts Vatican reports, or the Guardians of Liberty repeat age-old calumnies while raising their eyes reverently toward the flag for which Catholics have bled, their outraged fellow-citizens will solace their wounded feelings with the cry: "Remember the Chinese!"

Gene Stratton-Porter has written ten books, and her readers number more than two millions. Among modern novelists her work ranks high, for it is eminently clean. Mrs. Porter's literary creed is simple:

My years of nature work have not been without considerable insight into human nature. I know its failings, its inborn tendencies, its weaknesses, its failures, its depth of crime, and the people who feel called upon to spend their time analyzing, digging into, and uncovering these sources of depravity have that privilege, more's the pity! If I had my way about it, this is a privilege no one could have in books intended for indiscriminate circulation. I stand squarely for book censorship, and I firmly believe that with a few more years of such books, as half a dozen I could mention, public opinion will demand this very thing. My life has been fortunate in one glad way. I have lived mostly in the country and worked in the woods. For every bad man and woman I have ever known, I have met, lived with, and am intimately acquainted with an overwhelming number of thoroughly clean and decent people who still believe in God and cherish high ideals.

More writers of this stamp will lift the modern novel from the slime to which sensuality under the guise of social uplift and sex problems have plunged it.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell places the end of the war in the year 1935, and gives his reason in the London *Chronicle:*

The war will be decided in 1935. For this reason—the true victory will lie, not so much in the actual tactical gains on the battlefield to-day, as in the quality of the men who have to carry on the work of the country after the war. War kills off the best of a nation's manhood; therefore, extra care must be exercised to save every child—not for its own sake or for its parents' sake, but for the sake of the nation.

There is a half-truth here. The whole truth is, the child should be saved for its own, its parents' and the nation's sake. To be healthy, strong and a valuable citizen seems to this great soldier to be the end of life. There is a health, strength and citizenship that is not bounded by the Empire's far-flung line, which seemingly has not entered into the ken of Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

There is a good deal of sentimentalism creeping into the American attitude toward crime and the criminal. It was shown in Pittsburgh not long ago as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* points out:

The great man returned to his native city after an absence of nine years. Ten thousand people turned out to greet him, crying, "Welcome home." Most of them were women and young girls. No President ever received such a reception. A hundred automobiles, filled with crazed enthusiasts, raced after his, and when his home was reached the cheering mob surged over the lawn. His picture was taken hundreds of times. Who was he? A great artist? A great scientist? A great inventor? A great general? A great poet? No; he was Pittsburgh's favorite murderer.

Murder is murder whether the hand that does the deed can sign a cheque for millions, or can claim no bank account at all.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The Germans have gained new successes during the past week in their Russian campaign. The strong fortress of Novo Georgievsk, at the junction of the Narew and Vistula Rivers, was taken by the army of General von Beseler. The capture netted the Germans a vast quantity of war materials and a large number of prisoners, besides driving the Russian forces from the last of their defenses around Warsaw. The fortress of Ossowiec, fifty miles southwest of Grodno also fell; it was the only salient of the present Russian line of retreat. This line was considerably shaken during the week, on the north by the capture of the strong city of Kovno and by the German flanking movement east of that city, and on the south by the forces of Field Marshal von Mackensen closing in east of Vladova on Brest-Litovsk. The fall of Bielsk in the center of their line was another hard blow to the Russian defense. It is around Brest-Litovsk that the conflict is gathering thickest. Prince Leopold of Bavaria has drawn his lines closer to the city on the west and has been strengthened by the army that was engaged in the investment of Novo Georgievsk. The Grand Duke Nicholas will display even greater strategy than at Warsaw if he escapes from this second trap that the Germans have set for his armies.

Bulletin, Aug. 17, p. m.-Aug. 24, a. m.

The reports of the naval battle fought in the Gulf of Riga between the German and the Russian fleets are conflicting. The Russians, according to the German official report, lost two gunboats and two torpedo boats; the Germans lost one torpedo boat while two others were badly damaged. The Russians, however, claim to have destroyed the German battle cruiser Moltke, 2 other cruisers, 8 torpedo boats, and 4 transports with 8,000 men.

The White Star liner Arabic, sailing under the British flag, was sunk by a German submarine off Fastnet Light, in St. George's Channel, on August 19. The steamship was sunk without warning and two Americans, Mrs. Josephine S. Bruguiere of New York, and Dr. Edmund F. Woods of Janesville, Wis., were among the twenty passengers lost. England reports that the vessel was not under convoy of British torpedo boats. From the facts as far as they have been ascertained as yet, it appears that the act "in contravention of American rights," specified in President Wilson's last note to Germany as "deliberately unfriendly," has been committed by the commander of the German submarine, and that in consequence the gravest issue has arisen between the United States and Germany. The President, however, will wait until the facts of the case are clearly established before calling the attention of the German Government to the sinking, and asking from her a suitable explanation or disavowal of the act of the German commander.

The Sinking of the Arabic

The answer of the United States Government to the recent German note in the William P. Frye case combines the two alternative solutions offered by Germany. It proposes to accept payment, "provided that the acceptance of such payment should be understood to be without prejudice to the contention of the Government of the United States that the sinking of the Frye was without legal justification, and provided also that an arrangement can be agreed upon for the immediate submission to arbitration of the question of legal justification, in so far as it involves the interpretation of existing treaty stipulations." In conclusion it requests of the German Government an expression of her views on her policy of naval operations pending this arbitral award.

U. S. Note in Frye Case

On August 21, Italy declared war upon Turkey, as a result of the failure of the Turkish Government to make compliance with her demands. These demands were for permission for Italian reservists to leave Turkey without restriction. The failure of Turkey to grant this permission was one of the primary causes for the declaration of war; the other cause cited was the Turkish support of the revolt in Libya. Italy's first step in the war will probably be to cooperate with the Allies in the effort to force the passage of the Dardanelles. It is expected that the attitude of Greece towards the parties at war will be definitely declared by the new Premier, M. Venizelos, at the next meeting of the Chamber, fixed for August 25. Serbia, as far as is authoritatively known, has not yet agreed to the cession of territory to Bulgaria. There are rumors of negotiations between Bulgaria and Turkey, making for Bulgarian neutrality to offset those of the Allies, making for intervention. Roumania has not altered her neutral stand. The fate of Albania is said to be involved in the efforts for a new Balkan League.

Italy, Turkey, and the Balkans

Germany.—Since a state of war does not formally exist between Germany and Italy, it is somewhat significant that the Chancellor in his speech at the opening of the Reichstag, should have referred to "Italy, our new enemy." In reviewing the causes and progress of the war, the Chancellor insisted that by concealing or altering diplomatic correspondence, the Allied Powers had continued to misrepresent Germany's true position in the war. Germany had for years maintained the peace of Europe; Great Britain had been its menace. She now added hypocrisy to her other misdeeds, and after violating the rights of smaller Governments, such as the Boer Republics, Egypt and Persia, "in 1914 declined a German guarantee of Belgian neutrality, declaring that she could not traffic in Belgian neutrality. A country whose policy was and is such has no right to accuse of war-lust and barbarism a country that for forty-four years has protected the peace of Europe; a country that now, menaced by half the world, fights for its very life." Secret reports of Belgian diplomats, said the Chancellor, have recently been published. These prove beyond all doubt that Germany was attacked only after a long and careful preparation for war. In closing his address Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg denied that Germany aspired to a control of all Europe:

The Chancellor's Speech

> Germany has never aspired to a European hegemony. Her ambition was to excel all others in the works of civilization amid the peaceful competition of large and small nations. This war has brought to light the greatness of the attainments made possible by our moral strength. We cannot use this force save in the cause of freedom. We shall continue to fight until the Allied Nations ask peace from their own guilty Governments and until the road is free for a new Europe, delivered from French intrigues, Muscovite love of conquest and British tutelage.

From the nature of the case, the Chancellor's remarks on the future of Poland could not be characterized by definiteness. The general opinion of the press is that the Government contemplates annexation, granting the Poles a separate government under German protection. "Thus the Poles will be independent," comments the *Taegliche Rundschau,* "or nearly so."

Great Britain.—The loudly heralded Northcliffe conscription policy seems to have fallen flat; at least no new factor of importance has been added to the plan of conscription. It is practically admitted by those in authority that the country stands in greater need of munitions than of soldiers. In issuing a call to engineers to a conference on the manufacture of munitions, the Board of Trade urged that "the great need of the moment is skilled mechanics." The problem to be solved, then, concerns the proper enlistment and disposition of laborers. It has been stated unofficially that the main demands of the Welsh coal miners have been conceded, and that satisfactory arrangements have been made with more than 500 private establishments for the manufacture of arms and ammunition. Nevertheless the cry for conscription is by no means silenced, despite the opposition of the Prime Minister and of Lord Kitchener. Colonel Arthur Lee, lately returned from the front, continues to urge upon his constituents the necessity of compulsory military service, and there are many who agree with him.

Conscription

The opposition to the Coalition Ministry is apparently losing in strength. The controlling factor is the Prime Minister. "When it comes to deciding a question of any importance," writes a critic, "does anyone really count except the Prime Minister? The Cabinet is what it proclaims itself to be, a Coalition. But it is not a union and can never be." This complaint seems to voice a fairly common feeling that the Cabinet consists of but one man; a situation in which England has not found herself for many a year. No one questions the patriotism, devotion and loyalty of the members of the Cabinet; but its ability to meet the present crisis with success, is quite another matter. This is the view of the Opposition, but whether or not the present Cabinet consists of one Minister or the usual number, this extraordinary body has undoubtedly won the confidence of the country at large.

The Ministry

Ireland.—Mr. John Dillon, M. P., speaking at the recent Convention of the United Irish League, in Limerick, said that during the Assizes, some of his Majesty's judges had referred to the recruiting in Ireland. Much abuse, too, had been heaped upon Irish farmers and their sons, and threats of conscription had been made. Yet Ireland had given her full share of recruits. Were the recruiting methods changed and improved, she would

Dillon and Recruiting

furnish still more. Limerick alone had given 4,000 men; to equal this London should give 800,000. Mr. Dillon did not believe that any British Government would try to enforce conscription in Ireland. Were the attempt made, the Irish Party would resist it with every means in their power. It was a marvel, he continued, that with the painful memories of 300 years yet lingering in her people, England could still get recruits in Ireland. Had the country obtained full and perfect freedom under O'Connell, nine or ten millions would be living in the country now and it would be able to furnish England with 500,000 men, and the Irish soldier is the equal of any in the world. The Irish Party, he said, was now in a position of perfect freedom and certain concessions could be easily made to the Unionists of Ulster. Mr. Redmond's policy, Mr. Dillon admitted, might perhaps, in some things be open to criticism, but if they decided, as he knew they would, to retain Mr. Redmond's leadership and the unity of the party, every Irishman should support the party and its leader and give them a chance to work out the salvation of Ireland.

Italy.—The long inquiry by the military court into the case of the Dominican Friars of Bari, who were accused of being spies and traitors, has come to an end and has resulted in their complete acquittal. They were indicted for having flashed signals, presumably to Austrian or German spies, from a window of their house which faced the sea. After due investigation the flashlight was proved to be a lantern-slide projector used for illustrated lectures. A sum of money found in the house, and claimed by the prosecution to have come from Austria, was shown to have been sent by the Pope himself for transmission to the Archbishop of Antivari for mission work. It was shown at the trial that the Dominicans had offered the very part of the house, whence the suspicious flashlights came, to the military authorities for any legitimate use they might deem necessary. The verdict, one of absolute acquittal, became the occasion of a popular triumph for the slandered Friars. During the trial, the Court thought that Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, could give some valuable evidence. But the cardinal lives in the Vatican Palace, and by Article 7 of the Law of Guarantees, no Italian official may enter the palaces of the Sovereign Pontiff. His Eminence solved the difficulty. He arranged to be present at the apartments of his cousin, Mgr. Sili, in the Piazza Scossacavalli close by. There he met the Commissioners and courteously gave them the information they sought. The *Giornale d'Italia* pays a sympathetic tribute to the cardinal's kindness and tact. Throughout the trial it became evident that some secret power was at work against the Friars. This verdict of an acquittal and two or three more in somewhat similar circumstances, have brought out into still sharper relief the patriotism of Italian priests and religious.

Dominicans' Acquittal

Mexico.—Though Villa maintains that the "Convention Government is strong enough through its own force and power to continue the fight," he is, nevertheless, "ready to accept" the good offices of the United States and the six Latin American Republics regarding a reunion of the contending parties in Mexico. Carranza, however, has permitted six of his generals to reject the peace offers and General Obregon, commenting on the fact that the proposals of the Pan-American conference were sent separately to each of the Carranza leaders, observed that the delegates signing the document "were absolutely in ignorance of the solidarity of our movement and of the perfect control which the First Chief exercises over the whole Constitutionalist army, which at the present date numbers over 150,000 men, controlling nine-tenths of the Republic, wherein natives and foreigners enjoy all the guarantees afforded by our laws." But what little hope there is of any faction's being able to give peace to Mexico may be gathered from the following letter written by a thoroughly trustworthy Mexican:

The Peace Offers: A Letter

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In my preceding letter, I gave you an account of such official acts as may enable you to form your judgment of the Carranza Administration and thus forecast what would be the condition of unfortunate Mexico, if the man who now is only "First Chief," might some day, with the help and official recognition of the United States, become President of the Mexican Republic. The Zapatista or "Conventionistas" party does not afford us any surer grounds of hope, nor does it deserve in any way the slightest consideration or support. The most uncultured and uncivilized people in the world would be heartily ashamed of such leaders and legislators as these "Conventionistas," the vast majority of whom have no talents but those of the stockman and the cowboy. They can tame a colt, handle a gun, ride a horse and that is all.

What were the striking features of the Zapatista rule? (1) The infamous decree legalizing divorce; (2) the confiscation of the property of a multitude of men, whose greatest crime was, that instead of a blouse they wore a Prince Albert and instead of sandals, shoes. And last came the decree pensioning the parents and relatives of the "glorious" soldiers of the no less glorious Revolution. But, you ask: Has not the Revolution so far fought for the triumph of its ideals? Were not "Universal Suffrage," "The Redistribution of Lands," "The Abolition of Privileged Classes," the slogans shouted into the ears of the Americans, slogans that seem to lend some nobility and dignity to the Constitutionalist Movement? Why then, from the moment it began to legislate, did it not start its reform? Why did it not try to realize its high ideals?

With all the impartiality and fairness of a man who truly and dearly loves his country, I answer: Because in reality these slogans were only a lure and a mask, used by the leaders of this truly diabolical movement to win the sympathy and the help of the Washington Government. Beneath the whole movement lurked ambition, envy and hate. But, again you ask: "Were not these slogans a résumé, a compendium of the conditions and the needs then prevailing in Mexico?" No. In the first place, the Republic does not need this redistribution of lands, for the simple reason that she has nobody to distribute them to. The apathy and degradation of the Mexican Indian render him unfit, at the present moment, not only to improve his condition, but even to remain and live in it more comfortably and decently. I am

willing to suppose the redistribution actually made, that the Government gave to every Indian, not only a plot of ground to till, but money and agricultural tools. What would happen? At the end of one or two or ten months either the ground would be untilled, or the tools pawned or mortgaged, or the Indian dispossessed of his holding. Ten or twenty dollars would have been quite enough to cheat him out of the land and make the owner as much of a peon as before.

Facts and the truth must be looked in the face. Hopes, aspirations, prospects and ideals are the spurs of work. Where these are not found, there can be no such thing as work. Where men do not work, there can only be found misery, degradation and ruin. The Mexican Indian has no aspirations, no prospects, no hopes. In general it can be affirmed that today he is more opposed to progress than he was in the days of Montezuma. Those who have seen him at close range realize this. The very leaders of the Revolutionary Party are convinced of the fact. And as soon as the chiefs of the movement become masters of an estate or plantation, they tyrannize over the peons with greater cruelty and heartlessness than any *Cientifico* ever dared to do.

We hear it said: "The Mexican Indian is a slave." No, not a slave, but a "minor," a child. Put money into his hands and you are pouring it into the saloon and filling the jails with criminals. We give liberty to slaves. To children and minors we assign guardians.

And here the rich in general are to blame. And the wealthy Mexican Catholic is equally guilty. Speaking broadly, they have not made slaves of the peons; neither have they made them men, for the reason, that on their estates scarcely one of the wealthier Mexicans had the courage and self-abnegation to become the guardian and tutor of the Indians, and in a still less degree, the true spirit of Christian charity and love to become their father.

Everyone eagerly wishes to see Mexico settled and at peace. In the United States the Administration imagines that provided a government can be formed that is worthy of our official recognition, all will be well. There could be no greater illusion. To recognize a Mexican Government, formed from the ranks of the present-day Revolutionists, would be to give the death-blow to the wretched country now weltering in its own agony, in its very life-blood streaming from its mangled form. No. When a nation descends to the political, social, economic and religious degradation that Mexico has reached, to regenerate it anew only one way is open It must be taught the principles, the doctrines of a sound Christian morality. And do you think that either Carranza, or Villa, or Zapata will be clear-sighted enough, or clean-hearted enough thus to teach and uplift a whole nation? No, indeed. Moreover, I am sure that not a single member of the Washington Government, not one of the signatories of the Pan-American note of August 14, would dare advise their friends to take as guardians or tutors for their children a Carranza or a Villa, or any single one of the present leaders of the Mexican Revolution.

A. COROLLA.

The New York *Sun* has been publishing recently an enlightening series of articles by Raymond C. Carroll, who shows that the Mexican Revolution is merely a vast plundering enterprise in which Americans are considerably involved. Pancho Villa and his brother, Hipolito, have been making huge profits and banking them in the United States. Whoever refused to pay tribute to anarchy had his property destroyed or seized. The Mexican Revolutionists, he says, "only fight to ravish women and steal what is loose from the *tierra,* and they know nothing whatever of the Sixth, Seventh or Eighth Commandments." During eighteen months 10,114 carloads of loot passed through El Paso alone, 5,000,000 pounds of uninspected meat-products menaced the health of American families, and 290 carloads of beans, the Mexican's staple food, were sent out of the starving country. So it is not hard to believe that the Villas have more than $5,000,000 in gold stored away in American safe deposit vaults. Meanwhile 100,000 rifles and 50,000,000 rounds of ammunition are said to be America's contribution to Mexico's reign of terror, the various factions spending $20,000,000 for military supplies. Foreign investments, mostly American, representing $1,500,000,000, have been swept away, and 30,000 American property holders have lost practically everything. Regarding the effect of the Revolution on the peons, Mr. Carroll writes:

Mr. Carroll's Disclosures

> They have generally reverted to savagery, the little peons to little thefts and crimes and the big peons to big thefts and crimes. They have seen nuns seized by their commanding generals and ravished; they have seen priests shot down by firing squads, and they have seen *jefe politico gringos,* their name for American Government officials in Mexico, hobnobbing with Villa, Zapata and Carranza. Their religion is gone. They have lost all respect for their Government and the representatives of our Government. It seemed to me they are deserving of some sympathy, for it was our interference in their affairs, refusing recognition to the central authority which held them in control, which brought them to their present low estate, morally and physically.

"Why has all this not been written before?" the *Sun's* contributor naturally asks. During the past eighteen months much of it has appeared in the pages of AMERICA. It is refreshing, however, to find the long silence of the secular press at last broken.

Spain.—In a statement to a Paris newspaper *L'Espagne,* the Liberal Leader Count Romanones, declares that neutrality is the one possible policy for Spain, for she is in no position from either a military or economic standpoint to enter the war. Spain is bound by no treaty to alter her neutral course, and her friendships will remain the same after as before the war. By this statement Romanones is merely keeping step with public opinion which favors neutrality, and the report is that the Liberal leader hopes by stating his position to pave the way for his return to office.

Attitude Toward the War

The attitude of the Regionalists has caused a stir in public life. They are advocating Home Rule for Catalonia, and in fact for the rest of Spain. Urging a measure of commercial autonomy, in the establishment of so-called neutral zones, they complain that Dato when in Barcelona promised to grant this by securing a royal decree. The Prime Minister repudiates their claim, stating that this is a question for Parliament to decide. So the Regionalists are waiting for the Cortes to open, when they purpose opposing the Government unless their plea is hearkened to. All the while Lerroux is heading the Radical-Republican element, calling for war in the cause of the Allies.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Graduate's Confession

I WAS not an honor speaker, so I merely sat on the Commencement platform and listened and thought. Out of the haze of banquets and speeches and music and handshakes only one fact stood out clearly: it was all over. Four years lay behind me and today I was—what? Unconsciously my mind reverted to an unforgettable incident of two years before. One evening as I was leaving the college with two other students, we were suddenly hailed by a passing socialist "soap-boxer" with the taunt, "Trainin' yerselves to be parasites, eh!" We passed on, but his words went home. "Was I a parasite?" To find the answer I looked back over the five years just drawing to a close, and here is the accounting:

After graduating from high school I entered a so-called non-sectarian college, which, however, had a distinctly Unitarian atmosphere. At the close of a year, for reasons irrelevant here, I decided to enter a Jesuit college in the same city. I was admitted to the Freshman class. Instantly, unconsciously, I began making comparisons. While these comparisons, continued throughout four years, might be most illuminating, the limitations of this article compel me to forego the strong temptation to relate them, and to confine myself to my actual career at H——, with its results, as I saw them on Commencement Day. Naturally, however, my impressions were colored by contrast.

I was fully cognisant when I entered H—— that the curriculum called for a twenty-five hour schedule, instead of the eighteen I had been used to at C——. I knew also that the elective courses were confined to the Senior year, but I confess that I was not quite prepared for the discipline I found there. I expected that a "reasonable" amount of "cuts" would be allowed, and that a man who could "get by" without attending all his classes might spend the time under the trees or playing tennis, or in any of a hundred other pleasant ways. Alas, for my dreams! I discovered that an hour a month might slip by the eagle eye of the dean, but more, or, indeed, two hours in succession, would invariably find me "on the carpet." Mere attendance at class did not suffice, the system went farther than that. A drop below the required standard was not only publicly posted, but the recalcitrants were permitted to spend many of their choicest afternoons "in durance vile." There was no "easiest way." It was work or "get out." And the result? In my case and in that of the majority of others we worked. We worked because we had to work, not because it appealed to us as desirable. Of course, there was the usual minority who would have worked hard anyway. They were the honor men. But for the rest of us the old saying held true, "A boy's will is the wind's will," and strangely enough the system seemed to be founded upon the universality of that very truism. The sanction was the same in the Sophomore and Junior years, but in the Senior year the bars were lowered a trifle. And marvelous to relate, nobody seemed to notice it. By the time the Senior year was reached I had become so accustomed to doing that which I had come to college to do that I had a vague sense that somehow it was my duty. The temptation to "cut" and to "squeeze through" was as strong as ever, but I found that I could now say "No" with startling ease, and that I could cling to my determination. This was true of the majority of my classmates, who, while hardly conscious of any change in themselves trudged along with an unspoken determination that told the tale. We were able to work and we were willing to do so.

One of the most striking features of life at H—— was its social side. There were no fraternities. If one had never observed the fraternity system in its workings the full significance of this statement may be lost. But I had seen it all; the cliques, the snubbing, the sudden coldness between friends, the false standards of worth, the blighting of character and the creation of snobs. Therefore, I appreciated the real democracy at H——, where all men were brothers, and none were dearer brothers than the professors. They were ever at one's disposal, day and night, in the classroom or elsewhere, as helpers, advisors and friends. Many of my jolliest hours have been spent in the rooms of my instructors. To be sure, in a large college like H—— there were little knots of chums and friends, but there was nothing that corresponded to the aristocracy of the fraternities. There were no select dormitories; the sons of Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady lived in the same hall with the professors. There were no castes at H—— but those of brains and character. The result? We rated men by their ability and achievements, and not by any empty social distinction. The graduates were Americans and not snobs.

I never realized the value of the course in philosophy at H—— until after a few chance *rencontres,* on paper and otherwise, with men from other colleges. Then it grew upon me that I was the possessor, not alone of an impartial knowledge of the history of philosophy, but of a set of principles founded on common sense, every one of them correlated, tested by time and trial and unfailing in a crisis. I did not have to gather a few grains from Kant, a few from Descartes, a few from James and from a thousand others, to rear a structure which I might have to raze on the morrow only to build anew with pebbles from Bergson. I became aware that my feet were on a rock, composed of that matter that unaided reason can know, of the laws of God and nature and of their proper relation. I refer to scholastic philosophy, which forms the principal part of the Junior and Senior course at H——.

There was but one course. It included both the classics and the sciences. There were no electives, save in Senior year; it was all or none. Every subject in the

curriculum met some particular need of a well-educated man. Nothing was neglected, nothing was over-emphasized. Specialization was left for the universities and professional schools, H—— was concerned only with turning out gentlemen with a well-rounded education. There could be but one outcome; to every man that graduated—all things else being equal—every line of endeavor was open. The pulpit or the marketplace, the bench or the desk, they were all within his grasp. He could work and was willing to work, he knew men, he had a standard by which to judge right and wrong, and he knew the groundwork on which all special study must be based.

He had been brought under one other influence, however, which, whether he knew it or not, had left its mark upon him. At H—— he breathed Catholicism. Not the chanting and the candles and the incense that many outside the walls regard as the distinctive atmosphere of a Catholic institution, but the pure wholesome air of sane thinking, right living, reverence of God and service of fellowman. There were no long religious ceremonies. There was Mass in the morning, Benediction at set times, a short prayer before class; those were all the formal exercises of religion, but there was the feeling of the omnipresent Christ. The quiet earnestness, the lightheartedness and the manliness of the professors who had devoted their lives to this work made me feel more that they were men of God than did their cassocks and caps. As well expect to bathe without getting wet or to cross the Arctic circle without feeling cold as to graduate from H—— and not have imbibed real religion. The gift of virile, practical and unflinching praise, reverence and service of God was the crowning glory of the course at H——.

These were my thoughts as I looked back over four years on Commencement Day. I had learned a few languages and had mastered the rudiments of some of the sciences. I had acquired a valuable knowledge of men and things by rubbing elbows with men from every clime: an education by friction, as it were. But it was not the jumble of verbs and sentences and formulæ, nor the acquaintances I had made that seemed to me to constitute the positive benefits of my college career. The acquisitions which seemed to me the greatest were not quite as tangible as these. They might be called powers to do certain things: a power to work willingly and hard, not because I liked to, but because it was my duty; a power to value men, not on externals, but on character and ability; a power to think logically and to argue squarely on any problem, and to determine as far as reason can the true from the false; a power to enter any branch of public service, better equipped after a few years' specialization than any man lacking a training similar to that given at H——. Lastly, a power to live as one who realizes that his only purpose on earth is to save his immortal soul.

Having thus summed up the results of my undergraduate days, I felt prepared to meet the question. "No, Mr. Socialist, I am not a parasite," I murmured, half aloud.

JOHN J. CROWLEY.

Another View of the Catholic Press

THE pessimist has been well defined as "a man, who of two evils, chooses both." The general effect on the average Catholic mind of the recent discussion in AMERICA on the subject of the Catholic Daily, was: "As long as such a paper is not possible in this country, owing to its great size and the financial problem involved, the case of the Catholic press is a hopeless one." I wish to differ, and modestly suggest that in our great land we have a powerful and influential medium for Church defense and enlightenment in the present Catholic press that has, perhaps, been underestimated. In seeking the ideal there is always danger of despising the real. The ideal daily may be chimerical, but the ideal weekly or monthly Catholic paper or magazine is very near us in the general excellence of the *de facto* Catholic press of our land.

One would have to be in a Catholic newspaper office when the "exchange" list of Catholic papers comes to appreciate or even imagine the extent and variety of work that is actually being accomplished through the medium of printer's ink. The uninitiated would be very much astonished to note the general excellence in tone, typography and general makeup of the countless publications that constitute the American Catholic press. Needless to say the field of Catholic life in America makes imperative the use of the printed word.

In these days "of wars and rumors of wars" the eyes of the nation are turned seriously to the two great arms of national defense, the army and the navy. Both are needed as defenders against hostilities in war time, as means for compelling respect and proper treatment of national interests in times of peace. In like manner the Catholic press has from the beginning most courageously defended the interests of the Church from the attacks of ignorant and biased foes; and in times of calm it has prevented unwarranted attack by the general note of efficiency that it inspires. Many an unborn attack upon the Church has been prevented from seeing the light of day, owing to the generally virile reputation of our Catholic editors who are ready with their big guns of truth and justice to pounce upon the intending aggressors.

The field of activity in the United States has for a long time been well covered. Some of our magazines or reviews claim to be national in their scope, and their increasing circulation seems to justify the claim. Even the big advertising concerns are recognizing this in their acceptance of Catholic magazines as mediums for general advertising for the nation.

The *Sunday Visitor*, *Extension*, the *Ave Maria* and the *Columbiad* reach every State in the Union. The *Sunday*

Visitor is fast approaching the half million mark in circulation and the others above mentioned have figures wavering between one hundred and fifty thousand to over three hundred thousand subscribers. That their influence for good is powerful the readers of the above mentioned publications are well aware. What a mighty force they would contain if their combined circulation and influence were united in one publication! This, owing to the great extent of the country and the diversity of interests they represent, is impossible. Nevertheless, the complaint that we have no such circulating medium as the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Saturday Evening Post,* is offset by these nation-wide papers.

According to Pope Leo XIII, a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission. This splendidly epitomizes the purposes and aims of the Catholic press. Our general idea of a mission is an organized effort to bring home the old truths in a striking way; a constant effort to strengthen the foundations of faith and an attempt to arouse new fervor and enthusiasm in the cause of truth. This has been realized to a great extent in the United States with flattering results by the Catholic press. Much of our boundless energy has come directly from the sparks of enthusiasm that have been struck on the anvil of the Catholic paper. Catholic Social Reform work is the child of our Catholic pamphlets and tracts. Church defense is the child of the Truth Society and its great magazine, *Truth,* with a circulation of over eighty thousand copies a month. Energy and zeal for home missions have come to stay, swayed by the mighty pen of the editor of the *Extension.* Interest and awakened energy for the pagan lands have sprung up through the tons of Catholic foreign missionary periodicals that have been scattered over our land, and the full-grown rose of enthusiasm has blossomed into the modern paradox, an American Catholic Foreign Missionary Society. The *Columbiad,* the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, places in the hands of more than three hundred and twenty thousand men every month a periodical that is brimming over with Catholic sentiment and truth. It might be well said that the life and zeal of all the social and religious movements in the country have been fostered and maintained by the Catholic press.

The complaint is frequently heard that our Catholic people do not read Catholic papers. To some extent this is true, but the complaint is gradually losing its force. It is almost impossible nowadays for a practical Catholic to dodge some form or other of the Catholic printed word. His diocesan paper is sold at his church door; his pastor is "booming" it from time to time; the society to which he belongs insists on his reading its monthly bulletin by supplying it freely. Some dioceses make arrangements whereby the parish funds are utilized to pay for a copy of the diocesan paper for every parishioner. Where this does not hold, it is rare to find a parish that is too insignificant to have a monthly messenger; all of which goes to prove that our people are really reading, perhaps not as they should, but the taste is there in the developing.

The good points of the Catholic press are many. In its diversified form it caters to all classes. The general outlines of AMERICA have appealed strongly to the educated laity. Its weekly messages of Catholic thought and its rapid fire comment on the current slander of bigotry of the day make its readers smile with admiration, and spur them on to better things. The recent golden jubilee of the *Catholic World* eloquently testifies to the constantly growing taste for the refined and scholarly literature that has always characterized that solid and dignified periodical. Bishop Muldoon has recently termed *Our Sunday Visitor* "the miracle press," because of its rapid growth to more than four hundred and forty thousand copies a week. No one can estimate the splendid service it has performed as a "follow up" to the mud-slinging papers of the *Menace* type.

The predominant form of the Catholic press is doing its work in the shape of the "diocesan organ." Scarcely a diocese in the entire country that is not represented by its own local paper. Familiarity with more than fifty of these papers justifies the writer in saying that their general excellence and high standard of output each week is a cause of delight and wonderment. No need to fear that the "Faith once delivered to the Saints" and now thriving in these parts, is in danger of failing for want of defense. The average diocesan paper arouses interest in the school by its "Roll of Honor," its pretty stories and its excellent illustrations. This attention to the young is preparing a reading public for the future. The devoted ones are pleased by its stories of piety, the men folk have the Catholic current topics discussed and the intelligent members of the domestic circle are instructed and edified by the editorial comment. The average Catholic paper has as many departments as a well-managed secular paper: news items from far and near, sermons, editorials, fiction, household items, and last but not least, the comic section, without the vulgarity and banality of the yellow journals. In this respect, the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston excels; likewise the *Standard and Times* of Philadelphia. Both papers are copiously copied and quoted for their excellent humor.

The Catholic press is becoming a forum for the discussion of religious and ethical topics among Catholics. The present popularity of AMERICA, I believe, is mainly due to its department of correspondence. It can no longer be termed exclusively a Jesuit organ of thought. The corresponding editors give it zest, spice and variety. This feature is growing in many of our diocesan papers. The clergy as a body have not utilized their talents sufficiently in taking up the pen, but gradually a change is coming. The Baltimore *Catholic Review* has a staff of at least ten clergymen writing on serious and scholarly topics every week, and the *Tablet* of Brooklyn receives weekly communications from about eight clerical writers. All this is encouraging. The priestly writers

are furnishing a splendid supplement to the necessarily brief discourses of the crowded Sunday Masses. "The Question Box" feature is another good point of the Catholic press. Ably edited by scholarly priests this section is among the most popular of the features in the average weekly paper.

Departmental and technical writers are found on many a diocesan staff, and their output is wholesome. Dr. James J. Rooney, the Catholic chronologist of Brooklyn, contributes to more than twenty weeklies his learned résumé of American Catholic history, with graphic details of the early days of the Faith in America. These features, but roughly sketched, give a faint outline of the tremendous activities that are presented weekly and monthly to our people who read the Catholic press. Their general approval and commendation are heard from all sides.

James F. Irwin.

Dollars and Diplomacy

RECENT articles in America indicate that the time seems opportune to increase the commercial activities of the United States in Spanish America. Various excuses are offered for overlooking this lucrative field in the past, while multitudinous suggestions pour in for the amelioration of conditions in the future. South Americans in discussing the subject complain of the superior attitude of their northern neighbors and seek to be better understood and trusted by them. General Oscar R. Benavides, President of Peru, speaking through Roger W. Babsos, advises the teaching of Spanish in the public schools in order to accomplish this result.

Evidently instead of simply neglecting her sister republics, the United States has fostered and encouraged an active feeling of hostility toward them. One of the most potent arguments in this behalf has been the Catholicism of their subjects. In practically every country, with the notable exception of Brazil, the State religion is that of the despised "Papacy," and the Protestants of varied creeds are almost a negligible factor in the totals of the census reports.

Beginning with the time of Henry VIII, and even before that period, Englishmen became nauseated at the mere mention of Catholicism. With a diplomacy worthy of higher aims, they insidiously injected the virus of hatred into their whole body of education and literature until they not only converted many people of other nationalities, but even began to believe in their own fabrications. A favorite topic for argument, even to this day, is the question, "Are Spaniards lazy, untrustworthy, shiftless and lying because of their Catholicism, or are they Catholic because they are lying, shiftless, untrustworthy and lazy?" "Temperamental" has always been a term of opprobrium as applied to them, and they were dubbed idolators because they worshiped at a Virgin's shrine.

Very naturally, but with abundant ease and quiet precision, the Anglicized trend of mind came to predominate in the American colonies. It pushed ever backwards the culture of the French which met it on the north and west, and the Spanish-French which touched it upon the south. With the advent of the English way of doing things, followed a deep resentment toward the Latins and Rome. History was perverted and facts distorted. Justification sat gracefully upon the English brow when Englishmen killed and robbed the Indian owners of the conquered soil, and disgust distorted their vision when the Spaniards received the Red Men into their very hearts in an attempt at assimilation.

To English thought and education then, in a great part, can be traced the active hostility displayed in America to all things Catholic. Today systematic prevarication with malice aforethought is often absent, but its result as seen in the ignorance of even supposedly eminent scholars is just as apparent. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad corruption disclosures, the political rottenness of many parts of New England, the serene composure of various blue-blood legislators "caught with the goods on them," all of which have been held up to biting scorn by intrepid "muck-rakers" recently, have done much to shake the obsession which had fastened itself upon the public mind that everything emanating from the aristocratic Eastern seaboard with its center in Boston, must always be right, and that anything which savored of the impetuosity of the West, of the poetry of the South, or of the idealism of the Celt or the Latin, must be inherently wrong. It seemed as if there was about to be born in this country a new spirit of Americanism which would be bigger and broader than that which had shaped the destinies of the nation in times gone by.

Howsoever that may be, one thing is at least apparent; there never will be any real, lasting trade relations or intercourse of any sort with South America, built upon an enduring basis, till the antagonism and reproach which has belonged to Catholic institutions is irrevocably removed from the minds of those shaping the future of this country.

If the present interest shown toward the republics of the South is to manifest itself as a sincere desire for a better fundamental feeling between the United States and the southern nations, and not just as a Yankee forethought for the accumulation of a dollar, all hatred between and on the part of every one concerned, must be laid aside. To accomplish this, the Catholic laity of this country are most eminently fitted, knowing as they do the inheritance of prejudice and ignorance which has been handed down to their well-loved citizens of a different faith, and sympathizing with them in their efforts to secure now a truer and more impartial understanding of the past and of the present, in so far as it affects Catholic institutions. To the Catholics belongs the duty of interpreting the institutions of the South into the more intelligible terms of the North. Upon them rests the burden

of friendly consideration of the feelings of their co-religionists. If they assume this burden and faithfully perform their offices as good citizens and churchmen should, they may have the satisfaction of seeing a New World rejuvenated with a real brotherhood of man.

William H. Leary.

The God of the Ethical Societies

THE Ethical Movement, as is well known, aims at setting up a morality divorced from religion, notwithstanding God is the object of both. The agitators of this comparatively recent thought-fad talk glibly of the moral law and the regeneration of mankind through the observance of that law; and yet they sedulously leave out of consideration God, the Author of the moral law. This attitude of mind is hardly intelligible until one recollects the influence of Kantian philosophy on nineteenth century thought, and particularly of Kant's Autonomy as the standard of human conduct. The Sage of Königsberg would have it that man is a law unto himself; whatever a man's reason, as the supreme lawgiver, bids him do, that he must do. If he doesn't, he sins against his own reason. Further, only that which a man commands himself is morally good; all other actions, the counsels of Christ, for example, are perfectly indifferent, being neither good nor bad.

Now, I say, recollecting a doctrine of this nature, one can discern the inspiration for the modern Ethical Movement. Your "Ethical Society" will have nothing to do with the God of the Christians, the personal Creator and Lord of the universe. Men are to be moral without Him. They are to look up to the great moral Ideal embodied in the transcendent figures of history, Jesus Christ, a man, and the Saints. They are to fulfill in themselves the moral law; and so rise superior to all religions and all dogmatic teaching whatever.

A God the Society must have, or it would be called atheistic; and that would scare decent folk away. For your Ethical Society leaders wish to gain over decent folk, and besides, "scientific" atheism is long gone out of fashion. But how was I to find out what sort of God they professed? Obviously by inquiring. But so shifty were the pronouncements of the ethical societies on this head that I was beginning to despair of ever attaining a definite tenet, when lo! across my wandering path there loomed the object of my search: "Criticisims of Life," a book by the leader of the Ethical Society of Chicago, Mr. Horace J. Bridges.

Here, thought I, we shall have some dogmatic utterance about their God; for surely, Mr. Bridges, as a teacher among the gentiles, has authority to speak. But I was doomed to disappointment; on reading the sacred volume I found that its dominating note was precisely a hearty hatred for all dogmatic truth and more especially for the mother of that truth, the Catholic Church.

In the first essay of the book, on Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," Mr. Bridges tells us that the "Hound," which most men had thought was merely the personal, loving God pursuing the soul with His grace, is the "poetic bodying forth of a mighty ideal." This ideal, according to Mr. Bridges, is the moral ideal toward which all men should strive; it is an ideal identified with God, so that should one inquire what is the God Mr. Bridges professes, the answer would be, the great moral Ideal. Now, according to our Christian notions God is not a mere ideal, for all that we are bid by Christ "to be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect"; our God is a mighty threefold Personality, infinitely individual, tremendously real. To say, therefore, that God is a mere ideal would seem to destroy His reality. Not a bit of it. Says Mr. Bridges: "Nor should it be imagined that when we speak of God as the Ideal we are in any way invalidating or denying the reality of God. There could not be a grosser blunder, nor one more disastrous in its consequences, than the antithesis between the ideal and the real." The ideal, he continues, is after all real, because it produces effects. For example, a person of high moral character, after I know him, or, Bridges-like, "project him in my consciousness," may become for me a moral ideal, and thus so influence my life as to lift me up to a higher level of virtuous conduct. Indeed, in this way the ideal is defined by Mr. Bridges: "the Ideal is itself a mere projection in consciousness of material things previously experienced through sensation." All who have followed Mr. Bridges and me thus far are here requested to pause for rest, and, pausing, to reflect that, according to Mr. Bridges, this moral ideal is God. Well!

Since this is true, God is either mere thought, "the projection in consciousness," or those material things or persons which are "projected." But surely God cannot be mere thought; Mr. Bridges could not mean that, and he doesn't. Therefore God must be the things or persons of high moral worth that cause our ideals. Just so. Says Mr. Bridges again: "To say, then, that God is the Ideal or that the Ideal is God is equivalent to saying that God is the supreme Reality." But what reality? Answer: "It is also equivalent to identifying God with the human and natural." God, therefore, is human nature, not this or that particular human nature, but human nature in general; for this moral ideal is "the Universal in the particular, the Man in men, the God in Man." But, interested readers, I perceive a shade of perplexity on your countenances, as though the matter were still somewhat obscure. Patience yet a while!

We have seen that God is human nature in general. What means that "in general?" Mr. Bridges will again take the floor: "God is not the *totality* of the human, but its *essence,* which is a very different matter." So, God is the essence of human nature. Now the essence of human nature, according to all right-thinking people, may be justly included in these two ideas, animality and rationality. But as God is the "Supreme Reality" He cannot consist of mere abstractions; He must be

concreted; He is therefore a rational animal. Thus the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete; we have discovered the god of the Ethical Society of Chicago; he is a rational animal.

MARK S. GROSS, S.J.

The Church and Mexico

ONE who is in touch with the active intellectual elements of the fighting factions in Mexico hears much talk about false and true revolutions and how to distinguish between them, for there is an active intellectual element, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. It has a more or less definite organization, a far-reaching and entirely unconsidered influence, and bears a relation to the military organizations unique in the history of world warfare. But that is another story.

Of the many symptoms of insincerity and falsity in the present revolutionary movement the most glaring and pernicious is the effort to make it appear a religious war. Many arguments might be advanced in support of this assertion, but the one which makes all others unnecessary is the fact that, with few possible exceptions, the families of the revolutionary leaders are devout Catholics, and with the knowledge and consent, and frequently the active assistance of the said leaders, they attend to their religious duties as far as circumstances will permit. I am personally acquainted with the family of one revolutionary officer who has been charged with persecuting priests and looting churches. For some months his family lived in the United States, just across the border from the Mexican town where he had his headquarters. It was his invariable custom to send his automobile to take the family to Mass, no matter how urgently it might be required for other purposes. The antagonism of such a man is the result of external influences acting on his ambition and greed, and not an inner "true revolt" from principle.

During several years of rather confidential association with people and things in Mexico I have never heard a word uttered against the Church. I have heard much ranting about alleged abuses in the Church, delivered for the most part by men of mixed nationality, half Mexican or less, of foreign education, ideas, attachments and sympathies; in short, hired "spell-binders" employed for the specific purpose of inciting the people to acts which would widen the breach and deepen the impression that Mexico is in armed revolt against the Church.

The natural conclusion is that somebody wants something from Mexico which they do not expect to get as long as the Church is there and its influence active. The most important thing for all who love Mexico and desire its peace and prosperity, and all who are concerned with saving a nation to the Church, is to determine the source of that influence.

This did not originate as a religious war, and but for deliberate efforts to that end would never have assumed such an aspect. That such influence has been at work persistently and untiringly is well known, but it has never received the attention it demands. Not only has it been used to incite the inflammable populace to atrocities that otherwise never would have been committed, but it has been used to distort facts, color news, and insidiously mislead the Church in such manner as to make it impossible for her to distinguish between her friends and her enemies, and prevent their cooperation for the restoration of order.

One instance will serve to show how it is done: After a prolonged siege an important city surrendered to a detachment of the revolutionary army. The nuns fled but an old priest stayed on. After the smoke and debris of battle were cleared away he resumed the routine of his peaceful life. Every evening he went and sat on his own particular bench on the plaza facing the open doors of the old church, where he gazed dreamily down the long, darkened aisle at the candles gleaming faintly on the altar, and ever and anon smiled benignly at his parishioners as they made their usual evening *paseo*. The only visible change was that on "plaza nights," when the band played and it was the custom for the officials of high degree to show themselves among the people, there was a new *jefe*, with a new coterie of aids around him. But they saluted the old priest respectfully and for awhile all went well.

Schools were opened, stores resumed business, all the people went about the accustomed affairs of life unmolested, and one day the commanding officer requested me to endeavor to get into communication with the nuns and give them a message from him. That message was a request that they return and take charge of their property and open their school, assuring them not only of protection, but of any aid they might require in their work. At the same time he made a general statement about his attitude toward the Church, desiring that the same be made public in the United States. That such action had been taken by him was well known to several members of his staff. Before his intentions could be carried out he was summoned to a distant State of the Republic. Immediately the subordinate officer whom he left in charge banished the old priest to the United States, looted the church and convent, and turned the soldiers loose in the parochial residence and gardens to hunt for hidden treasures which they believed to be buried there.

The officer who had been recalled from command never returned, and all efforts to communicate with him were fruitless. There are well-authenticated rumors that he was held a prisoner for many weeks while he was being publicly charged with the atrocities being committed by those whom he left behind. The man who was actually guilty drifted from one division of the army to another, serving under one leader and another, and, it is reported, was finally executed for treachery to the last.

Admitting the existence of ignorance and superstition, Mexico is nevertheless a Catholic country, and underneath and through it all is enough of the true Faith to survive. Without attempting to refute any charges, the fact still remains that for centuries the Church in Mexico shed the only ray of light that illumined that benighted land. Here and there along the fringes of civilization were scattered Protestant schools and churches, and in the centers of population free public instruction was being inaugurated, but these were accessible to only a few. On the far deserts, in the midst of waste places, in deep mountain gorges, wherever the people wandered in their hopeless search for an asylum, there the Church followed. There was erected a crude structure of adobe and stone, adorned within by clumsy but loving hands, and there some priest watched over the welfare of the little flock. The farmer who tilled the stony and arid fields, the goat-herder who watched the flocks, the women who ground the corn, and the children who played before the wretched *chozas*, paused from time to time and looked that way, and morning and evening they betook themselves thither for the comfort and hope which was offered nowhere else.

That priest had no concern with the politics of the country. He had little or no communication with the world outside and no knowledge of what was passing. His sole care was for the welfare of his humble parish, and the outer fields of the little *pueblo* marked the confines of his world. Such churches were to be found throughout the Republic. The most adventurous traveler had not penetrated to a spot where they had not gone before. Now they are deserted, the priest is

an exile, the people scattered, and marauding bands of soldiers stable their horses where the devout villagers prayed. The seed of that planting is trampled in the earth but it is not dead. Some day it will spring up and blossom and bear fruit an hundred fold.

If this is indeed a religious war which has for its object the entire elimination of Catholicism from the nation, it is destined to be a long one. It will not end until every woman and child now living in Mexico is dead, until every stone in every cathedral, and every adobe in every wayside chapel, and every cross on the far deserts has been laid low and there is not even a memory left to take root in the land.

The soul of Mexico is a dumb and chained soul, but it pleads eloquently with the free and unbound. Its voice is in the deserted churches that lift their silent belfries heavenward; it is in the abandoned convents where wounded boys crawl out into the sunshine of the *patio* and doves flutter like the spirits of forgotten prayers; it is in the anguished eyes which thousands of Mexican women turn toward the United States, holding hidden in their hearts the faith that in their last extreme hour through the Church here redemption will come.

It is a terrible thing to watch a human being die. It is more terrible to watch the death throes of a great nation. It is caught in the toils of avarice and greed and ambition, and is being slowly strangled before our eyes. Men who are strong and would have been honorable if they had been shown the way, women who are loving and would have been all that it is given woman to be, little children who can do no more than suffer and die, all have been gathered up together into a colossal web from which there appears no escape. Somewhere out of sight are the hands that spread the net and now are drawing the cords inch by inch, slowly and calculatingly crushing out the blood and breath of life. Who is strong enough to loosen the grasp of those awful hands? Who can break the net and set these people free? If not the Church then truly they are doomed!

E. C. HENDRIX.

The Advantages of Absence

IT is related in the chronicles of the Cistercian Order that the Abbot Flaminian of pleasant memory was in the habit of deliberately absenting himself from choir while certain daily prayers were being said. This remissness of the superior naturally gave great scandal to the community. The novices, having been taught to consider the lord abbot not only a dispenser of heavenly wisdom but an exemplar, as well, of strict observance, were shaken in their vocation by the sad spectacle of Flaminian's irregularity, while the older monks reproached themselves for having elected him abbot, and gloomily foresaw the gradual cooling of the monastery's fervor owing to his evil example. They had hoped better things of Flaminian. For in the flower of his youth, at the call of the cloister, he renounced his broad acres and, like a nobler Cincinnatus, leaving his oxen standing in the furrow, ran to the monastery door and neither slept nor ate till he had gained admission to the Order. There he quickly became so conspicuous for his keen intellect, executive ability and austere virtue that in a few years he was unanimously chosen abbot. But no sooner was he enthroned, alas! than he began to absent himself from choir whenever the Litany of the Saints was chanted.

At last Dom Candidus, the ancient of the monastery, determined, after long fasts and prayerful vigils, to entreat the lord abbot to mend his ways. So, throwing himself in tears at Flaminian's feet, Candidus cried: "Be no longer, Father, I implore you, a rock of scandal to the Brethren! Come to Litanies every day!" Whereupon Flaminian, rising from his throne, embraced the ancient and, weeping softly, protested amid his sobs:

"I am inexpressibly grateful to you, Candidus, for your brotherly admonition. Nevermore will I absent myself from choir. I have been caught, as I now see clearly, by the wiles of Satan, for he came as an angel of light. It was in this wise: One evening, while I listened to the monks melodiously chanting those beautiful prayers, *Pro fratribus nostris absentibus,* my heart was filled with envy for those absent Brethren of ours who were able to enjoy, through the fervent intercession of the monks, precious blessings of which we who were present at Litanies were *ipso facto* deprived. 'Save Thy servants who hope in Thee, O my God,' I heard the Brethren sing. 'Send them help from the holy place,' 'And from Sion protect them.'. So in my mistaken eagerness to profit by these prayers, my need of which I realized so well, I deliberately kept my cell during the time Litanies were being chanted. Meanwhile I was losing, of course, my share in the community's other prayers. But I now realize how lamentably the foul fiend deceived me. So in today's chapter I will humbly ask the Brethren's pardon for all the scandal I have given and my place in choir will be empty no longer." The abbot did as he promised, and thereafter so renowned for exact observance did his monastery become that emperors and kings would make long pilgrimages just to hear the monks sing the Office.

In a spirit not unlike that which kept the Abbot Flaminian away from the Cistercians' Litanies, Priscilla Perkins, who, it is recorded, dwelt in Salem, Massachusetts, in days of old, when New England was really New England, used to absent herself occasionally from the weekly meetings of the village sewing circle. "I wish the other members of the association," she would explain, "to have, now and then, an opportunity to discuss freely at the gathering all my shining virtues. That they may do this, therefore, with no embarrassment to me or to themselves, I will not attend every meeting of the circle, but prepare at home my quota of mufflers for the little Patagonians." This rare delicacy and considerateness on the part of Miss Perkins was highly appreciated by the other ladies of the village, for it was observed that the meetings she attended were never so enjoyable as were those from which she was absent. But none of the other members of the sewing circle, it was also noted, ever had the courage to remain away from a single session.

There are said to be Catholics alive today who resemble Flaminian and Priscilla. Denying himself, out of a sense of unworthiness, the spiritual advantages those reap who are exact in their religious duties, Sebastian, for instance, comes late to Mass and then seeks an obscure corner to pray in. He thus avoids indeed all ostentation in his piety, is in no danger of being forced blushing to take a lower place, and can echo without interruption the publican's prayer. No doubt it is a similar love of lowliness that keeps other Catholics from belonging to certain parochial organizations. "Prominent" Catholics whose names are conspicuously missing from St. Vincent de Paul conferences or Ozanam societies have doubtless weighed well in each instance the advantages of absence. Such affiliations, it is well known, confer but little social prestige, are absolutely unproductive financially, and, what is worse, are constantly demanding energy which could be more profitably expended on the golf links and are always requiring time which could be more pleasantly passed at the club.

Mildred, too, would dearly love to take up some Catholic social work, but her time is completely occupied with more important matters. Had she not so much shopping to do, she would be able to prepare that flock of little Italian chil-

dren for their First Communion; if the dances that she simply must attend were not so numerous, she could give an occasional evening to entertaining the working girls in that home the Sisters recently started; and if she could only omit some of her auto tours, time might be found for putting life into that Catholic reading circle to which Mildred is said to belong.

"*Noblesse oblige,* after all," she reflects. "A woman of my position in life cannot neglect her social duties. So I will ask the pastor of the Italian church to say a Mass for my intention, I will make the working girls' home a present of the plaque I lately decorated, and I will send the reading circle this interesting collection of novels I've just finished. Some of them, to be sure. could hardly be called Puritanical, but that reading circle is too narrow now any way, and these books will broaden their intellectual horizon." It is clear that Mildred thoroughly understands the blessedness of being away.

'It had been so with us, had we been there," the wicked King, realizing the advantages of absence, fervently remarked the night Prince Hamlet whipped his rapier out and poking it through the arras permanently cured from being overcurious the "unseen, good old man" Polonius. It was a similar admiration for the utility of absence that made another scion of a royal line eager to learn the place where he was destined to die so that he might pass the rest of his life keeping a thousand miles away from it. But Hamlet, let it not be forgotten, killed the King at last, and the day came when that other royal seeker began an everlasting absence from the haunts that knew him so well. In life both had valued too highly the fancied advantages of absence. Nay, Flaminian himself, holy ascetic though he was, fell a victim for a time to the devil's sophistries regarding the matter.

Profiting by the abbot's high example, the idle Mildreds and affluent Sebastians of the Church in this country should understand how far superior oftentimes to the advantages of absence and aloofness are the advantages of personal presence and of active interest. For today as never before works of zeal and charity depend for their success on the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the Church's laymen.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

American Catholic Architecture

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The grand Lamentations of Jeremias were not more pathetic than the note of "O. S." in your last week's issue, deploring the lack of Catholic educational institutions whose architecture is in any way worthy of interest or respect. To his almost heart-piercing cry, "Have We Nothing?" we must in truth reply, "Not very much." We will find it exceedingly difficult to call up more than three large educational structures in the entire length and breadth of the United States that deserve even a passing glance. A group plan never seems to have entered into the heads of those responsible for the edifices. Architecturally our Catholic schools, colleges and universities are vast arid deserts, broken only by Boston College, Boston, the new Regis High School, New York City, nor is the third to be seen until we reach the banks of the Mississippi, and the new Kendrick Seminary rises up like a vision to greet us, its majestic sweep of ordered arches carrying the mind back through the intervening centuries to the days of the Schoolmen. When you have named these three buildings you have well-nigh exhausted the list.

Everyone is agreed that the Catholic Church in this country should be embellished by structures of surpassing beauty, a delight to the weary eye, a refreshing stimulant to the tired mind, an outward evidence of the dignity and importance and prestige of the Universal Church, buildings to which we can point with genuine pride, and of which no amount of subsequent education will make us ashamed. But there is only one way to get them. We must start at the beginning. We must employ a competent architect, and the final word in selecting the architect must not be left to the local parish committee, composed of well-meaning men of unbounded faith, but of limited architectural knowledge. The parish barber, the corner grocer, the street railway conductor and the bookkeeper of the local tobacco factory may know all about their own avocations; that, however, does not fit them to pass upon questions of architecture. *Cuique credendum in arte sua.* The most important step of all is to get the right architect, and as much care should be used in his selection as we would employ in choosing a surgeon to perform a major operation upon our appendix.

We have spent too many millions of the hard-earned contributions of the poor on bad art and worse architects, and it is high time to call a halt. But I am not altogether a pessimist. Even though the interval may have been long and dreary, there is a good time coming; the east is streaked with silver, and we are beginning to notice our defects; witness, for instance, the letter of "O. S." A knowledge of our deficiencies is at least encouraging; there was a time when we were unable to detect even that much.

Competent Catholic architects and artists are ready at hand to produce glorious Christian architecture worthy of being compared with any that the past has to show; they have actually done it in the instances cited above; they are only waiting on bishops and priests to employ them, and there will rise up like an exhalation wondrous fabrics that will in every way rival the far-famed glories of the vanished past.

We talk entirely too much about the architectural greatness of the Church in bygone days; most of the talking is done by those who had an opportunity in this century to do something as great as any medieval patron of the arts. Let us act in the living present. Posterity will have only words of condemnation for well-nigh all of the Catholic architecture produced in the United States during the last one hundred years or more. The Middle Ages about which we boast so much never spent a tithe of the vast sums we lavish today on Jewish, atheistic and Protestant abominations sold from a catalogue under the mendacious name of art. Our Catholic papers carry advertisements of "churches, schools and hospitals prepared for immediate erection." Can we imagine the great cathedral builders of Notre Dame, or Reims, or Salisbury, or Durham, ordering a set of stereotyped plans through a mail-order house? Can we imagine a gargoyle sent by parcel-post? Yet that is what we are doing today, and we think the result is architecture.

Pittsburgh. THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

Why No Protest?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is passing strange what qualities of Catholicism exist around us. Times there are when we will proclaim our Faith to high heaven and stand four-square to the winds. Then nothing daunts us and even as David of old, we slay the modern Goliath of ignorance and bigotry. But there are periods when our lethargy is so great, that those who malign us go calmly on their way without hearing a word of protest from us. An instance of this apathy recently came home to me. I happened

not long ago, to stroll into one of our local moving picture theaters. I did not know the program, and it was the last exhibition of the film. But I had not been seated long before I discovered I was beholding Marie Corelli's notorious production, "Wormwood." Now, a Catholic does not have to look very long at this photo-play before receiving sharp and distinct chills in his spiritual spine, for the plot revolves about the misery caused by the sin of a young aspirant to the priesthood and it leaves the reader of the book as well as the viewer of the screen with a bad taste in his mouth. Yet this film had been on exhibition for three days and nights and surely some educated Catholic in our large Catholic population must have seen it or must have known that it was being produced. Yet there was not a word of protest heard. Who knows but that some one in whom the spark of faith was burning but feebly has had the spark quenched by this play?

Now, are we afraid to speak out for fear of being thought bigoted? If so, it would be well for some of us to read that admirable article in a recent number of the *Catholic World* entitled, "The Virtue of Bigotry." It is only a little while ago since the colored societies of our cities were protesting against the "Birth of a Nation," and in Newport they made such a vigorous protest that the picture was not shown there. Do our Catholic societies stand for nought but monthly meetings for the payments of dues and for indulging in gossip? I do not know whether such conditions prevail in other cities. I am ignorant of what type the Catholicism of New York and Boston is, except by report. But I am sure the quality is not insular as it is here. How do the Catholics in other cities fight these evils? What sort of weapons do they use and how do they wield them? If we succeed in driving from the screen, as we have almost driven from the stage, foul productions and unclean actions, then the world for the millionth time will be the heavy debtor of Catholicism.

Newport, R. I. J. H. G.

A Novena for Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In one of the leaflets of the League of the Sacred Heart I have just noticed the feast-day of Our Lady of Ransom. I would suggest that readers of AMERICA make a novena to Our Lady of Ransom for the safeguarding of Catholic interests in Mexico. September 24 is the feast-day.

Rochester, N. Y. J. MANDERY.

A Call for Action

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me, having traveled all over the United States during a period of eighteen years, if there is any deficiency in the Church's organization in our day, it is the lack of an organization for our people like the Y. M. C. A. We have permitted our non-Catholic friends to beat us all to pieces. Parish societies do much, but we need a central clearing house, in every large city, run on broad democratic lines for the common run of Catholics, where all must be welcome. Our young men, when the evening comes, don't know where to go. They would go to such a place as I refer to, if we had it, but alas! we have not, but we have the picture show, the dance hall and the saloon. The Church's service on Sunday night is uninteresting to the young. Who can compute the loss to the Church of the young men between eighteen and twenty-five after leaving school and college? As I say, I have traveled all over the United States, and I have been in every large city but the glad hand of Catholic welcome or sociability *has never* been offered to me, and how to spend an evening among fellow-Catholics in a strange city in social converse or sport, I have never been able to find out.

The discussion of the Y. M. C. A. is closed. It was very interesting, able, instructive. It demonstrated the great lack among us. Now that the discussion is closed, now that we have had "talk" enough, I wish to ask, who will start the ball rolling? What city will claim the honor of putting up the building and organizing the scattered units of individual Catholicism into a solid phalanx? My suggestion is, start modestly. Large oaks from little acorns grow. Start it *going, somebody.* AMERICA has given too much valuable space to the subject to have the matter come to nothing.

Indian Gap, Ky. JOHN MCDERMOTT.

English in Catholic Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The expression regarding the teaching of the English language in our Polish parochial schools, in your issue of July 31, cannot pass wtihout a strong protest. The findings of the professor of Greek are false and unjust. He makes so sweeping a statement that if challenged he could not prove it. His method of induction should enter into closer relationship with the science of logic. The fact of the case is that the Polish Catholic schools are doing justice to their children, because these schools allow them to reach the higher grades *with* a knowledge of the English language. Take the children of the Polish parochial schools in both the larger and smaller cities throughout the United States, and set them the same examinations in English that the pupils of the other schools, either parochial or public, take and the results will indicate that the Polish school children know English as well as the other children. I believe that the great majority of the Poles in the United States who were born here or who immigrated hither from foreign countries, if they have attended their parochial schools, can speak and write the English language fluently. A proof of this is the ably edited fortnightly periodical, *Free Poland.* It has been remarked that the mind of a Pole can master all foreign languages with the greatest of ease. Our parochial schools, owing to the able teachers they employ, give their pupils ample time and opportunity to study English.

Paynesville, Minn. STANISLAUS B. KUZNIAK.

Large Families of the Poor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley, in your issue of July 3, advocates what would be considered by many people an extraordinarily large family, and gives his reasons. It would be interestng to hear what he has to say to those eugenists and others who hold that the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective, and that poverty-stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family, besides having to forego many legitimate pleasures themselves and grow old before their time. I wonder if he would favor the readers of AMERICA with his opinion on that subject?

Brooklyn. S. W. SYMONS.

Catholic Boy Scouts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with great interest a letter which appeared in AMERICA of July 17, signed R. W. O., in which he speaks of the advantages of a Catholic Boy Scout movement. It may interest you to know that we have been carrying out this idea for some time, not exactly, perhaps, as the writer wishes the idea followed, but with the idea of having boys who want to join a Boy Scout troop join Catholic troops under the conditions which are laid down in the letter from Cardinal Farley in which he authorizes these organizations.

New York. VICTOR F. RIDDER.

AMERICA

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Leo Frank and Liberty of the Press

WHAT happened in Georgia last week is shocking beyond the power of words to express. A man, nominally at least, under the care of the State, is aroused at midnight, taken nearly a hundred miles across the country, and murdered. The dastards who plotted this revolting crime were not men stung into a fury equivalent to insanity, by the recital of some nameless outrage against an innocent child. They had planned coolly; schemed deliberately; they had counted the cost with care; they had used their intellects to enable them to act with the studied cruelty of devils.

To recount the incidents, pathetic and horrible, which surround this murder, would serve no good purpose. A greater crime than that for which Leo M. Frank, guilty or innocent, was condemned to pass his life in prison, was committed by the mob which as the sun rose, knotted a rope about the bruised and bleeding throat of a defenseless man. For these armed cowards flouted the law, trampled upon justice, destroyed as far as they could the very foundations of civilization. No decent citizen can think of the brutal murder of Leo M. Frank, or of that mob of five thousand who stood beneath the swaying corpse in an approval that was not silent, without asking himself in deep shame, if there be any way to eliminate those malign influences in our modern life which make such horrors possible.

One way may here be suggested. The man who led the mob that murdered Leo M. Frank is a fanatic, who has brought the vilest charges against the Catholic Church. By foul and calumnious accusations against the children of the Church, he has not hesitated to stir up blind and unreasoning hatred of everything Catholic. He was not there in person; but for weeks the pages of his abominable publication had been divided between calumny of the Catholic Church and threats of violence against any who might wish to show the innocence of this condemned and hated Jew. There were many who defended this indecent product of a brain crazed by ignorance and hatred, on the plea of "liberty of the press." Has it been forgotten that if the Constitution guarantees the liberty of the press, it no less rigorously holds those who abuse this liberty to strict accountability? And can any man in his senses defend in the name of liberty the vile outpourings of fanatics like this "Georgia Pole-cat," Thomas Watson, against the Catholic Church?

Calumny cannot hurt the Church; but it can and will hurt those simple and ignorant non-Catholics who believe it, and it can and will hurt the State which tolerates, if it does not protect, these sowers of discord. The foul-minded and the densely ignorant, for whom alone their message has any appeal, will listen for a time; then they will act, with the hatred and savagery that only fanatics can display. This land of the free and home of the brave has ere this seen Catholic men, women and children murdered in their beds by anti-Catholic mobs; it has seen convents wrecked, churches burned, and the homes of the Catholic dead defiled. We need not shake a saintly and horrified head over Jew-baiting in Russia. We have crimes of our own to expiate. And assuredly we shall have more of them, if with the connivance of authorities who have ample legal warrant for repressive action, the campaign of hatred against the Catholic Church, against decency and against civilization, is allowed to pursue its destructive course in the name of "liberty."

The Pope and the Kaiser

THE *Osservatore Romano* some time ago warned all Catholics and "impartial persons of every country" against determining the attitude of the Holy See on the present European conflict from the imaginings of reporters who seek sensational "copy." But the editor of the *Presbyterian* not being, presumably, in the number of the "impartial persons" addressed, perhaps feels free to disregard the warning. For in a kindly and religious spirit he tells his readers that, "A rumor is growing in intensity and wideness to the effect that the Pope and the Kaiser are in collusion in this present war," a rumor which is "more and more confirmed" by such recent events as the Te Deum "sung in the Church of Santa Maria del Amma (*sic*) in Rome, in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, while, in connection with the celebration of the funeral of the Belgian priests killed by the Germans, but one cardinal was present."

Last November, Cardinal Gasparri reminded Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, that "from the beginning of the present war the Holy See . . . set itself to observe, and has constantly observed the strictest and most absolute impartiality toward the different belligerents," and the Holy Father himself in the Allocution he delivered last January observed that "It would be neither proper nor useful to entangle the Pontifical authority in the disputes between the belligerents," for the Roman

Pontiff being the "Vicar of Jesus Christ who died for all," "must embrace all combatants in the same sentiment of charity."

But, alas! what weight has an official utterance of the Holy See compared with the cumulative evidence to the contrary which a Protestant magazine can adduce! For the *Presbyterian* doubtless has a Roman correspondent who is more competent than any one else to catch in a twinkling the drift of Papal opinion. Had the Holy Father only been wise enough to take counsel with the *Presbyterian* he would, of course, have forbidden absolutely any observance in Rome of a fellow-sovereign's birthday, and would have attended in person, accompanied by the entire College of Cardinals, the Belgian priests' obsequies. Moreover, to remove dark suspicions from the minds of certain British and American editors, his Holiness should mount forthwith the pinnacle of St. Peter's, solemnly ban with bell, book and candle every German, Turk and Austrian who has arms in his hands, excommunicate by name every Catholic who is fighting against the Allies, and then lay the Austrian Empire under an interdict. In this way the Pope would show beyond all cavil his high neutrality. But instead, to the keen distress of his beloved son, the editor of the *Presbyterian,* his Holiness is in manifest "collusion" with the Kaiser, the latest indication of this lamentable want of neutrality doubtless being the Pope's appeal to all nations of Europe to stop this dreadful carnage and make peace.

Spreading "Lascivious Fictions"

HENRY VAUGHAN, the Caroline poet, lived in an age of which the popular taste in books and plays resembled that which characterizes our times, for the drama of the Restoration was notoriously corrupt and a great deal of erotic literature was written. So keenly did the pious author of the "Silex Scintillans" realize the lasting evil a bad book does, and how heavy is the responsibility before God of those who produce and spread unclean reading matter, that he observed in the preface to his beautiful poems:

> If every idle word shall be accounted for, and if no corrupt communication shall proceed out of our mouths, how desperate (I beseech you) is their condition, who all their lifetime, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them, for (said he) if I be corrupted by them, their Composer is immediately a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him: I will write none lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe unto my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness, than I do in life. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that he that is dead, is freed from sin; because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books, makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul, as ever he did in his life; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

But the doctrine thus quaintly laid down by "the Silurist" is far too lofty, no doubt, for the average author and publishers of our times to follow. The production of books has largely become a commercial enterprise, pure and simple. The publisher's aim is to put into the hands of readers, as rapidly as possible, at the least possible expense to himself, and in as large quantities as possible, the "books they want." Just as the purveyor of the salacious play or the suggestive film lamely tries to justify himself by saying, "After all we only give the people what they want," there are publishing houses that seem to offer the same excuse for deluging the world with novels that smell to heaven. Not only the authors and publishers, however, of unclean or poisonous literature, "must give an account for it" "at the day of reckoning," but those also who are such foes of their own souls as to read "lascivious fictions" themselves and then by recommending them to friends and acquaintances "minister sin and death" to others, will likewise be held responsible for the evil that is done.

May Irwin, Catholics, and the Constitution

IN a letter to Mr. Elihu Root, Miss May Irwin suggests an amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York. As a *comédienne,* Miss Irwin is well known, but the public has not accustomed itself to think of her as a student of constitutional law. This lady would invoke the majesty of the imperial commonwealth to destroy "the two great besetting evils of the stage." The first of these two evils is the ticket-speculator; the second is the high price of tickets.

It would be easy to add to this brief list of evils. New York has become a forcing bed, not for dramatic compositions, but for theatrical exhibitions which, in the words of a Chicago newspaper critic, are "simple and undisguised appeals to lubricity." After a prosperous winter in the metropolis, these productions are sent on the road to spread the gospel of eroticism throughout a country in which sixteen million Catholics flourish. Occasionally a few of the sixteen million protest. Occasionally, as in St. Louis and Cincinnati, the vigilance of the Catholic Federation has either darkened the house to some of these exhibitions, or forced them into a rudimentary decency which destroyed their poisonous appeal.

If anything of this sort has ever been done by the Catholics of New York, their action has escaped all notice. Our priesthood has been linked with rottenness, the angelic purity of our Sisters flaunted before a rabble, the sanctity of womanhood outraged by a dancer known as a wanton in two continents, nay, (and O, the shame of it!) little children have been exposed half-naked on the

public stage. But our New York Catholics have not been inactive. Not at all. Despite the ticket-speculators and the high price of tickets, they buy, they visit, they gloat, they write letters deploring AMERICA's narrowness and bigotry. These things are Art, you know. So they are; the very flower of an art that flourishes only on corruption.

The Cult of St. Christopher

ON a Long Island road much frequented by motor cars a little church is being built which will be dedicated to St. Christopher. The late Pope, it is said, named him patron of autoists, and suitably inscribed medals have been struck in his honor. Without question, St. Christopher is an appropriate guardian of the reckless and arrogant race of motorists. For he had resolved, while yet a heathen, to serve none but the bravest and strongest, and after his conversion devoted his giant's brawn to bearing travelers in safety across a perilous stream.

So the new church, let us hope, will now become a place of pilgrimage for soul-sick or body-battered motorists. Ex-votos, in the form of rent veils, broken goggles, pierced tires, exploded carbureters, surgeons' receipted bills, and attestations of acquittal by rural justices, will soon be found, no doubt, gracing the saint's shrine, and miraculous escapes from arrest or collision will, of course, be the subject of noble paintings and bas-reliefs that will adorn the church's walls. Moreover the piety of the saint's clients will equal their munificence, for every Sunday they will assist at Mass, before the motor tour.

What an enviable opportunity, moreover, the pastor of St. Christopher's will have of driving home, whenever he preaches, those virtues in which autoists, as a class, are so lamentably deficient! Meekness, lowliness, sobriety, self-restraint, reverence for the law, kindly feelings toward pedestrians and policemen, the shunning of the spirit of boastfulness, love of home, and the perils of extravagance will naturally be the ground-matter of his sermons. Then what a wealth of apposite tropes and figures he can draw from the autoist's daily life! The fleeting nature of this perishable world, the need we have of a firm-handed and experienced guide during our journey heavenward, the advantages of traveling a smooth, straight and well-lighted road thither, and yet how often, nevertheless, we must be ready to look unafraid into the bright face of danger: these are, doubtless, some of the lessons that St. Christopher's devout congregation will be eloquently taught. "Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher shall not faint or fall on that day," was the comforting assurance that his wayside statues of old gave wayfarers. Then this new cult of St. Christopher, as the patron and protector of autoists, if their faith is strong, should lessen appreciably the number of motor car accidents that happen in our cities and on our highways.

The End of the World?

IS the world coming to an end? The smoke of Vesuvius, foreboding a new eruption, revived the question that rose promptly in people's minds at the outbreak of the present great war. Many heard the question at first only in the silence of their own minds, but as nation after nation entered the vast conflict that inner voice, shut up in its solitary chamber, became more insistent and even panicky, and man with man communicated his fear, in seeking to assuage it. Some good people, it is true, may have rejoiced to see the answer to their question developing in the signs of the world around about them, but most people, loving the world, watched the development, if they watched at all, only with dismay. They remembered that in those last days the order of nature was to be changed, and they recognized in these rumblings of war and of the earth the thunder that was to precede, not follow, the lightning flash of the general conflagration.

But despite the world war, and the quakings of nature, and the infidelity of the day, this too, too solid earth in all probability is not going to melt yet. It is now almost 1900 years since that question of the near end of the world first arose, and the consequent fear was first started in the minds of many of the first Christians with Christ's predictions still ringing fresh in their ears. "The dead who are in Christ," said St. Paul, "shall rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, shall be taken up together with them in the clouds to meet Christ, into the air, and so we shall be always with the Lord." St. Paul never meant to say that the coming of Christ at the end of the world was so near that he and his hearers were going to be alive at the time, but many of his hearers misunderstood him in that sense. Again in the fifth century when Rome, the head of the Western Empire, was struck to the ground by the barbarians, contemporaries of the event saw in it the beginning of the end. A world without Rome for mistress was beyond their imagination. The Reformers of the sixteenth century knew the Pope for Anti-Christ and the contemplated fall of the Papacy for the dawn of the millenium; it is only a hundred years ago since William Miller and his Adventist brethren saw the same visionary gleam, and Mormons and other religious sects are waiting for it now. Indeed, the latest book on the subject has fixed the time of the end definitely for this year of grace 1915.

But the wheel still turns on the cistern and the pitcher still goes to the well. There is to be some consolation along with all the desolation that is to come at the end of time, conversions as well as apostasy, and Christ coming in victory over Anti-Christ. There are myriads of Jews and Gentiles to be converted before the visible Kingdom of Christ, in any sense, shall come into this world. Above all the interpretations of the signs of the end of the world, there is, however, one thing certain: that it will come unexpectedly, like death itself. But just

now the accidents of daily life are more likely to bring us death, than "the voice of the archangel" or "the trumpet of God" to call us to Judgment. What is of supreme importance is that the end, in either case, find us among those "who are in Christ."

LITERATURE

The Neo-Celts

THE Neo-Celt is always and never; on examination we find that, unlike the poet, he is not born but only made to supply a varying demand; the antiquity and uncertainty of his origins may be gauged from the resemblance he usually bears, not only to the *Tuatha De Dannann* but to that other mysterious race known, especially in American genealogies, as the "Scotch-Irish."

For an unearthly, fleshless being is the Neo-Celt, and, as he tells us, his abode and sustenance are largely matters of mist and dream and gossamer, which may in a way explain more than one Neo-Celt of pronounced Hebrew features. Nor can we detect the dreamy Celt in many of the leaders of the movement, whose names have been put into vogue on both sides of the English-speaking world with such industrial effect, names of Johns, Jameses and Josephs spelled with "sh," and the Patricks with a "g."

The Neo-Celt defies definition except in so far as he is neither Neo nor Celt. The term is now ten or twenty years old and has "suffered a sea-change," which reminds us that "ever young and fair" and Neo were also the comrades of Mangan, Emmet, Davis, and Boyle O'Reilly of still earlier days; Neo, too, were the disciples of the coffee-and-pistols times of the Lovers and Levers, of "The Colleen Bawn" school, and of the blackthorn and shillelagh "uplifters"; Neo, too, were the light gazelles, the bulbuls and Fatimas that have given way to the Deirdres, Maeves and Cuchullins of later bards.

And what Celts are these Neo-Celts! How unlike the long swarm of the children of famine and outrage, sons and daughters of a dozen revolutions that took up the axe, the shovel and the musket, and earned their station as Americans! They called themselves Irish, knew nothing about the Celts, and surrendered their very name of Gael, as their ancestors had that of Scot, to the Sandies who were measuring linens over American counters, while other Celts, the Bretons, were fishing off our banks, and their Cymbrian brethren were watching their flocks in the great Northwest, without ever a thought of Renan and his "Poesie Celtique," or a suspicion that Lady Gregory would ever desert her Welsh propaganda to take up with Cuchullin, and Finn Mac Cool, and the Abbey Theater.

And the descendants of this old stock from Ireland, filled with traditions of a grimmer and perhaps inferior time, though for that matter there is room for doubt, may well be surprised at some of the youths and maidens who have been arriving from the Isle of Saints and exploiting themselves in New York and Boston with the latest utterances of Continental Socialism and anarchy, carping more or less publicly at the forces in Church and State that for centuries have been the bulwarks of Irish nationality; advocating faction and disunion both here and abroad, with a not quite concealed scorn for the old-fashioned immigrant whose hands dug deep from American rock the wage that sustained their native land through so many a battle against starvation and tyranny. When that master-mountebank of letters, George Bernard Shaw, took occasion to hurl his grossest insults at these pioneers and their descendants, how much protest was there ever heard from these Neo-Celts?

It was a delight, some twenty years ago in America, to hail the new spirit of art and poetry arising in Ireland. Aubrey de Vere was yielding up the bardic wand of "the old order," while from off the Continent came the promptings of the German Romanticists of "the Blue Flower," and the symbolists of France and Belgium, to teach a W. B. Yeats, an Ethna Carbery, an A. E. Russell, new mediums of expression and interpretation of the racial spirit and traditions of the Celt. English poetry at large recognized it as an opportune occasion, for literature, falling into a Byzantine aridity, showed that the end of another cycle was at hand. In the plastic arts the Celtic movement was both a voice and a vindication. In suggestion and rhythm it was the native phrasing of the visions of the Impressionists and the tonal instinct of a Brahms, Charpentier and Debussy.

To the Irish at home and abroad the movement had still deeper significance; for them it was a real renascence, a more or less definite demonstration that their claims to be an artistic people are valid and sincere. What they had failed to accomplish by force of arms and argument was now to be accomplished by the power of persuasion. The Celt, known to letters and the stage almost only as a comic figure, suddenly became the hero and heroine of ghostly, tapestried settings; the red-headed, freckled-faced blunderer, through the power of poetry and a fad, was transmogrified into the hazel-eyed dreamer of Tir-na'n-Og, while the bonnet and shawl of the Widow Machree vanished before the more athletic sorrows of a Deirdre and a Grainne. For all that, it was a splendid moment, and carp as we do at some of the pretensions of latter-day Neo-Celts, let the service of their leaders be never forgotten. But, alas! the Neo-Celt has now become a syndicate. He dreams no more apart; he proclaims himself a *vox populi,* a leader in theology and politics. What was at first an inspiration becomes a program, and again there follows the breaking of heads and egg-shells. "The Playboy" turns pedagogue; Flaubert and Maupassant burst in upon the Neo-Celt's "midsummer-night's dream," and detect the middle-aged poet Yeats putting his mist into mysticism, like a wise old alchemist who would have a patent medicine to sell.

The splendid moment seems over: and yet there is no lack of Neo-Celtic bards and sages who know all things except Gaelic; wonderful pagans, and druidic lads and lasses dropping their scapulars, beads and blessed medals for Tara brooches and undecipherable Oghams. Love of country is beautiful; it is especially beautiful when that country is unhappy and in need; but when the *sidhe* have banished the angels, and the love-god "Lord Angus" takes the place of the Lord Christ on more than one of these dreamy mouths, it would be well to look before praising.

The Masque of the *Tuatha De Dannann* is coming to a close, behind Deirdre of the Sorrows, of Diarmuid of the Love Spot, and Nuada of the Silver Hand, can it be possible that we are about to discover the composite features of the fabled "Scotch-Irish"? George Moore, feathering his buzzard wings with Zola, sweeps over the Neo-Celtic field. He has sighted the absurd exaggeration into which the movement is degenerating, the imitation, the pretence, the second-hand literary clothing from the Latin Quarter and Unter den Linden, and the swarm of half-baked Reds, Radicals, and so-called Realists that have routed the old guard of Maeterlinck and Yeats and their camp-followers.

It seems an opportune moment to ask how the great tradition of Goldsmith, Moore, Mangan and the De Veres is likely to be maintained; the Neo-Celts delivered a message, and all literatures, as well as our own, have taken new life

and refreshment of spirit from the precious leaven they transmitted from the parchments of the ancient Gael and Cymrian. Now we have need of a new Irish poetry, not imitations of the little vanished school, but a lofty and vigorous chorus that will keep alive the memories of the spiritual mission of the Gael amid the buzz and roar of the industrialism that will claim his newer generations. There will be need of new Irish drama, not the factional thing, nor the purulent thing that would make of the brogue a new vehicle to the ears weary of the scabrous whispers of Montmartre. It is announced that the tiny theaters in New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco will have Irish players; some clean, honest work in such quarters will be very welcome.

America has plenty of room for every artist and craftsman the Neo-Celt can spare her; but the demand for blackthorns and bogwood bric-à-brac has been much over-supplied. Certainly it seems strange to find the back-parlors of Boston echoing to mispronunciations of the names of "The Red Branch" and Fenian heroes, names that are never sounded at all in the homes of their descendants. It has been the disaster of more than one of the Neo-Celts to find here only "the tender mercies" of aliens; but the majority may be sure that their own kinsfolk observe and admire them enough to warrant a kindly warning and criticism.

THOMAS WALSH.

REVIEWS

The Popes and Science. The History of the Papal Relations to Science During the Middle Ages and Down to Our Time. By JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D., Notre Dame Edition. Illustrated. Fiftieth Thousand. New York: Fordham University Press. $2.50.

In the well-stored armory of facts which Dr. Walsh gave us in his first edition of "The Popes and Science," a few weapons were missing. They have now been supplied. One hundred pages of appendixes have greatly added to what was already a solid and substantial work. Convincing proofs are there furnished in the added documents, that the loud-heralded opposition of the Popes to science is absolutely unfounded. The reader will find in authentic texts from the "Corpus Juris Canonici" and Tomasetti's "Bullarium," the famous Bull of Boniface VIII with regard to burials, which was distorted into a prohibition of dissection; the Decree of John XXII, forbidding the pretended making of gold and silver, but which is falsely claimed to have hampered the progress of chemistry; the Bull of the same Pope prohibiting certain magical practices and thus protecting his flock against sharpers and charlatans. This is the famous Bull, it will be remembered, that furnished Dr. Andrew White with the opportunity of showing the Pope sunk, in spite of his infallibility, in the most abject and degrading superstition!

Two other Bulls of John XXII authorizing the institution of chairs of medicine and arts in the University of Perugia and the foundation of a university in his native city of Cahors will convince every fair-minded reader of the Pontiff's high regard for the cause of education in general and his very special interest in the noble profession of medicine. In the fifth appendix Catholics will read with pride and non-Catholics with surprise of the work done for the progress of their art by the great "Papal Physicians." Beginning with Ursus, physician to Pope Nicholas I, Dr. Walsh brings the roll of honor down to the physician of Pius X, Professor Marchiafava, an authority on malaria, and a prominent factor in the world-wide movement against alcoholism. Two final appendixes, "Science in America" and "The Danger of a Little Knowledge," will especially appeal to the present-day reader. Reenforced by the new facts dug out by the writer, this fine edition of "The Popes and Science" should effectually dispose of many slanders and misrepresentations which have thrived too successfully and too long. J. C. R.

The Parents' Guide: a Manual of Child Nature and Nurture Prepared by THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY with the Assistance of MICHAEL V. O'SHEA, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Rev. HENRY F. COPE, CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY and Many Others. Two Volumes. New York: The University Society. $6.50.

This work is a mine of valuable counsel for parents. The first volume, which is not meant for children to see, is full of advice for mothers and directions for the physical care of little ones, contains useful and practical chapters on home equipment and on cultivating the amenities of domestic life. The Rev. Henry F. Cope's paper on "The Conservation of the Home" is particularly good. The necessarily conjectural chapters on eugenics contain little that is of value and had best been omitted. The seasonable instruction of children about themselves is wisely declared the parents' duty, but Catholic educators will hardly subscribe to all that is here written about "sex hygiene."

The second volume of the "Parents' Guide" treats chiefly of the mental and moral training of children, and it may be said in general that the practical part of the matter is of more value than the theoretical, for the latter is not always based on sound psychology. Corporal punishment, old-fashioned parents will be glad to note, is admitted to be useful and necessary. Many of the chapters dealing with "Religious Life" are of course unsatisfactory to Catholics as was to be expected in a book intended for parents of all beliefs. Any attempt to teach morals without dogmas must prove particularly futile.

To this volume Cardinal Gibbons contributes a valuable paper on "The Mission of Christian Parents" and Father Tierney, the editor of AMERICA, a trenchant article on "Catholic Children's Moral Training." "The Parents' Guide" is provided with an excellent index and with a "Syllabus of a Practical Method of Child Study and Training." W. D.

The Note-Book of an Attaché. By ERIC FISHER WOOD. New York: The Century Co. $1.60.

This is the diary of a young American who was studying architecture in Paris when the war-cloud burst a year ago, and who thereupon took up duties in the American Embassy in Paris, early in August. During the fall of last year Mr. Wood made four different trips to the front, and was a witness of part of the battle of the Marne and the Aisne and the drive for Calais. During December and January he was a dispatch-bearer between the American Embassies in the different countries at war, returning to the United States toward the end of February. His account of doings in the war-zone is made up from letters and diaries, which were written at the time he was in the service of the American Government. Though in sympathy with the French cause, Mr. Wood's book is fair, and the reader gets what is rare in the general run of books dealing with the war, a presentation of facts free from exaggeration.

In the author's opinion the German soldier is superior physically to any of the fighting units; excepting the Swiss, he places the German second to no soldier in Europe. The Russian impressed him as having the lowest order of intelligence, the Hungarian a keen fighting instinct, the German dogged courage, the French as being better winners than losers; and for fighting qualities that he considers essential, Eric Wood prefers the English regulars. "They are calm and

patient under most adverse circumstances. They do not lose control of themselves in victory or defeat." After seeing Europe in arms Mr. Wood is convinced that our own American regular soldier can out-shoot, out-march and out-think the line soldier of any country he has seen. His only regret is that our standing army is so small. Again he believes that no body of officers surpasses our own West Point graduates, yet he adds we have "fewer of these than Germany has generals." The last entry in his diary is characteristic. It was written on February 14: "I last night boarded the steamship Lusitania at Liverpool, and sailed for that land of sky-scrapers, electric signs and telephones, the land which has been called opulent, aggressive and unprepared."

G. C. T.

Wales and the Wars of the Roses. By HOWELL T. EVANS, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

This is the work of a specialist, written for specialists, and for persons interested in the history of Wales. English historians, in their accounts of the disastrous and confusing Wars of the Roses, have but little to say of the part played by the Welsh, though a Welshman, mainly by the aid of the Welsh, put an end to the long-continued strife, brought peace and prosperity to the country, and fixed himself and his Tudor successors on the English throne for 118 years. Mr. Evans makes up for the shortcomings of Saxon writers, and gives full credit for their activity to the men of the Principality, whether Norman or Cymry. He draws on the songs of the native bards for the kernel of truth they contain and wisely, too, as our historian checks their accounts by reference to more sober narrative and official documents. The work is extremely interesting and, after the stage is set for the drama, pleasant to read. A question that will naturally arise in the mind of the reader of the present day, when the nationality of small countries is engaging more and more attention, is, "Why did not some leader direct the valor of his countrymen against the foreigner and the conqueror?" They had grievances in abundance, refusal of citizenship, exclusion from cities, and the contempt which the English are wont to extend to the conquered. How easy it would have been for a man like Jaspar Tudor to appeal through the bards to the national spirit, to unite first all the Lancastrian Welsh, about half the inhabitants, hold Harlech against the king, secure the aid of Louis XI, which might be his for the asking against Edward IV, and with Harlech as a base extend his sway by degrees over the country. What an additional ring of enthusiasm "Men of Harlech" would have for the Welshman of today. This is one more of the might-have-beens which Providence kept amongst the possibilities.

P. J. D.

The New International Encyclopædia. Vols. IX-XII: Foraminifera—Image Worship. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The disastrous war in Europe interferes even with the compilation of an American encyclopedia. Happily, however, the trouble it made for the editors of the "New International" has been overcome in great measure, and the publication of the different volumes goes on as outlined in the original program. These four, which include articles on countries so intimately connected with the conflict as France, Galicia, Germany, Hungary and Italy, have been brought up to date and will be found of special interest and service in following the general details of the struggle. The more comprehensive review of the sanguinary events abroad will appear in a definite article on the war which will be printed in one of the last volumes long before the appearance of which, it is to be hoped, peace will be restored. Europe and its politics and turmoils, however, are not the main concern of the editors of the "International." The present volumes show, as did their predecessors, that more than ordinary attention has been paid to the presentation of a great variety of topics having immediate interest for the American reader in quest of encyclopedic information. In this respect it seems strange that so far none of the editors of the general encyclopedias has thought it worth while to include in the table of contents separate articles on the hundred and two Catholic dioceses into which our country is divided. These volumes of the "International," for instance, might take in eight of them: Fort Wayne, Galveston, Grand Rapids, Great Falls, Green Bay, Harrisburg, Hartford and Helena, a territory extending over an area of 253,655 square miles, in six States and with a Catholic population of 1,067,884. Here we have eight distinct ecclesiastical divisions and foundations, each with statistics, and social, historical and economical facts of general information and value, that could be put in a short space. A search for this data now would be vain in the encyclopedia; neither could it be found in the general article on the Catholic Church in the United States which of course could not be made expansive enough to take in all local details. Perhaps some future editor may see the advantage of having such additions to the attractions of his encyclopedia; perhaps it is our own fault that, up to present, the necessity of such attention to the providing of this kind of information for the public has not been manifest.

T. F. M.

Field Book of Western Wild Flowers. By MARGARET ARMSTRONG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

This charming book is, the author says, "the first attempt to supply a popular field book for the whole West." As she is particular to define the term and tell us that by "the West" she understands the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, there is no need to quarrel with the title. We may suggest, though, that "Wild Flowers of the Far West" would be, to our mind, more appropriate. The author had for a collaborator J. J. Thornber, Professor of Botany in the University of Arizona; and this, no doubt, is the reason why a partisan of the Northwest might think that Washington and Oregon have not received all the attention they deserve. There are some flowers widely distributed, but found in their perfection only in some special locality. Take, for instance, the *Ribes* or Wild Currant. It grows in California, it is true, where its blossom is the magnificent thing shown in the illustration at page 212. But it also grows all along the coast as far north as Alaska, and those who have seen its deep crimson blooms hanging in large clusters amid the moist spring woodlands of Western Washington and Vancouver Island know it as a very different thing from its southern sister. When, however, one considers what the far West is, its many climates, its various conditions of soil, elevation, environment, the natural richness of much of its extent—the uncultivated part of the 150 acres on which the writer lives in California gives over fifty species of spring flowers—it becomes clear that a field-book of Western wild flowers was a formidable task. That there is room for improvement is no argument that the work has not been done well. The line drawings are good, and the colored plates, the author's own work, are very attractive.

H. W.

New Poems. By ROBERT BROWNING and ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35.

This is not a contribution transmitted through the gates of ivory or horn, but a publication occasioned by the dispersal of the Browning manuscripts in 1913, containing twenty-nine

posthumous poems by Robert Browning and six by Mrs. Browning. Seven of the former have never appeared in print before and, being mere scraps or trifles, might just as well never have appeared in print at all. Twelve are to be found in existing editions of Browning's poems. The remaining ten have appeared only in periodicals, and may be alleged as the justification of the present volume. If the entire truth must be told, even this justification hangs by a slender thread. One poem, however, "Aeschylus' Soliloquy," is so endowed with the familiar R. B. masculinity and insight that we are inclined to think it may repay the reader for the purchase of the rest.

Mrs. Browning hardly fares better. For although all six poems are new to the general public and are long enough to occupy some sixty pages, yet their perusal convinces one not so much of Mrs. Browning's poetical power as of her good judgment in keeping them in manuscript. The book concludes with forty pages of Mrs. Browning's criticisms on her husband's poems, but the remarks are too minute to be of general interest. This is a description of the volume in hand. To students of the Brownings it may furnish matter for dissertation, and to the devotee it will no doubt afford fresh material for worship; but one who is neither and merely loves poetry for poetry's sake will find, I fear, little to console him. F. M. C.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS. Vols. I to VII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.00 each.

This vast work, begun two years ago, has now been brought to the completion of its seventh nine-hundred page eight-by-eleven-inch volume, which starts with Dr. Pinche's account of the hymns that were sung in ancient Babylon and ends with Mr. Pope's idea of Christian liberty. The articles contributed by Catholics to this latest volume are Father Thurston's Jesuits, Dr. Boudinhon's Index and Indulgences, Dr. Fortescue's Iconoclasm and Christian Law, Dr. Casartelli's Iranian King and Law and Father Joyce's article on Invincible Ignorance. Just what qualifications Dr. Curtis, who is a Protestant admirer of the Actonians, had for writing about the Infallibility of the Pope is not clear, and Dr. Douglas Mackenzie, in the course of the forty-five pages he writes on Our Lord, has a fine opportunity to expound the views of all the modern rationalists concerning Him, and from the bibliography the reader will gather that scarcely a Catholic theologian ever wrote about Christ. As "The Encyclopædia of Ethics and Religion," for all its learning, is to a large extent the melancholy record of the world's aberrations from Divine truth and right reason, and a huge storehouse of mankind's religious and philosophical heresies, it is a book that constantly requires as an antidote and corrective a work like "The Catholic Encyclopedia." Most of the contributors whose services Dr. Hastings has enlisted are of a rationalistic habit of mind, and many of them freely accept the materialistic, anti-Christian "conclusions of modern scholarship." "The Encyclopædia of Ethics and Religion," therefore, is not a work that Catholics can safely read. W. D.

Early English Hero Tales. Told by JEANETTE MARKS. New York: Harper & Bros. $0.50.

Æsop's Fables. Edited by J. H. STICKNEY. Boston: Ginn & Co. $0.40.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Told for Young People by MARTHA A. L. LANE. Boston: Ginn & Co. $0.50.

"Bobby," asked the week-end visitor, taking the five-year-old son of a scientist on his knee, "are there any fairies in these woods?"

"No," replied the sophisticated youth, "but there is a marvelous variety and profusion of edible fungi." This is a joke from the venerable *Youth's Companion;* at least it is submitted in all good faith as a joke, a witticism, a provoker of risibility; but it is as sad as anything in Harvey's "Meditations among the Tombs." The child that has not been brought up on Mother Goose, Æsop, Santa Claus, fairy tales and Bible stories has been cheated out of a large share of his birthright. Perhaps the twentieth-century parent hasn't time to introduce his children into this golden land; perhaps he doesn't know of it himself; perhaps the scientific spirit of the age considers this highly imaginative stuff, including the Bible, hurtful to the child-mind. Let Bobby revel in his edible fungi; but the child who knows all about the "Fox and the Grapes," the "Wolf and the Lamb," and who has dreamed through his sunny afternoons with the Genie, Scheherazade, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, is going to start out in life with a much deeper knowledge of things as they are and should be than the fungi-ridden child of the scientist. For there are a number of things, as Hamlet can tell us, of which our cold philosophy will not take cognizance.

Perhaps the first is the best edited of these volumes. A few errors have crept in. It is hardly correct to say that "The English came to Britain in 449," or that "Christianity came to England in 597." Many will think that the Æsop cannot be seen for the Stickney, in the second volume. As Mr. Stickney says, there is no *textus receptus;* still, the version which sacrifices brevity and directness imperils the chief charm which even children find in Æsop. All these volumes have their appeal for older readers. If your heart does not leap at

> Then the Red Knight of the Red Lands armed him hastily, and two barons (the epicure! he must have *two* barons to do him honor) two barons set his spurs upon his heels, and all was blood red, his armor, spear and shield. "Fair sir," said the damosel Linet, "look you be glad and light for yonder is . . ."

why then you have already traveled beyond the blood-red west into the dusk of life, even though your years be but thirty. You can look forward to nothing more thrilling than a lean and slippered existence in which a perusal of the latest tariff schedule will be your chiefest excursion into the realms of fancy. P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

There are many indications that the Catholic lecturer means to be unusually active in the land this fall. Besides the courses Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, as we have noted, are to give, Dr. Condé B. Pallen, no stranger to the lecture platform, has out an attractive list of talks bearing on literary, social and historical subjects, and Dr. James J. Walsh, for divers weighty reasons, is likely to be more eloquent than ever this season. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who was to come over, the war will keep busy in England.

The *Catholic Mind* for August 22 contains the admirable Pastoral Letter on the Papacy that Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, addressed to his clergy and people after the election of Pope Benedict XV last September. "It is well in this epoch of commotion and cruel strife," says his Eminence, "to let one's thoughts rest for a moment upon the heights, and, from above the nations that destroy one another and the schemes that are put in motion or come to grief, to look down upon the peaceful procedure of our Mother Church, calling to the center of Catholicism the Cardinals of the two hemispheres, and committing to them the care

of providing in silence for her perpetuity." Father Blakely's appeal for the establishment, far and wide, of "Parish Social Centers," as the best means of keeping our young people out of the courts, is the next paper in the number, and then follows Father Dwight's sober reflections on the "Archimandrite's Novice."

An English correspondent writes that the Rev. Bernard Moultrie, whose conversion we noted in our issue of July 24, and called "a former superior of the Cowley Fathers," was never at Cowley at all, and another letter from England comments thus upon an assertion made by a correspondent in our issue of July 10, who wrote about "Shakespeare's Religion":

> Isn't it rather damaging both to our memory and our reverence that the fate of being quoted as any merely human compliment should have befallen that lovely stanza of Ven. R. Southwell, which, in his "Saint Peter's Complaint," he gives to the penitent Apostle, addressing the eyes of Christ Our Lord? Besides, J. M. Lelen should have known, or found out, that by 1594 Shakespeare had no "learning fit for saints" in his head except such as may be gathered from "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece!"

AMERICA, certainly, and its correspondent too, no doubt are glad to be corrected.

> Though they may gang a kennin wrang
> To step aside is human.

In an interview Mr. "Tom" Daly recently gave Mr. Joyce Kilmer, of the New York *Times*, the discoverer of Guiseppi and Carlotta maintains that the coarse, violent fun of men like Mark Twain and Josh Billings is not characteristically American humor at all. Rather, Washington Irving, Artemus Ward, Mr. Dooley, E. S. Martin and James Jeffery Roche, in Mr. Daly's opinion, are nearer being our typical humorists. There is "one absolute fact—American humor is not Anglo-Saxon." Poe and Whitman he considers overrated, and believes that they owe their vogue largely to the fact that lecturers from England have told us so persistently that those two authors are the only ones really worth reading we have. Mr. Daly passes severe strictures on many of the American authors of today, who have genuine talent but "are deliberately prostituting their art. They are using up all their energies in describing to the public what the public believe to be the 'smart set.' The chief aim of many of them is to appeal to humanity's lower sensual instincts." The first, and still the greatest, American short-story writer, says Mr. Daly, is Washington Irving.

The July number of the *Dublin Review* is a very readable one. It opens with some reminiscences of the late Father Maturin by the editor, who quotes freely from notes taken at the distinguished convert's retreats and sermons. Dr. Barry has a timely paper on "The City of Constantine," Bernard Holland examines Disraeli's attitude toward the Church, and Barbara de Courson contributes a most interesting sketch of "The Marquise de la Tour du Pin," *née* Dillon, a high dame of Marie Antoinette's court, and a descendant of a "wild goose." Escaping the guillotine, she fled with her husband to this country, settled near Albany and became a successful farmer. James Britten has a good paper on "Anglicanism Past and Present." He finds that the High Church section of the Establishment has become, "if not the dominant, at least a potent factor in its existence," and that the "Low Church party has steadily diminished in influence," but that the new Modernist school is strong. In "The Effect of Waterloo" Hilaire Belloc shows that the military prestige of England, now rapidly vanishing, was largely due to that single victory. The Bishop of Northampton contributes an admirable paper on "The Neutrality of the Holy See," which is earnestly commended to the perusal of Pope-baiters. "Would it not have been natural on the part of the Roman court," asks the author, "to display some partiality towards those Powers which have exerted themselves to be civil, and some coldness toward those which have chosen to assume an unsympathetic or hostile attitude? Yet the salient feature of the situation is this: *that nothing of the kind has happened.* The neutrality of the Holy See has been proof against every strain." Seasonable papers on the war and well-written book reviews make up the rest of the number.

Though the readers that we used in our school-days may have many pleasant memories for us, it must be confessed frankly that the modern school reader is a vast improvement in mechanical technique, attractiveness of illustration and selection. "The Ideal Catholic Readers" (Macmillan, $0.30), by a Sister of St. Joseph is a good example of the up-to-date editing of school readers. These books are for the lower grades, and because of their pleasing illustrations, clear type and interesting selections, which sugar over their severer exercises in phonic drill and word-building, one would imagine that the books would make the reading class almost as pleasant for the little ones as a holiday. ——Scott, Foresman & Co., of Chicago, have also published a series of "Primary and Grammar School Readers," varying in price from thirty to sixty cents, according to the grade. Much care and good judgment have been exercised in the preparation of these readers. The primary books are attractive in matter, printing and illustration, and have helpful questions on the selections read, which will prove suggestive to teacher and pupil alike. The grammar grade readers are particularly well-edited. Not only are the selections carefully chosen and graded, but the classification of the subjects read, the suggestions for study, the words and phrases for discussion, and the hints in the preface of each reader for conducting reading classes are all features that deserve special commendation. With each reader is published a manual containing discussions on the selections read which a thoughtful teacher should find illuminating.

"To commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the installation of the first mayor and board of aldermen of the city of New York on June 24, 1665, and the adoption of the official city flag on June 24, 1915," John B. Pine, L.H.D., has edited an interesting volume called the "Seal and Flag of the City of New York." (Putnam, $1.00) Victor Hugo Paltsits describes the city's transition from Dutch to English government, E. Hagaman Hall tells the history of the seal and flag and Mr. Pine explains their symbolism. The book contains six illustrations including a plate in colors of the blue, white and orange banner that is now New York's official flag and which resembles closely the standard borne by the intrepid little band of Hollanders who settled Manhattan nearly 300 years ago.

American priests who nobly ambition making themselves polyglot shrivers in order that none of their Pentecostal flocks may die uncomforted, will be glad to know of the "Phonetic Method of Hearing Confessions of the Slavic Peoples in Cases of Emergency" (Herder, $0.20) a valuable booklet Father F. Bimanski, S.J., has prepared. In the United States there are now reckoned to be, 3,000,000 Poles, 800,000 Bohemians, 800,000 Slovacs, 150,000 Slovanians, 500,000 Ruthenians, 500,000 Lithuanians, 9,000 Bulgarians, 1,000,000 Magyars, 90,000 Russians, and thousands and thousands who use the Croatian language. With the help of this little book, the reading of which is facilitated by the marking of accents and the division of syllables, a priest ought to be able, in case of need, to secure from members of the foregoing races, an adequate confession.

EDUCATION

The Subject of Bells

IT is in order to consider the subject of bells. Confessedly the topic is not novel. Dickens knew well the sentimental value of a bell sounded at the proper moment, and the alarum bell in Macbeth has, beyond doubt, an effect finely dramatic. Father Prout has written musically of Shandon and Moscow; Moore sedulously fed his studied melancholy on the memory of bells long silent, and Poe has obligingly left us a whole catalogue of bells, quite as complete, and far more melodious than any product of the printer's art issued in the name of the modern masters in Troy or Watervliet. No medieval legend, especially if retold by a throbbing young poetaster of the twentieth century, is complete without its bell, or even an entire chime. When the chill winds from the frozen North sough about the baronial castle on the lonely cliff, what more in accordance with nature's law than that they awaken the sleeping melody, dreaming in the golden heart of some long-forgotten bell, set in a lofty, frosted turret?

THE SMALL PERI

And so, except where cruel, unpoetic city ordinances ban them, we have christening bells and funeral bells, with wedding bells and bells that ring out affrighted to the wild sky on New Year's Night. But it is to none of these that the present discourse is dedicated. At this fallow season of the year, it is timely to speak of the bell which soon will strike affright into the hearts of little Mabel and freckled Algernon. It is said, in these days of educational reform, that children should cry for school, as of old their parents did for Castoria; that if they do not, something is wrong with the school; we are even confronted with pictures of small urchins sobbing because they are not allowed to go to school on Saturdays. There is something unnatural in all this. That, like some small Peri at the gates of pearl, Johnny should stand tearful before the barred door of the little red schoolhouse, undoes all our traditions of the unwilling schoolboy, from Shakespeare down. In the presence of these monstrosities, the beholder may question whether they are weeping for what was once called school, or for what is nowadays termed school. May not these tears be shed for the leeks and the garlic wherewith our experimental curricula are garnished; the tatting and the raffia and clay modelling and swimming, with folk-dances and free meals and the other varied flesh-pots set out with much largesse in many a modern city school? Johnny, all unmindful that he is the dog of this pedagogical experimentation, may like it quite well; but the further question is, is it good for Johnny?

THE SCHOOL BELL

But the bells are ringing, and in a thousand cities Johnny and Mabel and Algernon will soon be trooping to school to resume the white child's burden. More than a million and a half will be gathered in classrooms "where Christ Himself doth rule," where God is gladly, not condescendingly, allowed an existence, and His law a sufficient sanction. But it is sad beyond words to reflect that more than a million and a half of our Catholic children will find themselves, not through any fault of theirs, in other schools, founded, for the most part, on the theory that since God, a cramping, dogmatic assumption, has no legitimate place in the development of the intellect, religious instruction is wholly out of place in any rational curriculum. In the Catholic school, Jesus Christ is all; in the non-sectarian school, His name may not be uttered with adoration. He may possibly be an interesting historical character, but He has an existence far less real than the biological specimens in the laboratory.

THE SECULAR SCHOOL

Is this estimate exaggerated? No one acquainted with the drift of modern pedagogic thought can say that it goes beyond the bounds of fact. A pedagogical review recently found room in its pages for a somewhat extended discussion of the true meaning of education. None who wrote on the subject even mentioned the possibility that religion might have some connection with the process of education. What place do McMurry, Henderson, Parker, Monroe, Dewey, Perry, to take a few names at random, assign religion in any scheme of education? True, although they probably would not admit in explicit terms the freedom of the will, they are not blind to the fact that man can choose between the mud and the stars, and they see the necessity of training the child to model his life on the general precepts of the natural law. But even in this training process religion, properly so called, is superseded by vague and misty prosings on altruism, self-respect and social values.

THEORY AND COMPROMISE

The theory of our State education is that it is wholly non-sectarian; that is, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, God, and any or all teachers of religion or moral systems, are, in its view, precisely on the same plane. Happily, however, in practice this blasphemy is not universally accepted. That it is not, is due above all else to the fortunate circumstance that many of the public school authorities are far better than the system which they administer. With questionable legality but praiseworthy intent, some public schools now open their sessions with prayer, although at times it is only prayer of a sort. Others find that a reading from the King James Bible solves the whole question of religious education, while a third class of school authorities will lay much flattering unction to their souls by attempting the impossible task of teaching a non-sectarian or non-dogmatic system of religion or morality. To put the matter briefly: in theory, the non-sectarian school utterly excludes all religious teaching; practically, it has been driven by force of circumstances into a compromise which often fully deserves to be styled "miserable." We have Browning to thank for the phrasing of "Religion's all or nothing," but the truth itself is and has always been fundamental in Catholic activities. This is one reason among others why we insist that our Catholic children be trained in godliness as well as in gymnastics and mental culture.

OUR SISTERHOODS

We Catholics have no apologies to make for the general efficiency of our schools, and we have a foundation of infinite value in the teachers who have unselfishly consecrated their lives to them. After all it is the teacher that matters, not the equipment. This is the day of the child; the professional sociologist and the educator prate that they have smoothed the way for the citizen of the future. Their work is not without value; but what society, public or private, can boast of an army of 40,000 men and women who, with neither hope nor desire of an earthly reward, but purely for love of God and His little ones, have devoted themselves to the cause of education? The praise of our Sisterhoods has never been fitly chronicled; it cannot be, for the words which would worthily set it forth are not found in the languages of men. They are women who have given up home with all that

home means; relinquished, with the noblest of purposes, all that, from an earthly viewpoint, might make life sweet and happy. You will find them wherever suffering is to be alleviated, sorrow to be lifted up, ignorance to be enlightened. They are the foundation upon which our schools are built; were it not for their heroic sacrifice our Catholic schools would be an ideal, not a reality. Their work is their life, not their avocation; they bring to it all the joy of giving to God. Slowly and surely they build each step, knowing that thus they rise to heaven with the countless children whose eyes they have opened to the light of knowledge. The very example of their heroic lives makes them ideal teachers. No child has learned anything who has not learned that nothing great in the sight of God or man can be accomplished save through sacrifice. Only those whose lives have been made sweet and tender and brave by days of ever-present silent self-forgetting can teach this lesson.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The National Convention of Catholic Federation

BROADWAY and eventide and a gentleman from St. Louis form a reasonably good plot. It is the stock in trade of the magazine story, the foundation upon which many a "best-seller" has been based. Sometimes the gentleman is from Canajoharie or Oshkosh, sometimes he is not a gentleman, and sometimes, particularly if the tale be a sociological tract coated with the thin sugar of fiction, the scene shifts to Seventh Avenue, obligingly adjacent. But these be accidental variants, by which the essential triangle of a bewitching time, a bewildering place, and a bewildered human element is in no wise affected.

THE COMPLAINT

But the gentleman in question was by no means bewildered. He was angry. Born and bred in what your true Manhattanite deems "the Far West," *i.e.*, Missouri, his was a primitive, simple soul, unacquainted with the modern liberties and vulgarities which put life into an existence otherwise metropolitan, but drab. He did not like some of the displays which glared at him from certain shop windows. He thought them offensive to elemental decency. He turned to the official guardian of such law as obtains on Broadway, but that high personage, after an exchange of compliments with a huckster who was violating the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth by offering some exceedingly aged oranges for sale, was aweary, and could neither suggest action nor proffer counsel. With such untoward phenomena as the sale of ancient oranges, he might interfere; he might even chide a dynamiter with sharp words, or glance with an official frown at a gangster. He crept along the ground; he dealt only with the tangible. Weighty questions of art and literature were beyond his ken.

THE RESULT

Foiled in this first appeal, the wight from Missouri dared to lay his case before the higher powers. A few things then happened. Three offending dealers were haled to court. Personal liberty was dealt a mighty blow, when the stock in trade of two was confiscated, and the third received a fine which probably lessened for a time, his share of the wages of sin. It so happened that the complainant in these cases was a member of the Catholic Federation, one who took his duties seriously. He had attended many a national convention. Year by year, he had listened to "ringing resolutions"; but he had always done more than listen. He knew that a resolution was a brief plan of campaign, not a chronicle of work successfully accomplished. No arm-chair philosopher, but a practical man, he had never shirked his part in the campaign. What he did in New York was, perhaps, of no great moment. It would, however, be of more than national importance, if it were duplicated every day in every city of the United States. The greatest value of the Federation lies in the fact that it unites into one body the many Catholic societies, and urges upon every member the duty of personal work for the cause of religion and morality. But it can do little more than urge, and at the recent Convention no point was brought out more clearly than the fact that the Federation, like every human organization, must ultimately depend for its efficiency upon the sustained interest and personal work of its members. Otherwise it is merely an organization, not a power.

WORK OF THE CONVENTION

The Convention brought to a close last week in Toledo was particularly fruitful in practical suggestions. Inaugurated with the blessing of the Holy Father, encouraged by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and many of the Hierarchy, the Convention set itself to a serious consideration of the grave evils menacing our social and religious institutions. Many and valuable were the papers read by the delegates, and it is greatly to be regretted that these cannot be reduced to permanent form and distributed throughout the country. In his opening address, Bishop Schrembs of Toledo outlined the purpose of the Federation, and the Coadjutor-Elect of Grand Rapids, Dr. Gallagher, together with Dr. F. C. Kelley of the Catholic Extension Society, and the Rev. Frederick Siedenburg, S. J., of the Loyola University School of Sociology, suggested practical remedies against the dangers prevalent in modern life.

RESOLUTIONS

The resolutions adopted by the Federation are a splendid declaration of Catholic principles. Two are especially worthy of note.

> We approve of collective bargaining, trade agreements, conciliation, and the voluntary arbitration of industrial disputes. We pledge our support to every legitimate effort of organized labor for a living wage, reasonable hours of work, protection of life and limb, workingmen's compensation, decent and healthful conditions of life and labor. . . . We pledge our support to the movements that are combatting the evils of child labor and struggling to better the conditions of working girls and women in the industries.
>
> To Catholic societies that are well established in point of numbers and finance, we recommend an added interest in the problems of the young men and boys who must be guided to physical and mental manhood. By the organization of gymnasium work and study courses, they will be enabled to give such needed assistance to the splendidly gallant though inadequate efforts of the boys' and young men's societies.

There is no doubt that the local societies will at once act in accordance with these resolutions. Progress will be slow; but it is imperative that a practical beginning be made at once. As was pointed out by Dr. Gallagher, it is particularly important that in these days of social and industrial unrest, the Catholic societies do all in their power to alleviate the hard condition of the laboring classes, drawn so largely from our own flock. Equally if not more important is the need of providing for the mental and physical wants of our young people. This subject has been discussed at length in the pages of AMERICA. We know the conditions; what is now wanted is action. If each member of the Federation will but emulate the practical work of the gentleman from Missouri in supporting the resolutions of the Federation, much will be done to save the next generation for God and the Church.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The *Providence Journal,* telling of nine executions in the Southern States, dwells with satisfaction on the legality of seven of the number. However, even in districts where lynching, which is only another name for murder, has fallen out of vogue, there is room for improving the public attitude toward executions:

> In Mississippi, for example, a hanging was made the occasion of a public holiday by the authorities and the business men. A scaffold, erected in a natural ampitheater was surrounded by great crowds. After the sheriff had done his work, the spectators enjoyed a picnic.

There has been great wonder expressed by the press of the country on the breaking down of most of the "refinements" of civilization in the nations at war. Even in some communities enjoying peace, civilization's niceties go down with a crash. Perhaps the old-fashioned idea that religion is the backbone of true civilization, is correct after all.

The fifth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association of America was held at Toledo, on August 20-21. The convention pledged itself to cooperate with the Holy See in the cause of world-peace, and as conditions in Mexico are far from satisfactory, a resolution was passed promising to support any movement that would bring about a settlement of the disturbed order in the Southern Republic, on the basis of true liberty to Mexicans. It was suggested that one Sunday each year should be set aside for instructing the people on the importance of Catholic papers in defending faith and morals. A note of warning was sounded against the radical movements of the day, and the convention resolved to combat the false principles of these movements, without questioning the sincerity of those in error. Nearly all the officers of the Association were reelected, the only changes occurring in the News and Advertising Bureaus, where one new member was appointed to succeed former officers of these departments. The following papers were read at the Convention: "The Educational Influence of the Catholic Press," Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J., editor of AMERICA; Claude M. Becker's paper on "National Advertising in Catholic Publications," which was read by Rev. J. I. Whelan, associate editor of the Brooklyn *Tablet;* "Ways and Means to Increase Circulation," Rev. T. V. Shannon, editor of the Chicago *New World,* and "Sodalities," by Rev. E. F. Garesché, editor of the *Queen's Work.*

There is an open letter to American Masons in the August *New Age* that brings out an interesting point:

> It is not true that Masons do not recognize Latin Masonry; precisely the contrary is the case. The International Conference of the Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite which took place in Washington in October, 1912, is clear and irrefutable proof of the fraternity which exists between Latin Masonry and the Masonry of Europe and America. Nearly all of the Supreme Councils of Latin Masonry were represented there, and the American Masons during the Conference and before it, at the ceremonies which were celebrated in Boston, showed their feelings of hospitality in so delightful a manner that the memory of those Conferences will remain in the hearts of those who participated in them with constant pleasure and gratitude.

Not unfrequently fair-minded American Masons repudiate the radical policies of the craft abroad. This official statement may surprise and shock them.

The *Philippine Christian* gives discouraging reports on the work of "Christianizing" the Filipino, which really only began with the American occupation. The town of Cabugao is a case in point:

> The Gospel had its entrance there some eleven years ago and some principal people were the first to obey. Quite a few of their dependents followed in their steps rather, I fear, than in the steps of Christ, for while almost three hundred have been baptized, not one-third may be counted faithful. Granting that they entered with sincere heart, they failed to go onward in the divine way. Gambling, drinks, women and indifference make Gospel work hard there, not to mention Romanism which is well saturated with the just-mentioned enemies of holiness.

Protestants are hard put to it to save the Filipino, and get him to attend Bible meetings. In one place where invitations to a Bible meeting met with no response, the program was changed, and a dance was substituted. Before the music started, however, there was a fervid harangue. The result of robbing the Filipino of his Faith, is not a gain to Protestantism, but it is invariably an increase in the ranks of Atheism and Infidelity.

The report of the St. Louis branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies covering the activities of the past year cannot fail to impress every reader. Owing to Federation protest, three immoral films were banned from St. Louis, while eighteen more were corrected. In twelve theatrical performances the objectionable parts were climinated; there were 300 immoral articles and novelties destroyed, 285 immoral books, and objectionable post-cards to the number of 24,950 were done away with. The policy of the St. Louis committee is to avoid self-exploitation and sensationalism, and for that reason little is seen in the public press of the work of this band of true social "workers." They need no advertising, nor do they crave notoriety.

The Assistant Professor of Philosophy of Dartmouth was quoted by the New York *Times* anent the great war:

> I am amazed at the absence of theoretic justice to Germany's position. We are unduly stressing the means which she employs and forgetting that it is her ends to which we take exception. There is a profound truth in the maxim that "the end justifies the means." Men are fundamentally opposed to one another because their ends are different. Germany's procedure is entirely justified logically, when one has once granted her ends. Germany claims that her very existence was threatened. If that were the case, all she has done is justified: the ravishing of Belgium, the submarine warfare, everything. But we do not believe that her existence was endangered; and our disbelief is based, as we think, on evidence, not on prejudice.

Surely Professor Cox must know that there can be no truth in a false maxim. If he is a philosopher he cannot accept the maxim, which, by the way, the "calumny club" in every land delight in attributing to a well-known school of Catholic philosophers.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Dean of the College of Cardinals, died on August 19, at the age of eighty-one. He belonged to a family that had the unique distinction of claiming two princes of the Church in one generation. He was born at Genazzano, in the Campagna di Roma, November 26, 1834, and at the age of seventeen began in Rome his higher studies. In 1863 he became a Canon of St. Peter's, and in the following year went to Mexico with the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Meglia, where he remained until Maximilian fell. In 1869 he was Secretary of the Papal Legation in Brussels, and three years later he was at Vienna. In 1873 he returned to Belgium as Nuncio. On the severing of diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See during the educational controversy, he was made Nuncio at Vienna, where his tact and courtesy won him many friends. At the Consistory held on March 14, 1887, he was raised to the cardinalate, and in 1893 became Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna. In 1903 he became Dean of the Sacred College, and in this office he was the senior counsellor of two Popes.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—With the capture of Brest-Litovsk, the pivotal Russian position, on August 26, the second line of the Russian defense, was destroyed by the persistent German offensive. Grodno still holds out, the last of the old line of fortresses. Immediately succeeding the fall of Brest-Litovsk the objective of the Austro-German campaign, to divide the Russian army and entrap large sections of it, developed with additional force. German armies are pushing toward Frederickstadt and Vilna on the north; east of Brest-Litovsk they have forced the Russians into retreat through the Bialowieska Forest and the Pripet Marshes; and at two places further south, Kovel and in the region of Tarnopol, they are reported to have broken the long Russian line so that the parts are no longer able to cooperate with one another. The Austrians on the extreme south in the Zlota-Lipa region of Eastern Galicia, after three months' quiet, have suddenly resumed activity and are forcing the Russians from their last stand on Austrian territory. Each of the three divisions of the Russian army has a single line of railroad still open to them, though all three lines are in danger, especially the one on the north to Petrograd. Should the Russians be successful in escaping this manifold German attack, they will reform their armies, so it is conjectured, along a third line of defense extending from Riga in the far north, southwest to Dvinsk, and then approximately due south through Vilna, Lida, Pinsk, Rovno to Kamenetz-Podolsk, near the far northern border of Roumania.

Bulletin, Aug. 24, p. m.-Aug. 31, a. m.

The United States Government is more hopeful of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty with Germany ensuing from the loss of American lives in the sinking of the Arabic. This brighter outlook is due to assurances given to Washington by the German Ambassador von Bernstorff, speaking for Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, German Imperial Chancellor, that his Government will give complete satisfaction if the commander of a German submarine exceeded his instructions in attacking the Arabic. It is hoped further that out of the understanding with regard to the Arabic will grow an understanding with regard to the Lusitania, and a guarantee on the part of Germany for the safeguarding of American lives in the future on the sea. Whether, however, the German satisfaction will be made to depend in any sense upon the future course of our policy toward Great Britain with regard to the freedom of the seas and the blockade of Germany is a development awaited with special concern.

"Satisfaction" for the Arabic

What the settlement of the Balkan crisis will be is still uncertain. It was reported that Serbia had notified Italy that she would agree to the Bulgarian demands for Macedonian territory, but the report lacks sufficient confirmation; and Greece, like Italy, is reported to have objected to Turkey against Turkish prohibition of Greek colonists departing from Asia Minor. Neither Bulgaria nor Roumania has altered its neutral position. The hope of the Allies, and especially Russia's hope of aid in ammunitions, is centered on the Dardanelles. Victory there would counterbalance the losses in Poland, and doubtless have great influence toward winning the Balkans to the side of the Allies. The hope, however, is based mainly upon the Turks' reported lack of ammunition and arms. The English at Suvla Bay have not yet succeeded in their effort to break the Turkish line of communication with Constantinople, and as far as is definitely known the Italians have not yet arrived with reinforcements.

Events in the East

Belgium.—The population of Belgium is at present divided as follows according to Mr. Pauwels, director of the office of Belgian information. There are 7,000,000 inhabitants in Belgium and 750,000 out of the country. In Holland there are 200,000 Belgian refugees, 180,000 in England and 160,000 in France; 400,000 Belgians are with the colors. Fifty Belgian orphans are under the care of the Sisters of the Annunciation of Antwerp, at the beautiful estate of Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, in England; where a convent school has been opened. The endeavor is to make the convent self-supporting by the execution of needle work for which the nuns are well-known. The problem before the different committees in charge of refugees in England is to place the great number of children in school. The famous old grammar schools of the country are open to Belgian boys, through the kindness of their directors, but in most cases Protestantism plays a prominent part in the day's régime, obligatory prayer, chapel service, etc., so the situation is a hard one for the little Belgian Catholics. It is a strange vagary of fate that most of these schools were religious foundations seized by the Government in Reformation days. Glasgow has worked out a partial solution of this problem by founding an elementary school for Belgian children. A zealous Redemptorist inaugurated the plan, the Jesuits lent the building and furnished it with the help of the Notre Dame Sisters. At present about 100 boys and girls are enrolled under the care of Belgian Sisters, and hopes are entertained that assistance will be given by the Government.

Scattered People

Great Britain.—Sir Edward Grey, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has issued a rejoinder to the speech delivered by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg before the Reichstag. The Minister deals at length with the Chancellor's accusation that Belgium, in conjunction with Great Britain, had long plotted the downfall of Germany. Referring to the conversation said to have taken place between a Belgian official and a British military attaché, and published by Germany last fall to prove that Great Britain was trafficking in the neutrality of Belgium, the Minister writes:

Sir Edward Grey's Reply

> But this record bears on the face of it that it referred only to the contingency of Belgium being attacked; that the entry of the British into Belgium would take place only *after* the violation of Belgian territory by Germany; and that it did not commit the British Government. No convention or agreement existed between the British and the Belgian Governments. Let it be remembered that the first use made by Germany of the Belgian document was to charge Belgium with bad faith to Germany. What is the true story?

Sir Edward then refers to Germany's note of July 29, 1914, asking the neutrality of Great Britain in case Belgium were invaded, and promising future Belgian independence, as a "bribe."

> On the outbreak of the war the German Chancellor described the Belgian treaty as a scrap of paper, and the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, explained that Germany must go through Belgium to attack France because she could not take the time to do otherwise. . . . In the Reichstag, too, on August 4, 1914, the German Chancellor stated, in referring to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg: "The wrong, I speak openly, the wrong we thereby commit we will make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. The violation of Belgian neutrality was therefore deliberate, although Germany had actually guaranteed that neutrality. Surely there has been nothing more despicably mean than to attempt to justify it, *ex post-facto*, by bringing against the innocent, inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany.

The Minister then appeals to his speech of August, 1914, to show that Great Britain, far from having devoted her energies to a preparation for war against Germany, felt that she was sure to suffer "and suffer terribly whether we are in it or whether we stand ouside." Germany, in the Minister's opinion might have averted the war, since England was ready to cooperate "with any medium of mediation which Germany might have suggested." Germany, according to her claim, is seeking freedom, but it is a freedom which means the subjection of all Europe. England and the Allies must therefore fight "for the right to live not under German supremacy, but in real freedom and safety."

Holland.—The London correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* gives an account of his interview with Mr. Churchill on England's attitude toward the Netherlands, which the press of Germany censures severely, claiming that Germany has avoided the slightest violation of Dutch neutrality. The *Norddeutsche Allegemeine Zeitung* declares:

War-Talk, Papal Ambassador

> Germany has most scrupulously respected Dutch neutrality, thereby giving tit for tat, because Holland . . . did not listen to the English tempter. Holland really remained neutral. An absolutely neutral Holland is a valuable flank protection for Germany. On the other hand, the "unnatural" state at the mouth of the Scheldt is more than a beauty defect on the British picture of the future of Europe, and the fortifications of Flushing are even a detestable blemish.

Strengthening of the Dutch fleet is urged by the Dutch press, and the submarine is lauded as an effective defensive craft, in the light of German achievements during the war. Pleas are made for aerial scouts to look after the approaches to the Dutch coast. According to the *Courant* the colonies in the tropics must be defended by submarines, mine layers, torpedo cruisers and destroyers, as aeroplanes cannot be relied upon in the tropics. Holland is awake to her interests in other directions too, for Mr. Louis Regout, Secretary of Rivers and Harbors in the late cabinet, has been appointed permanent Ambassador to the Holy See. On the suppression of the embassy in 1871, his father volunteered to defray all expenses in case the Government would agree

to continue its representation at the Vatican. The generous offer was rejected by the then liberal administration.

India.—It is known that the Indian Government has been stricter in dealing with the alien question since the war began than the Home Government has been. Now the cry has been raised in different Indian papers calling for universal internment. An English missionary stated in the *Madras Mail* that the expulsion of all German missionaries will be welcomed by the greater number of the other missionaries in India. Needless to add he is voicing the sentiments of the Protestants, and not considering the views of the Catholic missionaries who form a large proportion of the whole. Father Ernest R. Hull, S.J., the English editor of the Bombay *Examiner,* undertakes the defense of the German Jesuits in India, forty-four of whom have been interned, saying: "The whole treatment springs entirely from my intimate knowledge of the German Fathers both personally and in their work, extending over more than twelve years, during which I have had exceptional opportunities of forming a judgment."

Internment of Missionaries

In dealing with the internment question, the writer reviews the work of the German Jesuits in India, as a reason why in the interests of the Commonwealth it may seem desirable to leave these priests at liberty to continue their labors, and then glances at the character, reputation and antecedents of the Fathers, as a reason why they can be safely left unmolested, keeping in view the Indian Government's own political interests. To sum up the work of the German Jesuits, it must be noted that by 1850 the educational movement was in full swing for Europeans and Indians, yet the fact remains that Catholics were not at all in the running. One of the evils that Bishop Hartmann (1850-1858) had to face was a complete want of educational institutions for Catholics. According to this prelate Catholics were ashamed to appear as such, "so deeply sunk were not only the public Divine service, but spiritual life among the clergy and religious feeling among the laity." The remedy to be applied was education, and the German Fathers were called into the field. They opened St. Mary's and St. Francis Xavier's. There are today more than 1,000 students at St. Francis Xavier's, and more than 500 in St. Mary's. However, the German Fathers did not confine themselves to Bombay. Taking a general survey of the educational field we find as a result of the zeal of the German Jesuits that India has 210 schools with an enrollment of 12,000 pupils, boys and girls, the Jesuits having five schools with an attendance at present of more than 3,600 pupils, and a total enrollment since the schools were opened of 48,375.

Father Hull pointedly remarks that to intern disinterested and devoted men who are performing humanitarian work which the Government must confess itself unable to achieve, looks very much like kicking a faithful dog in the very act of licking its owner's hand! Does not the fact that these educated men who came to India to devote themselves to the wretched offscourings of creation, make one ashamed to attribute to them any motive which would make them a menace to the political interests of Britain? Those who are doing their best to bring about a general internment of all German subjects, are simply striking a death blow at the general educational and philanthropic work of the Colony.

Ireland.—Speaking at Thurles last month on the increase of the war budget, Mr. John Dillon declared that "Even without malice those taxes might bear heavily upon Ireland, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer has told me personally more than once, that when drafting his budget he forgets about Ireland and thinks only of Great Britain." A Dublin paper remarks on this statement, that Ireland is only particularly remembered when it suits the Predominant Partner's purpose. Ireland has already made immense sacrifices in the interest of the Allies; there can be no question of disloyalty if she seeks to adapt the financial burdens to her own conditions, for the problem of taxation increased a hundredfold overshadows the future of national enterprise. She has borne the 1914 budget, severe as it was, without a murmur. A claim to exemption from increased taxation should be made at once, according to *New Ireland.* The autumn national campaign is being carried on week by week, and in the opinion of the *Weekly Freeman* the country is at one with the Irish leaders and the Irish Party, and is certain to cooperate with them in freeing Ireland from Castle rule that has been her ruin for so long a time. The Archbishop of Cashel, speaking to the Convention of Tipperary said: "There are anxious times before us, but we are confident that our National Parliament will be opened in College Green if we adhere to the men and the means that have brought us within sight of victory. The men are the Irish Parliamentary Party and the means are our own party organizations." These words, in the opinion of the *Freeman,* state the whole case completely, clearly and tersely. They point out the one way for Ireland's getting what she wants. According to this paper if the Orange faction were asked what would please them most of all today, their answer would be: withdrawal of support from John Redmond. Mr. Joseph Devlin, in his speech at the National Convention for Derry, said that Derry, like every other county in the land, was as strong today in supporting the Irish Party as it had been in any stage of the fight for Irish freedom. The critics of the Party were surprised and indignant when they received criticism in return. Mr. Devlin said that the essence of Home Rule settlement was mutual confidence and good-will between Great Britain and Ireland. Criticism should be kept for enemies, charity for friends. The self-governed units of the Empire were with the people of Erin. The people must

Irish Aspirations

exercise common wisdom, and live for their country to see her free among the nations of the world.

Italy.—The general tone of the Italian press is most hearty in its approval of the latest Vatican statement. Editors, not accustomed to praise Papal utterances, are lavish in their encomiums of Benedict XV's Allocution to the belligerent nations and their rulers. The *Corriere della Sera,* the *Giornale d'Italia,* the *Nazione* of Rome offer their editorial tribute. *Secolo* 19 refers to it as a most noble and elevated document worthy of the "august Head of Catholicism." The Masonic papers, as is not surprising, assume a carping tone. The English *Pall Mall Gazette,* and *Evening News* assume the same attitude as the *Messagero* of Rome, which is bitterly anti-Papal. The *Messagero* is a Masonic organ, and perhaps its editor can explain the bond of sympathy with two English contemporaries. Though many of the French papers are bitter in their attitude, yet it is interesting to note that the powerful *Figaro* has admitted into its pages a sympathetic article on the Pope from the pen of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who writes with a real appreciation of the Pontiff's difficulties.

The Press and the Pope

Meantime during all this strife of sword and pen, his Holiness is pursuing the even tenor of his way, doing his best to mitigate the horrors of war.

Mexico.—Confusion increases day by day in Mexico and unhappily there is little hope of relief for the distracted nation. As yet the Pan-American Conference has achieved practically nothing. Carranza is deferring his answer to the joint note as long as possible, in the apparent hope of crushing his enemies, so that he may forthwith appeal to the world for recognition with some show of authority. Early in the week he addressed an inquiry to our State Department, asking whether the Latin American conferees acted by authority of their respective Governments or not. Naturally this will delay negotiations and give the First Chief a chance to push the campaign against his enemies and to move into Mexico City. He has no intention of trying to compose his differences with Villa and Zapata: punishment is meted out to those who make such a suggestion. *El Monitor* was recently seized for advising a union between Carranza, Villa and Zapata, in order to save Mexico from the "eternal North American phantasm." This action shows Carranza's temper; his adherents appear to be in the same mood. After President Wilson's note reached Mexico, a "Revolutionary Convention" was held, June 5. The session, which was opened by C. Quevedo, began at 6.10 p. m. and ended at 7.30 p. m. Soto y Gama, the chief speaker, said that the note was the work of the Cientificos and the reactionaries who had sold property to magnates in the United States, men influential in trusts and hence in politics. He asserted that Porfiristas, Huertistas, Clericals, everybody save Carranzistas, had sold property to Yankees, who in turn had wrung the note from President Wilson. He paid his respects to our last confidental agent in Mexico, accusing him among other crimes, of weaving calumnies into his reports, stating that the foreigners in Mexico, especially Americans who poured these calumnies into the agent's ears, should have Article 33 of the Constitution applied to them. Gonzales Garza and the Brazilian Minister were also accused of complicity in the note, and Mexicans were urged not "to get scared at this ridiculous and childish communication which . . . is nothing but words, words and words." The orator continued:

Increased Confusion;

> I do not pretend to be a fortune teller or prophet on international politics, but at the same time, when the whole world is shaking . . . the United States must be on guard because sooner or later they will be dragged into a war with Japan. For this reason the United States, even should it so desire, will never intervene in Mexico. Therefore that note . . . is ridiculous and meaningless. . . . I do hope the Yankees will intervene in Mexico. It will spell their ruin; it will be the undoing of that conglomeration of adventurers called the United States; they will lose the Philippines, the Panama Canal, Hawaii, Porto Rico and possibly San Francisco, California (*sic*), Los Angeles and Florida.

In proof of all this there follows a disquisition on the European war which ends this way:

> If Great Britain wins, the Panama Canal will be British; if Germany wins, the Panama Canal will become a German possession, as also Malta, Gibraltar, Antwerp, the Dardanelles, Suez, Cape Colony, India and Jonking. On studying the matter carefully we shall see that the United States cannot come to Mexico, as before their disorganized troops had landed in Orizaba, San Francisco, California, the defenses of the Panama Canal and their shining Babylon which they call New York would be swept by the deadly fire of the Japanese, English and French navies. . . .

This rhapsody which has been shorn of sundry threats and objurgations seems to reflect the opinion of the Carranzistas who are versatile in oratory and untruthfulness. According to these men conditions have improved in the capital. On August 28, their General Gonzales sent to Washington this telegram:

> I have the pleasure of informing you that the general situation is improving daily. The hunger problem is almost solved, and with reference to railway traffic, as soon as this is resumed with the north, which will be accomplished in three or four days, the aspect of this country will have changed favorably.

At the same time, however, our papers printed the following:

> The Washington headquarters of the Red Cross received a message today from the international committee at Mexico City which in effect says that reports circulated in the United States that conditions in Mexico City are improving are untrue. To the contrary, the message stated that they are growing much worse daily and that application for food had been made to Red Cross representatives by more than one-fourth of the population of the city. Deaths from starvation continue.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The War and the Anti-Catholic Propaganda

HAVE you heard the story of the Five Dominican Friars of Bari? If you follow the despatches, particularly those mulled over by the Associated Press, you have doubtless read the sorry tale of how these Five Dominican Friars of Bari, instead of preaching the Gospel and chanting the Office as their holy Founder bids them, filched much time from the service of God to employ it in wig-wagging signals from the topmost pinnacle of the convent, to the enemies of their country. What a romantic tale, what vigorous action, what picturesque costuming, admirably fitting the scene for a "movie!" Doubtless, reflects the Ordinary Reader, one of these Friars was a German in disguise. Perhaps in his youth, he ardently wooed the beautiful heiress of Katzenellenbogen-am-Rhein, and had been requested by this flaxen-haired damsel of a baronial house to betake himself and his pleadings far beyond the Alps. And so here we find him, hiding his broken heart under the white habit of a Preaching Friar; with deep-set eyes, telling but too plainly of years of life's deepest sacrifice; something of a heretic, too, no doubt, for he is high-minded and decent, and in novels, a monk endowed with these strange qualities is always a bit of a Protestant. But we may picture him as always retaining a deep and hopeless love for the land of his erst-while lady, and wearing, very likely, a lock of her golden hair over his heart. Why, didn't the monk or the priest in "The Cloister and the Hearth," do something of the kind, *i. e.*, not wig-wag, but most unmonastically bear about with him a lock of hair that was not his own?

Well, at any rate, continues the Ordinary Reader, doesn't this story show you what any country may expect that harbors priests and Jesuits, and even Dominican Friars? Soon as you turn your back, they're up to tricks. Look at Mrs. Surratt. Wasn't she a Jesuit or something? And didn't John Wilkes Booth wear a scapular? And I'll bet if you go back far enough, you would find that Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr had a lot to do with these priests, and Jeff Davis, too. Stonewall Jackson was a Jesuit, and John B. Floyd used to write to the Pope.

Yes, this incident of the Five Dominicans of Bari does show us a great deal. It seems to show, among other things, that there is a force somewhere which has a particular interest in blackening the reputation of the Continental priests and nuns, and indirectly of bringing the whole Catholic system into discredit. Priests and nuns had suffered much in France, and in Germany, too, for that matter, before the outbreak of the war. Their magnificent heroism in returning to their country to serve in the trenches and the hospitals, is a fact that cannot be denied or concealed. They are becoming popular; they are drawing many to the Church; they form a strange contrast to the group of petty French politicians, who when not engaged in persecuting women or protesting their own patriotism, are either dodging indictments for defrauding their country or trying to escape trial by flying to parts unknown. There is not an army in Europe which does not boast of its heroic priests and nuns; and while many sovereigns have had their good intentions, the Pope is the only power in the world whose efforts have made this war a little less like hell. A kindly feeling towards the Church of Rome is actually becoming common.

This will never do. Is it not our interest to "make her always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical"? Therefore spread the story of how German nuns gouged out the eyes of French soldiers, wounded on the field of battle; or make the nuns French, and the soldiers German, if this variety of the lie serves your purpose better. Tell how Belgian priests skulked about the hospitals and murdered wounded Germans, while pretending to hear their confessions; relate at length, with every slimy detail that your foul brain can conjure up from the rotten mass that you call your soul, how Catholic priests have advised and encouraged the most unfortunate among the victims of the war's barbarity, to murder the tiny babe that nestles on their bosom. Make this most piteous story pornography, thus stirring up vileness as well as hatred. Tell how under cover of religion, the Dominicans of Bari tried to betray their country; represent Catholics as immoral, traitorous wretches, unworthy the countenance of any civilized government. Lie bravely, and lie at once; few will read the refutation, for a lie is more interesting than the truth. Do all these things, and you shall assuredly receive the praise of "well done, good and faithful servant," from your master, the devil.

How well these imps of Satan are succeeding, depends upon the degree of credence you are giving these anti-Catholic war-stories. How many American newspapers have taken the trouble to retract the lie concerning the mutilation of helpless wounded soldiers by priests and nuns? Of the thousands that published the arrest of the Dominicans of Bari, did a dozen care to relate the second chapter in which the absolute innocence of the Friars was legally established? A dozen is an estimate far too large. They know that Catholics are too timid to resent these stories, and they therefore hold them in a contempt which has some justification.

But there is deeper calumny than this. Most persons who have arrived at the age of any knowledge of the subject, are perfectly well aware that the Catholic Church is the only body in the world which has taken a decided stand against any interference with the laws of nature and against infanticide, no matter by what name it is dignified. She says that the first is a crime against nature, that the second is murder and that each is a mortal sin. Except upon serious promise of amendment

there are no Sacraments for those who fall into these sins; and she says very plainly that all who persevere in these horrible practices until death, will most certainly spend their eternity in hell. She makes no exceptions; she has the same law for all alike. Last spring, some nameless member of the anti-Catholic propaganda originated the story that the Belgian priests had openly advocated infanticide. To those who know the position of the Catholic Church the tale was incredible; and Bishop De Wachter, Coadjutor of Mechlin, set all doubts at rest by a vigorous denial. But did the story die? Of course not.

The latest variety of this calumny recently appeared in the pages of a clap-trap magazine, which unfortunately for the morals of the country, has a fairly large circulation. This time the accusation was made against the French clergy; and inquiry brought out the fact that the author had taken his matter from the newspapers, which he quoted with as much assurance as if they had been Holy Writ. His chief reliance seems to have been the New York *Times,* a journal which, apparently, specializes in anti-Catholic war-stories. Years ago, "I see'd it in print," was an argument for which no philosopher, seated on a cracker-barrel in the country store, had a reply. If it was printed, it was true; and it is interesting to note how the cracker-barrel philosopher, writing for this metropolitan magazine, reverts to the argument of his legitimate ancestors. He is a guileless soul, this writer; he forgets that the world has moved. "I saw it in the New York *Times,*" he writes, "and in some foreign newspapers in the Public Library." And with this, in his estimation, the evidence is in, the case is closed, and judgment has been rendered.

To disprove these stories is usually not difficult; but it is always difficult and frequently impossible to remove the impression which the first telling has left. "Men forget the process by which they receive it," writes Newman, "but there it is, clear and indelible. Their mind is already made up, they have no stomach for entering into a long controversy about it." Perhaps a stop might ultimately be put to the publication of these calumnies by a vigorous protest from the Catholics of the communities in which they are circulated. Publishing a newspaper is, after all, a matter of business. Your "yellow" editor dearly loves a sensational story; but the owners of the paper, and of the editor, love money still more dearly. Convince the editor that the publication of calumny is bad for business, and amendment will follow hard upon the heels of conviction.

JOHN WILTBYE.

A New Basis for International Law

AT last the State is receiving some of that trenchant criticism which, in modern times, has been so consistently and lavishly reserved for the Church. David Jayne Hill, whose past efficient tenure of high national offices amply authorizes him to speak on civil matters, exposes the fallacies of the traditional conceptions of the State in a manner truly cogent, clear, and stimulating of thought. His article, which recently appeared in the *North American Review,* has attracted notable attention; it is to be hoped that his message, incomplete as it may be, will be more than merely heard.

We now see to our sadness that the State by itself is deficient and that, if society is to be saved from earthquakes, it absolutely requires a complement. Mr. Hill says nothing about the Church as that necessary complement; but he brings his readers to a pitch of conviction which renders the passage from State to Church easy. Very likely this is unintentional on his part. Certainly, however, many of those who follow his thread of thought will not be content to stop where he did. A little farther on from the point of his cessation dangles a truth which is as old as Eden: religion. He abruptly ends his paper with the monition that the State should be regarded not as an end, but a means to the true end: "the safety, the free development, and the elevation of mankind"; beginning with this ending, the logical mind infers that such a great purpose as the aforesaid cannot be attained solely by civil laws which indeed rule man's external acts but ignore his internal dispositions.

The soul, ultimate seat of action, must be primarily considered, if the good of the individual and consequently of society, is to be obtained. Statutes may seize hold of a man's arm, or gag his mouth, but they cannot squeeze virtue into his heart. Yet without regulated morality, observation of law is necessarily irregular. The violation may be clandestine; it is none the less real and perilous to society. The best the State can do is to preserve appearances. So the State at its best leaves the condition of society bad. It cannot do otherwise: man's soul needs direction even more than his body, and the State, at least directly, cannot help the soul. Indeed, we should gather from Mr. Hill's severe arraignment that it hampers it. For if, as he opines, states have their genesis in injustice, the blotting out of the rights of the few by the might of the many, they are very apt to proceed in injustice. If they do, they deaden the better part of man's nature. Obviously a power other than the State is desiderated: the Church. This conclusion is forced on even the most prejudiced thinker, if the premises, namely, Mr. Hill's article, pass muster. And, for the most part, they do.

True, it is not exactly accurate for him to offer as the *raison d'être* of the State, the victory of one group of men over another and the subsequent "economic exploitation" of the conquered by the conquerers. He should distinguish. He gives us the approximate reason for the being of some states; he does not furnish us the causal idea underlying all. There is a "social urge" running through men, which can be satisfactorily explained only by the fact that men are of a common parentage, destined for a common end, and consequently

inclined to work out that end in common. The plain material advantages of union must, of course, have originally enticed the making of union; but it must have been man's social nature which primarily prompted him to appreciate and pursue those advantages. It is because all this was that the *State* is. It is because of climatic and geographical conditions, lust for power and prestige, that *States* are.

All rightful authority is from God. But Mr. Hill assigns to state sovereignty an artificial nature; declares that it began with an overpowering of the weaker by the stronger: strength evolved from the character of a power to that of an accepted principle, and thus furnished the State with a philosophical foundation. But, in its ultimate resolution he holds, state sovereignty is merely a version of the proverb: might is right. Wherefore, it stands forth, in moments of national emergency, as "a charter of exemption from the Moral Law."

No; it is a view not of normal state sovereignty but of modern perverted state sovereignty that Mr. Hill presents. That debased supremity which constitutes the State as all in all is only as old as the fifteenth century. Before then, the State had a province of its own, a material sphere, in which all its exercised control was generally righteous, because it was seldom excessive. For law, even civil, is an aim at peace and justice; both are God; and the power to seek God comes from God. But under the back of the spirit of the Renaissance and its resultant spirits, the State has been steadily spreading out of her own province into that of the Church; sometimes circumscribing, sometimes injuring, always striving to supplant it, albeit by occasionally pretending to protect it. Religion has been wofully weakened by these civil forces so constantly pommeling it. The result today is plain and pathetic. Socialism has begun where Cæsarism left off. The State, perfectly efficient in its own sphere, has rendered itself deficient by absorbing the Church's. By putting away its superior, the State has grown deplorably inferior. Repudiating the great teacher of morals, it has naturally become immoral.

That is why international law is today proving itself an emptiness. Moral obligations between States, in times of stress, signify nothing to States; for each State is everything to itself. Today there is nothing above the State to direct the State; nothing to induce it to carry its sworn encumbrances, because the State, armed with ill-gotten superiority, is ruled only by itself and meets its obligations only whensoever and in so far as it pleases. Up to a year ago, the Hague sparkled with conceits of international pledges which were to make the world so much more secure, so much sunnier! But the sparks proved to be only sparks. They have all gone out. There was nothing to keep them aglow. For religion alone is the prompter and promoter of true international morality; and the Church having been flung to the rear of national life, so was religion.

Undeniably the only basis of international law is a recognition by States of the fact that a higher law than themselves exists, a law that must be obeyed at any cost. With such realization prevalent, war and other present-day horrors would cease. For, when that is rendered to God which is God's, little is left over for Mammon and nothing for Mars. In a word, the world needs a keener sense of faith, hope and charity; hence religion's generator, the Church, must be called back. She must be given her rights; the State must repair its wrongs, if the world would gain harmony anew.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

How to Improve the Catholic Press

ONLY an interest that approaches the enthusiastic can create and sustain a literature. The worth and effectiveness of the literature, or the press, if you wish, of any cause is proportionate to the enthusiasm of its supporters. One may wonder why a comparatively small number of champions of a new cause of new social or political reform can within a short time have three or four official organs, a large number of tracts and not a few books that have attracted wide-spread attention. The secret of this success is zeal for the cause, which zeal in turn leads them to give their material support, to serve for little or no pay; to write with an evident sincerity that cannot but win a hearing, and with an optimism which without doubt is alluring to the young particularly.

No one will question the enthusiasm or the zeal of the Catholic body in our country. Even a slight knowledge of the difficulties and the obstacles which it has had to face and which it still must meet; the pioneer work which it has to do, the vast charities it has created and sustains, the burden of educating its children, which it has cheerfully assumed, even a slight knowledge of these things suffices to show that our enthusiasm and our zeal have never been excelled.

Yet the Catholic press of our country is, in the minds of many, in poor estate. It has not commanded the service of that intelligence, that zeal and enthusiasm which have characterized us in other fields of action. That our Catholic press is up to standard, the representative of sixteen million Catholics, no one will for a moment maintain. The representatives of that press, Catholic editors, for example, in convention assembled who might for reasons of self-protection be most likely to make the claim, assert just the contrary. For the last four years the Catholic press conventions have lamented the shortcomings of the Catholic press and diligently considered how it might be made more efficient. Two instances show how deficient we are in the first requisites of effective Catholic journalism.

Until four years ago, we, as Catholics, had no cable service with Rome, the head and center of Christendom. Communication was by letter only. Catholic journals took the up-to-date news from the secular dailies. And today we have no organized domestic news service of

our own; no central bureau that could send out authoritative news on a matter of instant public, as well as Catholic concern, such as for example, the real situation in Mexico.

One might pass from the journalistic to the literary field and multiply defects, but to what purpose? It is much pleasanter and more profitable to dwell upon the positive good points of our Catholic press which give a quite sure promise of a growth and a development that will in time produce a press worthy of our name. The very number of our Catholic journals is in itself an encouragement. They amount to at least two hundred and are published throughout the country. Numbers are encouraging because they speak of extensive and generous support. The need of betterment is becoming more and more recognized; the number of gifted Catholic writers is increasing; the larger and deeper questions of Catholic doctine: the fundamental philosophical truths, that are in need today of special emphasis, are receiving more scholarly and more frequent attention; the increasing influence of the Catholic press among those who are not of the household of Faith—all these facts are encouraging and promising.

No one journal is supported too well. But if the moneys given in support of all our journals be added up, we are no longer justified in saying that the Catholic press is not supported. But in these very numbers, we find an obstacle to the intelligently effective power of the Catholic press. Efficiency is the watchword of the day and efficiency could certainly be promoted by consolidation. If the support given to a dozen weeklies were given to the support of one, a far more representative journal would be the result. Nor would local interests suffer by such a consolidation. The "Parish Calendar" or "Monthly" now gives the purely parochial news. The greater weekly, which would supplant the many smaller ones, could give the more important local news of parish or diocese, and furthermore put our Catholic people in touch with those questions that affect the whole Catholic body and the Church throughout the world.

Our first point is, that there is no reason to grow despondent over the lack of support for the Catholic press. The support is there; but it has not been managed wisely. Our second point is, that the Catholic press has been weakened by an unnecessary number of Catholic organs. Quantity has diluted quality.

This material extension has compelled the employment of untrained editors or has forced editors to be satisfied with what they could get. The poverty of the reading matter they served up has increased the poverty of their journals. For an editor's greatest mistake is to believe that the ordinary Catholic does not or cannot appreciate real literature. Many Catholic papers have failed and many have thin subscription lists because their editors underestimate their readers. The day has passed, if it ever was, when poor reading "stuff" is accepted and paid for because it bears the Catholic label.

The weeklies that are meeting the demands of the intelligent Catholic body are, we believe, receiving more and more wide-spread support. The failure of other weeklies need not be viewed as reason for discouragement. It is a fair interpretation to say that the people whom they endeavor to serve demand something better.

Moreover, the cultivation of the literary power of a people is the best, and only method of establishing on solid grounds a literature for that people. We must endeavor more and more to create, to nurse, to encourage, to make permanent a native Catholic American literature. We have not only the enthusiasm and the zeal, we have also the intelligence; when these three shall be made to serve to their fullest, then, and then only, shall we have a Catholic press that will command the respectful attention of the entire nation.

JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,
Editor, Catholic World.

The Contemporary Drama

MATTHEW ARNOLD ends his essay, "The French Play in London," with the declaration that "the theater is irresistible." The declaration was a prophecy which has since come true. When he wrote in the eighties, the theater, at least in English-speaking countries, was still a place of doubtful respectability to the bulk of the population. There were few theaters and fewer playwrights: that portion of the poorer class who are below morals, and the highest class, who are superior to morals, were satisfied with spectacular melodrama and translations from the French. The numerous middle-class with an instinctive moral sensitiveness, which the history of the drama past and present fully justifies, stood off.

Things have changed with a rush since then. So rapidly has the change come about that few of us stop to reflect that perhaps never in Christian days has the theater had such vogue as it has now, both in its spoken plays and in those stupid picture-pantomimes which the simplicity of the populace has welcomed so spontaneously.

> In Marseilles, Tolstoy, his biographer Mr. Aylmer Maude tells us, estimated that each week, in the *cafés chantants*, at least one-fifth of the population received oral education as the Greeks and Romans used to do. Comedies and sketches were performed, verses declaimed, and the influence for good or evil of this unconscious education far outweighed that of the compulsory education given in schools.

We do not have to go to France any longer to study such conditions. There is scarcely a hamlet in the United States that has not its "Metropolitan Theater" and one or two moving-picture houses.

I shall leave others to draw the obvious moral. The present paper is concerned with certain broad aspects of the theater as they appear in a painstaking and judicious selection of modern plays, made and edited by Professor Thomas H. Dickinson. ("Chief Contemporary Dramatists": Houghton Mifflin Company.) The collection includes twenty plays from the recent drama of England, Ireland, America, Germany, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Russia. The dramatists represented are Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Fitch, Moody, Thomas, MacKaye, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brieux, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, Björnson, Strindberg, and Tchekhov. Ibsen has been omitted, partly because he is a dying influence, partly because his genius is in a class by itself. Shaw and Barrie objected to having their plays published in the collection; the latter, regrettably, because he has a prejudice against

any publication of his plays. Shaw's absence is adequately supplied by the presence of his master and model in dramatic writing, Oscar Wilde.

The first impression created by this group of plays on the student of classic drama is one of novelty in their structure and tone. Stage-craft seems to be of equal importance with literary excellence. In some of these plays the author leaves nothing to the intelligence and inspiration of actor or stage-manager. His play reads like a novel, in which the solid pages of description and author's comment are enclosed in brackets and printed in italics and called stage-directions. Again, the illusion of reality, which must hover around every successful play, is produced by means which call for only the smallest possible exertion from the imagination of the beholder. This is what is meant, I believe, by what has been called the naturalistic tendency of the new theater. Actual drawing-rooms and actual people and actual problems are lifted out of actual life somewhere and "speeded up" to a climax of some sort on a public stage. Another change to be observed is the absence of all national characteristics. These plays are not mirrors of national manners or customs or aspirations. They are cosmopolitan in content, and conform to a general formula or art. Ibsen seems to have laid down or at least suggested the formula; and the subject-matter is drawn from world-wide discussions of social interest. The criticism aimed at Shaw, that his plays are controversial essays in dialogue, applies with sufficient exactness to all modern drama of any literary pretensions.

How seriously the new dramatic writer takes himself! He regards himself as a prophet and teacher: he sets the world right in its morals, exposes its fallacies in politics, economics and religion, reads sharp lessons to parents, priests, employers and statesmen, gibes at popular beliefs and customs, and in general acts with the trembling sense of grave responsibility which we may suppose some Archangel might feel who had been delegated by his Creator to watch over and direct all sublunary affairs. The playwright assumes this high and mighty rôle on his own initiative, encouraged thereto by the plaudits of the young and foolish, and by learned discourses in the public press upon his sublime and noble mission. Fancy Shakespeare and the gallant company in the Mermaid Tavern contemplating themselves with such lofty complacence!

Modern dramatists exaggerate the importance and functions of their art and gird themselves to solve problems for the solution of which they are utterly unfitted by nature, by training, and by grace. As a class they labor under the fault of self-made men: their remedies for everything are destructively violent. They would either kill in order to cure, or else overwhelm the patient with nursing and medicine. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is unknown to them; slow therapeutics, unbearable; calm patience, a delusion. If a government is not perfect, destroy it; if religion does not make every man and woman good and prosperous, give it up. Destroy! Destroy! Destroy! From the universal cataclysm somehow and somewhere the dawn of the millennium will break upon regenerated mankind. Eugenics, marriage, divorce, child-labor, trusts, the housing of the poor, prison-reform, political corruption, the social evil, the peace movement, empty churches, education, strikes, Socialism, prohibition, war, woman-suffrage, factory-life, the shop-girl, and all the conceivable questions, which the press flings into the midst of a news-reading public during its long Sunday hours of leisure, are seized avidly by playwrights, and hammered, while they are yet white-hot, into dramatic form. Most of the successful plays of the last two or three decades are contemporaneous records of ephemeral interests and excitements, so many bulletins of the hour.

At first sight this close relation of the drama to life would seem to be favorable to the vitality, power and originality of dramatic art. For art is a living thing, capable of strong development only when it grows out of life. Otherwise it is a cold, dead, academic form of perfection, beautiful perhaps but unbreathing, an ultimate in some species of imitative and reminiscent expression, as for instance the art of Stephen Phillips who is, justly I think, passed over in the volume before us. The plays included here have grown out of the actual life of the times; and, although originality and vigor of a sort have resulted, one is disappointed that the theory just enunciated has not worked out better in practice.

Only two explanations occur to me at the moment. One is, that the realistic, or naturalistic, manner of Ibsen has imposed itself unduly on the theater. The supreme quality of great drama, according to Aristotle, is to purge the passions by sinking the ordinary irritations of our actual life in the sympathetic contemplation of some profound emotion which lies deeper than words, and makes us feel how shallow and trumpery after all the trials of our little day actually are. Merely to stir anew the irritations of life, to gall our kibes, is a mean, base, narrowing kind of art. What we need is not a shrewd poking with a stick into our troubles, but some strengthening power to master them. When Phrynichus in his "Captive of Miletus" moved his Athenian audience to tears by his vivid portrayal of an actual calamity, they promptly fined him one thousand drachmas and suppressed his play, which has not come down to us. The Athenian artistic sense has been the most highly developed in history. What would the Athenians think of our sordid, realistic, Ibsen drama?

Art in its highest excellence is the expression of the particular in terms of the universal; of the moment in terms of all times. Our little detail of grief must be absorbed in an elemental storm of sorrow, like Lear's or Antigone's. Our private ache must be engulfed in an ocean of passion. Our small idiosyncracy of time and place and person must be equated in symbols intelligible to humanity. This fusion of the present actuality into the context of the past and the future, is the work of the imaginative intellect, or of the intellectual imagination. Our modern playwrights, it seems, do not possess in the plenitude of genius one or the other, or either, of the two faculties which can pluck the heart from experience and hold it forth in the clear ether of interstellar space, out of all nebulous mists and false chromatic lights, displaying it in the white splendor of that Ideal from which all Reality springs and towards which all Reality blindly gropes. Reality it must be known of all men is the Ideal in exile and poverty, dressed in the rags of former opulence. Our playwrights forget this or deny it. Like Job's comforters they rudely heckle Reality with reminders of its sordidness and squalor, and they are particular to deprive it of heaven-sent dreams of future restoration. And that is why realism, or naturalism, is false and unreal and narrow and inartistic; and that is why romanticism oftener is apt to be the truer and more real and more beautiful of the two.

Another explanation of modern dramatic inferiority is that dramatic writers master, industriously and successfully, the technical difficulties of the stage with reference to a type of audience not especially encouraging to high powers of art. Mr. Granville Barker, whose opinion on this subject is accepted generally, I believe, as conclusive, recently declared that the modern theatrical audience was composed chiefly of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Youth is admirable for many things but it has never been a judicious and influential patron of great art.

And what terrible humor Mr. Granville Barker's confession imparts to the solemn claims of dramatists like Shaw and Galsworthy and Brieux, who excuse their criminal frankness in the treatment of obscene or indecent topics by saying that they wish to enlighten and educate the public mind! Young persons, as a rule, do not go to theaters for serious instruction. Curiosity is a commoner motive. Is it not farcical, all this discussion of

weighty problems in the modern drama? For what? To stimulate the serious-minded, the studious, and the mature? Such do not compose the average audience, and the playwrights know it. Wherefore then all their naked clinics in human emotion and experience? So far as I can see, if Mr. Granville Barker's statement has any truth, it is to give prying adolescence the gloating satisfaction of witnessing hidden shames, under the honorable pretext of awakening the social consciousness and improving humanity. Out of such a dung-hill the fine flower of art will never spring. In Matthew Arnold's day the French play was the drama of the average sensual man. In spite of its new and dignified name, the modern problem-play is, quite as much as the French play ever was, the drama of the average sensual man. It is more immoral because of its disgusting hypocrisy.

This perversely gentle toleration of moral evil runs through nearly all our newer literature, dramatic and otherwise. Thus, fully half the plays in the present volume are apologies and special pleas for sinners. Paul Hervieu's "Know Thyself" is their motive and theme. Know thyself for a sinner and be not hypocritically harsh towards other sinners who have been, by some unhappy mischance, found out. The plausibility of this message is heightened by making the sinner, commonly a woman, a more profound and attractive person than her virtuous sister. While the aim and origin of a plea like this are essentially vicious, we suspect it rises from a muddled state of mind as much as from immoral instincts. Our Divine Lord, indeed, was gentle towards the woman caught in adultery; but if He rebuked her persecutors He also rebuked her sin. "Go and sin no more!" was a severe imperative. The modern playwright would urge the Pharisees to make common cause with the woman, introduce her into their homes, regard her, impenitent, in the light of a tragic pathos as an object of awe and reverence. In their shallow reading of human nature they do not understand that repentant folly shrinks from the privileges and estate of early innocence, and finds its greatest relief and satisfaction in suffering silently the consequences of sin. The sinner who rails at the world for its harshness is affording the world its strongest argument for maintaining a stern attitude towards guilt.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

The Plight of Poland

IRVIN COBB called Belgium "Europe's Rag Doll." He was traveling through the war-zone and came upon a badly battered doll that lay in the rut of a road, and it seemed to him typical of the land that had felt the rough red hand of war during the summer and early fall of 1914. He was right. Belgium had bled fearfully and no one can think of the brave little land without realizing that she stands high in the annals of history as a nation in which patriotism is more than a name. But Poland has bled too, and is still bleeding. The wave of war has swept over the country and back again, and blood has marked its ebb and flow. Is there a sadder chapter in this sad year of carnage than Poland's? Out of eleven provinces only one has escaped invasion. The territory that has echoed to the tramp of marching armies, that did much more than march, is more than 40,000 square miles in extent, and the story of the march is written in the destruction of 200 cities, and 9,000 villages, partially or completely blotted from the map. Black smokestacks rise out of smoking ruins which were once the dwellings of a peaceful people.

A people peaceful, and free from the blame of setting this hideous war-tinder ablaze, the Poles are suffering beyond all telling. They have suffered much in their history too, for the heel of the conqueror has been heavy upon them. Yet the wonder of it all, they have never lost their nationality. You may talk of Austrian Poland, Russian Poland, Prussian Poland; the adjectives are nothing; it is the noun that counts, and Poland has ever remained Poland. The Treaty of Vienna tore the body of Poland into three parts. Austria, Russia and Prussia each taking a share, while Cracow became a republic. All the great powers, England, France, and the nations receiving the spoils guaranteed that the Polish language and religion should be held sacred. A political crime was to be made lighter by drawing up a treaty, and a hundred years tell us that the treaty was shamefully disregarded by all the nations concerned.

Russian Poland's history up to 1830 can be summed up in a single word, misgovernment. Secret police overrunning the country, schools suppressed, the right of free speech in and out of Parliament crushed; in brief, every promise guaranteed by the Constitution was broken. The year of revolutions was 1830, and there was scarcely a year from then till 1863 that did not see a Polish rising, and that year was the red year in Russian Poland. After 150,000 Poles went to Siberia, while at least 30,000 had gone down in battle, the process of Russianizing began. No Pole could purchase land in Lithuania or Ukraina, they were persecuted for their Faith, and it was a crime to speak Polish in public. When the twentieth century began there were not as many schools in Russian Poland as there were in the same territory at the close of the sixteenth century. But Polish nationality refused to die. Though bleeding fearfully, it is living still.

The Prussian policy toward Poland was anything but kindly and beneficent. Not quite as ruthless as the Russian, nevertheless extermination was the goal sought for by those who thought to make the Pole into a Teuton. By degrees Poles were excluded from government offices; the languages of the conquered was forbidden in the schools, and hardship and annoyance came upon the people under the cloak of legality. But the cloak was dropped when, under the Laws of Exception 30,000 Poles, guilty of no crime, were driven out of Posnania in the spring of 1885, and ordered never to return. A year after Windthorst cried out against the crime, as "unjust and detrimental to the interests of the Empire." But his was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and within two months the Colonization Bill was passed by the Prussian Diet empowering a Royal Commission to buy Polish lands and turn them into German colonies. This new law was a drive not at the wealthy landowner, but at the child of the soil. With what consequence? Self-defense flew in the teeth of aggression, and private organization beat the Royal Commission at its own game with the result that the Poles held more land in Posnania than the Germans did. This was in 1900. A new Law of Exception was passed in the summer of 1907 to strike back at the quick-witted Polish peasant, and finally in 1908 came the Expropriation Bill. By this infamous law the government was enabled to take over Polish estates, even though not for sale, by sending the owner into exile. Today the language of the Pole is forbidden in the schools of Posnania, the soldier in barracks may not use his native tongue in addressing his fellow-countrymen, and in all districts where the Poles are not sixty per cent. in excess of the population, there can be no public meetings conducted in Polish.

Austrian Poland or Galicia has fared better than the other dismembered parts that fell to the spoiler after the Treaty of Vienna. In the matter of religion, as Austria was Catholic she did not tyrannize. However, before 1860 the Hapsburgs were not averse to pitting Pole against Pole, noble against peasant. Since that time, and in particular since the signing of the Charter of 1867, Galicia has had her own Provincial Diet, her Minister at the court of Vienna, and practical autonomy in provincial affairs. Indeed, Galicia proves that the Pole of the twentieth century is fully as capable of self-government as any modern state that has not been called to taste the bitterness of oppression that has been Poland's for so long. With 25,500,000 population Poland is coming through her ordeal of blood, as only a nation could that has held her Faith. For she is a nation that has always been close to God, a nation of brave men and pure women who have

shown their love for God and country in the strongest accents of love and suffering. "God gave me the honor of Poland to guard; only to Him I give it back." That is the voice of Poland today, as it was the cry of the Polish patriot who died at the head of the Polish legion on the snows of Russia during Napoleon's retreat.

The press of the world is now beginning to look at Poland where the tide of battle has been surging over a land of sorrow, and of shame. The shame is not Poland's, but the sorrow is, for she is broken and bruised and bleeding.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

Her Right to Live

ARE you a baby? This story will bring you a truer sense of your own aspirations and perhaps unformed and unacknowledged strivings. Are you a father? It will help you to understand the tender creature committed to your care. In any case, this big deep, true story will do much to set right the falsity and flimsiness of existing conventions. The writer acknowledges his sense of obligation to a score of current magazine craftsmen, without any feeling of gratitude.

* * * * * *

Gertrude removed her toe from her mouth and tossed restlessly in her crib. Softly through the heavy Battenberg curtains that shaded her windows came the pulsing of the busy street, while near at hand, as if to accentuate the quiet of the nursery, her nurse lay reclining on her couch, deep in her midday nap. Nervously, tensely Gertrude ran her mouth over her toes, as Pan might have played pensively on his reeds, and sighed ever so gently. Though the great throbbing world without little heeded, and the small cramping world within failed to understand, she was fighting the battle of her future happiness. Had she the right to live her own life?

For two long terrible years she had borne it all; the persistent misunderstandings, the small, frigid, provincial atmosphere of her nursery, the numbing contact with souls that could not, would not appreciate her soul's mad yearnings. She had tried oh, so hard! to be docile. Her father's presence she had greeted with her sweetest smile, even when her heart was aching with an unfulfilled longing. But the hollow mockery of it all was sapping her power to play the part.

Her father! Ah, why, why that father! She had been so young, so yielding when first he met her, that almost without an act of will, she had given herself to him. Had she loved him? She could scarcely say. She only knew that she craved tenderness and pity and a strong protecting arm. Love would come; of that her young trusting heart was confident.

And now as she lay upon her crib playing feverishly with her toes a sense of the futility of it all swept like a deep, dreadful wave over her soul. In two long years, love had not come. On the contrary, a high, chilling wall of misunderstanding had been built up between them. Her father had failed to meet her half-faltering advances; how could he understand, he, with his intense interest in business, his cursory trips to the nursery, a light peck upon her forehead when he was distracted, and what was worse, when he was cheerful, his rough caresses which left her cheeks smarting from his mustaches and made her crib redolent of stale tobacco.

Why, their language was not even the same! When she spoke in plain, clear gurgles of the deep yearnings of her soul, he laughed and crowed and talked a hideous jargon that fell like blighting ice-drops on her warm young heart. And when he was away, oh, the dull, dull days in the crib: milk, insipid milk, when she longed for lemon sticks and licorice; the tiresome trips to the park, when her eyes turned longingly towards buzzing autos and stately carriages; the false, flat croonings of her nurse. And for amusement, endless playing with her toes. Ah, it was killing, killing!

Perhaps she should never have noticed had not *he* come into her life. How well she remembered the day when first he stood over her crib looking with wonderful, fathomless eyes, deep down into her soul. She had trembled slightly, and then with an eager impulse, stretched forth her arms to him, this masterful bachelor friend of her father's. It was he who taught her, not consciously, for he was too true, too loyal for that, but by the sublime power of his personality, to shudder at the cramping provincialisms of her home. With infinite tenderness he placed in her hand bright sticks of red and yellow candy. When he brought her a kewpie she saw at last how foolish had been her vain fondness for that obsolete horror, the doll. His sense of the beautiful had taught her to despise the colored comic supplements over which her father guffawed, and had led her gently upward to a love for the masterpieces of Mother Goose. He understood her when she spoke, and though his tongue was strange, she had but to see his wonderful smile, and she understood.

Yes, here in her monotonous life of sleep and food and rides and toes, her active, pulsing young spirit was pining away. Beyond the Battenberg curtains lay a world where a baby's influence might be so potent. And the world needed her so much! There she could expand, and in expanding bring happiness to men and women who could appreciate her. Here in her home, everything was done for her and she was permitted to do nothing; she was helpless, hopeless, colorless. When she sighed for a wine-cup her father gave her a rattle. The moon, glowing in the sky he made no effort to capture, but offered instead a fat, wobbly balloon.

Slowly the desperate resolution began to grow stronger within her. Where there was no longer love, there was no further bond. No, no; she did not love her father; he was good and true, but his nature was too coarse, too uncomprehending, too sordid to blend with the chameleon hues of her own delicate soul. A deep conviction seized her that no longer in the sight of heaven was she his baby; for love had gone and left their union blighted. Dared she in the face of the world defy the convention that for ages had bound a baby to its father? Dared she face the world's scorn and go straight to him, the bachelor friend of her father? It was the terrible battle of her life; her struggle with a false convention for the right to live her own life, to work out her own destiny. What generations of babies yet unborn looked on as she fought that fight! There was a sudden stir at the door, and her heart leaped with a sudden thrill. It was he, and he had come. . . .

She closed her eyes blissfully as he stood above her cot. Let him say but the word and the convention that for weary years had chained babies to fathers who did not understand them would be snapped by the might of mutual understanding. He was speaking, and somehow the sense of his words sank in upon her soul, numbing like the clutch of winter her warm, budding hopes.

"Dear little Umsee-Wumsee," said the bachelor, and each word was as a knife in the trustful heart he had taught love's sweetest secret. "Listen to the good news. Tomorrow I shall marry; tomorrow I shall go away to a little home of my own."

A great cry leaped from her throat, the cry of a stricken spirit that had staked its all and lost. No, no, fond, foolish nurse; no pin is thrusting its cruel point into her delicate skin; no need to run for paregoric, for the pang that grips her is far worse than the pang of sudden colic. 'Tis the cry of a disillusioned soul, suddenly brought face to face with the inconstancy of man's protestations, the wail of a soul as it looks forward to unvaried years of food and sleep and toys and toes. Convention would continue to bind her, dull, unreasoning convention, with its chains of steel would continue, of course, to bind Gertrude to her

father. But she loved him not, could never love him, now that for a blissful moment life's daring possibilities had been shown her, yet the world and the law still called him her father. Poor Gertrude!

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Defects of the Catholic Press

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is not easy to refrain from taking seriously to task "N. Y. E.," who, in your issue of August 21, hurls, under the guise of anonymity, wholesale, utterly unfounded charges against almost the entire Catholic press. To skulk under initials is not an example of heroic bravery from one who accuses the Catholics of this country of an unworthy spirit of cowardice. Some months ago similar charges were vented in your pages by "A Perfect Fool," and at the time the writer, though refuted ably by the Rev. John Corbett, was unfortunately not silenced. A comparison of those letters with the diatribe of "N. Y. E." suggests the suspicion of a strange relationship, perhaps of blood, between the two.

There is little new in "N. Y. E.'s" communication beyond the usual stock in trade of gratuitous assertions against our Catholic weeklies. So they can be dismissed with the old scholastic dictum *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur.* When proofs of his charges are brought forth less childish than his comment on "Helpful Hints to Young Men" and the illustration from the word *devotus,* a mistake that even a man of education could fall into, it will be time to deal with them in detail. The constructive idea of dividing the country is so immature and unworkable that it stands condemned at once. The trouble with "N. Y. E.," apart from his cocksureness, or aggressive dogmatism, is that he has lost sight of the aim and purpose of our Catholic weeklies. Catholic weeklies are not founded for "criticism" and the opening of our mouths, as "N. Y. E." elegantly puts it, upon "the obvious questions which need ventilation." Possibly he means the discussion of eugenics and child-limitation and similar topics, about which our people are fortunately ignorant.

Papers devoted to such discussions, similar in tone and elevation to AMERICA, which ably fills this rôle, would not have subscribers enough to pay for the paper and ink consumed. I fancy that even AMERICA has a hard road to travel financially. This is the case because AMERICA is high-class and the vast bulk of our people are "low-class," not morally, of course, but educationally, so to speak. We are 16,000,000, but how many millions are uneducated and incapable of appreciating, through no fault of their own, a high-class paper? From our 16,000,000 subtract the millions of toilers, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Catholics without education from every nation under heaven, and how many millions have we left? Of this remainder what a small proportion is really educated! Go over "Who's Who in America" and see how few Catholic names figure in its pages. Deduct from our native-born Catholic population the clergy and the nuns and then say how many educated Catholic lay-people we have to support twelve high-class weeklies. Such a suggestion is born of an ignorance of our conditions, that might be pardonable were it not so offensively dogmatic. Let us face the fact that our people are not educated. They have higher gifts than mental culture, and under fearful obstacles are making noble efforts towards intellectual growth, but such growth takes time and money and leisure.

Our Catholic weeklies as a rule are newspapers that aim at circulating Catholic news: items of interest and edification that tell of our successes and mistakes, of the increase and spread of our religion; items which keep our people in touch with what is going on in Catholic circles in the diocese and in the country. They treat, many of them in a clear and succinct manner, of the doctrines of the Church, and this didactic output is very useful. These papers are linking us together, making from week to week the bond of union stronger. They are helpful and encouraging by holding before us the example of struggling men and women aiming at purity of life, preservation of the Faith and the education of their children at any and every sacrifice.

The editors of these papers are not writing above the heads of their readers, matter that won't be read, but what interests, heartens and instructs. Does "N. Y. E." want the materialism and agnosticism of *Harper's Weekly,* the new-style stories of *Collier's* and its platitudinous editorials, or the useless and at times suggestive stories of the *Saturday Evening Post?* Does he want weeklies that will reek with the dirt, filth, impurity and the nude pictures of the modern magazines? If that be the constituent of high-class journalism, it will have to be sought elsewhere than in our Catholic papers. It is easy to carp, to snarl and to criticize, but till "N. Y. E." can do more, the Catholic weeklies will go on with their good work, writing so as to reach our poor people, to bind them together in loyalty to Faith and, as they become better educated, to lift them to a higher intellectual level. Such work will not be done by the silly barking of men like "N. Y. E."

New York. GEORGE MANLY.

What is Liberty?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I quite agree with the editorial "Liberty, Its Use and Abuse," in which reference is made to your non-Catholic correspondent "H. F. G.," who, it would seem, has undertaken to criticize the efforts of those who have tried to make the Postmaster-General see what would appear to be his plain duty and deny the privileges of the mail to filthy and obscene publications. "H. F. G." is quoted as saying: "Liberty is decidedly a blessing, even to those who suffer from it. Far better liberty abused than no liberty." Fortunately, under our laws, some forms of what "H. F. G." might call the abuse of liberty constitute crimes. I wonder if "H. F. G." knows what liberty, in civil society, really means. I know no better definition of that sort, the only decent sort, of liberty than that given by Cicero, when he says that liberty consists in being the slave of law. And Daniel Webster (Webster's Works, II, p. 393) says:

> Liberty is the creature of law, essentially different from that authorized licentiousness that trespasses on right. It is a legal and refined idea, the offspring of high civilization, which the savage never understood and never can understand.

Moreover, in interpreting the very statutes enacted by Congress to keep the mail clean and to deny its privileges to those who would make it a vehicle for spreading indecency and filth, in meeting the hypocritical and absurd contention that such statutes interfere with the liberty of the press, the courts have said:

> The constitutional guaranty of a free press cannot be made a shield from violation of criminal laws, which are not designed to restrict the freedom of the press but to protect society from acts clearly immoral or otherwise injurious to the people.

The above is language used in the unanimous opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit in the case of Tyomies Pub Co. v. U. S., a case decided March 3, 1914 (see 211 Federal Reporter, pp. 385, 388).

That case was one against the publishers of a daily newspaper for violating Sec. 211 of the United States Penal Code by sending through the mails copies of their paper containing certain obscene or filthy matter. Defendants had been found guilty, after a trial in the United States District Court. On appeal they raised a cry about the much-abused and misunderstood defense of freedom of speech and liberty of the press. The Appellate Court, however, in affirming the judgment of the Court below, met and answered that specious defense in the words above quoted, citing the following decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in support of the Court's decision and in answer to the defendant's silly contention that liberty of the press means license to violate the laws of the land: *Ex parte* Jackson, 96 U. S. 727; *In re* Rapier, 143 U. S. 110; Public Clearing House v. Coyne, 194 U. S. 497.

In the above decisions, as well as in many more which could be cited to the same effect, the Federal Courts of the United States have not been afraid to say to would-be tyrants of the press that, under our Constitution and under our laws, *liberty* of the press does not mean *license* to break the law; that, under our government, even a newspaper editor, publisher or proprietor, in the enjoyment of his liberty, is not above the law.

Will it ever be possible to make men, such as your correspondent "H. F. G.," see that in well-organized, truly civilized society, in which proper laws are not only enacted but also enforced, it should be possible to prevent any one from suffering from another's abuse of liberty; and that all who want to be good citizens in decent, civilized society are likely to have, so long as they respect the law and the rights of their neighbor, all the liberty which a good citizen should care to possess?

St. Louis. PAUL BAKEWELL.

Mrs. Pankhurst in Paris

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with your mention, in AMERICA for June 26, of Mrs. Pankhurst's homage to Blessed Joan of Arc, allow me to remove a misapprehension. It is not the first occasion on which Mrs. Pankhurst has publicly demonstrated her veneration for the valiant French maiden, for during past years she never visited Paris without laying flowers at the base of her statue, no more than she left the city without praying before the altar of Our Lady of Victories. The public press which sneered at Mrs. Pankhurst's campaign against vice never mentioned anything in her favor; but today, when she espouses the cause of ravaged Belgium, it stoops to record facts. It may be that Mrs. Pankhurst showed undue readiness to tie the millstone round the neck where it belonged, but those personally acquainted with her know that she is an excellent housekeeper, an expert needlewoman, and a gentle, patient nurse. In a conversation which I had with this old-time votary of Blessed Joan before I left England for Serbia, two months ago, she said:

> My husband, Dr. Pankhurst, considered that *the law is a great educator,* and while men continued to regard it as a criterion of conduct it was our duty to endeavor to bring it into line with the Ten Commandments.
>
> He thought, and I am of his mind, that woman's influence could not fail to ennoble and spiritualize our legislature. She should not tolerate the legal enactment of principles opposed to the morality taught by her in the home.

May I remark, further, that we have at this moment in Serbia splendidly trained and equipped hospital units whose noble work reflects credit on their organizers, the Englishwomen's and Scotchwomen's Suffragist leaders.

Valievo, Serbia. ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

"Charlie" Chaplin

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to the "Note and Comment" in your issue of August 14, referring to "Charlie" Chaplin, I should like to say a word in his defense. In several of the plays on the "White List" published in AMERICA some months ago, there were scenes of more harmful vulgarity than Chaplin at his most vulgar, notably "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Girl of the Golden West." Why should we lose a great "movie" actor, a man who can bring really sincere, heartfelt laughter to us, just because his associates and managers have not a proper sense of decorum? And if at times our "Charlie" lapses a trifle, what are the censors for? Why not remove the offensive part of the film and leave the funny part? Besides, little of his vulgarity is really bad. It is harmful for children, perhaps, but the moving-picture show, except on rare occasions, with specially arranged programs, is not the place for children.

The classing of "Marie Odile" with fun-creating "Charlie" is unfair. Perhaps I am biased, for after the posing Bushmanns, the obscene Hams, the milk-and-watery Anita Stewarts, the offensive "triangle plays," the disgusting music-hall scenes, and the innumerable bedroom and birth scenes, an evening of "Charlie" Chaplin's skilful, sincere and cheerful acting comes as a refreshing relief to me. Let the censors put their activities where they are needed.

Chicago. A. F.

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To the Editor of AMERICA:

In "Note and Comment" of AMERICA for August 14, I read that the State Board of Censors in Kansas had found "Charlie" Chaplin's moving pictures unfit for presentation. I earnestly trust that this most laudable action will be speedily followed by other boards of censors throughout the country. I have never witnessed more disgusting or repellant pictures than those enacted by Chaplin. His films are especially demoralizing to our youth. The sad part is that many seemingly refined persons are not opposed to these pictures. I believe that they are at first disgusted with these films, then they tolerate them and finally they come to a stage where they actually enjoy them. There are a few rays of hope in the fact that the Chicago censors have made several "cutouts" in Chaplin's last films. But all the moving picture censors should insist that his vulgar horse-play and degenerating slap-stick be eliminated altogether.

Chicago. G. CONWAY BRYANT.

Arkansas, not Iowa

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The number of AMERICA for August 7 contains an article entitled, "Oh, Georgia!" in which there is the following paragraph

> It is a monstrous outrage, altogether worthy of certain decadents in Iowa, who sleep in trousers and boots, eat hog and hominy from the end of a knife, drawl through their nostrils in speech, making a noise like a wheezing accordeon, and imprudently send committees into convents to search for ants, cockroaches and watered tea.

AMERICA is always so correct in its statements that undoubtedly the word "Iowa" in the above is a slip of the pen. The Convent Inspection bill was not passed by the Legislature of this State and the creatures you describe are not found in this Commonwealth. You undoubtedly refer to Arkansas.

Dubuque, Ia. JOHN J. MULLANY.

[The editorial in question referred to Arkansas.—Ed. AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Will the Authorities Act?

MR. LOUIS MARSHALL, learned in the science of the law, and a member of the New York Constitutional Convention, is justly indignant that even after the Frank lynching, a certain anti-Semitic publication, issued in Georgia, is allowed to continue its campaign of calumny. "The Federal authorities," he is quoted as saying, "should take instant action in the matter. They have a clear case. By means of the mails this vile publication spreads obscenity and incites to public disorder."

Mr. Marshall is certainly correct in saying that the Federal authorities would be amply justified in excluding this publication from the mails. Mr. Paul Bakewell, of St. Louis, proved this point beyond cavil in a legal argument addressed nearly a year ago to the Solicitor for the Post Office Department. The Department, however, aware of its inability to answer this document has maintained a calm but ignoble silence. Will it awaken to the call of Mr. Marshall? Will Mr. Marshall, as a good citizen, address a protest, not to the crass person who admits these purveyors of obscenity to the privilege of the mail service, but to his superior officer, the Postmaster-General? Should he adopt this course, he will have the undivided support, not only of all Catholics, but of every decent citizen in the United States.

A Rash Commission

THE Federal Commission on Industrial Relations has completed its work by submitting two discordant reports. This might have been expected. The evils which afflict industrial conditions in this country are so numerous and varied, that no two men, however intelligent and honest in purpose, will agree either on their extent, their cause, or the remedy to be applied. No one ever thought that the Commission could possibly devise a panacea; nevertheless the investigators seem to have closed their work in a chorus of disapprobation almost universal. It may be thought somewhat significant that the grievance alleged in many sounding criticisms lies in the fact that with incredible effrontery the Commission dared to include Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie within the scope of its investigations.

To attack the holders of wealth simply because they have great possessions is the height of injustice, but to question the source of these swollen fortunes, to inquire keenly into the means by which they are maintained and increased, is neither the first step to Socialism nor an attack upon the stability of sane industrial conditions. Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie are with almost literal exactness masters of millions of workers. A fraction of their income has been devoted to what they, in all honesty, no doubt, consider the moral and intellectual "uplift." Mr. Carnegie has built a Peace Palace. Few are the village libraries that have not sculptured his name above their doorways. Mr. Rockefeller supports an institute for medical research, and has shown great zeal in caring for birds in Louisiana. These gentlemen are free, within limits, to do what they like with their money. Nevertheless, one cannot forbear the criticism that some of this liberality might have been spent to better purpose, in alleviating the shocking injustice by this time existing almost with the sanction of custom, which is suffered by the laboring classes.

Nothing, however, should obscure the fact that Mr. Walsh's proposed method of dealing with fortunes in excess of one million dollars, amounts to confiscation. It is true that the civil government has the right to remove by proper means, any danger which clearly threatens its existence or the welfare of its citizens; nevertheless, in the present matter, other means short of confiscation will suffice. The right to hold property is sacred and must ever remain such. Wrong is not righted by another wrong, and in these days when in the name of progress, the modern sociologist offers a system which justifies unnatural crime, murder, suicide and rapine, it is well to hold fast to a policy of conservatism. Better far the limited tyranny of the capitalist than this moral and civil anarchy.

Brothers-In-Arms

ON a subway express the other day a very good question was asked. "Where are the Socialists in the present war?" The answer is very easy: in the trenches, in the hospitals, and under the trampled grass of Europe's battle-ground. Hervé shouted not long ago, "In no case can Socialists slaughter one another!" But when the war-drum sounded last summer, Hervé called upon his fellow-Socialists to fly at the throat of the German invader, though Hervé knew well that about one-third of

the German fighting machine follows the red flag. That is to say, in theory. What Hervé did in France was done by every Socialist leader in the different nations that were taking up the sword. They became good recruiting agents, and summoned their brothers to the fray. What a chance it was to test the universal brotherhood notion! The longed-for opportunity had come for meeting militarism or capitalism in the death-grapple. All mobilization measures would be answered by insurrection, then a world-wide strike would be called, and war would vanish in thin air. How simple, theoretically! "It has been our proudest boast," said Uswald, "that Socialism would make war impossible." How was the boast fulfilled? On a summer day the Slav mobilized, and the Teuton started on his march for the Seine. Then the Socialist leaders swallowed their boast, and somersaulted into patriots, preaching nationalism with gun and cannon. "Workers of the world, unite!" was their slogan in July. "Rally to the flag," was the battle-cry of August. Fine patriotism, but it burst the bubble of universal brotherhood, which is the heart of Socialism. So when the war-orgy began some 8,000,000 Socialist votes were represented by the armies in the field. Brothers-in-arms, Gaul, Teuton, and Slav, writing the failure of Socialism in one another's blood. Fatherless children these, for they disowned their Father, who is in heaven, and thought they could live as brothers in a fool's paradise.

Murder and Toothbrushes

BY virtue of his many gifts, Mr. Ernest C. Moore holds a chair in Harvard University. Happily, however, he does not confine to these hallowed precincts his heaven-born mission of diffusing sweetness and light. Quite recently he traveled to Los Angeles, and in the presence of the Council of Social Agencies, delivered an address on "The Child in Modern Society." Starting from a given point, Mr. Moore discoursed for about 4,000 words, but his opinion on the child in modern society may be summed up briefly: there are too many of him. To meet this shocking condition, he appeals very frankly to the methods of the stock-farm, but is forced to admit that despite the care of the veterinary, unfit children will continue to be born. What is to be done with them? "Shall society," asks Mr. Moore, "revert to the ancient practice of examining all who are born, and picking out those children who are not fit to live and putting them to death?" Answer, you mothers, who with tenderest love, hold a little weakling to your bosoms! As for Mr. Moore, he can only quote a beast named Engel, who says that these should be quickly destroyed, and adds for himself, that "It is not clear just how that problem should be solved." Murder seems to sit easily upon his conscience.

On one subject alone does Mr. Moore grow really eloquent. It is the toothbrush. "How many boys and girls of your generation and mine," he cries out, struggling with his sobs, "suffered untold horrors from toothache, and now go through life marred and maimed. In New York City recently there was a toothbrush drill in Central Park in which hundreds of public school children took part. This is a good illustration of the stress which modern society is begining to put on these matters." It is, truly; but would it not have been far better had these children been put to death at the first sign of toothache? "I never yet saw a man who was overfond of dogs and horses," writes that keen philosopher, O. Henry, "but what was cruel to women." Anathematize the adenoid, enshrine the toothbrush, preach the murder of sickly babes, and you have fulfilled the whole duty of that modern vampire, the materialistic sociologist.

The Official Bulletin Writer

THE difficulties that beset the war editor who wishes to be fairly truthful, moderately neutral and yet readable withal, are entertainingly described in a paper contributed to the September *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Simeon Strunsky. The French, German, British, Russian or Italian "official bulletins," he long ago discovered, "are offered for anything but information." Rather they are meant to cheer, encourage and nerve for greater sacrifices the anxious millions who remain at home. The official bulletin writer has a literary technique which the telegraph editor must understand thoroughly. The rules prescribe, for instance:

> That little victories shall be described at much greater length than big victories, that small defeats shall be promptly acknowledged for the purpose of creating an atmosphere of absolute frankness, and that serious reverses shall at first be passed over in silence, then alluded to as a matter of course, and ever after that characterized as a strategic retirement, a rectification of the front, a readjustment of the wings in closed cooperation with the center, a consolidation of position, a withdrawal from positions that had lost importance, and so forth. . . . An army is never beaten, an army seldom retreats. . . . When important positions are lost, it is reassuring to know that, though our positions are lost, our army is intact. And when the army itself has been badly beaten, it is a comfort to know that the morale of the army is intact. And when the morale of the army comes under suspicion, there is still the Will of the Nation, the Determination to Conquer which remains intact.

That being the style of the official bulletin writer's report, it is interesting to read the German and the French account of a skirmish that took place, say a week ago, on the western front, an account that differs very little from the description of a similar engagement occurring last spring at almost the same spot. Perhaps our brave fellows, after receiving the enemy's charge retired in good order to a stronger position which they had intended all along to take. They saved much of their artillery and the morale of the forces remains intact. Or perhaps our troops, attacking the enemy fiercely, seized 500 yards (on a 600-mile front), occupied the abandoned trenches and

captured five guns, thus winning a victory of the highest strategic importance.

We have now been getting for more than a year official bulletins couched in langauge like the foregoing. As such reports convey to the ordinary reader very little information he is content to rely chiefly on headlines for his news of the war. The more discerning, however, who follow with maps and pegs the movements of the opposing armies realize that in the West there has long been a practical deadlock and that the end of this dreadful conflict is still far distant.

The Teaching Kine

OLD-FASHIONED ascetical writers, commenting on the passage in Leviticus which prescribes what animals the Israelites should use for food, are fond of drawing quaint lessons for the godly from the fact that beasts accounted clean divide the hoof and chew the cud. The cloven foot, we are admonished, symbolizes that holy prudence which readily distinguishes good from evil, and the ruminating habit, we are told, typifies the soul-cleansing value of meditation. So those who have learned how to make the things of earth lift the heart to heaven, say these grave authors, cannot behold the calm and placid kine without being gently reminded of the constant need we have of discretion, and without realizing more perfectly the worth of the peace that follows meditation. Even when we are at table, the appearance of the joint should make us intensely sober and reflective, these holy ones hint, for is not man far duller than the ox in discerning what is truly good?

Thousands of city folk now returning from the country doubtless observed with amusement the meditative air of the farmer's cows, but completely missed the lesson that our old ascetics would have had the visitors draw from the spectacle. We read of the young king:

> "Consideration like an angel came,
> And whipped the offending Adam out of him."

If a similar spirit of "consideration" were to come to those who are now going back to town life, perhaps we should find fewer "representative Catholics" stones of stumbling to their humbler brethren. For the practical attitude toward Catholic education, Catholic marriages and dangerous amusements taken by the children of the Church who are prominent in a community's social or civic life has, of course, a most potent influence for good or evil on their countless imitators. But consideration and discretion can be learned even from the kine.

The Thought of the Dead

THERE is hardly a sight more common in our streets, even in time of peace, than the sight of death. Daily we see passing before our eyes the slow hearse, followed by a train of somber carriages with their shades drawn, and black-veiled figures we know are sitting inside and weeping. Who thinks while he pauses for the funeral to pass of saying a heart-felt prayer in condolence for the living in their sorrow and for the repose of the soul of the dead? We easily become familiar with death in its normal flow, and only stop perforce to notice it.

Yes and we have become familiar with death flowing past us too, in torrents, the torrents of war. Isn't this true? We scan now with a rapid glance the small type estimate, far down the column, of the millions slain in the first year of the war, we who were horrified in the first few months of the war by the dark headlines of slaughter in Belgium and at the Marne. No one in those days but felt a sharp stab of sympathy for the countless victims of war, and murmured in his heart a prayer for them. Who now prays for the dead over his morning newspaper? It is the same old story of neglect of common things. We turn again to the sporting sheet, and the society page, and the courthouse news of yesterday with more interest than to the story of the war.

But the souls of the dead are crying loudly, more loudly every day of the war, for the help of the living, and sympathy for them should be still strong, as was the sympathy of the heart of Christ. When Christ saw the sorrowing widow of Naim following the body of her son out of the city gates to the grave, He was filled with pity for her, and with the true sympathy of deeds, not merely of words and feeling, He did all that He could both for the living and the dead, even to the extent of performing a miracle of His power. The best that the Faithful upon earth can do is not merely the passing tribute of a tear, but earnest daily prayer for the repose of the souls of the dead, as each day renews for us the memory of their need. Our Holy Father has given his flock an example of such solicitude, not only by the prayers for the dead which he has directed to have said since the war began, but also by the privilege which he is reported to have granted recently to the priests of all the world of celebrating three Masses on All Souls' Day. God's blessed in Heaven will see and marvel at the fruits of this holy exercise of the Communion of Saints and the holy souls in their happiness will praise the work of God, just as the people did who saw the miracle of the resurrection of the widow's son. "A great prophet has arisen among us, and God has visited his people."

Moreover, the pious organization of the Apostleship of Prayer has been urging upon its members during the past month to pray for the "Conversion of Protestants." This also is a very profitable thought of the dead, for those who remain outside of the Church, Protestants and others, frequently have not within them the living principle of God's sanctifying grace and of faith, or at least are cut off from the full life of the Church; and conversion for them means the beginning of the full supernatural life of the soul, a gift more wonderful even than bringing the body back from the dead.

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf: Edmund Burke

VIII

IT is now a century and a quarter almost since the death of Edmund Burke, the great orator and still greater writer, the sturdy champion of justice and of truth. By the common verdict he is proclaimed the supreme master of the English language in the eighteenth century. Some would clothe him with larger honors and lift him to the summit of English prose. Without attempting to decide that question, we can affirm that the bookshelf unhonored of such masterpieces as "The Reflections on the Revolution in France," the "Letter to a Noble Lord," the "Letters on a Regicide Peace," and the orations on "American Taxation" and "Conciliation," is very incomplete. No man is fit to govern England, said Augustine Birrell, who has not read and mastered his Burke. He has missed one of the inspirations of life, who has not thumbed and dog-eared the weighty volumes and listened to the wise oracles of this great seer.

In the pages of Edmund Burke there breathes and burns the impassioned eloquence of a great tribune. The man who, in the name of humanity, could impeach the guilty Warren Hastings has "the amplitude, the weight, the inspiration, the high flight" of that Milton whom he so much admired. When he is roused by cruelty and wrong, the hammer-strokes of invective, indignation and scorn fall and crash with titanic power. Their echoes have not yet died away. The secret is not far to find. The high thought and the burning words poured naturally and irresistibly from a manly and generous heart. Forced "at every turnpike" on the road to success and honor to show his credentials and to win his way on his own merits, Burke never for a moment attempted to rise by the craven acts of the time-server and the politician. He did not consider whether a measure or a principle were popular. He asked: "Is it just?" There was something of the chivalrous, if fantastic, Don Quixote in this fiery Celt. He was an idealist. Head down and lance in rest, he charged at times against windmills. He was, on occasion, unhorsed in the encounter. If his enemies laughed at his discomfiture, they never for a moment doubted the spirit and the mettle of the man. That awkward figure might be a little grotesque; it was certainly not commonplace.

The mind of the orator of "Conciliation" was massive and comprehensive. It vigorously grasps the subject as a whole, winds like a serpent into its folds and wrappings, minutely analyzes and dissects its parts. The topics with which Burke dealt in pamphlet, letter or debate, no matter how occasional or transient, seemed to grow under his touch, like that magic tapestry in Irving's story of the enchanted tower of Toledo, which, unrolling and expanding in the air, grew sonorous with the crash of drum and cymbal and the shock and tramplings of contending hosts. His themes were imperial. He thought and spoke in terms of world-wide interest. Justice, law, order, truth, the freedom of nations, the rights of the oppressed, the sacredness of the Constitution, are the magic words which everywhere stand out in bold relief in the gorgeous mosaic of his outbursts and in the bell-toned judicious utterances of his more sober appeals. Hence the magnificence of his diction and the elevation of his expression. He brooded over the wrongs of nations. Sibyl-like, he foretold the overthrow of empires and thrones. He pleaded for the Pariahs of Oude and Bengal. He clamored for justice to the persecuted Catholics of Ireland, for honor and fair play with the American Colonies. He warned his countrymen against the rising tide of the French Revolution.

It is no wonder that his Celtic imagination, catching fire with such rich and glowing themes, fairly blazes out into a splendor of imagery, a variety of trope and figure, a gorgeousness of diction unsurpassed in any other English writer. His material is solid gold, but chiseled and embossed to rarest beauty, with all the skill and quaint devices of a Benvenuto Cellini. His language, to use Newman's words of a kindred subject, "express not only his great thoughts, but his great self." Undoubtedly, he carried this power to excess. Declamation and ornament sometimes outstrip the sense. The stream of his eloquence runs deep and strong. But here and there an unsubstantial froth and foam eddies on its surface. A little sediment lurks beneath, and uncouth creatures gambol upon its waters. Burke's taste was not always pure, but few of our English authors can compare with Burke in moral elevation, in sincerity, in earnestness, in logic, in breadth of view, in clear and statesmanlike vision. Some of these qualities in Burke the statesman were impediments, perhaps, to Burke the orator. Negligent of those outward forms which lesser men so studiously and wisely observe, too slow in getting to close quarters with his theme, he wasted like a spendthrift the serene wisdom and the world-wide erudition of the ripest scholarship and the broadest culture before audiences impatient to come to an already predetermined verdict. But posterity reads with delight the masterpieces addressed to empty benches. To have known Burke as Johnson and Goldsmith, Reynolds and Fox, Garrick and Boswell and Barry and Burney knew him in the "Club" was a liberal education. To read him now is a vitalizing and ennobling experience. To the young Catholic in training for public life, for the bar, for literature, eager to master the principles of sound political morality, to learn how fancy, imagination, logic, reason and passion may be mustered into the service of justice and truth, we would unhesitatingly say: "Read Edmund Burke." He will be a stiff master in the beginning, but contact with his large and spacious spirit will soon work its spell and lift the docile student into brighter and nobler realms.

By a destiny which we cannot too much deplore, Burke, the son of a Catholic mother, and married probably to a Catholic, knew relatively little of the Catholic Church. Generally at least, for sometimes his Protestantism is but too apparent, he is above the prejudices and the bigotry of his contemporaries. On the whole he seems to have been indifferent to her history and her claims. The pity of it! *Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!* Dear, generous, high-minded Edmund Burke, being what you are, would that you were wholly ours! For what might the champion of persecuted Catholics become, what still nobler words might he not have uttered, had his splendid intellect been enlightened and guided by the teachings of the Catholic Church. But in spite of Burke's Protestant training and associations, there was a Catholic leaven in him. He has the Catholic love of tradition and authority. With true Catholic conservatism, he is suspicious of novelty and quick-moving reform. He venerates the past; he vindicates the fundamental principles of the moral law. He is not afraid to hold up the teachings of the Gospel as the standard of public and private morality for a Christian people. He bows with resignation and humble pride beneath the chastening hand of the "Supreme Director in the Drama of the World." Catholics owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. For he spoke up for us in no hesitating accents, when it was neither safe nor popular to plead our cause. "His wisdom," says Lionel Johnson, "is for all time, not for the last century. When we wish to study principles of government, of statecraft, of

political philosophy, which breathe the very reality of humanity, yet are filled with a sacred spirit, from 'an ampler ether, a diviner air' than ours, we can turn with security to our Chrysostom of statesmen," Edmund Burke.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Works of Henry Vaughan. Edited by LEONARD CYRIL MARTIN, M.A., B.Litt. Two Volumes. New York: The Oxford University Press. $5.75.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by F. W. MOORMAN. New York: The Oxford University Press. $4.15.

These are fine new editions of two Caroline poets' complete works. The printing and editing are admirably done, Mr. Martin, Mr. Moorman and the Oxford Univerity Press having spared no pains to provide the critical reader with a handsome, annotated text of all Vaughan's and Herrick's writings. "The Silurist's" beautiful poem beginning, "They are all gone into the world of light," his famous "Retreate" and "The Vision" of eternity are familiar to all who know their "Golden Treasury" well, but the other writings of this Catholic-minded poet ought to be widely read. For there is little of the Protestant about Henry Vaughan. He dedicates his "Silex Scintillans" "To my most merciful, my most loving and dearly loved Redeemer, the ever blessed, the onely Holy and Just One, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, and the sacred Virgin Mary," and at his best he writes like a Catholic. Being a seventeenth-century poet Vaughan was somewhat addicted to "conceits," but he had the divine spark withal. Both these characteristics appear in the lines called "Son-dayes":

Bright shadows of true Rest! some shoots of blisse,
Heaven once a week:
The next worlds gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We Climb above all ages; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole weeks flight.

The Pulleys unto headlong man; times bower:
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; Gods walking houre:
The cool o' th' day;
The Creatures *Jubile;* Gods parle with dust;
Heaven here: Man on those hills of Myrrh, and flowres;
Angels descending; the Returns of Trust;
A Gleam of glory, after six-dayes-showres.

But this country doctor, besides being a poet, was also a writer of quaint and melodious prose. He Englished a Latin version of Plutarch's essay, "Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies"; adapted "The Praise and Happiness of the Countrie Life" from the Spanish of Don Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Carthagena; translated from the Latin, "Temperance and Patience," "Life and Death," two excellent discourses by Father Juan Eusebio Nieremberg y Olin, a prolific Jesuit writer of the day; prepared an English version of "The World Contemned," which Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, composed, and translated several medical treatises. "The Mount of Olives," Vaughan's book of "Solitary Devotions," is full of beautifully worded prayers and solid reflections, and his "Primitive Holiness Set Forth in the Life of Blessed Paulinus, the Most Reverend and Learned Bishop of Nola" is fragrant with the author's own piety, and shows how familiar he was with the Fathers. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has done a great deal to make Henry Vaughan's works better known.

But "The Silurist's" contemporary, Robert Herrick, though he has left us in his "Hesperides" many graceful verses in praise of Julia and other fair dames, makes pretty apostrophes to violets, daffodils, etc., and gives us sprightly pictures of old English customs, has also written numerous lines that any Christian, let alone a clergyman, should blush to own. His outlook on the world is, for the most part, frankly pagan. "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may" is his philosophy of life, and he writes with more zest about sack and revels and frail ladies, than about fasts and feasts and saints. The "Hesperides" closes with this couplet:

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocund his Muse was; but his Life was chast.

and the second poem in "His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces" is "His Prayer for Absolution," running thus:

For Those my unbaptized Rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;
For every sentence, clause and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me God, and blot each line
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.

Nevertheless, when he prepared his verses for their final publication, using the file on them for years, he deliberately sent to the printer at last many a foul epigram that has little value as poetry, and many a lubricious passage that is all the more dangerous from being gracefully worded. But Herrick, it must be remembered, was a Cavalier poet of the Restoration, better than many of his contemporary writers, and from his works can be gathered an excellent anthology of verses that are as delicate as they are musical. W. D.

The War and the Prophets. By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

Father Thurston's object in these pages is not to deny credibility to any and every attempt to foretell future events. In fact, he believes that there are persons to whom a knowledge of the future has been given in ways that surpass our comprehension. But he maintains that the foreseeing of political events of general interest does not fall within the scope of this foreknowledge, or at least that it is difficult to establish this peculiar gift of prophecy by evidence. It does not seem to be according to the workings of Divine Providence that assurance of the happenings of the morrow should be granted to the greater part of mankind.

Of the hundreds of predictions contained in the different collections that the author has examined, nearly all have been refuted by the actual course of events. There is but one prophecy, bearing on the present world conflict, that seems to have the slightest intrinsic probability. It was made by a Carmelite nun in the year 1868. Yet even in this example the extrinsic evidence is not at all convincing. Father Thurston calls attention to the well-known fact, borne out by history, that in periods of unrest and excitement like the present, men's minds are most open to receive tales of every description. "The more we can maintain our attitude of robust common sense, the better for ourselves and for our neighbors," is his sane conclusion. "The War and the Prophets" is a valuable addition to the literature brought forth by the present European struggle. G. C. T.

The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century. By GEORGE V. JOURDAN, B.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

From the conclusion of his work one would gather that the Rev. Mr. Jourdan had in mind, when composing his book, to contribute, as far as lay in his power, something to the union of the severed branches of Christendom; and there is no one who retains any shred of Christianity who will not approve his laudable endeavor. The task is not an easy

one, and the hopes of its success are not bright, as he admits, though all must avow with him that "there are no impossibilities with God." He is candidly Protestant, but no more offensive to Catholics than might be expected from one who has been fed on the calumnies directed against the Church for four hundred years. The movement toward reform which the author treats of is not one inaugurated by ecclesiastical authorities, or by saintly preachers and teachers, or by the many founders of gilds and hospitals and schools, of whom not a few lived in the half century preceding the close of Mr. Jourdan's era, 1536. He concerns himself chiefly with the school of Humanists, of whom Erasmus was the distinguished head and center, and not so much in their character as Humanists as in that of critics of things ecclesiastical. From this class must be excluded, of course, the Martyrs Fisher and More, who find a place in the book as friends of Erasmus, not as critics of the Church. Abundant material exists for writing the lives and labors of those concerned; but the author confines himself in the main to their devotion to preaching (Colet), to lecturing on the Scriptures and translating the Sacred Word into the vernacular (Colet, Fabre, Erasmus).

The study of the Bible and its private interpretation by each one will lead to a more simple form of Christianity, and a near approach to apostolic purity, so the author thinks; authority, so long usurped by the Popes, will be restored to the Faithful at large; elimination of dogmas, devotion to the Saints, ceremonies in the Liturgy and administration of the Sacraments, with suppression of holy days, will make for true devotion, and remove the danger of mechanical piety. These ideas of Erasmus, which seem to meet the approval of the author, have been carried out in some of the separated Churches and have resulted in empty pews and the preaching of sermons on topics of the day. If Erasmus could see what we behold he would, without doubt, hastily withdraw as he did in other cases, from a dangerous precipice. Reform of the Church can not mean disruption of the Church, such as she came from the hands of her Founder. As constituted by Him she is monarchial in form and unified, not by the unity of the episcopate as Mr. Jourdan claims, but by the supreme headship of the successor of St. Peter. This headship has been recognized not alone from the Carolingian period, but clearly at Ephesus and Calcedon under Celestine and Leo the Great.

P. J. D.

The Elements of the Great War. The First Phase. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With Photographs and Diagrams. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50.

The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium. By G. H. PERRIS. With Maps and Plans by F. F. PERRIS and Photographs by the Author. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Here are two recent books on the war. The first is a substantial and serious military history of the "World War" from the opening of hostilities down to the battle of the Marne. It is the work of an expert; simple, clear, methodical. While intended to guide the more inquisitive student through the tangled labyrinth of tactics and strategy, it will interest the ordinary reader who, even now perhaps, has not fully grasped the object nor understood phases of the tragedy. The author divides the book into three natural and clean-cut parts. In the first, he analyzes the "Causes of the War"; in the second contrasts the "Forces Opposed," and in the third describes the "First Shock." Subdividing here, Mr. Belloc defines the German object which led up to the war, shows how this object conflicted with the wills of other nations, briefly sketches the rise of Prussia and of her domination over North Germany, and then outlines the position of Austria-Hungary.

In the section entitled "Forces Opposed" are noted the contrast in geographical position of the rival countries, the available number of trained men and reserves, and the way in which the hostile countries had thought of the war. In the third part the first stage of the actual conflict is masterfully described.

Mr. Belloc's book analyzes itself. It unrolls like a war-map. Though a thorough Englishman, the author is not a partisan, but calm and judicial in tone. He makes no appeal to national prejudice and is evidently sincere. In the section, however, where he describes the "German Object," it would have been a sounder method, and surely less open to criticism, had he quoted directly from German sources. But as a whole "The Elements of the Great War" is written in the true scientific spirit. The general reader will welcome its clear and bold outlines, and the military expert will be enabled, with facts before him, to reach a decision on many professional questions. Mr. Belloc intends to continue the history of the great struggle in five additional volumes.

The London *Chronicle* was fortunate in its selection of the author of the second book, Mr. G. H. Perris, as its special war-correspondent in the western front of the European battle-line. Though different in method and style, the author of this well-packed volume of 400 pages evidently belongs to that serious class of military writers which boasts of such leaders as Januarius Aloysius MacGahan and Archibald Forbes. The field of the "special correspondent" is more restricted now than in the days of the battles of Shipka Pass or Sedan. In spite, however, of these limitations the writer has seen a great deal of the present struggle. He carries his narrative from the invasion of Belgian territory by the troops of General von Emmich's Seventh German Army Corps to the fighting in Flanders at the end of the year. The campaign is followed step by step in fullest detail. The orderly narrative will help to lift the haze which still hovers around some of the initial maneuvers of the struggle. On the whole the book is a serious and carefully-planned contribution to the ever-growing literature of the war.

J. C. R.

The Meaning of Christian Unity. By WILLIAM H. COBB. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.25.

Mr. Cobb has a sincere interest in Christian unity and a sincere desire to promote it. Hence this book. He quotes with approval the saying of a Protestant bishop in a committee to prepare a World Conference of the Catholic Church: "I think we ought to go right to work and get at a rock-bottom understanding of what the Church is." Yet his notion of what unity should lead to seems to be of the haziest kind. All should join in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, a valuable and not a difficult preliminary. The practice of the Eight Beatitudes is counseled, a more difficult requirement, and the teaching of the Parables is recommended. When the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of charity, is fostered in the home, in the school, and practised in one's calling, in the Church and in political life, men will live the Christian life and be united by invisible bonds in the unity of Christ. He wants unity, but not union, and will have no dogma, no government. He will admit Catholics provided they get rid of the Pope. Suppose General Lee stipulated with General Grant that, as a preliminary to surrender, the presidency and Lincoln should be eliminated from the Union, what unity could there be? What would Grant have said? What would Mr. Cobb say to such a proposition? Much as the author desires unity, there is nothing in his book of practical value to the attainment of his goal.

P. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Thomas J. Gerrard's critical paper on "Ivan Mestrovic, the Serbian Sculptor," opens the September *Catholic World*, and is followed by Charles Baussan's optimistic account of "The Catholic Renaissance in France." He writes that, as a result of the war, "Much the same thing has happened throughout France as one sometimes sees at the bedside of a sick child. The crucifix is there upon the wall, the mother has not forgotten how to pray; once upon a time the father prayed also: now in their hour of agony, when life and death hang in the balance, their eyes turn again to the Crucified One." M. Baussan is confident this renaissance will endure and those now in power "will have to conform to the spirit of the country or resign their places to others." Thomas B. Reilly writes of St. Elizabeth of Hungary as "The Patroness of the Poor," William P. H. Kitchin contributes a good sketch of Abbé Vigouroux, the eminent Biblical scholar, and there is an agreeable variety of stories and verses in the number.

"The land" and oppression on the part of the landed aristocracy of England is the groundwork of John Galsworthy's latest problem-story, "The Freelands" (Scribner's, $1.35). It does nothing but brood over and breed unrest and irreligion. "Liberty is a glorious feast," and the right of everyone to do whatever he likes, is the broad doctrine that speaks in the book through the harsh voice of unbridled nature in Kirsteen Freeland and her family; and the moral is that there is tyranny in the land over the weak and helpless, and that so long as it exists, which will be always, there will be rebellion and disturbances. There is no hope of happiness in England, save a false happiness in the mills of convention and amid the privileges of wealth; and no hope of happiness after death, where all is vague, mysterious and unknown.

The *Bookman's* list of "best sellers" for July offers no novel that has not been already noticed in AMERICA. They are these: "A Far Country," "Jaffery," "The Turmoil," "Polyanna Grows Up," "Thankful's Inheritance" and "The Harbour." Among the books other than fiction that booksellers report to be in demand are "When a Man Comes to Himself," Wilson; "The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns," Graves; "Eat and Grow Thin," Thompson; "Spoon River Anthology," Masters; "War Brides," Craig-Wentworth; "Chief Contemporary Dramatists," Dickinson; "The World in the Crucible," Parker; "The Note-Book of an Attaché," Wood; "The Spell of the Yukon," Service; "What Men Live By," Cabot; "That Something," Woodbridge, and "Four Weeks in the Trenches," Kreisler. Almost all the foregoing books have been reviewed in these columns.

Extension for September is a very attractive "Convent Number." The 50,000 Sisters now in this country, those who admire and venerate them, those who wish to know something of their life, work and varied activities, and those, too, who would like to join them will find a wealth of interesting reading in this finely-illustrated issue of *Extension*, as is clear from the following enumeration of titles: "What It Requires to Become a Nun," "What It Means to Be a Nun," "The Daughter I gave to the Church," "From Protestantism to the Cloister," "The Vows that Nuns Take," "How Can I Know that I Have a Vocation," "What Particular Order to Choose," "The Clamor for Convent Inspection," "The Army of Teaching Sisters," "The Ministering Sisterhoods," "A Maligned Order of Sisters," "Those Bad, Bad Sisters!" "What I Think of the House of the Good Shepherd," "A Few of the 50,000 Nuns in the United States; Representatives of Some of the Leading Sisterhoods," "The Contemplative Orders," "Notorious Ex-Nuns and Impostors," and "The Homecoming of the Sisters of the Atonement."

Mr. Frederick Thurston's "The Romances of Amosis-Ra" (Lippincott) is well named, for it tells the history of a seer in old Egypt. But it is with a shock of surprise that the realization comes home to the reader that "Amosis-Ra" is none other than the Moses of the Bible. Mr. Thurston has used his powers of story-telling, his wealth of ancient lore, his resources of modern "occult" science to make what must appear to many a profanation and travesty of the Bible story. The author seems to be proselyting for Spiritism.—— Adele Bleneau in "The Nurse's Story" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.25) gives a vivid account of the work of an American girl acting as a nurse in the present war. The difficulty in this well-written tale is to sift the fact from the fiction. The picture of the Boulogne hospital opening its doors to the fast-coming ambulances filled with wounded soldiers just arriving from the field is one not easily forgotten. The novelty of the book lies in the blending of a romantic tale with the hard, true story of the aftermath of battle.

Katrina Trask, the author of the rather rhapsodical little book "The Mighty and the Lowly" (Macmillan, $1.00), writes as if the world had been waiting until now to learn from her the true character of Our Blessed Lord. While the Protestants have made Him too human, the Catholic Church, it seems, has gone to the other extreme, enshrining "Him in a sacred, guarded tabernacle too high for men to reach; all-powerful, she has kept the multitude kneeling upon the pavement at His feet, whilst the commanding cry of sacerdotal priests" has proclaimed Him "very God of very God." Those "sacerdotal priests" must be a particularly arrogant type of clergy. Mrs. Trask apparently has never heard of the Sacred Heart devotion. Her book, which is directed against the so-called Christian Socialists, has good pages describing how contrasts met and united in Our Lord's character, but as she does not seem to "accept the doctrine of the Incarnation in a strict theological sense," heretical propositions are of course abundant.

"Consignes de Guerre" (Téqui, 3 fr. 50), by Monseigneur Tissier, Bishop of Châlons, is a collection of the brief and telling sermons delivered to his clergy and people on the occasion of the war. Some were composed to rouse the patriotism of his flock and to encourage the faint-hearted, while others were suggested by the sorrows and desolation of the invasion. In every line we feel the soul of a patriot enthusiastically and tenderly devoted to the cause of his country. But the patriotism is that of a sober and well-balanced man. There is no trace of Chauvinism, there are no ranting Philippics hurled at the foe. Monseigneur Tissier's fearless conduct during the German occupation of Châlons had well qualified him to lift his voice and cry aloud: *Sursum Corda!* His apostolic courage adds a new value to his words when he recalls to his people what faith and religion have done for their native land.

By crossing a Japanese waltzing mouse with the common white mouse an Edinburgh scientist produced a brown mouse, and "whenever a brown mouse appears," you must know, "he always changes things a little way or a big way." Now Herbert Quick's amiable hero, Jim Irwin, is a "Brown Mouse" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.25), who is elected by accident master of the village school and begins forthwith to arouse in his pupils such a lively interest in scientific farming and

is so successful in correlating the work of the school with that of the home that the boys and girls no longer heed the call of the city. A maiden's "humph" in the first chapter becomes a "yes" in the last, and the minor characters in this well-told story are entertainingly drawn.——"Anne of the Island" (Page, $1.25), L. M. Montgomery's latest "Anne" book, completes the triology. During her college course at Redmond the effusive heroine rejects several suitors but in the end reconsiders the petition of one of them. "Davy" is not at all as funny as he is meant to be, and the conversations are sometimes tiresome. "The Summons" is a good chapter.——Only in one part of "The Two Sinners" (Dutton, $1.35), Mrs. David G. Ritchie's novel, are the reader's sympathies much engaged. The characters are well drawn but there is too much "psychology." The observations on the religious practices of Ursula, the most attractive person in the book, leave us in doubt regarding the author's creed.

The "Elementary Algebra," prepared by H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes (Allyn & Bacon, $1.00), is well suited to the beginner. In addition to clear, short definitions, it presents full, but brief, explanations of terms and difficult operations and not infrequently helps the student by illustrations drawn from such familiar objects as the balance and the thermometer. The frequent repetitions given are also very commendable. The book awakens the pupil's interest by the introduction of a number of pictures and short biographical sketches of some of the most famous mathematicians and by the insertion of many historical notes that tell of the origin and development of algebraic signs and methods.——What is noteworthy about Paul Klapper's "The Teaching of English" (Appleton, $1.25) is the practical way in which the subject is treated. The author shows a full appreciation of the difficulties that confront the teacher and offers a clear statement of the remedies usually given to overcome them. The good and bad points are then shown by examples drawn from experience in the class-room, and finally the author's opinion is stated. Particularly well done is the part dealing with imitation work and the correcting of exercises. There should have been a preface to explain that the book is meant for primary and grammar grades.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Century Co., New York:
Habits That Handicap. By Chas. B. Towns. $1.20.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Story of Canada Blackie. By Anne T. Field. $1.00: The Irish Nuns at Ypres. By D. M. C., O.S.B. (Member of the Community). $1.25.

D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago:
Our Palace Wonderful, or Man's Place in Visible Creation. Second Edition. By Frederick A. Houck. $1.25.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
The Great War, The Second Phase. By Frank H. Simonds. $1.25.

L. C. G. Malmberg, Nijmegen:
Leerboek der Nederlandsche Geschiedenis. J. Kleijntjens.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
A Student's History of Education. By Frank Pierrepont Graves. $1.25; Teaching of History. By Henry Johnson. $1.40; The Mighty and the Lowly. By Katrina Trask. $1.00.

Robt. M. McBride & Co., New York:
The Soul of the War. By Philip Gibbs. $1.75.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:
Germany's Point of View. By Edmund von Mach. $1.50.

Chas. E. Merrill Co., New York:
A First Year Course in General Science. With Manual. By Clara A. Pease.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Compleat Angler. By Izaak Walton & Charles Cotton. Introduction and Bibliography by R. B. Marston. $0.75.

Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma:
Un Commento A. Giobbe di Giuliano Di Eclana. P. Alberto Vaccari, S.J.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. $1.35; The Holy Spirit in Thought and Experience. By T. Rees, M.A., B.A. $0.75.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
Debating for Boys. By William Horton Foster. $1.00.

EDUCATION

High Winds in Chicago

IT may be admitted at the outset that the spectacle of an angry bishop and five menacing clergymen is calculated to daunt the bravest. A wrathy prelate, as is well known, upon an excess of real or assumed provocation, is likely to proceed to the extremity of banning the provoker; and to be banned is a dreadful thing, particularly if the banning be done with bell, book and candle, accompanied by the full ceremonial of five beetle-browed clerks chanting in unison the curse of Rome. Yet this is the strain to which Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was subjected on a fateful day long ago, when she was Principal of the Chicago Normal School. Like the ruler of the Queen's Nav-ee, she has since risen to higher things.

"HOLPUCH AND MRS. YOUNG"

You may read all about this unwonted episcopal visitation in the Chicago *Tribune* for August 4. It came about after this manner. The canny citizens of the western metropolis have long suspected that the schools of their fair city were not yielding a suitable return upon an enormous annual investment; hence, at their request, a committee appointed by the Senate of the imperial State of Illinois, was sent to Chicago on a mission of investigation. On the fourth day of August, the Superintendent of Schools, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, suddenly discovered that the parochial schools were to be blamed for much of the inefficiency of the public schools! Her opinion was at once recognized to have a decided news value, and was translated, not inaccurately, by the headliner of the Chicago *Tribune*, in these cold black lines:

CHARGE EVILS TO PAROCHIAL SCHOOL WAYS
HOLPUCH AND MRS. YOUNG BLAME CRAMMING SYSTEM FOR POOR MATERIAL
BISHOP IS INVOLVED!

Put more definitely, Mrs. Young said that the teaching in the public schools was poor because the teachers were inefficient, and the teachers were inefficient because they had been trained in the Catholic schools, which notoriously made a practice of "cramming" their pupils to pass the Chicago Normal School examinations.

CHICAGO PEDAGOGY

As head of the Chicago Normal School, Mrs. Young had passed many sleepless nights in search of a remedy against this maleficent practice. Finally she had hit upon the following plan, which as a pedagogical expedient is probably unequalled in the history of education:

> In an effort to avoid the greater proportion of students from the parochial schools due to the system of cramming, I submitted a plan to Mr. Cooley. . . . This plan proposed that we ascertain the seating capacity of the normal school and the prospective number of graduates from the public, private and parochial schools. With this information, we could then apportion the seating capacity of the normal school among the various schools, so as to give each its proper quota.

Most normal schools select their pupils by examination; if the examinations are so poorly arranged as to be open to the attacks of the "cramming system," the proper procedure is to change the examinations. In the sapient mind of Mrs. Young, however, and be it remembered that this lady is in charge of one of the largest school systems in the world, the question of mental fitness is subordinated to "the seating capacity of the normal school."

AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION

The utter silliness of this device is enough to arouse wrath even in the pacific bosom of a bishop. The story of this wrath

as Mrs. Young conceived it, is thus sung by the Chicago *Tribune:* "Then Bishop Muldoon, accompanied by five priests called at the office, and declared that if this plan were put in effect the normal school would be closed in three weeks." At this point, one Mr. Holpuch broke in with the bromide that teachers prepared by the cramming method were really not prepared at all. When the intense excitement following the proclamation of this marvelous discovery had died away, the testimony went on:

> "You mentioned something about Bishop Muldoon coming to see you," suggested Mr. Stein.
>
> "Yes," repeated Mrs. Young. "Bishop Muldoon and five priests came to see me. They declared that the object of the Chicago parochial schools is to fit candidates for the normal school."

Now, all this is very categorical. We have the striking picture of Bishop Muldoon, in cope and miter, it may be, with, possibly, an episcopal ban tugging at its leash, accompanied by five priests who in the intervals of conversation probably beat with vigor upon five sets of separate and discordant sanctuary bells. It is very picturesque; a visit of a sort one would never forget. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Young's testimony indicates a creative imagination rarely found in one whose days are taken up with the dry-as-dust details of public administration.

A Lapse of Memory

The editor of the Chicago *New World* began a series of enquiries. These were brief, definite, but not in the least picturesque. Never in his life had Bishop Muldoon been in Mrs. Young's office. What is more, in the course of his whole career, secular, sacerdotal and episcopal, never had he enjoyed the pleasure of gazing upon the benign countenance of Mrs. Young, never had he been given the opportunity of listening to words of wisdom, falling with largesse, from her venerable lips. Further, although he had always been interested in the parochial schools, and in his own parish had one of the largest and best-equipped high schools in the country, he had never known that "the object of the Chicago parochial high schools is to fit candidates for the normal school." If this was their object, they had failed miserably; and they were on trial for being successful. He saw the graduates of these schools, not only teaching in the public schools, but enrolled in a number of the religious Orders. Many of them were in business life or in the professions; many were now mistresses of happy families of their own. In point of fact, the relation of the Catholic schools to the normal school had little of that intimate and exclusive character which Mrs. Young assigned to it.

These discoveries led to what our Gallic brethren term with unequalled felicity an *impasse.* Mrs. Young made the reply which she thought was due. Her memory was somewhat at fault, she explained. The bishop had not visited her, but he had visited the former Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, who had related the incident to her. She had never forgotten it. This seemed plausible or possible. Unhappily, however, Mr. Cooley chanced to be in the city. In the words of the *New World,* he declared, apparently with some heat, that "not only had he never told Mrs. Young that he had received such a visit, but as a matter of fact, Bishop Muldoon had never called upon him on such business at all."

The "Inferior" Parochial Schools.

At this point, Mrs. Young with her wild and wandering strictures upon the "inferiority" of the parochial schools, may be quietly dismissed. It may be in order, however, to enquire into the cause of this rather despicable attack upon the Catholic schools. The cause is suggested by the statement made before the Senate Committee and reported in the Chicago *Tribune,* that in June, 1915, fifty-seven per cent. of the public school pupils passed the Normal School examinations. Of the candidates from the "inferior" parochial schools, only sixty per cent. were successful. History has been repeating itself even to monotony in these examinations. The proverb is something musty; but one need not know a hawk from a handsaw, to be capable of discerning in this repetition, a motive.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

A Neglected Faculty

I MAY speak as one foolish, but it seems to me that our Catholic colleges, and particularly our Catholic universities, are failing to meet a need which is daily becoming more serious in every large American city. With the history of our educational activities, from the kindergarten to the university, I am fairly well acquainted. I know some of the obstacles which have been surmounted, and the difficulties with which Catholic education is now struggling. I should be the last, I think, to put a small valuation upon the services which our schools have rendered their communities, and the support which they have always given to the wider interests of education and religion. But with all this said, the Catholic institutions of higher learning are failing, I believe, and failing notably, to meet a very serious need in modern life.

In 1842, Charles Dickens gazed with astonishment upon a Catholic university set on the edge of a ragged town beyond the Mississippi. The institution was St. Louis University. Founded as a grammar school in 1818, and chartered as a university by the State of Missouri fourteen years later, this pioneer school had added a faculty of medicine in 1836 and of law in 1843. They were needed, and they came into existence. Under circumstances more favorable, perhaps, Georgetown, our oldest university, had pursued a like course. Mount St. Mary's, even in those days, was a well-known school, and not long after the foundations which in time became Holy Cross, Notre Dame and the Jesuit universities in Chicago, New Orleans and Santa Clara, had been solidly laid.

A Necessary Faculty

Today, our schools of law, medicine, arts, science, philosophy and divinity are almost common. We have the newer faculties of dentistry, pharmacy, pedagogy, agriculture, music, engineering, architecture, commerce and finance, advertising and journalism. Not a few of these faculties are open to women, and some of our colleges maintain excellent night and extra-mural courses. Our combined educational forces form a true *universitas,* a *studium generale,* in the strictest sense. Best of all, our colleges are growing in strength and influence, despite the strange apathy of many Catholics whose ample means might make the way to broader usefulness a trifle easier. Unfortunately, American Catholic education has seen but one John A. Creighton, although it has looked with a certain envy upon many Catholics far wealthier, except in generosity, than this unique Catholic philanthropist. But in all this growth, perhaps because of it, one highly necessary modern faculty has been almost generally overlooked. So far as I have been able to ascertain, it exists in but two American Catholic universities. This is the faculty of social science, with its school of philanthropy or of sociology.

In only one of our large cities, Chicago, where the excellent Loyola University School of Sociology granted degrees for the first time last spring, is there a school with a strong faculty and ample facilities for research and for field work. New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and San Francisco do not know what a completely organized Catholic school of so-

ciology looks like. On the other hand, most of these cities are seats of that most effective agency in the propaganda of animalism, the modern pagan school of philanthropy.

THE "DON'T" POLICY

What is the inevitable result? Precisely that which is the invariable outcome of the exclusively "don't" policy. Let us take a somewhat similar example. Scarcely a single non-Catholic city college or university fails to provide extension courses for the convenience of public school teachers. A moral obligation of attending these courses, more or less weighty according to locality or the whim of the superintendent, is imposed upon the teacher, and thousands of Catholics, who happen to be employed in the public schools, are thus forced into the lecture-rooms of the non-Catholic college. Here they imbibe not merely historical views tinged, or thoroughly colored, with anti-Catholic feeling, but what is infinitely worse, principles which, if grasped and adopted, will certainly lead to loss of faith. "I would much prefer a Catholic college," a teacher once wrote, "but Catholic schools are not interested in us. When we ask even for an occasional lecturer, we are told, sometimes rather curtly, that none is available. The whole policy of the Catholic school seems to be to hold itself aloof from everything outside its walls. Of course, I know that some Catholic schools have a staff only just large enough to conduct the strictly intra-mural concerns of the institution. Nevertheless, if we can get no help from Catholic schools, we are forced to seek it in the non-Catholic school, dangerous as this plan often is."

THE USUAL RESULT

Can any other outcome be looked for? It is, of course, quite possible for Catholics not to attend these lectures. It is also quite probable, in the event of non-attendance, that when the promotion lists are written, the names of these recreants will be notably absent. I am not urging the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic institutes, and I am well aware that even the means of livelihood must be sacrificed if faith is actually endangered. But I merely say that, if the Catholic colleges do not furnish these educational opportunities, the non-Catholic college will continue to gather in our Catholic teachers, who as a rule are the intellectual part of the lay-folk, and we shall have a revival of the musty lie that the Church is not interested in education beyond the three R's. Also we shall have occasional lamentable falls, and in the case of the many who do not apostatize, a dimming of the Catholic sense of the supernatural, which is practically equivalent to a denial of the Faith.

THE PAGAN SCHOOL

If Catholics attend the pagan school of sociology, and they are doing so in increasing numbers, the danger to faith and morals is increased ten-fold. I shall be met by the argument that many excellent Catholics have graduated from such schools. To this I can only say, that if the Faith of these persons is intact, it is only because they have utterly rejected the fundamental principles which these schools profess to teach. I fail to see how one's faith is unimpaired, if one accept the principle that it makes very little difference in sociology whether God is God or a myth. I call that psychology rotten in its effects upon morality which denies the existence of a rational soul, and the ethical system utterly damnable which fails to establish a practical standard of right and wrong, and minimizes, where it does not destroy, the idea of responsibility. And I know that those pupils, most of them, Heaven save the mark! young women, who taught the use of contraceptives to a whole foreign settlement, only followed the teaching of Mangold, himself the director of a school of sociology, and the highly-lauded author of "Problems of Child Welfare."

PAGAN PRACTICES

Little need to stress the pagan character of modern sociology. Its foremost representatives boast the fact while denying the name. Spencer began by attacks upon the foundations of faith; he succeeded so well in certain quarters that his modern followers feel themselves free to train their batteries upon the elements of morality. Hence we have the ethics of the barnyard and the stock-farm; the stealthy introduction of unnatural methods which would shame a Nero or a Sade; the open discussion in mixed classes and before girls in their teens of phenomena which make the hardened delver into problems of morbid psychology question if all this pother is not raised rather by an unworthy curiosity than by a love of science. "To the pure, all things are pure," was the simple foreword to one of the vilest books ever published; and a modern sociologist who remarked, quite with the air of a discoverer, "the greatest reverence is due a child," earnestly advocates the early darkening of innocent minds with anatomical details usually deferred to the freshman year in medicine.

THE ANTIDOTE

This moral riot will continue in the absence of Catholic schools of sociology. Of this we may be sure. "To view the situation with alarm" is something; it shows at least the apprehension of danger; but it is not constructive work. Every Catholic university should have its school of sociology; perhaps a similar institution can be maintained by our stronger colleges. In the face of an actual need, we found the impossible task of establishing other professional schools quite possible. The establishment of a school of sociology is no small task, but it will require neither the incessant financial outlay nor the continued labor and watchfulness demanded, for instance, by our medical schools.

CATHOLIC RESOURCES

We have at our disposal professors competent to give valuable courses in civics, economics, psychology, rational and empirical, ethics, logic, history and literature, standard subjects, by the lack of which the typical pagan school, even in the opinion of friendly critics, is characterized. For the more specialized topics connected with medicine, law, finance, industrial conditions, we have our university faculties, and city and State officials, who, as a rule, gladly lend their aid to these schools. For field work there are hospitals, orphanages, playgrounds, social centers, correctional and trade institutions, and the slum districts, unfortunately too apparent in every city. We have the valued aid which would be afforded by Catholic social workers who are found in the St. Vincent de Paul, the sodalities, the Christ Child Society, the Queen's Daughters and similar Catholic organizations for the relief of the poor and the afflicted. It is simple truth to say that the Catholic university situated in a large city has all the elements of a school of sociology at its doors and, what is more to the point, at its disposal. All that is called for is a vigorous organization of these elements into a single educative agency.

SHALL WE USE THEM?

Here is a work of immense importance. Upon it the faith of many in the next generation depends. Pagan sociology, with its chain of schools, is living up to its name. It has much of the keenness and all the activity of the prince of darkness, and its efforts are tending, in many instances, no doubt, unconsciously, to the spread of evil. The need for

Catholic schools of sociology is very great. It is within our power to satisfy that need. Will our Catholic colleges and universities answer the call? PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Bible Societies are still flooding the market with the mutilated editions of the sacred text in different languages. The American Bible Society just announced the completion of the Portuguese translation for the Faithful in Brazil, who, of course, sadly need it after all these years of ignorance. Then too, Russian soldiers are to be provided with New Testaments, through the efforts of the American Society. It must be discouraging for these good people to read the report of the Indian Soldiers' Fund, which declares the Koran and not the Bible to be the "best seller" in religious literature.

The *Minneapolis Journal* some time ago published the following editorial remarks on prisons:

> There is legitimate prison reforms and there is such a thing as rational treatment of criminals, making for their welfare and moral betterment. But the prison should not be so comfortable for the prisoner that he is better off in it than out of it, as in France. Nor should the prison merge its function as a place of punishment in its function as a place of reform. After all the criminal goes to prison to be punished primarily and only to be reformed secondarily.
>
> If a criminal is not to be punished, what is to be done to him? Is he to be pampered and petted and sentimentalized over, to enjoy a better living and much more consideration than the average respectable citizen who has to hustle? Is he to be appealed to as a gentleman, a man of honor, and by his sympathetic response to avoid the major or harsher portion of his punishment? Is expiation to be omitted because a man repents or seems to repent, because he promises never to murder or to steal again?

Such old-fashioned reasoning is surely surprising! Why, the modern "up-lifter" scouts all idea of punishment! Entertain and amuse the law-breaker during his time of confinement, and then persuade him to go out and keep the laws, which will be a harder kind of life than breaking a few and returning for a brief rest in pleasant quarters!

The Superior General of the Christian Brothers of Ireland has decided on opening a novitiate in this country. With the sanction of the Holy See and the approbation of his Eminence Cardinal Farley the novitiate will be established at New Rochelle on the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, September 8. The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in Ireland, was founded at Waterford in 1802 by Edmond Rice, a merchant of that city. The wretched condition of the Catholic boys of his city appealed to this successful business man, and he determined to give up his life to their welfare. In 1820 the new Congregation was formally confirmed by a brief of Pope Pius VII, and in a very few years the schools had spread throughout Ireland. In Dublin today there are 6,000 pupils under the Brothers' care, in primary and secondary schools, orphanages, industrial schools and an institution for the deaf and dumb. Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, South Africa and India are witnesses to the zeal of the Irish Brothers. They are in charge of All Saints' School, and All Hallows' Institute, New York City, and by special request of the late Pope a community was established in Rome in 1900.

Colonel Goethals in telling the story of the Panama Canal in *Scribner's,* mentions the fact that club-houses were built by the Government and turned over to the Y. M. C. A. for management:

> Prior to the opening of the first club-house, I found that considerable feeling existed among the men against the institution, for there was a large Catholic element in the force, and there was an idea extant that those of this faith would be excluded from membership through the exercise of religious ceremonies to which they could not conform. The affairs of the clubs were to be in charge of an advisory board to be appointed by the chairman of the commission, and I appointed on this board a Catholic for the very purpose of overcoming this feeling. It was also arranged that Bible classes and other religious services usually held in the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States would not be organized by the management, leaving such activities, should any develop, entirely to the membership.

Of course the colonel does not know that he took the heart out of the Y. M. C. A. idea by his praiseworthy action. He made it a real club that discriminated against no one: a Christian club for young men who were on the Isthmus, excellent in every respect according to report, and outraging no man's religious convictions.

There are three thousand children enrolled in the Vacation Bible Schools of the city of New York. They represent every race and creed in the polyglot population of the metropolis. In one school ninety-eight per cent of the pupils are Syrian, and part of the day is spent in the study of Arabic at the request of the little ones, who would otherwise be idle on the streets. The sessions last two hours every morning, and the schools total fourteen, all under Protestant auspices. There is one Catholic vacation school in Brooklyn.

The Bureau of Naturalization has given its views on the training of new citizens. American citizenship brings with it duties and obligations as well as privileges and immunities:

> Above all, in this connection they should be taught that the supreme authority in this country is the law, and that the first duty of an American citizen is obedience to that law, even though it may seem an unwise or objectionable law; the remedy in the latter case being through constitutional methods to modify or change the law, but that in all cases the first duty of American citizenship is obedience to the law as written.

Some old citizens need to be reminded very forcibly of this if new citizens are expected to believe it. Reversing legal measures by rope or gun is hardly good citizenship. It is cold-blooded murder.

At the International Purity Congress, in session at San Francisco last month, Clifford Roe, president of the American Bureau of Moral Education, announced a new purity plan. The speaker was discussing ways of solving the social evil problem, which is the modern term for impurity:

> Some insist the solution must be medical and psychopathic, others say that laws and police only are efficient in the matter, while still others put their whole faith in economic education and social hygiene. While all these are necessary and helpful, the supreme appeal must be greater than all these, it must be appeal to morality—moral education.
>
> In the past our efforts have been largely centered upon the school teacher, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister. Our plan is to bring the facts before the great masses of the people—the farmer, the business man and the laborer.
>
> The message of purity, therefore, is not only preached today from the pulpit, but likewise from the Chautauqua and lecture platform and in club rooms and the auditoriums of great commerce associations.

It is regrettable that the question asked by an old negro, in a Southern city the other day, did not reach the ears of the members of the Purity Congress. Pausing at the edge of a crowd that had gathered around a street-preacher, he turned to his companion with a puzzled expression and queried: "What's the matter with these white folks, anyhow; have they never heard of God?"

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The conquest of Poland is now complete. The evacuation of Grodno and the retirement of the Russians to the east bank of the Niemen, leaves the province entirely in the hands of the Germans. To the northeast of Grodno the Germans are increasing their pressure on the defenses of Vilna, and its fall, so it would seem, cannot be long delayed. Still further north, in the Courland, the Germans have renewed active operations against Riga, not by direct attack on the city itself, but in accordance with the general plan, by trying to force the passage of the Dvina, at a point between Riga and Friederichstadt, and at Friederichstadt itself. Should they succeed in crossing, and by so doing threaten the isolation of the city, the evacuation of this important seaport and control of the Gulf of Riga would almost inevitably follow. The importance of such a victory is clear from the increased possibility it offers for an advance on Petrograd.

Bulletin, Aug. 31, p.m.-Sept. 7, a.m.

Continued German Successes

Pressing on from Brest-Litovsk, the army of Prince Leopold has passed beyond Kobrin and is engaging the Russians at Prushani, Beresa and Antopol. In the province of Volhynia, the combined forces of the Austrians and Germans have compelled the evacuation of Lutsk, and are moving on the fortress of Rovno and Dubno, the two remaining defenses of Little Russia.

Galicia, too, has been all but cleared of the Russians, who after retreating from the Zlota Lipa across the Strypa, are endeavoring on the river Sareth to hold the narrow strip of eastern Galicia that still remains in their hands. The week, therefore, has been one of continued success for the Teutons.

On September 1, Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, sent to Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, a brief note, which although not an official communication sent direct from the German Government, contained the welcome assurance of the Ambassador that in the instructions he had received concerning the German reply to the last Lusitania note, the following passage occurred: "Liners will not be sunk without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." The Ambassador added that this change of policy had been resolved upon before the sinking of the Arabic. The vagueness of the term "liners" has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to the precise meaning the German Government, in the note which is to follow, will attach to the word, but it was generally conceded, at least up to the evening of September 4, that the crises which had so long menaced the friendly relations between the two countries had at last passed, and that the President had vindicated the honor of the United States. The Ambassador's declaration, as was to be expected, gave rise to much discussion as to the motives which underlie his country's action and the ulterior purpose which she has in view; but this did not interfere with the great outstanding fact that Germany had acceded to the representations of the United States.

The German Concession

The attack on the Allan Steamship Hesperian, however, off Fastnet on Sunday night, by a mine or a torpedo, but most probably by the latter, has to great extent offset the favorable impression caused by the Ambassador's assurance, and thrown the whole controversy back into its former acute state. The Hesperian was a liner carrying non-combatants, and yet an attempt was made to sink it, without warning. If the loss of life reached no

Attack on Hesperian

higher number than seven, and did not include the Americans who were on board, it was not because precautions were taken by those who made the attack to insure their safety. At present, therefore, the act appears in direct contradiction to the Ambassador's words. Germany is expected to disavow the act if it be proved that a German submarine commander was responsible.

France.—The Catholic Committee of French Propaganda has issued this manifesto setting forth the views entertained by bishops and priests about the war:

A Manifesto

The celebrated phrase of Gibbon, "the bishops have fashioned France, just as the bees make their hive," would be trite and commonplace from its frequent use if circumstance did not sometimes render it singularly appropriate. The revival of Christian France, let us say of France herself, is due in a great measure to the action of her bishops. As a convincing proof of this it is only necessary to glance at some of the volumes which have recently appeared. France has often astonished the world by an outburst of vigorous life at an hour when all around her were repeating: *Finie ,la France.* And thus it was again in July last, when an unjust war was declared against her. The unanimity of all in face of the enemy had no more ardent encouragement than in the voice of her bishops. Without concerting together, without having recourse to a collective manifestation, which might have seemed to divide Catholicism, all have protested against the premeditated aggression of which France was the victim after having exhausted every means in order to avoid war. Mgr. Turinaz, he who has merited the noble title of "Bishop of the Frontier." the oldest member by the date of his consecration of the French Episcopate, has, in his admirable Lenten Pastoral of February 2, 1914, condemned the aim and character of "this war of extermination," which leads by a fatal slope, by its necessary conclusions, to the destruction of the Catholic Church, of her authority and doctrines, and to the destruction of all religion. That which the Bishop of Nancy has said with all his martial ardor, his venerable brethren of France and Belgium have also said, each according to his temperament and the special circumstances of his diocese. The letter, immortal as right, of Cardinal Mercier, the philosopher-bishop, the noble and courageous protests of his suffragans of Namur and Liége, the pages traced within sound of the cannon by Mgr. Lobbedey, of Arras, the discourses, so firm and moderate, of Cardinal Amette, his appeal to the Christian world, when a German aviator had attempted to set fire to Notre Dame, of Paris, and again when German artillerymen had bombarded the Cathedral of Reims, the luminous teaching of the Archbishop of Albi and of the Bishop of Versailles, the adhesion of the French Cardinals to the letter of Cardinal Mercier—all these testify plainly which side is in the right. Their admirable devotion, their energy in the face of the enemy, their inexhaustible charity, their spirit of organization which Mgr. Lacroix has recalled in his too brief pamphlet "Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914," all witness to the unreserved cooperation which those at the head of the Church of France have given to the cause of public safety. They have forgotten, as was fitting, any grievances they might have had against a régime under which the Church had suffered; the Bishop of Valence, whom no one can accuse of weakness as regards the civil power, only translated the sentiment of the Catholics when he offered the Chief of the State the loyal devotion of all the Church's children. And, lastly, all our bishops have shown that France, in spite of certain appearances, is still a great Catholic nation, while the Germans, forgetful of that which formerly made the greatness of their Catholic Center, are today giving proofs in France, Belgium, Poland and on the seas of a pagan and barbarian mentality. Such are the ideas, such the facts, which one will find collected in the works, issued spontaneously from very different authors, to which we now call attention. The voice of the French bishops has some claim, and we doubt not, some chance of being heard in the Christian world. May it be listened to and appreciated at its true value.

Similar statements have been issued by all the belligerent nations, one group blaming the other for the calamitous war. The present document would be strengthened by the excision of opprobrious epithets.

Germany.—Several documents, one bearing an official character, have been published in answer to the criticisms made by Sir Edward Grey on the speech of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg before the Reichstag. All assert that the English Minister, while discussing at length the subject of alleged German threats against Belgian neutrality, deliberately suppresses the incriminating facts contained in the reports made by more than one foreign representative at the Belgian court before the war. The German Chancellor, it is claimed, never said that Belgium had sold her neutrality to Great Britain. It is true, however, that he had asserted, and upon documentary evidence, that by promoting British military plans, Belgium had violated her own neutrality. German troops had invaded Belgium only after this bad faith had been made manifest. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,* thus comments upon Great Britain's concern over the violation of Belgian neutrality:

The Answer to Sir Edward Grey

This excitement over the morals of the violation of a seventy-five-year-old treaty, made for purposes entirely different, was ridiculous in a country which, without concern, repeatedly disregarded a promise solemnly given to all Europe twenty-five years ago, and which continuously supported French violations of the obligations accepted in 1911 regarding Morocco. . . . Documents found in Brussels show conclusively that Great Britain would land troops in Belgium without Belgium's consent; that Belgium had decided not to resist a British violation of Belgian neutrality; that upon the mere supposition that a German invasion was possible, the Belgian Government had prepared complete plans for cooperation with British forces. Such a country is not a neutral country.

The same journal reproduces the memoranda in which Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador at London, recorded his final interview with Sir Edward Grey. In this interview the minister had admitted that the deciding consideration was that participation in the war would injure England little more than a passive course, and that England as a participating power would be in a better position to throw her influence into the balance than by remaining neutral, because she would be able at any time to threaten to withdraw. This interview, it is claimed, is sufficient to show that Great Britain's policy has from the beginning been dictated not by considerations of honor and justice, but by motives of jealousy and self-interest.

Great Britain.—The British Foreign Office has issued a lengthy statement in which the negotiations between

Germany and Great Britain in 1912, are reviewed. The purpose of the statement is to correct the impression which might be left in the public mind, by the recently published German account of this proposed Anglo-German alliance. This account, which has been circulated by the German Government, endeavors to show the British Government had unreasonably rejected what was a generous offer of friendship on the part of Germany. In answer, the British Foreign Office submits the text of the proposals made to Lord Haldane by the German Chancellor, and argues that the conditions laid down in the document would necessarily have operated to the serious disadvantage of Great Britain and her allies. "Germany, in the case of a European conflict, would have remained free to support her friends; Great Britain would have been forbidden to raise a finger in defense of hers." The document continues:

The Anglo-German Negotiations in 1912

> It is obvious that the real object of the German proposal was to secure the neutrality of Great Britain in all eventualities, since, should war break out, Germany would certainly contend that it had been forced upon her, and would demand that England remain neutral. An admirable example of this is the present war, in which, in spite of the facts, Germany contends that war has been forced upon her. Even the third member of the Triple Alliance, who had sources of information not open to us, did not share this view, but regarded it as an aggressive war.

England, the Foreign Office claims, was willing to declare that "she would neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon Germany," but the Chancellor made it clear that Germany wished a declaration "of absolute neutrality," applicable in any and all cases. This could not be granted, and the negotiations came to an end.

India.—Writing in the Bombay *Examiner,* Father Ernest Hull, S.J., continues to plead for the forty-four German Jesuits who were interned by the Indian Government. Touching but briefly on the ingratitude of repaying more than a half-century of loyal and devoted service given by the German Jesuits under a British flag to British interests with a withdrawal of confidence and imprisonment, he enlarges on the grounds on which he bases his conviction that it is utterly unjust to entertain the suspicion that the German Jesuits may be "potential spies." Throughout all the years of their participation in the educational work of Bombay, they have been a power not merely for the development of manliness and morality among all classes of the natives, but especially among the more influential members of the Indian society. Over and above this, they have constantly inculcated the duty of loyalty to the British Government; and this with so remarkable a success, that in the numerous riots and seditions which have shaken the peace of that portion of the Empire, not a single Jesuit pupil can be shown to have been a participant. Their efforts to inculcate and foster devotion to the British flag is attested by numerous citations from the reports and speeches of Governors and other high officials, by words of high praise spoken in their behalf by private individuals, and by examples of the persistence with which the Fathers have taken occasion in all their classes, but especially in the classes of history, to impress on the native mind the blessings and advantages they enjoy under the benevolent British rule, and the necessity of waiting patiently for the development of such qualities among the people as a whole, as will make them capable of that still larger freedom to which some of the more turbulent spirits have been too actively aspiring. Passing on from the past to the present, Father Hull quotes from a letter sent by the Superior of the German Jesuits in the Bombay Presidency to all his subjects, in which he says: "I deem it needful to admonish all, that they shall most carefully abstain from any action, nay, even from the slightest word which might be capable of a sinister interpretation, by which the fidelity which we owe to the Government under which God's providence has placed us, and from which we receive so many and great benefits, might come to be suspected." Father Hull declares that they have acted on this admonition with perfect self-control, which has been the easier because they have lost their German citizenship, are living in exile, have enjoyed for long years the good offices of the British Government, and have every prospect of laying their bones in Indian soil. Abstaining from politics, deprived of their rights as German citizens, in sympathy with British methods in India, and eager to maintain the privileges and position of trust they have hitherto enjoyed, they are not in the least likely, so argues their apologist, to do anything by word or deed that would betray the interests of the British Empire.

Case of the German Jesuits

Ireland.—Interesting letters have recently passed between the Lord Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer, and Mr. John Redmond, on the subject of peace. After some eloquent words on the Pope's plea to the belligerent nations, the bishop says in part:

An Interesting Correspondence

> At a crisis such as this where is the wisdom of repeating, like a parrot cry, that no proposals for peace can be entertained until Germany is beaten to her knees? *Delenda est Carthago* is very fine, if you were sure of being able to do it. But is there a competent man in England this moment who is confident of being able to crush Germany? Or to crush her at a cost that would be less ruinous than defeat? It may or may not be desirable to annihilate German power; but that is not the question now, but is it practicable? Proud and arrogant talk gives no help, and revolts the consciences of men; and the people who set out to smash Germany should ask themselves whether the defeat of Russia, and the weakening of France, and the state of things at the Dardanelles, have not recently somewhat altered the conditions of the problem.
>
> A few months ago they counted with confidence on the triumphant progress of the Russian "steamroller." That machine is not now quite so efficient. Then great hopes were placed in the accession of the Balkan States to the side of the Allies. The turn of events in Poland will probably show them the merits of the other side, and altogether he should be a sanguine man who still counts on an overwhelming victory for England. . . .

But over and above these general considerations of religion and humanity the vital interests of our own country call clamorously for peace. You know far better than I do that every day of this war is piling up a load of debt which will impoverish and cripple this poor country for generations. The first Budget, after the war, will probably reach the astounding figure of £400,000,000, of which Ireland's share will be one-twentieth, or £20,000,000. Do you think that any measure of prosperity will be possible under such a burden? Where will the money come from, unless they tax the land and undo all the good of Land Purchase, which has cost the country so dearly? Then, the moment the war ceases, there will be a collapse of prices, and woe betide the man who will not have made provision for that day. Strong men will be hard set to keep their heads over water; but the ordinary farmers will find it enough to do to pay their annuities, much less to meet an unheard of load of taxation. England, too, will feel the strain, but she has great resources. She can weather the bad times for some years, and, whatever way the war goes, will recover her prosperity. It will be very difficult with us. Win or lose, the war already spells poverty for us for a generation, and, if it goes on for another year, it will sink us in irretrievable ruin. That is a sad prospect for our poor country, and condemns Home Rule, if we get it, to hopeless poverty and impotence. . .

There follows a request that Mr. Redmond use his influence to get the British Government to listen to the Pope's appeal. The Irish leader replied:

I have received your Lordship's letter, and I need not say I have read it with the utmost care. In reply, I must respectfully say that, to the best of my judgment, the course of action you suggest to me would not be calculated to promote the cause of peace. Nor do I think that I would be justified in endeavoring to bring pressure to bear upon the Government to enter into any negotiations for peace at a time when the German Powers, who have been the aggressors in this war, show no sign of any disposition to repair the wrongs they have inflicted upon Belgium and our other Allies.

Thus the Nationalists appear committed to war to the bitter end.

Mexico.—Conditions have not changed in this unfortunate country, except perhaps for the worse. The internal warfare still continues, the Carranzistas always winning according to one despatch, the Villistas winning according to another account; starvation is claiming its daily toll even in Mexico City, and the border raids have increased in number and intensity. The following letter, the third of a series, from a Mexican correspondent, bears on three fundamental grievances of the Mexicans:

A General View, Third Letter

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have written my former letters to give you an idea of the political condition of the Revolutionists who are trying to destroy Mexico. I am now going to speak of the social conditions of that country in order that the readers of AMERICA, which is defending with so much zeal the cause of Catholicism in Mexico, may ask Heaven that we may enjoy the peace which always ensues when legitimate freedom is respected, and the exercise of all rights is guaranteed. The Revolution presented itself as the avenger of the rights of the people. From a political standpoint the people, said the Revolutionists, have never taken a real part in the government of the country, though according to the Constitution they should, for our form of government ought to be democratic, but until now it has been dictatorial and aristocratic. The first reform we need is the restoration of universal, actual suffrage. But the city mayors appointed by the governors of the states, and by the national administration, have long been effective instruments for the corruption of justice, for blocking freedom of suffrage and tyrannizing over the citizens. The second reform needed is the retirement of the present mayors, in order that each city may elect its officials, mayors and council by a majority of votes. The municipal body would then be altogether independent of the governors and of the national administration.

We come now to the economic question. The Revolutionists maintained that the wealth of the country was in the hands of a few. They protested that the holders of property have considerably enlarged their estates by seizing public lands or by getting the lands of those who were despoiled by the Government on account of lack of political influence with the administration. The third reform demanded is the distribution of the land. This would mean a division of the property, a reclamation of the appropriated public domain, the closing of all landlord's stores and the assignment of a wage which would properly compensate peons for their labor, and shorten their hours of work.

It is true that our Mexican Constitution calls for universal suffrage, and that the form of government should be a democracy. But it is all but certain that universal suffrage has been nonexistent. It is true that the mayors of the cities were appointed by the governors of the States and even by the central administration, and were often employed for the purpose of revenge, injustice and subornation and this, of course, bred resentment and hatred in the hearts of many Mexicans. Lastly, it is true that in proportion to the total population of Mexico, the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few, and that in many places the workman's wages ought to be increased, the landowners' stores closed and public land restored.

But any one who knows Mexico and the present Revolutionists, is perfectly aware that in the Mexico of today, universal suffrage, real democracy and a fair distribution of land is impossible. But are the 100,000 citizens now with arms in their hands citizens who are aware of their rights and capable of exercising them? Are the leaders of this Revolution honest enough to fight disinterestedly for the good of the people? And are they able to effect the reforms which are needed? In my next letter these questions will be answered.

A. COROLLA.

Spain.—The attitude of Spain toward the war has been so often discussed in the American papers that the following statement from the great Maura, the leader of the Conservatives, is of particular interest at this critical time.

The War,

International circumstances require great prudence, and we must bear in mind that the day may arrive when we must show abroad that we are united. This crisis, however, will pass away, and then we shall have only our national problems to consider. Our situation with respect to the belligerents creates, in fact, a special condition in which our interests appear bound up with those of the Western nations, and it is not opportune at this moment to discuss whether, in the future, it would be more advantageous to adopt other orientations of policy. We must, at all costs, prevent the pressure of interested parties from plunging the nation into a difficult conflict. Spanish opinion is regarded with marked suspicion, and disillusion is noticeable among certain of the belligerents who believed they could dispose of us according to their whim and fancy. The war will continue, perhaps longer than I anticipated, and meanwhile I do not consider that Spain's difficult position can be modified, however strong may be the opinion demanding this.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Europe and State Socialism

THE English nation has always prided itself upon its democratic freedom. Now many liberties are being curtailed or taken away. The Government has begun to control many means of production, practically regulating hours, wages, output. The individual dwindles into insignificance: the omnipotent State, represented by the Cabinet and the King-Parliament merely acquiescing meekly in their proposals, becomes the owner of men and their labor. The fear has been expressed that after the war former conditions may never be entirely restored; that the Government, face to face with new problems, and having had a taste of its power, may find or make good and sufficient reasons to hold in abeyance some cherished liberties of the days that are passed forever.

In France and in Germany the Government has always been of a more paternalistic kind. Hence less difficulty was experienced in turning the thoughts and efforts all into one channel, and directing them to one goal. There was less criticism of high-handed governmental interference with private concerns, with the means of production and distribution. Especially was this the case in Germany when the Government appropriated besides all foodstuffs, and began to regulate with an iron hand the buying and selling of this all-important commodity.

The outbreak of the war had exhibited simultaneously the complete bankruptcy of International Socialism. Expression of international brotherhood and cooperation gave way to the venting of intensest hatred and a fierce desire to slaughter as many as possible of those formerly so touchingly hailed as dearest comrades. The men without a country, who had for years clamored for the abolition of all frontiers, and thought themselves of the elect, suddenly discovered that they were in a category with the common man in the street, who still has some feeling of love for the land that bore him, some sense of the sacredness of the soil whence he sprang.

Yet, no sooner had the various Governments, forced by military exigencies, begun to control many means of production and distribution, than the Socialist leaders saw a new light. Socialism had not failed. It was nearer the complete realization of its program than ever before; nay, this program was being worked out without socialist assistance before the eyes of the whole world. In the words of one of them, who spoke but a short time ago in Berlin:

> Socialism which for decades past had been a mere theory, has suddenly by the one fierce blow of war, been reduced to practice. No longer are books needed to elucidate the meaning and aims of Socialism: every one is realizing them in his own daily life. Socialism advocated collective ownership of all means of production: now the State controls, as if it owned, all private firms working for the army. It fixes maximum prices and forces manufacturers to share their profits with their employees. Again, Socialism advocated a rate of distribution and consumption in accordance with a standard of production. And lo, the Government has confiscated all breadstuffs, allotting a certain predetermined amount to rich and poor alike.

What only some months ago was an ideal fought for amidst many vicissitudes since the days of Karl Marx, has become a reality over night. What was derided as a utopian dream, has become an every-day fact. None object; none complain. Socialism through that very war which it professed to hate and render impossible has finally come into its own. The argumentation is specious. Is it true? Have we before us an incipient socialistic State as foreshadowed by the prophets and now sprung into being Minerva-like?

Modern democratic Socialism all over the world demands that all means of labor, or "the sources of life," as Marx terms them, i.e., not only the soil but also manufactories, machinery, raw materials, work tools, become the exclusive property of the entire community. Our own socialist party, in the official platform adopted at the Indianapolis Convention, July 29-31, 1901, thus formulated this program:

> The Socialist party, in national convention assembled, reaffirms its adherence to the principles of International Socialism, and declares its aim to be the organization of the workng class and those in sympathy with it, into a political party with the object of conquering the powers of government and using them for *the purpose of transforming the present system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution into collective ownership by the entire people.*

The aim, Collectivism, is clearly set forth. Have even the most far-reaching measures of any European Government brought about anything like it? When, as was the case in Germany, a state monopoly of foodstuffs was decreed for the benefit of the nation, did Socialism emerge triumphant? No. For it is plain that there is no question here of any collective ownership of anything whatever. Now as before individuals and organized bodies, not the commonwealth as such, buy and sell. Communal authorities, it is true, have very extensive powers vested in them to prevent the hoarding of grain; but a very wide range of action is still left to producers, bakers and consumers. The price paid by the consumer for the goods he buys still includes the various elements of rent of premises, profit on capital invested and on materials handled. Thus it sets forth the admission that the means of production are still private property, that the farmer, the business man, the miller, the baker, own their capital and are entitled to just returns on it. While Socialism demands the socialization, the collective ownership, of all means of production and distribution, we have here to deal only with a limited control of them. While this collective ownership is to be brought about by expropriation without indemnification, or as some insist, by the natural evolution of human society, there is in the present case no thought of either. An ultra-individualistic conception of society, such as the Manchester School sponsored, is disposed to brand with the stigma of Socialism any

interference of the State which sets limits to private gain, even though the latter is often but thinly disguised dishonesty or extortion. But the mere interfering of the State with certain branches of industry and commerce, or their limited control, is no more entitled to be called state Socialism, than a state-owned monopoly justified by financial or economic reasons. The French Government has now, and has had for years past a monopoly, *e. g.*, on the sale of tobacco, for purposes of revenue. The German and English Governments have enacted workmen's compensation and old age pension laws, and they have forced employers to bear part of the burden. Especially in the countries now at war, relief measures backed by state aid, will of necessity have to become more numerous after peace is declared, for individual initiative will find itself unable to cope with the havoc wrought in men and properties.

Are any of these measures to be branded as state Socialism, because they look to the welfare of the State or its citizens? These abnormal times demand abnormal measures. If the ideals of Socialism can only be realized because of present conditions in Europe, then we have herein the most scathing criticism ever brought forward against the socialistic commonwealth. Health is the natural state of the body and peace the natural state of a nation. Sickness and war are but temporary eruptions, calling for temporary, sometimes drastic measures. The present extraordinary state intrusion into private property and business is justified by extraordinary circumstances and may last as long as these circumstances prevail. To call them Socialism realized is to stamp Socialism itself as a transient malignant distemper of the race, not the perfect goal of a natural evolution of human society.

No one but sees that the masses of the people who now more or less willingly submit to the curtailment of their liberties for the sake of a greater good, the triumph of their respective countries, would rise up in revolt if these measures were to be continued in all their severity when the causes that called them into being have passed away. That economic reforms of far-reaching import will follow upon the conclusion of peace, is beyond doubt. But that Socialism will emerge from the deadly conflict of nations only a shadow of its former self, and with a mere remnant of its former strength, is a foregone conclusion. Its promises have come to naught. The solidarity of the workers of the world has given place to intense distrust and hate. Internationalism, that dreadful weapon brandished over the heads of rulers and governments in fiery harangues, has been shattered and broken seemingly beyond mending.

J. B. CULEMANS.

Revolution Made to Order

TO prevent injustice to innocent people some facts should be stated, other than those given out through the usual channels, about the rioting along the Rio Grande and the alleged uprising of Mexicans in the United States. One of the best proofs that the public is being misled is found in a protest just issued by the State of New Mexico and signed by Governor McDonald, by the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of State, in which it is asserted in strong terms that a grave injustice is being done to a large and valuable class of citizens, and that the Mexican population of the Border States is as loyal to the Government and as incapable of treason as the people of New England or Virginia.

No one is better qualified than Governor McDonald to know whereof he speaks. The population of New Mexico contains as large a percentage of Mexicans as any State in the Union, and its location with reference to the Republic of Mexico is such as to subject it to the same conditions which exist elsewhere along the border. This protest in defense of the race is entitled to more than a passing thought, coming as it does from the highest authorities of a State which has given more careful attention to the problem of its Mexican citizens than any other.

Press despatches from different localities attribute the border raiding variously to bandit gangs from Mexico, to Huertista refugees in the United States, and to Mexican residents in the country acting under an organized conspiracy to loot and kill Americans and seize their lands. However divided as to the instigators of the trouble, all are agreed that the Carranzistas are actively cooperating with American authorities to suppress it.

In affairs of this kind it is well to remember that "things are not what they seem," and when they assume a too obvious "seeming," look for the truth they are designed to conceal. In this matter we are in the attitude of spectators, and for the most part we are looking at a carefully set stage where the actors come out and play their parts in scenes, the effect of which has been shrewdly calculated beforehand. Up to date the illusion of reality has been sufficiently convincing to divert the audience from troublesome investigation. Just now the stage is set for a Mexican uprising, the natural effect of which will be to increase racial antagonism and through the activities of the United States army, and the pressure of hostile local sentiment drive hundreds of helpless, peaceable people across the Rio Grande, where they must fight or starve.

A few months ago a scene of a different nature was being considered for production about this time, but abandoned. It was designed for the purpose of beguiling Mexicans back into Mexico, with promises of free land, horses for plowing, seed for planting and guaranteed immunity from military service. A publicity campaign was planned through newspapers in the United States for the purpose of winning favor for the movement in this country, inasmuch as it proposed to relieve it of the responsibility of providing for indigent refugees. This writer was present at one secret conference concerning it. At the same time were discussed ways and means of obtaining arms for the new recruits.

A report of one of the first skirmishes near Brownsville mentions five Americans among the raiders killed. It is not likely that all Americans enlisted in the movement were killed in this engagement. Figuring by the law of averages this leaves room for interesting speculation. It also calls to mind an incident of the Madero revolution which will take us behind the scenes and show how these affairs are managed.

It happened during the last days when negotiations of a very delicate nature were being conducted between Mr. Madero and the retiring Diaz government. Mr. Madero had many soldiers of fortune in his ranks of different nationalities, and some near his person in an advisory capacity. Among them was one American who specialized in revolutions and was considered an adept in his line. He was supposed to represent men higher up. During those last critical days a misunderstanding of some kind arose. It was rumored that the revolutionary expert or his employers were not satisfied that they would get from Mr. Madero what they expected when he went into power. They had, in their own language, "delivered the goods" and could not afford to take chances.

Accordingly 200 men, mostly Americans, were secretly enlisted and promised $200 for one night's service. Half of them crossed the Rio Grande at different times and places. The others were to cross in a body on a certain night, join them at the appointed rendezvous and together they would make their way into town and open fire on the American consulate. In the ensuing confusion it would be a very easy matter for the Americans to drop their arms and disappear unsuspected in the crowd, leaving the Mexicans to meet the American troops when they came. By this means it was expected to induce foreign warfare before Mr. Madero could assume the reins of government. Everything went according to schedule up to the Saturday night when the conspirators on the American side were assembling, then a messenger arrived with the alarm that the plot had been discovered by the Mexican authorities and the chief instigator had been arrested.

The truth is the Mexican residents of the Border States have nothing to gain and everything to lose by such a movement and they know it. They deplore what is happening far more than Americans because they understand its meaning better. They know that it will result in great hostility toward them, and that life will be made for them, if possible, harder than before. They are a meek and peaceable people, supporting themselves honestly and usually aiding some of their less fortunate countrymen. Some of them live in the suburbs of towns along the railroad, but for the most part they are scattered over vast stretches of wild lands, their palm-thatched huts and tiny gardens dotting the deserts at long intervals. Humble indeed, but it is home, and the ties which bind them to that soil are incomprehensible to modern migratory flat-dwellers. In most cases it was the home of their fathers and grandfathers before them, as is witnessed by a rude enclosure hard-by filled with leaning wooden crosses large and small. Here from generation to generation they have lived and died, obscure, unconsidered, patient, inoffensive, asking nothing, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing except the privilege of occupying peaceably that little plot of ground during life, and afterwards of lying peaceably in the little *Campo Santo* where sometimes on *fiestas* their children may come and hang wreaths for remembrance.

Only once have these people ever dared to lift their voices in their own behalf. Some months ago a memorial was signed by many of them addressed "To the President, the people and the press of the United States," calling attention to a recent report of an officer of the Public Health Service, setting forth the wretched condition of Mexican people in this country, stating that they are living in surroundings as unsanitary as the slums of any great city and declaring it to be the result of helplessness preyed upon by greed. The memorial asserts that the Mexican people in the United States are able and willing to support themselves if given a chance, it calls attention to the fact that there are millions of acres of land which belonged to their ancestors, and the title of which was guaranteed to them by the United States in the treaty of 1848, and that they, the heirs, have been illegally deprived of it and are prepared to submit the proof to the proper authorities. They allege that for the most part these lands are idle and unproductive, that the United States needs the food stuffs that could be grown thereon and that thousands of homeless and unemployed need the homes and employment these lands would afford. They petition the aid of the American Government in securing enough of the land to support themselves, and an apportionment of the remainder among deserving, homeless people regardless of nationality. They addressed their petition jointly to the American people and the press in the belief that their sense of justice would induce them to assist in securing what is asked. The memorial was forwarded to the President and copies were offered to seventy-five of the leading newspapers. As far as can be ascertained none of them printed it.

These are the people who will be the victims of this new revolution in the United States, people who in making their only request for aid for themselves had thought for all other homeless people, and who in humbly asking a favor offered with equal humility a princely gift.

E. C. HENDRIX.

The Crime at Marietta

NOT so long ago a reader of AMERICA suggested that one of its editors should write a book on "The Republic and Its Principles of Government." He was sure that the book would be studied carefully and would be welcomed by many as indicating the solution of the problems that perplex minds deficient in principles. The prospect was pleasing. Was it a spacious reality the

adventurer's foot could tread; or was it but a panoramic canvas? For nearly seven years have we been laying down such principles and drawing from them useful conclusions whenever opportunity offered. The principles were so little removed from the principle of contradiction, as to be almost self-evident: the conclusions were so close to them, as to be obvious. The occasions were grave enough; the need of sound principles of action was but too clear: yet our words were, we fear, all but wasted. For nowadays men make more account of the chatter of the street, than of all moral philosophy from Aristotle down to that of the Catholic schools today.

And since a band of Georgians took from the State prison a condemned murderer and hanged him on a tree, there has been much chatter in the street. From the street it has floated in through the windows of editorial rooms to come out again under the form of leading articles in the daily papers. It has crept into ministers' studies to reappear as scathing denunciations flung terrifically from the pulpit. It has penetrated dining-rooms and occupied the diners "during hours of mastication and rumination, which they call hours of meditation," as Carlyle says. It has invaded drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and bar-rooms and pool-rooms and school-rooms and work-rooms and other rooms of innumerable specification, and has held its own stoutly for an hour or so against the gossip proper to each. It has been figurative with its "stain on the 'scutcheon," its "outrage on modern civilization," and such like well-worn tropes. It has been abstract, too, with much to say about "the majesty of the law" and "the honor of the State." It has dealt bravely in generalities and has not feared to be senseless. But it has not been definite; it has not been practical; it has not faced the all-important question: who is responsible for the crime, and what must be done to prevent similar offences in future? To answer this we will devote a little time and space.

A grave crime was committed at Marietta, and it was no common one. It was not the sudden act of a mob that had hunted down its victim in the very hour of his guilt. It was not the abduction from prison of one, untried and uncondemned, to sacrifice him to a momentary frenzy. It was the removing from lawful custodians and the slaying in cold blood of one lawfully tried, lawfully condemned to death, who, having used in vain every legal appeal up to the Supreme Court of the United States, was saved only by the Governor's prerogative of mercy. Once the Governor has mitigated a sentence of death, the convict's natural title to his life revives. No one, therefore, may for a moment think of justifying that crime. It was too deliberate to allow of extenuation. We must ask, nevertheless, how it was that men who generally respect the acts of supreme authority, in this case conspired successfully to frustrate it?

The victim of the crime was convicted of murder in a court of the State of Georgia, and suddenly, without any apparent reason, became an object of interest to the whole country. From New York to San Francisco the newspapers retried and acquitted him. From San Francisco to New York ministers neglected the Gospel they are supposed to preach, to do the same in their pulpits; and women lifted up shrill voices in his behalf. His appeals were duly heard and were rejected; and with each rejection the clamor grew louder. At last the Supreme Court of the United States declared against him, and his advocates brought all their pressure to bear on the Governor. Petitions were sent him, letters poured in upon him, deputations called on him, newspapers dictated to him, until, at the last moment, he commuted the sentence of death to life imprisonment, and a cry of victory was heard throughout the land.

Such proceedings are a grievous injury to the courts of law. We will not dwell upon this, that few engaged in them had an adequate knowledge of the facts, and that the greater number had none worthy of the name. This does not touch the essence of the wrong done, which was a usurpation of the judicial office, a violation of public order. To the courts alone belong the determining of innocence or guilt, and the assigning to the guilty the penalty provided by the law. The accused may use all legal means to escape. The people at large, inasmuch as they are subject to authority, not its judges, have nothing to do but conform themselves to what the courts decide; and in this editors, ministers and emancipated women have no special privilege. The injury to the Governor of the State is no less grave. To him, as to the depositary of supreme authority, are due reverence and obedience. No one denies the right of recourse to him within due limits. But by badgering him with editorials, petitions, letters, deputations, the members of which have sometimes dared even to hustle him, unless the accounts of what happened in the case of the New York gunmen be exaggerated, to put him through a sort of what the police call, "the third degree," is to go beyond all limits, to violate the sanctity of his office, and to bring him and it into contempt. It is to assume, what we can never admit, that, unless such pressure were brought to bear, the executive power would allow one to go to an unjust death.

For there can be only one conclusion drawn from the case we are considering. The editors, the ministers, the female agitators, the petitioners, the personal visitors, making up no small part of the people of the United States, unless they were moved by some hidden power, were convinced that the Courts of the State of Georgia, the Supreme Court of the United States, were resolved on a judicial murder, that the Governor of Georgia was consenting to it, and that the fact was so clear, as to justify an interference that otherwise would have to be judged absolutely lawless. No worse insult can be imagined. That in one particular instance a large number of persons could entertain such an opinion would be bad enough. But the evil is still more serious. The Georgian case is not an isolated one. The same methods to brow-

beat the courts and to overawe the executive are coming into common use, so that the respect for authority without which no body politic can maintain itself is being brought into grave peril.

The crime of those who broke into that Georgian prison admits of no excuse whatever. But the responsibility of those who gave the occasion for it by outraging all our processes of justice is almost beyond expression.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

A Century of Catholic Weeklies

IT is notable that the present agitation for a Catholic daily is active when the Catholic weekly is rounding out the first century of its existence in the United States. Our first Catholic weekly was the outcome of the enterprise of that zealous Sulpician missionary, Father Gabriel Richard, who printed at Detroit, Michigan, then a frontier trading town, on August 31, 1809, the first copy of the *Michigan Essay, or Impartial Observer*. It failed to appear, as promised, "every Thursday" thereafter, so it may be regarded as negligible in this record. The succeeding journalistic effort was in New York, where, on December 10, 1810, Thomas O'Connor, one of the Irish exiles of 1798, and father of the jurist, Charles O'Conor, began the publication of the *Shamrock, or Hibernian Chronicle,* which lasted until August 17, 1817. "His pen," says his famous son, "was ever directed in vindicating the fame of Ireland, the honor of our United American States, or the truth and purity of his cherished mother the Apostolic Church."

This might be taken as the text that fixed the standards of most of the several hundred Catholic weeklies that in the years since have followed the *Shamrock*. "The writer would add," wrote Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C., telling the story of his diocese while on a visit to Dublin, in 1832, "that during upwards of ten years he and his associates have, at a very serious pecuniary loss not to mention immense labor, published a weekly paper the *United States Catholic Miscellany,* in which the cause of Ireland at home and of Irishmen abroad, and of the Catholic religion through the world has been defended to the best of their ability." The *Miscellany* was the first distinctively religious paper. It began in 1822 and lasted until 1861, when the Civil War ended its career. The great Irish immigration developing during the second quarter of the nineteenth century supplied the constituency to which the Catholic weekly had to address itself for its chief support, hence most of the papers were of the *Shamrock* and *Miscellany* type. Of all those begun during the first half of the century only four survive: the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati (1831); the *Pilot* of Boston (1837); the *Freeman's Journal* of New York (1840), and the *Catholic* of Pittsburgh (1846). The *Pilot* and the *Freeman's Journal* attained a national circulation and influence, the other two were always local in their spheres. The *Pilot*, up to the time of its present ownership, when it became the official diocesan organ, was a conservative Irish-American, as well as a religious journal in character. The old *Freeman's Journal* never aspired to this rôle.

The development of the modern secular newspaper, and especially its Sunday issue, had a very demoralizing effect on the prosperity of all weekly papers. The Catholic papers suffered a further handicap in the reluctance of their managers to change from the old ideals. The generation that was satisfied with the older papers passed away and their children refused to be interested in them. The subscription lists therefore languished. The Catholic papers of the earlier generations were ordinarily compilations of didactic essays and apologetic controversies of foreign and domestic origin. News, as we now understand the term, was ignored. The personal journalism of the last century, and the bitter discussions it engendered cannot be appreciated according to present standards. Ideals in church architecture, in art and in books have changed radically, and if the changes also in the character and contents of the Catholic weeklies have been slower and more reluctantly accepted it has been to their disadvantage. The fundamental cause of most of the many failures that make up the long list for the whole country has been lack of sufficient capital to carry out a successful enterprise of this character. One man, a brilliant writer, perhaps, usually tried to do all the work. His limit was reached after a hard and comparatively short struggle and then, not having the assistance to give variety and interest to the paper, he lost patronage. Not all such disasters can be cited here but some of the notable names on the roll are the New York *Truth Teller,* 1825-1855; the *Tablet,* 1857-1893; the *Metropolitan Record,* 1859-1873; the *Catholic Review,* 1872-1899; the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror,* 1849-1908; the Louisville *Catholic Advocate,* 1835-1857; the St. Louis *Shepherd of the Valley,* 1832-1854. These papers attained much more than local prominence. The *Catholic Review* was an excellent publication, conducted on modern lines, and far ahead of its era in interest and enterprise, but it failed to win the appreciation it merited. Other papers that still survive are the *Catholic News,* New York, 1886; the *Catholic Standard and Times,* Philadelphia; 1866; the *Sacred Heart Review,* Boston, 1888; the *Catholic Transcript,* Hartford, 1876; the *Morning Star,* New Orleans, 1867; the *Western Watchman,* St. Louis, 1865; the *Church Progress,* St. Louis, 1888; the *Catholic Columbian* ,Columbus, 1875; the *Ave Maria,* Notre Dame, 1865; the *Catholic Citizen,* Milwaukee, 1878; the *Monitor,* San Francisco, 1852.

All these, as well as the four-score or more of later dates are showing constant improvement, keeping what was best in their old arrangement, and adding new features to bring them up to the advanced ideas of the present. The several meetings that have been held of the Catholic Press Association have given a stimulus to the efforts of the progressive managers of Catholic

weeklies to offer to their readers papers really worthy of patronage as representative and authoritative organs of Catholic opinion. The improvement all along the line of the past five years has been very marked; that there is still room for much more is equally evident, but what has been done gives hopeful promise of the future. The wise old Sancho has warned us that, "It is hard for the empty bag to stand alone," and this proverb is only another way of putting the fact which the experience of the century has evolved: the successful Catholic weekly can come only with strict business management and plenty of available capital. "I can buy brains by the pound," once declared the proprietor of one of the biggest and most prosperous metropolitan dailies. Experience does not offer any conclusive denial of his assertion.

This is the tale of papers printed in the English language. That others, with the advantage of racial affiliations and foreign tongues may have made seemingly more substantial and practical progress is another story.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

The Reign of Scientific Faith

THE latest anomaly to strike the reviewer of the sundry reversals of thought to which the European crisis has so largely given rise, is the exploitation of science in the cause of faith. In adversity, the world is retracing its steps to the God from whom prosperity led it away; but, unskilled with things godly by reason of its long vacation therefrom, it is groping and blundering back in a manner which impresses with pity those who were fortunate enough never to depart from true religion's pale. Of course, minds accustomed to a rich diet of science find it hard to turn to the humble fare of theology. It is like repudiating fresh food for stale. Besides, the big stretch from Thomas Edison to Thomas Aquinas hurts. Must modern genius defer to medieval superstition? Surely there is a way to faith other than that which our ignorant or half-educated forbears, who never heard of wireless telegraphy, trod. And thus science is selected as a means to the end which theology hitherto attained.

These geniuses have discovered that the mysteries of science are as many and noble as those of theology. Life, they maintain, whose wondrous phenomena scientists understand but whose genesis is shrouded in mists, urges the mind to postulate an ultimate Giver: God. The infinite expanse of flaming worlds that bejewel the heavens and defy telescopes, constitutes a proof of Jehovah stronger than the Pentateuch. Why peruse tomes of theology for evidence of a Supreme Being, when the book of Nature presents so much proof that it is easy and pleasing to permit our hearts to supply the rest? Modern science takes natural mysteries, solves as many of them as she can, and inspires us with confidence that she will finally solve all. Thus scientific faith begins where the present ability of science leaves off. Science has done so much toward attaining to truth that we are right in trusting that she will do more. And it is by striving for truth that we get nearer to God and offer Him homage. This is religion.

All of this is delightfully plausible, but extremely perilous. It is rather early for anyone to forget that science, as taught today, turns men aplenty into atheists. By following its thread, they frequently find dangling at the end a chattering monkey without a soul. What ordinarily inveigles hearts into a denial of God's handiwork, the spiritual and immortal soul, cannot be a very secure route to Him. Tomorrow, when the war will have closed and Mammon will have started a fresh reign, science will be forced to serve the crassest materialism much more efficiently than it is now expected to serve something higher. From painful experience, all men might have learned wariness. Evidently some have not.

Mr. John Burroughs, the American naturalist, tells us, in the *Atlantic,* that scientific faith is enjoying a goodly increase. As the views of this scholar are somewhat representative, a brief consideration and criticism of them cannot be amiss. He draws a series of distinctions between the mysteries of science and those of religion, essaying all the while to show the greater accord of the former with our understanding, and the superiority of the former over the latter for purpose of faith. Plainly he is of the opinion that to ask too much of men's credence is to receive none of it, and that, since the demands of the mysteries of science are somewhat more modest than those of religion, modern man can accede to them with less difficulty. Immoderately prejudiced in favor of science, like so many other present-day thinkers, he is not loath to deal out blows to theology. He expressly believes that the universe is not half natural and half supernatural, but wholly natural. It is hard to see what room he leaves for God.

He tells us that the mysteries of religion are "parts of an arbitrary system of man's own creation" and that "they contradict our reason and our experience"; whereas those of science are made known to us by reason and only "transcend" our experience.

Surely he exceeds discretion by talking of an "arbitrary system," thereby making religious mysteries a mere erratic figment of the human mind. Christ, be it said with all reverence, had a little too much wisdom to be a lunatic, a little too much virtue to be a liar, and a little too much power to be a pretender; wherefore, it would take more than a single bald assertion of Mr. Burroughs' to prove that the fount of Christian dogma is turbid. One of the Galilean's statements is worth more than a million of our modern scientists' speculations. History proves that He did make statements and that He was peerlessly qualified to make them; common sense says that He ought to be believed; the Church teaches that He must be believed. It is hardly possible to detect an "arbitrary system" in these facts.

Perchance Mr. Burroughs holds that the Church, rather than Christ, was the maker of dogma and that she made it as she pleased. A study of Scripture and tradition, however, should convince any fair mind that she was not and did not. The Church is the expounder, not the manufacturer, of every dogma. Man created religious mysteries no more than he created himself, who is one of the greatest religious mysteries. Mr. Burroughs is inaccurate from the start.

His inaccuracy increases when he affirms that such mysteries contradict our reason. What is not understood is by no means necessarily at variance with understanding. The fact that a man could see only dimly would be a very poor indication that he is blind, but, on the contrary, a fair evidence that he is not. And so our naturalist errs in assuming that a proposition which is not entirely comprehensible to reason is irrational. For example: though we are ignorant of the process by which the Son of God was incarnated in Mary's womb, we know the illimitable power of the Deity, and therefore cannot reasonably doubt that it could effect what Scripture pronounces it actually did. Though we cannot possibly understand here below how there can be one God in three Persons, we do understand that He who taught us this mystery cannot possibly be deceived; thus the mystery of the Trinity is above and not against reason. It would be highly unreasonable to expect our weak and defective reason to reach everything: the finite is not and cannot be the measure of the infinite.

Certainly the fact that the mysteries of science are "revealed by reason" is less powerful to attract us to belief in them, than the fact that the mysteries of dogma are revealed by God is to induce us to religious credence. Obviously the latter possess a much firmer foundation than the former. Experience is the soul of real science, and experience proves how prone we are to error. Prudence warns us to sprinkle plentifully the speculations of science, so-called, with salt; the Word of God and His Church, however, goes very well without season. Strange as it may seem to those of Mr. Burroughs' thinking, the Incarnation has incalculably more authority to support it than has Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis. But the gentleman would have us place our faith in such propositions as "spontaneous generation," mooted and inexplicable as they are, rather than in the voice of Divine Truth. And scientific efforts to prove them worthy of belief have themselves largely proved worthless; so that the only authority to support them is the rather dubious doctrinal authority of matter-mad scholars who see more in their Darwin and Haeckel than they do in the skies.

Miracles, being the great witness to the supernatural mission of Christ and His Church, must needs be maligned by Mr. Burroughs. Admit one of them, and you must deny almost all of the gentleman's expressed opinions. Appreciative of this, he summarily disposes of them as hostile to our understanding. In point of fact, however, they are less so than the mysteries of dogma, which are not at all so. As St. Augustine in effect observes, it was no more wonderful for the God-Man to multiply loaves and fishes than to produce the wheat-seed and the sea-egg. He who creates something out of nothing must surely have the lesser power of deducing many things out of something. Indeed to think otherwise would do violence to our understanding. The Lord of the harvest was easily the master of five loaves.

Hence, when Mr. Burroughs declares that "the miracles of religion are to be discredited, not because we cannot conceive of them but because they run counter to the rest of our knowledge," he plainly pulls with too long a bow. They are rather in accord with our knowledge, though not with our daily experience, and they complement it.

After exposing some of "the unthinkable truths of science" in a review of the theories of Wallace, Darwin and Huxley, and demonstrating that those "truths" have received the sanction of experimental science, the gentleman criticizes Sir Oliver Lodge for postulating a spiritual world which other savants managed to get along very well without. Locked in matter, he clearly believes, are the secrets of the universe. Why jump into theology before reaching the end of science? Why believe in the powers of a supposed world and not in those of an actual one? Why waste mental energy in pondering over an imaginary supernatural realm, when the material sphere about us contains so many more mysteries than we have yet unravelled? We would have to understand matter thoroughly in order to know for certain that its powers are incomplete and are really supplemented by spirit.

If this, which fairly well represents the tenor of Mr. Burroughs' doctrine, is true, what right has he to hold up for our belief the proposition that an inscrutable creative power permeates the purely natural universe? Knowing so little about the matter, it is surely as logical for us to trace life and its phenomena ultimately to God as to "some unknown but intelligent power" in the physical elements of things. The latter is a mere learned nothing, because matter, to the best of human intelligence, is not intelligent. The living soul of man is so essentially different from his chemical body, that to declare it to be only a manifestation of the body would be to admit the possibility of a square circle.

'Tis a rocky road which Mr. Burroughs traverses when he attempts to establish the universality of matter and to stimulate scientific faith therein. If Truth really leads us to love and honor God, surely that cannot be Truth which is so apt to direct us away from Him. It appears that science, as a substitute for theology, will be a huge fiasco, and that theology, as a corrector and director of science is indispensable.

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Defects of the Catholic Press

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What purports to be a candid criticism of our American Catholic Press appeared in your columns recently. A more pessimistic view of the situation it would be hard to conceive. The writer finds "the journalistic field in a truly lamentable condition," so much so that one might truthfully say, "the Catholic Press does not exist." He speaks of the papers we have as an "Egyptian plague of ill-edited, illiterate and un-American sheets," and contends that "the existence of these papers is a reproach to the Church and an insult to the intelligence of the Catholics of America."

With such an introduction so startling in its boldness, written with such an air of finality and cocksureness, one is all expectancy for some equally startling examples of our journalistic wretchedness. But no. A passing reference to a so-called old maids' article on "Helpful Hints for Our Young Men," suffices to prove that our papers are ill-edited, a supposed mistake in Latin translation more than proves that they are likewise illiterate, and then a broadside attack on the "Hyphen," particularly on the Irish Hyphen is ample evidence that they are un-American.

He tells us with the assurance of one who knows that our Catholic editors belong in either of two classes. They are amiable amateurs or (the word is hard, but he uses it) *failures* in the art of journalism. However, the sweeping nature of this statement makes him a bit nervous and he hastens to add that there are some clerical editors who don't deserve to be in either class. Where he intends to put these is not clear.

His selection of the Latin translation example is not altogether a happy one. He finds fault with some unnamed editor, whom he playfully calls a brilliant scholar, because he rendered *devoto fémineo sexu,* as the *devout* female sex. Evidently your omniscient critic is unaware that, whatever be the force of the Latin original, the common English translation of the passage as found *e. g.,* in the Office of the Blessed Virgin (see "Sodality Manual," Herder, 1904), is "devout female sex."

Two of his remarks apropos of the Hyphen, are worth separating from their context. They are thought-compelling. "It matters not what hyphen it is, any appeal to race or to politics is out of place in a Catholic paper." The question of Ireland's freedom "should be discussed at length *anywhere* but in distinctly Catholic journals." I refrain from comment.

But your critic is not merely a destroyer. He would also a builder be. He will point you out the remedy for the evils which he deprecates. Our leaders, if we have any, for he doubts their existence, are to get together and with one fell "stroke suppress the horde of official organs and others which now call themselves Catholic papers."

Magnificent idea! And what then? What then? O pshaw! The rest is easy. Just divide up the country into twelve sections, engage good Catholic editors of whom there are scores now out of jobs, and the millennium will be here. I don't want to be guilty of rash judgment, yet I confess that the perusal of his article has roused in me the suspicion that he considers himself one of these capable Catholic editors of which, he tells us, "the journalistic woods are full." The initials he uses as a pen name are suggestive, N. Y. E. Might these not stand for "New York Editor"? If my surmise be correct, it should not prove difficult to guess the reason for his being out of work. A man who can indulge in so violent a diatribe against Catholic journalism, who attempts to substantiate his charges by such childish reasoning, who offers as a substitute for what we now have, a chimera of his brain, a new journalism based upon the activities of leaders whose very existence he calls in doubt, such a man is hardly a fit person to be given employment in any sanctum, even of the newspapers or periodicals of Greater New York.

Spokane, Wash. J. S.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What kind of man is the fellow who signs himself "N. Y. E." and writes so learnedly about the defects of the Catholic press? Despite the fact that he says many things that are quite self-evident to even the ordinary Catholic, his article is very interesting. However, I wish to protest against one sentence which reads as follows:

> A seminarian with a "spoilt" vocation; a barber turned printer; a "medico" without patients, or a busy priest with a large parish, are all of them admirable people in their own way, but they certainly are not journalists in the technical sense of the term. With the best will in the world, they will fail in journalism, Catholic or secular.

I think it is an outrage to class young men who study for the priesthood, and who do not go on and become priests, but take up some other calling, with "barbers turned printers, medicos without practice," etc., the regular run of "misfits." This is not fair to the young men who attend our seminaries and who afterwards take up newspaper work as a calling. Not all seminarians with a "spoilt" vocation are fit to go into newspaper work, but some of them are quite capable of running a Catholic newspaper with credit to themselves and to the Church. Mr. N. Y. E. betrays an attitude that unfortunately is quite the fashion among some of the clergy and large numbers of the laity who ought to think seriously before continuing in such a frame of mind. Mr. N. Y. E. would not think of classing college graduates in his list of incompetents, no sane man would; and yet there are thousands of them in the State of New York alone that are unfit for newspaper work or any other kind of work. A man who gives up his study for the priesthood is fitted for work on a Catholic newspaper. He has had sound religious training, courses in Church history, philosophy and some theology perhaps. Put this training along with good judgment, some ability to write the English language, a straight, true American spirit and above all a love for newspaper work, and I would think it a positive injustice on the part of Mr. N. Y. E. to cast him aside because he was once a seminarian. I have been through the mill. I know something of the humiliation, the disappointment, the sorrow that it brings to a young man to find that his services are not much in demand anywhere when he leaves the seminary. He soon learns that people are sick with the disease that seems to afflict Mr. N. Y. E. Many of these young men live through it all and come out without any bitterness in their hearts, but a good many do not. Some pine away entirely and amount to nothing, others, out of a consuming spirit of revenge, go over to the enemy, and if Mr. N. Y. E. studies the matter a bit, he will find they show some real talent and ability when they edit an anti-Catholic sheet. I am fully conscious of the fact that ex-students for the priesthood are justly subject to a great amount of criticism for their general condition. Ordinarily the very best things should come from them. I am convinced that they could make a much better showing as a group or class if it were not for the prejudice and unsympathetic attitude of many laymen like Mr. N. Y. E. The pagans, as Cardinal Newman so well says, persecuted the early Christians from the face of the earth and then called them a *gens lucifuga,* a people who shunned the light of day. I am not looking for work on the new set of Catholic papers that Mr. N. Y. E. is going to put on the market, when his literary board suppresses the ones we now have. Furthermore, if you do not care to print this letter among the "Communications," turn it over to the advertising manager, mark it advertisement and send me the bill.

Dansville, N. Y. M. K., JR.

Woman's Place

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In "Women and Peace" Mr. Murphy maintains that woman's place is the home and accuses her of breaking it up by outside activities. Let us see if "advanced women have voluntarily discontinued being pedestaled goddesses." Does Mr. Murphy mean that the nine million women who are today toiling for a living in the United States have voluntarily come down from the pedestal at their fireside?

Let Mr. Murphy go into the New England mills and see the army of women laborers, thin and emaciated, half-deafened by the clack of the loom, breathing a lint-saturated atmosphere, and will he tell us that they have willingly left the fireside and the home? These women and children, and there are 200,000 of them in New England, work because their husbands' wages will not support the family. Look at the army of women, callous-kneed in the cranberry bogs, watch them and their little children in the heated and stifling canneries, in the tobacco-laden basements of cigar manufactories. Watch them blush at the coarse joke in the cheaper lunch rooms where they toil long hours for a paltry pittance with few or no tips. Ask the hotel help what they get to eat, and inspect their quarters. Go and look at the women and their cut and torn fingers in the oyster shucking beds. Will you tell me that these women are there from choice, that they have voluntarily relinquished the home?

Mr. Murphy finds fault with women for their activities today. Does he know that for the same labor women receive less pay than men? Doesn't he realize that capital is opposing the Workmen's Compensation law and laws against child labor, all of which make for the upbuilding of the home? Has he forgotten that 147 of the sisters of these active young women were burned to death in the Triangle fire some years ago, and is he aware that the owner was never punished, and when within a year he was arrested for locking the doors on 150 more girls, who in case of accident might also have been a holocaust, does Mr. Murphy know the owner was fined but $20.00? Didn't it appear in the cannery investigation in New York that women were working with cut and scorched hands 117 hours a week or nineteen hours a day for a paltry pittance?

In Massachusetts there are 50,000 manufacturing establishments and only twenty-four inspectors to protect human life. There are in these mills 200,000 women and children and only four women inspectors to look after the interests of these slaves. In New York a wife is not entitled to her own earnings. Men have made the law that the joint earnings belong to the husband, who may drink them and let wife and children starve. Women see their husbands and sons degraded and impoverished by saloons and they are told, not alone by the distillers and brewers, to remain on their pedestals, see their homes ruined and claim no voice in the making of laws to control the liquor traffic.

Why enumerate the horrors? Thousands upon thousands die in their slum holes. Hundreds of thousands of homes are ruined by demons of drunken husbands. When intelligent women rise up with indignation against greed and in very pity for their suffering sisters, they are told: "Woman's place is the home." If we want woman to return to her pedestal, to find her place in the home, give her a chance to enact laws, which men have failed to do, that will aid towards the building up of the home.

Baltimore. BERTHA HOPKINS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To one who is a member of a suffrage organization, the lecture administered to the twentieth-century woman by Edward F. Murphy, M.A., in your number for August 14, seemed uncalled for. Women have entered public life simply because men have invented machinery which has taken the industries out of the home. Women themselves are not to blame for such conditions. The spinning, weaving, knitting, etc., once so laboriously performed in the homes by all classes of women, are now done in factories by those women who are forced into the work by stern necessity. Others go into business or into the professional world.

None of us would care about reverting to the good old days when all women stayed at home and worked from morning until night, doing the multitudinous duties of the household which are at the present day more skilfully performed in factories. The question of equal suffrage was settled when the shops and colleges threw open their doors to women, although the process of attaining the goal has been a long-drawn-out one.

Universal male suffrage is so recent an institution that it was unknown in New York State until 1826. During the Middle Ages the rights of suffrage and office-holding were determined by class and property qualifications, regardless of sex. During those halcyon days, to which Mr. Murphy alludes, women voted in France, in Spain and in Flanders. There is a record of an election held in Montpellier in 1334, at which twenty per cent of the voters were women. In the republics of the Middle Ages the officials of the communes were designated by lot, irrespective of sex. I am indebted to Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D., Rector of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York, for the above information. Dr. McMahon, in the same lecture, cites many other instances which prove that, in Catholic countries and in Catholic times, women occasionally wandered outside of the castle walls and displayed an intelligent interest in the political aspects of the day. When reading the history of the Renaissance one is forced to the conclusion that the question of complete citizenship for women would have been most satisfactorily solved, if the Puritan Reformation, so-called, had not come along and relegated the "gentler sex" to an inferior position.

Let us take the question of "Votes for Women" out of the realm of sentiment and place it where it belongs: side by side with the other economic agitations of the day. As for the comparatively few extremists who have allied themselves with the cause—well, they probably do more harm than good; however, every great movement has had its quota of "cranks" and "martyrs." The fact that John Brown invited the slaves to fight against their masters did not make the cause of Abolition wrong.

The war did not automatically cease at the moment when the Women's Peace Congress adjourned. In spite of "Peace Sundays" and prayers of all races and creeds, the slaughter still goes on. The Holy Father sends messages to the belligerent nations, imploring them to stop and consider the teachings of the Prince of Peace; but the butchery continues. Why? Nobody seems to know. But it is hardly fair to blame the women, whose opinion about starting the war was not asked, because they failed to bring the nations of Europe to a realization of their folly, when other forces, much stronger, have not succeeded.

Utica, N. Y. MARY GERTRUDE LAWLOR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Murphy is to be congratulated on his courage in speaking so plainly about the neglect of home life by women. But alas! suffragettes are blind and deaf and cannot be reached by argument. The vote is everything to them: let them have it. After a while they will tire of it and settle down to a peaceful life.

New York. MERE MAN.

AMERICA

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Governor Dunne Philosophizes

WHAT the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina, is fairly well known. What the Governor of Illinois, attacking the right of the State to inflict capital punishment, said to the Governors assembled in Boston last month, is not so well known, although the Governor has often said it before; but the philosophy of the Boston discourse is likely to make the Governor famous. "If it is wrong for one man to kill a man," asks the Governor, "if it is wrong for three men to kill a man, is it any less wrong for twenty men to kill a man?" Certainly not; but it does not therefore follow that it is wrong for the civil authority to put a man, justly convicted of crime, to death; and Governor Dunne himself will probably admit that as a necessary means of self-defense, even an individual may rightly take the life of an unjust aggressor.

Governor Dunne evidently labors under the delusion that the rights and duties of the individual citizen are coextensive with the rights and duties of the State. Back of this delusion lies the initial fallacy, popularized by Rousseau, that the people are the sole source of all authority exercised by the State. To show that the State has rights, duties and privileges which do not and cannot pertain to the individual, requires no deep argument, but only a little common sense. An individual cannot imprison a man, but the State can. An individual cannot forbid the sale of liquor to minors, or of drugs to "dope-fiends," but the State can and should. An individual cannot prevent a corporation from crowding three thousand people on an unseaworthy boat, but the authority represented by Governor Dunne, can and must. Neither can an organization of private citizens, however large, do any of these things.

Obviously, then, unless our whole concept of government is awry, the State rightfully exercises powers which neither the individual citizen nor the entire body of citizens, possesses. Our whole system of government, legislative, judicial and executive, recognizes the maxim that the private citizen has neither the right, the duty, nor the power to frame and interpret laws for the common welfare, or to enforce order in the community. This is the office of the civil authority, and in exercising its functions, it must have the unquestioned right of employing every means proper and necessary to the attainment of its legitimate end. No one will deny that under given conditions, the suspension of the death penalty may be found expedient. But Governor Dunne's argument for its complete abolition, based on the absurd theory that the State has no larger powers than any or all of its citizens, finds its logical term in anarchy.

The Immigration Problem

OUR immigration problem's importance to the Church in America is well discussed in the current *Catholic Mind*. "We must save to the Faith every Catholic who comes to this country," insists Dr. Kelley. This cannot be done, however, unless we have many more priests, churches and schools than we have at present, unless there are more generous offerings of prayers, money and personal service on the part of the Faithful, and unless we Catholics take as much interest in the immigrant as is shown by secular and Protestant societies. The immigrant of yesterday who has been "graduated" should manifest more practical sympathy with the new-comer of his own race, and each American Catholic, no matter what his ancestry is, should forget the blood of his immigrant coreligionists because of their Baptism. The annual offering of the "missionary quarter" by all the Faithful, says Dr. Kelley, would meet the expense of saving the immigrant to the Church.

Then Father Siedenburg, to make us realize better our responsibilities toward these strangers, presents an array of statistics and tells about the character of today's immigrants, where they go, how they live and what they do. From 1821 to 1915, 31,348,720 aliens have come to these shores, 12,000,000 arriving since 1901. More than 600,000 out of every million, it is estimated, are Catholics. Our gigantic task is to keep them such. Even non-Catholic writers see the magnitude of the undertaking and acknowledge, too, the remarkable success we have had in accomplishing it. Mr. Roberts, for instance, in his book on "The New Immigrant," observes:

> Never in the history of the world has a religious organization faced an obligation such as that confronting the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. To shepherd these millions of souls speaking thirty different tongues, to house them in churches, to soothe racial prejudices, to secure an adequate number of priests; these are problems that no ecclesiastical body before in the history of the Christian Faith has been called upon to solve. The Catholic Church has done and is still doing great work for

the foreign-speaking people in America. If its beneficent influence were removed the millions of the new immigration would be far more lawless and reckless than they are. The teachings and leadings of this religious organization are a defense to both the secular and moral institutions of this country.

It must be sadly owned, however, that in many cases the adult immigrant now coming to this country has not learned his religion well at home, so the problem of safeguarding him from Protestant and socialist proselyters is hard to solve. Mr. Fay describes what is being done in Boston to meet the difficulty. But immigrant's children can be brought up good Catholics, if we can only build and equip schools to attract them. Today the Church's battle-field, in a fuller sense, perhaps, than ever before is in the heart of the child and that our enemies realize as thoroughly as we. However grave the immigration question is now for American Catholics, it is likely to be even more serious after the present European conflict is over. For when peace is made at last, and the vast armies now fighting are mustered out, greater throngs of immigrants than ever will be leaving their war-riven, heavily-taxed countries for the United States. Are we American Catholics getting ready to receive them?

The Constitution and the "Status Quo"

THE principal article recommended by the Committee on Education, to the New York Constitutional Convention has been recommitted, and this action is considered equivalent to rejection. Few will mourn. Most unhappily phrased, the article satisfied no one. It was too extreme for the conservatives, who do not see in the State the exclusive right to educate or even to supervise education, and quite too conservative for the extremists who would confer the sum of all educational authority upon a State board. The strongest argument urged by its sponsor, Dr. J. G. Schurman, of Cornell, was that the article "did no more than write into the Constitution what was the current practice."

This statement does not seem to be thoroughly accurate, but it gave ex-Justice Morgan J. O'Brien the opportunity of stressing a principle which the framers of Constitutions too often forget. "There is no need," said Mr. O'Brien, "of constitutionalizing the *status quo*." A constitution is, or was, a succinct declaration of the fundamental law of the land, or of the principles upon which it is based. It is not a code of law, a *corpus juris*, although to judge from certain State constitutions, it is fast taking on a striking resemblance to the typical bulky volume of Revised Statutes. This is the inevitable result, when in the desire "to constitutionalize the *status quo*," our modern statesmen consider themselves recreant to stern duty, if they do not honor every activity which may engage the attention of the human mind, with at least a passing mention in the document under their consideration.

Holding the Mirror Up to Nature

THE shibboleth of writers of "best sellers" seems to be that they "are holding the mirror up to Nature." Poor Mother Nature, little did she realize what a drab she is. She must rather envy that man whom Saint James mentions, who "beholding his own countenance in a glass . . . went his way and forgot what manner of man he was."

Youngsters are delighted with mirrors that elongate and foreshorten the countenance. It is one's image, sure enough, but so thrown out of focus as to become gargoylish, preserving a poor remnant of truth amidst so much grotesqueness, that a sense of fun is aroused. Such must be the sort of mirror these novelists present to Mother Nature.

The essentials of a modern novel are so simple that it seems a waste of money for Mr. Essenwein to advertise a preparatory course in writing. A divorcee, or an actress, or, preferably a "modern" woman who has either lost woman's priceless treasure, or is so willing to lose it, that the author tells us so in a few brief words at the beginning of the second or third chapter. Then she must visit the rooms of some "pure and honorable" young man. A friend falls in love with the same man at sight, or three minutes after; a visit to the cabaret follows: there are cigarettes for the ladies, and behold, you have the three-stringed fiddle from which is struck off so many base melodies for the modern readers.

This is the literature that litters the tables of our modern public libraries and crowds its shelves: but not for long, as it is constantly "out" on its devilish mission of corrupting our young people and keeping the minds of grown-ups corrupt.

Experience has shown that even children now come for a love story. Pirates and Indians appeal to them no more. The hearts of children are caught by the bewitchery of folly. They have looked into the mirror held up to nature by the modern novelist. There is but one consolation in all this: the nature reflected in the mirror is the modern novelist's own degraded soul, not the Mother Nature that God made and saints love.

"The Cause?" Again

"WHAT is the cause of the terrible calamities which are now falling on the civilized world?" asks Mr. L. P. Jacks in the September *Atlantic Monthly*. "Surely it lies in the fact that the economic development of mankind has outstripped the moral development," is his discerning answer. On July 31, 1914, the world's wealth was far greater than its wisdom. The conquest of backward territories and the industrial achievements of an enormous population instead of bringing Europe peace and contentment had bred avarice and jealousy, for neither a nation's life, nor a man's, lies in the material riches that the State possesses. A wealthy coun-

try is inclined to be quarrelsome and is likely to have internal and external troubles from which poor nations are free. A rich people must build up vast armaments to protect its holdings: this causes discontent at home and suspicion abroad. According to the principles of the Manchester School, however, the world's increase in manufacturing and commercial activity was to be the best of guarantees that war would be no more.

But what has happened? Militarism has seized the stored-up fruits of industrialism, Europe is spending $50,000,000 a day on the work of destroying life and property, and three-fifths of the world's population is embroiled, it may be said, in this gigantic conflict. All the ingenuity, learning and inventive skill that strove during the past forty years to find ways of protecting and prolonging human life, relieving pain, increasing the comforts and making common the luxuries of life, are now wholly directed to spreading broadcast suffering, ruin, desolation and death. The pagan economics of our day instead of averting or deferring, have actually fostered and made all the more dreadful the greatest war in history.

When peace returns at last and European society is reconstructed on a new basis, it is Mr. Jack's hope that the world will rid itself of "that type of civilization which directs the energies of nations to the production of mere material wealth." He longs for the restoration of the industrialism of three hundred years ago, the kind "whose object is not material wealth, but the joy of the worker," the "kind that built the Cathedral of Reims, the kind that creates beautiful things." To this prayer every thoughtful Christian will say a fervent Amen. Not only the people, but the captains, kings and statesmen of medieval Catholic Europe had made their own the principles laid down in the Parable of the Rich Fool with its logical deductions. The man who with seeming prudence laid up for himself such vast material wealth, but was not rich toward God, Divine Wisdom called a fool. Do nations that act as he did deserve a better name?

Arizona

ARIZONA "went dry." No one finds fault with that, even if the State be as dry as alkali dust. But to be so dry as to scorch the common sense out of legislation is another thing. Arizona has done the other thing. And now it has come to pass that railroads will not transport wine destined for religious purposes, until the courts pronounce on the meaning of the prohibition law, recently enacted. The advantages and disadvantages of prohibition may be an open question. One thing is certain, however, no State Legislature has power to interfere with the free exercise of any man's religion: that is guaranteed by the United States Constitution. Yet Arizona's law, drawn no doubt with good intentions, is likely to prove an obstacle to religious freedom. Should the statute be literally executed the freedom clause of our Constitution will be broken in two, in the name of prohibition; and then in this country of freedom, tolerance and fanaticism, all "jumbled" together, sovereign Arizona will be exclaiming: "Worship God, ye bondsmen, as I bid you." Thus prohibition will become a superstition interfering with adoration.

Arizona will learn a lesson some day. The State dreams that it has a specific for many an ill. Dreams seldom match realities. Prohibition enacted, "kitchen bars" will replace saloons.—They have done so in one State: five hundred of them have come into existence in the chief city of that commonwealth, and now sordid mothers supply vagabonds with alcohol in the presence of gaping children, who absorb blasphemy and the fumes of bad whiskey gratis.—"Huckleberry wine" will replace whiskey in country stores, and at the third draught drummers will engage in fisticuffs with the man in the moon. Prohibition a cure for drunkenness! Why, below the Mason-Dixon line there is a State where prohibition is breath to the nostrils, and yet only the other day the Legislature empowered the sergeant-at-arms to eject members who were intoxicated. And the aforesaid Legislature is set down a long distance from the adjoining State at that! This virtuous commonwealth with the omnipotent sergeant-at-arms is noted for illiteracy, child labor and "lynch law." Fanaticism is erratic to be sure.

And Arizona? Some day it will learn that alcohol is not alcoholism, that prohibition will not annihilate the former, nor cure the latter; that men have convictions more sacred than statutes prompted by excess of zeal, a fault which, like lust, is the mother of heresy. However, Arizona deserves sympathy. Its purpose is good; its methods bad, unjust, intolerant, unconstitutional, fanatical.

The Dirge of the Doll

ANY day on Forty-Second Street, New York, above the clang of bell and the whir of motor you can hear the dirge of the doll. It is a strange silent cry, not at all unpleasing amid the varied sounds of a busy city street. The song they sing is sad, for these dolls come from the "Saddest Land," where the war shattered their homes and ruined their country. They were designed by Polish artists, and their strange costumes reproduce the gala attire of the Polish peasant before the war.

Jan and Halka are the first of the little folk whose sorry plight is told in simple child-verse:

> Jan and Halka come to you
> With their story, sad and true.
> Of the homeless girls and boys
> Some are real and some are toys.

Jan, the boy-gardener lived near Halka, his little friend, in far-off Poland, spending lovely days where flower and fruit and blossom grew. At the edge of the big estate, they had a garden of their own close to a pretty cottage.

Jan had a cute little hoe, and Halka a tiny spade, and they were very happy just at the time when the berries were ripening and the flowers were beginning to laugh. Then of a sudden a big gun boomed. Halka got frightened, and as she and Jan ran to the brow of a hill they saw a house blown all to pieces. It was Halka's house: they remembered little more than this. War made Halka an orphan, and Jan's father marched away with the army. There is only sorrow and black ruin now where Poland's gardens once bloomed.

Then you must not fail to hear the doll chorus of the "Little Refugees." There is a far-away look in their eyes, for they appear to be viewing the land of their birth, now a land of suffering where many a child and mother is starving. The little Polish boys and girls have lost everything except perhaps their doll friends, and they are begging for food, praying and hoping that all doll-lovers in the United States will stretch out a helping hand. They ask for little; only bread. Thus the Refugees chant their prayer, the prayer of bleeding Poland:

We are dolls from Poland where
War has filled us with despair;
We have taken hasty flight
From that land in sorry plight.

Homes where we were treasured toys
Now are robbed of all their joys
We were useless over there
So we're traveling everywhere

Telling those who hear our tale
That we dollies are for sale.
We are sure to please you all
Grown-up folks as well as small.

Then there is the song of the wedding party in which six dolls are the choristers, and the story of the tinsmith family which ends with the words: "Please help our helpless little friends at home so far away."

To every visitor at the Doll-House in busy Forty-Second Street the message of mercy is put in these words: Won't you adopt one of the Refugee Dolls? Probably no dolls ever had so important a mission in life, for they come here to be adopted by kind Americans. "Whoever welcomes one of them into the family, not only affords the little waif an opportunity of life-long service in pleasure-giving, but provides a month's food for a starving mother or child in Poland."

LITERATURE

Fishers and Fish

WHEN "old" Isaak Walton wrote his "Compleat Angler" in 1653 that noble eulogy of "the Contemplative Man's Recreation" was so favorably received that before the author's death in 1683 the book had gone through six editions, and since then it has been printed at least 154 times. The Oxford University Press is the latest publishing house to bring out the classic, R. B. Marston furnishing the introduction and bibliography. The reason this work, which would seem to appeal to only a small circle of readers, has for 250 years held the interest of lovers of good literature and demanded the attention of students of English prose is because the book's carefully-written pages are so pervaded by the author's genial spirit. He writes:

> I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed (not any scurrility, but) some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. . . . Though I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow, that passeth away, and returns not.

This amiable "brother of the angle's" opening chapter in which the falconer, the hunter and the fisherman each sound the praises of his proper domain gives "honest" Isaak a splendid opportunity to prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that water is the most important element in the universe, that in usefulness and dignity, fish surpass both birds and beasts, that for antiquity and excellence nothing is comparable to the art of angling, and that fishermen have been time out of mind patient, simple souls, "quiet men and followers of peace" who "seldom take the name of God into their mouths" save "to praise Him and pray to Him." Anglers, Walton points out, unite so harmoniously in themselves the active and the contemplative life that they cannot be far from the Kingdom of God. Anglers, moreover, were never reproved by Our Saviour for their calling as were the scribes and money-changers; four of the craft, Peter, Andrew, James and John, He made fishers of men, giving them a "priority of nomination in the catalogue of the Twelve;" and anglers three, be it noted, were the only men who witnessed the Transfiguration and the Agony. Moreover the successful fisher's qualities of tact and patience and meekness, Isaak would imply, are also the virtues of a zealous apostle, and had Walton been an idolatrous Papist, he surely could not have forborne remarking that St. Peter's successors in governing the Church used the Seal of the Fisherman.

As for the antiquity of the angler's calling, Isaak doubts not that the art is as old as Deucaleon's flood, and that Belus, the "first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations" was an early fisherman. Noah, beyond all question, became a chronic angler and holy Job and the Prophet Amos both make mention of fishhooks. Nay, persists our quaint author, angling is of Divine precept, for was not St. Peter bidden by the Saviour cast a hook into the water for money to pay Cæsar's tribute? Isaak might have added, were net-fishing likewise his theme, that the Apostles were told on two occasions how to make a successful haul. He does not fail to note, either, that "Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that He hath made a whale a ship to carry and set His Prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore." Nor does our genial author neglect to remind the reader that the ancient ecclesiastical canons forbade hunting to churchmen "as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation." Angling, however, is permitted because it is a harmless recreation that "invites them to contemplation and quietness," one therefore, to which "many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion" have doubtless been addicted.

Had Isaak Walton read Cornelius á Lapide's commentary on the Prophet Habacuc the "Compleat Angler" would perhaps have been a much larger book. For the Jesuit dwells with unusual unction on the words "Thou wilt make men as the fishes of the sea" adducing eighteen striking points of resemblance between the finless and the finny race. That Father Cornelius did not spin out a hundred or even a thousand likenesses or differences instead of only eighteen speaks volumes for his self-denial. Walton certainly never would have been content with such a meager number.

It is a remarkable fact that in Isaak's book there is not so

much as an allusion to those weaknesses that are now popularly believed to belong in a special way to the gild of fishers. His anglers are invariably truth-loving, abstemious, clean-spoken, godly and industrious men. The brethren of the angle can make merry indeed in the village inn when the day's sport is over. But their mirth is free from either "Scripture jests, or lascivious jests," and they so behave that "they are not ashamed to look upon one another next morning." The "honest hostess,"—for everybody in "The Compleat Angler" is described as "honest"; it seems to be the universal characteristic of seventeenth century rural Englishmen,—prepares for her guests the fish they have caught and sets forth her "best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds." When all the anglers have fared sumptuously, they begin to troll a catch together, and praise Corydon's sweet voice, as he sings the joys of country life.

The delighted fishers then protest that they are much beholden to the good man that made that song, and with a "purpose to prevent the sun-rising," betake themselves forthwith to "fresh sheets that smell of lavender." On the morrow morn they set out to fish in other streams, meeting peradventure on the way "honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin," the lilting milkmaid who offers them smilingly a mug of freshly drawn milk or eke a "syllabub of new verjuice." How good that latter beverage sounds! Who would not be a "Compleat Angler"!

"I am not of a cruel nature," naively observes Mr. Walton. "I love to kill nothing but fish." He then explains to the "towardly scholar" he had in *Venator,* how and when and with what bait you can successfully hook and land the trout, the umber, the salmon, the pike, the carp, the tench, the perch, the loach, the gudgeon, the bleak and divers other kinds of fish which the patient reader may read about himself in Walton's pleasant book. Other marvelous fish which honest Isaak, or any one else for that matter, never had the good fortune to see with his own eyes, he credulously describes on the authority of Pliny and Gesner. But if our seventeenth-century author knew of the 13,000 varieties of fish now familiar to science, no doubt he would have sorrowfully laid down his quill, despairing of ever teaching a man to be a "Compleat Angler" of so many kinds of fish.

But besides the sport of adroitly landing a lively trout, the meal his catch would subsequently furnish was a matter of keen interest to Walton. He can describe to a nicety just how each fish should be dressed and served and he has great faith in the medicinal value of a Lenten diet. Writing though he was at the time of the Puritan ascendency, Isaak did not fear to remark:

> The casting off of Lent, and other fish-days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of these many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, sallets and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

Surely it is a great comfort to know on such excellent authority as honest Isaak's that a fish diet is the sovereign remedy for "intermitting agues." Ichthyophagy, moreover, as this regimen is termed by the learned, is still believed to be an incomparable promoter of intellectual activity, presumably because the phosphorus that abounds in teleostomes, imparts extraordinary light to the minds of assiduous fish-eaters. It is a matter of common knowledge, too, that unhouseled heretics, as a rule, are fonder of fish than is the Papist born. This, of course, makes the latter's prescribed hebdomadal abstinence from meat all the more meritorious. Another consideration that should help the children of the Kingdom to be staunch ichthyophagists on Friday is the fact that fidelity to the practice is the Catholic's profession of faith before the world. The very fish he makes his food has mystically symbolized from the earliest times the partaker's belief in the Redemption, since the Greek word for fish is formed of five letters that are the initials of the terms expressing Our Saviour's name, natures and office. "We little fishes," says Tertullian, "after the image of our *Ichthys,* Jesus Christ, are born in the water."

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

Compendium Theologiæ Moralis ad Usum Seminariorum Huius Regionis Accommodatum ab ALOISIO SABETTI, S.J. Editio Vicesima Secunda Recognita a TIMOTHEO BARRETT, S.J. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $3.50.

Sabetti-Barrett's "Moral Theology" needs no introduction to the students of such works as its twenty-two editions amply testify. From the days of the early eighties it has been in the hands of American priests and has proved itself to be, as its author desired, a ready help to the clergy of this country, wherein conditions were and are so very different from prevailing conditions in Europe. The present edition is a revision of the older work, bringing it up to date and in line with the most recent decisions of the Holy See. Father Barrett has long been known to the world of moral theology, and his sixteen years of close study and teaching eminently qualify him to speak authoritatively in matters of such vital concern. The volume is a splendid example of poised and detached judgment, particularly in those hotly-contested points that the Church has seen fit to leave open questions.

Of the greatest interest are the new additions which deal with modern problems. Under the Fourth Commandment, for example, there are golden words on the duties of parents concerning the schooling of their children, boys and girls frequenting moving picture shows, and what instruction should be given on matters of sex. The discussion of vasectomy, anesthetics, and narcotics brings out the underlying unchangeable principles, thus enabling the student to take cognizance of any advance science may make, and Father Barrett's already well-known *addendum* on the "Ne Temere" has been thoroughly revised and incorporated into the body of the book. The question of "vocation," so much to the front of late because of l'Abbé Lahitton's work, is treated in its double aspect of vocation to religion and to the priesthood. Deserving of special praise is the excellent *Index Alphabeticus Generalis et Epitome,* which is a treasure in itself. The material make-up of the book is admirable and the publishers deserve warm commendation for their success in bringing out in this country so typographically attractive and perfect a Latin book.

F. P. LE B.

The Irish Nuns at Ypres: An Episode of the War. By D. U. C., Member of the Community. With an Introduction by JOHN REDMOND. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The Irish Benedictine nuns, like so many other communities of men and women, had found a safe asylum in Belgium in the days of persecution; and, unlike most other communities, had been able to maintain themselves there during the invasion of the French revolutionary armies more than a hundred years ago. But on the approach of the German army, and the bombardment of the city of Ypres in October last, the community, with its paralytic abbess, were obliged, after a short and dangerous delay, to seek safety in flight. A member of the community gives us an account, absorbing in its interest, of their adventures during the bombardment and their escape from the doomed city. When the *taubes* began to fly over the town dropping bombs, and shells fired from points miles away were hurtling through the air, the terrified nuns were forced into their cellars which they were soon, though cloistered, to share with other religious, priests,

women and married couples with their families. Bread, meat and milk were almost impossible to get at any price, and yet their few edibles were willingly shared with the needy. Life in the cellars soon became impossible, and the Benedictines were forced to flee through the streets while houses were falling on all sides and shells bursting everywhere. With incredible toil they made their way to the south to Poperinghe, though not till after making attempts to go back to their convent. Thence they passed to Boulogne and to England. It is pleasant to relate that from all, Belgians, French and English, they received nothing but kindness and consideration. A perusal of the book will give one an idea of the horrors of this world war. It touches only one house in one city in one country. What must be the dreadful sum of suffering in five or six countries? Read and judge. P. J. D.

The Story of Canada Blackie. By ANNA P. L. FIELDS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

That this work for which Thomas M. Osborne, the latest warden of Sing Sing writes an introduction, is clearly a piece of "uplift's" publicity literature, is proved by the long and favorable notices the mawkish book is receiving in the press. Canada Blackie, having been a notorious cracksman and a party to a murder, was requested to rest from his labors for life at Dannemora. Of course, "the thousand and one petty rules and humiliations of the stupid system under which he was now compelled to exist shattered the nerves of his high-strung nature," while he in turn tried to shatter the prison with dynamite, and the shoulder of a guard with a gun. This victim of "the stupid brutality of the old prison system" is removed to Auburn for safer keeping, and there becomes "the most triumphant example of the reforming power of the new system of common sense." He learns to coo over cats and kittens, to write long, affectionate letters to the warden after reading his "beautiful" letter and its "loving" words; to have everything "lovely" at Auburn, to adopt some matronly creature as his "mother" and her little daughter as his "sister" and to write nice letters to them, whereat "the floodgates of an intense nature were flung wide and the rush of long-pent-up emotions swept away the years of reserve and brought to light all the concealed treasures of a deeply sensitive, poetical soul." Can the State of New York ever be forgiven for having kept behind prison bars this choice spirit? H. M. G.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By GEORGE GISSING; **The Lore of the Wanderer.** By GEORGE GOODCHILD; **The Widow Woman.** By CHARLES LEE; **Prophets, Priests and Kings.** By A. G. GARDINER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.40 each.

The Wayfarer's Library was seldom truer to its purpose of editing "a companionable series, covering what is good, clean and humorous on the lighter side of recent literature," than when it gave us the above four volumes. Henry Ryecroft, like so many of our English authors, has felt the stern struggle and pinched stomach and frozen fingers of the man of letters who must battle with the world. Now in the quiet sunset of that stormy life he unburdens his pent-up soul. He writes as fancy leads him and the result is a series of reflections as delightful as they are varied. A thought, a bit of reverie, a reminiscence, a literary opinion, a description of his state of mind are all garnered from his diary and arranged in four chapters, named after the seasons of the year.

"The Lore of the Wanderer" is a charming selection of papers dealing with life outdoors. "An Open Air Anthology" the sub-title very aptly calls them. There is a paper for every mood of the sky and every heart-throb of the city street. We can spend our night with Stevenson out beneath the shelter of the pines, or prowl about with Dickens as he walks the London streets. Here we find Ruskin, Thoreau, genial Dick Steele and many another who has heard nature's "various language." The high merit of the authors represented and the great variety of nature's phases that are described, make this a delightful volume.

"The Widow Woman" is a simple, happy tale of life in a village of Cornish fishermen. The story centers around a Mrs. Pollard, who has outlived two husbands, and now, with a fishing-smack and other chattels as bait, is angling for a third. There is a freshness and simplicity about the tale, and an atmosphere as wholesome as the breezes that sweep this little Cornish village by the sea.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner has given us a set of biographical essays, written in a crisp, epigrammatic style that is very entertaining. They are all from the standpoint of the personal observer who has seen and spoken with many of the men and women he describes. Contrast, apt illustration and odd comparison are all used with good effect. The quotations from the writings of Bernard Shaw do not make the most edifying reading, but the utterances chosen are clear enough to make us realize what manner of man he is. After reading them we are hardly in a position to agree with Mr. Gardiner when he says: "Shaw denounces conventional morality because he is so fierce a moralist." The essays on Chesterton, William Jennings Bryan and John Redmond are especially worthy of commendation. E. D. S.

The Life of King John Sobieski. By Count JOHN SOBIESKI. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

The story of a man with the brand of outlawry upon him, and the sentence of death imposed, marching out at the head of an army, to save his king and country is hard to parallel in the pages of history. Such was Sobieski, John the Third of Poland. Indeed he stands unique in this as in many of the varied vicissitudes of his romantic life. A soldier to the core, fearless and lightning-like in the attack of larger bodies of troops arrayed against him, achieving success when every sign pointed to hopeless failure, it is not strange that Sobieski was the idol of his army and his nation. Forty years spent in war, ten in the important offices of the Republic, eighteen upon the throne, is the summary of the achievements of the Deliverer of Europe. It was Sobieski that broke the power of the Turk, and saved European civilization. The princes of Europe sought his friendship, and his country attained a position in the family of nations under his rule that it never held afterwards. His biographer has told the story of Sobieski fairly well. The style is here and there a trifle halting, but the narrative really carries itself. It is regrettable that the author should be foolish enough to attribute to the Jesuits the King's expedition into Kamieniec. Nor does he enhance the glory of his hero by comparing his zeal with the supposed intolerant spirit of the other Catholic sovereigns of the day, who "were banished or massacring their subjects in order to convert them." G. C. T.

America and Her Problems. By PAUL H. B. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Speaking of the French spirit that the centuries have not wholly extinguished in the Valley of the Mississippi, the author observes that:

> This something (of the French spirit) is not apparent to the traveler who has good reasons for not believing in the existence, and still less the survival, of the spirit. This is the traveler who is not to be taken in, who does not mean to regard the United States as anything but a country of dollars and hog merchants, who generally encounters only people of his own kind and judges all others by them. . . . How many teachers there are whose knowledge of the country they visit is confined to misanthropic museum attendants and the interested politeness of hotel waiters, or the rough manners of railway servants or, in the case of a business man, the bad turns done him by a bad customer! How many

travelers, too, take advantage of being unknown to behave just as they please, as if no one were looking at them, on the ground that they know nothing about their surroundings; and how many excite ridicule or enmity and leave behind them a revengeful feeling, for which those who come after them are at a loss to account.

M. D'Estournelles de Constant has not been such a traveler. His knowledge of America is not of yesterday. Apart from the fact that he was chosen as a delegate of France to the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1899 and 1907, where he met several of our leading statesmen and diplomats, he has for some thirty years felt a keen and active interest in all that concerns our country. He numbers among his friends many whose names are identified with the various movements started within the last decade or two with a view to solving our economic, political and moral problems; while his four visits to America, the first of which dates back thirteen years, warrant the assumption that his impressions are not those of one who judges hastily, and leaves our shores convinced that others, particularly our own legislators, have failed to read aright the signs of the times, or appreciate the needs and the possibilities of the country.

"America and Her Problems" will, then, be read reflectively not only by the professed student of economics and sociology, but also by those who share in the presumably varied interests of the intelligent voter. For although the critical reader will not agree unreservedly with all the writer's views, such as his appraisal, for instance, of the Mexican situation, still there are many questions of a less debatable nature ably discussed by the author, and which it is always instructive to consider from the angle of vision taken by one whose judgments are evidently unbiased.

It is to be regretted, however, that in dealing with the problem of education and the moral issues inevitably bound up with all matters of deeply national and international moment, M. D'Estournelles has not emphasized the influence that religion, revealed religion, should and must exert in any effort to reach a right solution. Nations are like individuals: the supernatural must form a part of their daily lives. A code of ethics that disregards this fact, and the supernatural, be it noted, is as much a fact as the things we see and touch, will be as powerless to guide and stimulate aright the minds and hearts of men, not theoretically alone, but, above all, practically, as it was before the advent of Christianity. No better argument can be pointed to than the history of the civilized world. The athletically inclined will enjoy the author's description of a baseball game.

J. A. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The most interesting paper in the September *Queen's Work* is from the pen of Daniel A. Lord, S.J., whose occasional articles are enjoyed by AMERICA'S readers. In "A Personally Conducted Trip" he describes St. Mary's Training School, Des Plaines, Ill., a true home for 1,000 homeless boys and girls which is managed by the Sisters of Mercy. Leonora Z. Meder tells Catholics how to take some leaves from the book of the Protestant social worker. James J. O'Brien, S.J., sketches the history of the New Orleans Ursulines from their coming in 1727 till today. Father Garesché describes "The Collection Methods of the Y. M. C. A," and there are stories by Elizabeth Brady and Myrtle Conger, and a talk to boys by Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

The publication of "A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante" (Dutton, $2.00), by Marion S. Bainbrigge, comes timely in this anniversary year of the great poet. The author has brought enthusiasm and erudition to the task of giving a simple running outline of the journey of "this man descended to the doomed and dead for our instruction; then to God ascended." Many passages of the "Divina Commedia" are quoted in the original Italian, followed almost always by Longfellow's translation. The introduction gives interesting data concerning Dante and his times, and the book closes with a short account of his resting place. That fullest appreciation of the "Divina Commedia" is to be had by those in fullest sympathy with the Catholic Church is an impression that the book leaves. Eight full-page plates add to the attractiveness of the book.

The opinions put forward in "Arms and the Race," by R. M. Johnston (Century Co., $1.00), are based on historical study, and are confined as far as possible to the elements of our military problem. The author deals with his subject as a military student, holds a brief for no party, and states nothing that cannot be verified by consulting sources open to the public. He discusses the art of war, military policies, disarmament, and the defense policy of our own country. We cannot dispose of the war question by saying war is stupid and wicked. If it is, then in the writer's opinion, it is stupid and wicked and criminal to encourage others to make war by remaining defenseless. What Americans must do at present is to support those in Congress and elsewhere who are seeking to improve our national defense. We do not need to investigate our army. Rather let us investigate, says the author, the body that is responsible for the army's condition, namely Congress.

William Samuel Johnson, the author of "Prayers for Peace and Other Poems" (Kennerley, $1.25), is doubtless a first-rate maker of verses, and wins merit as a weaver of words and a master of rhyme, but he is only a newspaper-poet. Like men of his profession, he sends abroad the children of his fancy not to throb in men's hearts, but to catch their curious, novelty-seeking eyes. Of those who would work to unravel the meaning of the "Prayer for Peace" only a daring few would call it Christian. But Mr. Johnson has struck off real sparks of poetry here and there and earns praise for this, even if it be a little halting. Parts of "The Poor Little Guy," "The Wonder-Net," "Strangers" and "Prayer" are good, but in general there is more intellect than emotion both on the poet's and reader's part. The book's morality is the morality of today. "Spore-dust," for example, is grossly materialistic, and "In the Offing" is the pantheism of Spinoza.

Edwin C. Wooley's "Written English" (Heath, $1.00), is described as "a course of lessons in the main things to know in order to write English correctly." It deals with the principles of manuscript arrangement, of grammatical correctness, of punctuation, of conventional usage in letter-writing, together with a few principles of spelling. The form of the book is excellent, the precepts are always clearly and briefly stated, and there is a great abundance of material for practice. Teachers will find the method of indexing each precept for ready reference in reading the exercises of pupils a great help in the class-room, as well as a time-saver in the drudgery of theme correction at home.

Dr. P. Perciballi's translation in two volumes of Francis Xavier Funk's "Manual of Church History" (Benziger, $5.50), edited by W. H. Kent, has met with severe criticism. The translator gives readers no hint that he has not followed the latest edition of the original. Some notes for English-speaking countries are offered, but they are not extensive. The *Ecclesiastical Review*, adding to the strictures already passed on the work by Mr. Preuss and *Catholic Book Notes*, characterizes it as "valueless and misleading." Dr. Funk, while a learned historian, is not always a safe guide, as was made plain at the time of the publication of his "Kirchengeschichtliche Abhandlungen und Untersuchungen." The present work, for instance, repeats as a fact the author's unwarranted hypothesis regarding the early ex-

clusion of the capital sins from the Sacrament of Penance, and the part about the Early Church should have been treated more constructively, giving the student a picture of Christian unity rather than putting emphasis on the quarrels that took place. Regarding the chapter on "The Clergy" of the Early Church, the strong evidence against the author's statements should be read which the Rev. William Moran of Maynooth offers in "The Government of the Church of the First Century."

Here are some little books of piety: Canon Granger's "Guide in the Ways of Divine Love" (Benziger, $0.25), lays down a plan by which the devout Catholic may entirely consecrate his life to the Sacred Heart. The author shows briefly what it means to lead this life of love, the end to be attained, the means to employ, the illusions to avoid and the obstacles to overcome.——"Why Catholics Honor Mary" (Benziger, $0.15), by the Rev. J. H. Stewart is another book of the series. The author clearly proves the reasonableness of the cult of the Saints in the Church of God, and taking Our Blessed Lady merely as the holiest of them adduces strong arguments why Catholics should be especially devout to her.——The compiler of "A Garland for St. Joseph" (Benziger, $0.75), a member of the Ursuline community at Sligo, has wandered far and culled her flowers from many gardens. The varied selections and considerations for each day of St. Joseph's month will delight the lovers of the Saint whose every wish, as St. Teresa says, Our Lord is pleased to fulfil in Heaven as once He obeyed him upon earth. There is likewise a literary touch to much that is offered here, and the verses regularly interspersed are from many pens.

Recent pamphlets published by the London Catholic Truth Society bear the following attractive titles: "Letters to a 'Bible Christian,'" by W. B. Luke; "Dr. Agnes McLaren (1837-1913)" by Mary Ryan, M.A.; "The Pope and the War," by Cardinal Bourne; "The Sisters of Notre Dame," by a Member of the Congregation; "Some Protestant Historians on John Knox," compiled by a Scottish priest; "Dialogues of Defence," including talks on Infallibility, Anglican Orders, Fasting and Abstinence and the Celibacy of the Clergy, by Father Edmund Lester, S.J.; two little war stories called "The Martyrdom of Father Jean" and "To the Front"; "The Protestant Platform," by G. Elliot Anstruther, who outlines the scandalous careers of twenty notorious "ex-priests," and "escaped nuns," and "Catholic Faith and Practice in Medieval England," by H. J. Kilduff. "The Anglican Claims to be Catholic" are given a searching historical and theological examination by C. G. Mortimer, B.A., and his conclusions are published in a C. T. S. three-penny booklet. The *Irish Messenger* publishes Father Peter Finlay's "The Church and Secular Education," and "Is One Religion as Good as Another," two very readable penny pamphlets, and also the Comtesse de Courson's "The Young Men of France and the War"; Pierre Téqui of Paris, has out in one little volume, "Le Guide Spirituel ou le Miroir des Ames Religieuses par le B. Louis de Blois," and "Des Maximes Spirituelles de Saint Jean de la Croix"; from the Mission Press, Techny, Ill., comes Father H. J. Fischer's five-cent pamphlet, "The Call of Christ, an Appeal to the Youth of America to Help Spread the Gospel in Heathen Lands," and Herder sells for $0.20, a useful and satisfactory "Synopsis of Devas' Political Economy," which C. D. Hugo of the English Dominican Province has edited.

"Chinese Characters, their Origin, Etymology, History, Classification and Signification. A Thorough Study from Chinese Documents. By Dr. L. Wieger, S.J. Translated into English by L. Davrout, S.J.," is the imposing title of a large two-volume work that has come from the Catholic Mission Press of Ho-Kien-Fu, China. The first volume contains more than 600 pages of "Etymological Lessons," and "Phonetic Series," and the second 516 pages filled with "A Chinese-English Lexicon by Order of Radicals," and "A Chinese-English Lexicon by Order of Sounds." The Chinese dictionary, we are told in the preface, contains 40,000 characters, 4,000 of which are in common use, 2,000 proper names and doubles of limited use, and 34,000 monstrosities of no practical use which were formed by careless or ignorant scribes since they began to write, says tradition, some twenty-seven centuries before the Christian era. The work is a noble monument to the labor and learning of the two missionary Fathers whose names appear on the title page.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Ward's commentary on "The Holy Gospel According to St. Luke" (Herder, $1.00), a well-known book, has lately appeared in its third edition. There is a good introduction on the text of the Gospel, giving in a readable form the story of the manuscripts, and the history of the Vulgate is well told, though a little ought to have been added about the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate.——The "Reliquary of English Song" (Schirmer, $1.25) contains fifty-two early English songs edited by Frank Hunter Potter. The volume is introduced by a brief yet thorough history of the songs of "Merrie England." The erudite notes preceding the songs show the appreciative power of the scholarly compiler of the "lusty ballad." The simplicity and charm of the accompaniments, which are harmonized and arranged by two Oxonian Doctors of Music, is one of the additional features recommending this neat volume to lovers of national song.

EDUCATION

More Paganism in the Schools

IT is a worm of exceptional patience that will never turn. In an excellent article contributed to the *Educational Review* for September, Mr. John L. Sturtevant tells how the good people of Wisconsin, growing weary of their increasing taxes, and "of being eternally supervised, inspected and regulated by the State," walked to the polls one fine morning, and demanded a change in government. They got it; and one of the first acts ordered by the new authorities was an investigation of the kindly, paternalistic State University. This was indeed ingratitude, in comparison with which the storied serpent's tooth were dullness itself.

THE "WISCONSIN IDEA"

For years the University, pursuing "the Wisconsin Idea," State regulation, had been made the laboratory of the nation, and Wisconsin had paid all the bills. In 1904 the bill was $711,655.83; ten years later it had risen to $3,093,254.54, and the net result, in the opinion of Mr. Sturtevant and a majority of his fellow-citizens, was nothing but a series of freak laws, and semi-socialistic schemes which broke down utterly when submitted to a practical test. For this state of affairs, the University, so liberally supported by the people, was blamed; and to fix the responsibility, as well as to devise a remedy, an investigation of the University's activities was ordered.

To present an analysis of the investigator's thousand-page report, interleaved with the answer of the University, would be a tedious task; suffice it to remark that the University, following the traditional example of all investigating agencies, protested most vigorously against being investigated. What is of interest, is the remark of Mr. Sturtevant, that the people of Wisconsin "had grown tired of being eternally supervised, inspected and regulated by the State." Mr. Sturtevant does not indicate the precise lines of inspection and

supervision, but he notes that they were accompanied by an increasing tax-rate, and that the University soon became a place where "skilled and trained professors inculcated disputed beliefs," most of them socialistic in tendency.

THE WARD OF THE STATE

What has happened in Wisconsin has its counterpart in more than one State university, and in some localities is now borne with toleration, if not with approval, as a legitimate part of the social scheme. The old Catholic ideal, that it is the duty of the State to provide for the citizen in those things in which he cannot conveniently provide for himself, has been replaced by an exaggeration of the *loco parentis* power of the State. If Giuseppe Scribani, for instance, or Rebecca Dietrichstein, came to school hungry, and if on investigation it appeared that the parents of Giuseppe and Rebecca were unable or unwilling to provide their offspring with food, this unfortunate occasion furnished a ready text for some short-sighted social worker to urge that the city should supply *all* school children, even the ninety and nine who had plenty of food, with their breakfast. Nothing was to be left to private initiative; nothing, if need be, to private charity; the public funds were ample and could procure all things necessary: books, clothing, toothbrushes, food, and transportation. All these things, and more, are now given to school children in some communities. If the socialistic tread of school legislation is not sharply and speedily diverted, we shall soon see the day in which the public schools will furnish sleeping-quarters, and usurp so extensive a control over their pupils as to make them in reality simple wards of the State.

THE CURRENT CHILD-CULTURE

This increasing power of the State over the child, coincident with the deepening decay of the home-spirit, is one of the most serious perils in American life. Unfortunately too, the present is an age in which the current philosophy of child-culture is largely a revolt against the old ideals. The child is considered in his relations to the community and to the larger interests of the State; he is to be made not so much a man as a citizen, and a citizen of this world, for of the next world, his training takes little or no account. Hence the growing insistence upon manual training, fitting the boy or girl to become an early wage-earner; upon vocational guidance, in which the place of the boy or girl in the world is fixed by suggestions, not from the child's natural guardians, but from paid officers of the State. It is not contented that manual training and vocational guidance have no legitimate place in a truly rational process of education; but even a friendly critic may believe that they have assumed too large a place in modern curricula. We have not reached the stage, said to be common in certain European systems, in which "a productive worker for the State" is held to be the ideal; but our insistence upon the physical needs and development of the child, and upon the purely material advantages of education, is bringing us dangerously near to this unchristian and unscientific ideal of perfection in education.

COMPULSORY MEDICAL EXAMINATION

As a practical example of the undue and misdirected insistence upon the physical needs of school children, certain abuses connected with compulsory medical examination, may be adduced. This inspection was originated in the interest, both of the public health and the physical welfare of the pupil, and when properly conducted, is of great service. It is to be regretted, however, that in some instances—and complaints are coming from many parts of the country—this valuable agency has been so misused as to become a physical and moral menace to the pupil.

Within the last few weeks, the press despatches have carried the news to the country, that in the city of New York, all public school pupils, girls as well as boys, are to be compelled as a condition of entrance, to submit to a physical examination. There is nothing novel in this procedure, save perhaps, that the examination is to be exacted as an entrance requirement. What is really novel, and, more than novel, shocking to a common sense of decency, is the manner in which this examination is to be conducted. In an order promulgated by the New York Board of Health on March 30, 1915, "the absence of all clothing" is specified; apparently, however, no effort was made to bring this requirement to the attention of the public until the close of last month.

A DANGEROUS ABUSE

The second regulation of this order of the Board of Health specifies that "the lungs be examined by percussion and auscultation, using the stethoscope upon the bare chest," and that "a general inspection of the body is to be made in the absence of all clothing." It is claimed by the Board that these examinations are to be made in the presence of a nurse, and with all proper precautions. To this defense it may be answered, first, that in the opinion of competent physicians, the use of the stethoscope does not require that the patient strip to the waist, as is the custom, apparently, in the New York schools, and next, that an examination of the extreme nature indicated by the Board of Health is wholly unnecessary, save in certain cases not likely to be found among school children. Furthermore, in this day of pagan experimentation, parents are justified in demanding what precisely is meant by "all proper precautions." "The doctor asks us questions which we do not understand," was the comment of one girl who with nine others was forced to submit to this outrageous "medical" inspection. "If it is by the rules of the Board of Health that we must be examined, we want a woman physician."

It is hardly necessary to point out that the normal modesty of a child may be seriously impaired by an examination of this kind. Moreover, every psychologist knows the very great and permanent danger in which an adolescent, impressionable girl may easily be placed when subjected to questioning put by unskilled examiners. Yet the only answer which the New York Board of Health has chosen to make, is that those who object are "prudes," that the examination is necessary, and that parents who do not approve the method adopted by the Board, will be obliged to have this examination made at their own expense by a private physician.

WHAT OF YOUR TOWN?

Thus do we promote the reign of paganism. Possibly this arbitrary action of the Board of Health, to which the public school authorities seem to have no objection, may open the eyes of those fond and anxious parents whose children are in the public schools, to at least one of the principles underlying the system which boasts that it can do without God. It is also to be hoped that the citizens of New York, regardless of creed, will awaken to the fact that a question of public decency deserves some consideration even from an omniscient Board of Health. Our Catholic societies, particularly those in our large cities may likewise find it profitable to inquire, in the name of public decency, into the methods which are employed in the local schools and psychopathic clinics. How long are we Catholics to play, blissfully content, the part of the immobile worm?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Molten Calves and Modern Prophets

"THE time is out of joint," Hamlet complains, and his spirit is perturbed that he was ever born to set it right. No such misgivings trouble the minds of our modern "advanced" reformers and teachers of revolt. To set the

world aright, convince the past of error, and prepare the future for a new millenium is their delightful task. God and religion they leave out of count. By a single remedy they will cure the ills of the entire body politic. Each has his own panacea, whatever it may be; but there is no mistake and there can be no failure. The revealed Word of God, handed down with all the seals and warrants of strictest authenticity by the Church, calls for too great a strain upon the freedom of the modern spirit. But the far greater measure of faith demanded without any such credentials by the prophets of our time is unhesitatingly given. Let them but climb to the city's chimney tops and shout their messages aloud into the streets, and the molten calf set up by them for the people to adore will find its worshipers and receive its sacrifice. So in his rhapsodies the latest socialist poet proclaims to the world the faith he is self-commissioned to teach:

I can go no further than give you my word for it: and what's back of my word?
The universe: that's back of my word: the past, ugly as some of it is: the tomorrow, beautiful as most of it will be:
That's back of my word: the crowd is there: the nonentities: the unlisted majorities: they're back of my word.

Thus the chant continues, claiming for itself what "the teachers have learned" and "the learners have taught," the work and play of the makers of things and the dreams of the anticipators, still in the new faith of Socialism the singer needs but reach out everywhere into the shadows and release the light.

MAKING THE MOLTEN CALF

Here is the typical modern mood, not only in sociology but in religion as well. The two indeed cannot be divorced. A Bergson, a James, a Mrs. Eddy and even a Dr. Eliot can preach their new creeds and be believed. No absurdity so gross, if but clothed in the counterfeit trappings of wisdom and science and put forth with abundant self-assurance, that it will fail to win disciples. Out of the land of bondage, out of the desert of want and aimless wanderings all these new prophets would lead us. Even while Moses received in the mountains the tables of testimony, the people made to themselves their molten calf in the desert below. "These," they exclaimed, "are thy gods, O Israel, that have brought thee out of the land of Egypt." They had no sooner freed themselves from the necessary yoke of God than in haste they went after the lusts of their heart. The new creeds, the social religions, are all of the same nature. They all agree that happiness must be found here, and not sought for in the hereafter, that earth must be turned into heaven. To lead men to this fool's paradise they set up their molten calves and offer sacrifice. They all give the same assurance. "These are thy gods, O Israel," they shout to the laborer and to the scholar, to the wife and to the mother, even to the boy and girl still on the class-room benches. "These are thy gods, O Israel, that have brought thee out of the land of Egypt." No sooner are the new divinities accepted than lo! the same abominations follow that took place of old, "And the people sat down to eat, and drink, and they rose up to play." Their end was lust and destruction.

From the people's golden earrings the molten calves are made, from their own boundless vanity and pride. To adore these idols means full freedom for whatever their passions may desire. Already we can see around us the infamy which Moses beheld. Authority is repudiated, responsibility to a Higher Power heedlessly ignored, lust is publicly displayed and publicly justified. The destruction too which fell upon the camp of Israel is visible over all the earth. Though God may be ignored, His justice still exists. He is the God of society no less than of the individual.

CULT OF THE MOLTEN CALVES

The new gods were made to set free the passions of men. Liberalism for a time was the golden calf which the prophets fashioned for the rich. To rob their neighbor, and grind the poor, and coin the blood of children into minted gold was the honorable worship rendered. But the day of retribution came and a new image appeared. It was the idol of "the disinherited," "the proletariat." Once more religion was attacked or became "a private matter." Marx and Engels had fashioned their new monster in opposition to the old. Advanced Femininism, New Thought, and all the other idols followed which have since drawn down God's wrath upon the world. Aside from mere accidentals, the doctrine was ever the same. It could not differ, for it had only one and the same master, whether taught in the modern university, or on the corners of our streets, or in the desert of old, or in the Garden of Eden. It is summed up in the one insidious question: "Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree of paradise?" The eyes of men and women must be opened, they must live their own free and untrammeled lives. "Society" is to receive a certain limited consideration. Yet even this cannot be taken as an obligation. There is no room for a religion that preaches self-denial. Men must have and men will have in the great golden future all that their heart's desire can suggest:

So I put it to you: what do you want? that which you want shall be given you:
Even if you wanted the water to run up hill: that's what would happen: the water would run up hill:
So that you'll take the world and fit it to your mind: you'll shape it to satisfy the squares and circles of your ideals:
The skies don't shape you: you shape the skies: they are not the mandate: you are the mandate:
. . . . . .
Nothing is so ugly before but beauty will happen at last:
Nothing is so hateful before but loving will happen at last:
Nothing is so devilish before but the godlike will happen at last:
Nothing is so improbable before but the impossible will happen at last:
Nothing is so docile before but revolt will happen at last:
Much may happen before: but it will happen at last.

THE FALSE VISION AND THE TRUE

So each of the prophets in turn holds out his promises. Original sin does not exist for them and evil is only economic and material. Nothing but a social revolt is needed, which each one would bring about in his own particular way. So man will build his own heaven upon earth. This in fact, the modern wise ones say, was the kingdom which Jesus promised. Our Lord tells us something of false prophets in sheep's clothing. They will be with us to the end. Even should they work signs and miracles, as it would seem, we are not to trust them. Liberalism produced marvelous results in a similar way and so, for that matter, did the Pharaos of old with the same philosophy. Socialism too might at times succeed in a similar way. But the end is ruin. The golden calf was burned and beaten into powder and the dust thereof was strewed into the water and given to the children of Israel to drink. Their own abominations will return to plague the modern worshipers of the molten calf set up in place of the Almighty God.

There is but one possibility of realizing upon earth, in a qualified way, the heaven which men may lawfully desire, and that is to return to the Church which Christ has founded for man's eternal salvation. Here alone can we possess, in justice and mutual charity and the love of God, the sum and the perfection of all the happiness which it is possible to attain upon an earth still doomed to bring forth with the rose and violet the wounding thorn and prickly thistle.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A statue of Blessed Joan of Arc designed by Anna V. Hyatt, is to be erected on Riverside Drive and Ninety-Third Street, New York, on a pedestal made of the stones of the prison at Rouen where she was a captive. The cost of the monument will be about $25,000. The stones for the pedestal were purchased from a French insurance company after the Government had failed to buy the Rouen property in memory of the martyr-heroine of France. The Maid of Domremy experienced the ingratitude of her country more than once; the Government she died for forgot her in her hour of need, and the twentieth century found the French Government too busy expelling her countrywomen to think about saving the Rouen dungeon, out of respect for her.

A Mexican correspondent gives an interesting item about the Josephite Sisters:

> By a strange coincidence the Carranzista official who signed the order for the recent expulsion of nineteen Josephite Sisters from their hospital in Monterey, Mexico, was seriously wounded the very next day and brought to the Sisters' Hospital, where he died before they left there on the following day. The Sisters, who were receiving $10.00 a month from the authorities, have been replaced by lay nurses, who, it is said, are demanding $100.00 a month for their services.

The Josephite community or *Josefinas* were established in Mexico about fifty years ago, to take the place of the Sisters of Charity who were expelled by President Juarez when he began his war against the Church.

The Chancellor of the Empire during the session of the Reichstag not long ago spoke gratefully of the neutral states and their care of prisoners of war:

> I express the heartfelt thanks of the German people to Holland and a word of special thanks to the Pope, who has displayed untiring sympathy with the idea of the exchange of prisoners and other work of humanity, and to whom belonged the main credit for their realization.

This is a high, official utterance giving honor to whom honor is due. The secular press has taken little notice of it. That is not surprising, as the press since the outbreak of the war has sought to prove in divers ways that the Pope is not neutral. While pacifists have talked, the Holy Father has taken measures to minimize the horrors of war.

The Boston *Transcript* reproduces from the *Preacher's Assistant* the following unique paragraph on the empty pew:

> One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life—except in August.
>
> God is known in her palaces for a refuge—except in August.
>
> How amiable are Thy tabernacles—except in August.
>
> My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord—except in August.
>
> Preach the Gospel to every creature—except in August.
>
> Preach the Word. Be instant in season and out of season—except in August.

Yet the Philadelphia *Bulletin* claims that the congregations in New York churches are twenty-five per cent above the normal summer average, which is due to the sobering effect of the war on the minds of men:

> It is the swing of the pendulum. Men and women had run the gamut of excesses and had become tired and had come back to find quiet and relief. So conservatism of political thought follows the extreme of radicalism. So a period of agitation breeds a desire which is almost a demand for rest. Many things, no doubt, conspire to help on this natural trend, the Titanic having a notable effect. New York's very furore of crime made men think. And when any of the vicissitudes of life really make men think, the church is the natural spot to which they turn.

Thoughtlessness is only a step from godlessness! A Hebrew prophet centuries ago said almost the same thing in accounting for the land's desolation.

One W. H. Hanna, a Protestant missionary in the Philippines, gives his views in the pages of the *Philippine Christian*, on Protestant and Catholic missions. His Christianity is of a type which the Filipino must find interesting, if not edifying:

> Protestant missions are established that the people may be taught the faith as found in the Bible and that the native Christians may sustain their own churches and propagate the faith; Roman Catholic practice is to fasten strangers, in one (*sic*) and in companies, on native communities and to force or beguile them to support the same strangers. When these importations have been domesticated they become clogs in the wheel of progress, and consumers and storers up of the wealth of a country. Such European countries as Portugal, Spain, France and Italy show clearly that monks and nuns have been a curse to them.

There is one item in reference to the Catholic clergy, which this good Christian failed to mention. That is their disregard for life. Had he read *Libertas* for June 30 he would have found a case in point. A "stranger fastened himself on a native community." The community was the leper colony, and the stranger, a Spanish priest, cared so little for his life that he risked contracting leprosy. He is dying of the disease in Culión, where only lepers die.

The League to Enforce Peace which was formed recently in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is not concerned with the present war, but with the future only. The League's purposes are given in the four proposals outlined by the Philadelphia Convention:

> (1) An international judicial tribunal; (2) An international board of conciliation; (3) The use of the joint military and economic forces of all the Powers to prevent a war pending judicial or conciliatory measures; (4) The adoption of an international code. It is not proposed to restrain nations from going to war, if they are determined to do so, nor to bind them to comply with any decision a judicial tribunal or council of conciliation may make; but merely to force them, before they resort to arms, to state their case before the world, thereby allowing the opportunity for a settlement without the shedding of blood.

This is an improvement on the Hague, yet it by no means solves the war problem. It is difficult to see how the League can live up to its name, yet "not restrain nations from going to war."

There is some strange advice from the pen of a "former Catholic Priest" in the August *Missionary Review of the World*. It tells Protestants how to deal with Catholics substantially as follows:

> No intelligent Catholic worships images. The fact that in some parts of the Catholic world there is every appearance of image-worship does not apply to the American Catholic, who does not worship images himself and doubts if any one anywhere does do it. It is equally foolish to talk to him as if you believed that he had been forbidden to read the Scriptures. He never remembers having been forbidden to read the Scriptures, and any insistence on your part will only convince him that you are biased and misinformed. Do not talk as if you were convinced that all priests and monks and nuns were impure. For every case you know in support of your theory, he knows fifty men and women whose lives compare very favorably with anything he has seen among Protestants. He believes that all this talk is exaggeration, and, as a matter of fact, he is right.

In a word, cover up the old calumny, if you hope to make good Protestants out of bad Catholics. It's out of date and it doesn't pay.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—During the week there has been no important change on any of the fronts. In France the Crown Prince made a number of violent attacks in the Argonne with the purpose of fighting his way down to St. Mihiel, but in no case did he gain more than a temporary advantage. Elsewhere in France and Flanders operations were confined to ineffective artillery fire. No substantial progress has been made either by the Allies in Gallipoli or by the Italians along the Isonzo and in the Trentino.

Bulletin, Sept. 7, p. m.-Sept. 14, a. m.

In the east after a period of comparative quiet the Germans are again actively engaged in trying to effect a crossing of the Dvina, and from three directions are advancing on Dvinsk. They are also pressing forward in the direcing of Pinsk, and have crossed the river Zelwianka. Further south the Austrians have taken Dubno, but in eastern Galicia, along the Sareth, they have encountered vigorous resistance, both at Tarnopol and Trembowla, and at both these places have been forced to retire before superior numbers. It would seem, therefore, that the German drive, in spite of a temporary check, has been resumed.

The German Drive

It is impossible to say whether the stiffening of the Russian resistance is to be ascribed to an increase in supplies of ammunition, or to a change of policy, inaugurated at the removal of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the assumption of the supreme command by the Czar himself. Certainly for the past four months the consistent plan of the Grand Duke has been to avoid a pitched battle, to keep his armies intact, and to defer anything like a decisive encounter. Already the Germans have proceeded far from their base of supplies and are now operating in an increasingly difficult territory; besides, the rainy season, which begins in October, will soon make further advance hazardous, if not impossible.

The German note on the sinking of the Arabic, which the Government of the United States had been officially requested to await before taking action, was handed to Ambassador Gerard on September 8. It is based on the report of the commander of the submarine, admits the fact of his attack on the Arabic, expresses regret for the loss of life and especially American life, but declares that the firing of the torpedo was an act of self-defense:

German Note on the Arabic

> According to his instructions the commander was not allowed to attack the Arabic without warning and without saving the lives unless the ship attempted to escape or offered resistance. He was forced, however, to conclude from the attendant circumstances that the Arabic planned a violent attack on the submarine.

The attendant circumstances referred to are stated as follows: at first the Arabic was seen to be making directly for the submarine, but as she approached she altered her course, but then again pointed directly towards the submarine. "From this the commander became convinced that the steamer had the intention of attacking and ramming him;" a conclusion which the note claims was the more obvious as the same commander had been fired upon a few days before by another large passenger steamer, which he had neither attacked nor stopped.

The note goes on to disavow any obligation "to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic." On this point, however, the German Government is prepared to refer any differences of opinion between the two countries to the Hague for arbitration.

The arrest by English secret service men at Falmouth, England, of Mr. James J. F. Archibald, an American, and the seizure of papers destined for the Austrian Government, of which he had been made the bearer by Austrian officials in this country, has brought to a crisis the matter of the shipment of munitions of war to the Allies, which has been so long under discussion between the two countries. It will be remembered that the United States, in answer to Austria's protest, refused to prohibit "the exportation of arms, ammunition, or other munitions of war to belligerent powers during the progress of the war." The Austrian Ambassador was then instructed to bring to the notice of his countrymen that according to the Austrian Military Criminal Code and the Hungarian Book of Military Criminal Jurisdiction, all those who took part in such manufactures "were engaged in a crime against the armed military forces of the State," a crime punishable, even when committed abroad, "by penal servitude of from ten to twenty years and in more serious cases by death by hanging," should they return to Austria or Hungary. Germany had already used this method with success, for it had forced German workers to seek other employment.

The Case of Ambassador Dumba

Mr. Dumba, however, went further, and sent to his Government plans for instigating strikes in American manufacturing plants of munitions of war. This fact was made clear in certain papers, found in Mr. Archibald's effects, and forwarded by Ambassador Page to Washington. The Austrian Ambassador, in a conference with Mr. Lansing, admitted his action, and as a result, the United States instructed Ambassador Penfield at Vienna to convey to the Foreign Office of Austria-Hungary the information that "Mr. Dumba is no longer acceptable to the Government of the United States as the Ambassador of his Imperial Majesty at Washington." In the note in which this statement occurs, two reasons are assigned for this inacceptability: "the admitted purpose and intent of Mr. Dumba to conspire to cripple legitimate industries of the people of the United States and to cripple their legitimate trade," and "the flagrant violation of diplomatic propriety in employing an American citizen, protected by an American passport, as a secret bearer of official despatches through the lines of the enemy of Austria-Hungary."

Germany.—In an important article contributed to the *Kölnische Volkszeitung,* Dr. Karl Bachem, a member of the Reichstag and a Catholic leader, suggests the possibility that the nature and extent of American exportation of munitions of war has been grossly exaggerated by persons who are interested in stirring up ill-feeling between Germany and the United States. Dr. Bachem declares that his opinion rests upon reports received from credible sources, and asserts that it is difficult to escape the belief that false reports are being spread throughout Germany with a persistence and thoroughness which argues the existence of a propaganda.

American Munitions

It seems as if we are to be incited systematically through exaggerated reports of American war supplies, in order to impel us to war against America. Caution and reserve in the matter of criticizing the commercial methods of the American Government at this moment is the duty of every enlightened citizen.

Justice as well as the truest love of Fatherland, writes Dr. Bachem, will undoubtedly rule the counsels of the Government in dealing with this question. Unwarranted statements issued by individuals or by the press can end only in unprofitable bitterness.

Great Britain.—The speeches of Mr. J. A. Seddon and of the Minister of Munitions, Mr. Lloyd George, at the Bristol Trade Unions Convention, illustrate the growing belief that the issue of the war depends upon the skill and good will of the workers at home. After quoting from a circular in which union workers were counseled not to work at full capacity, the Minister said that if this advice were to prevail, the cause was lost, and he pleaded for the abolition of all union restrictions which would limit the output of munitions. "The Government," he said, "cannot equip the army at this time unless the unions suspend all restrictions barring unskilled labor and all restrictions on a maximum output." Because of union restrictions, only fifteen per cent. of the available factories could be worked on a night shift, and if these restrictions were maintained the Government would find the task of securing the 200,000 men needed for the new arsenals exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible.

The Bristol Convention

Unless the unions allow unskilled men and women to do, as far as they are able, work done by skilled workers, unless they allow, in fact, an unqualified relaxation of the union rules, we are making straight for disaster. Every hour counts, every hour means death, every hour takes us farther from victory and nearer defeat, unless it is an hour spent by the nation in putting its whole strength into this great struggle for victory and freedom for the democracies of Europe.

The Minister declared that the Government had kept its part of the contract by abolishing war profits in ninety-five per cent of the munition factories, and in answer to his question the labor delegates admitted with reluctance that labor had not shown an equal readiness to fulfil its part of the agreement.

Ireland.—The operation of the Home Rule Bill still continues a source of anxiety and heated discussion. Recently Mr. Redmond delivered an important speech in Waterford dealing with the Suspensory Act, in which he said that the Bill cannot be delayed from coming into operation "one single hour after the end of the war," and if its provisions are not already in force at that time,

Home Rule and Other Items

under the Suspensory Act, the Bill "automatically comes into operation at that very moment."

Both the *Leader* and *New Ireland* take vigorous issue with the speaker on this point. The former after pertinently remarking that Mr. Asquith said the Bill would not come into operation until Parliament had an opportunity of altering it by an amending Bill, asks what is to prevent a new Suspensory Act. The answer has not yet been given. *New Ireland* contends "that after September 17 (until which date Home Rule is definitely suspended) the time when the Bill is to come into operation is an open question." According to the latter paper Ulster is the only obstacle to the operation of the Act. The financial impediment disappeared with the war-taxes last autumn. "Ireland has been since then not only paying her way, but paying a war contribution of at least £1,000,000 per annum." Meantime the country is agitated over the imprisonment of Irish Volunteers. Mr. Devlin has demanded that, if there can be no retrial, the prisoners be released. The Dublin Corporation has adopted the following resolution:

That this Council, representing every shade of opinion in Dublin, hereby enters an emphatic protest against the unjust treatment of our fellow-countrymen (members of the Irish Volunteers) who have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment without satisfactory reasons being given; that we demand their immediate release, and desire to draw the attention of our Parliamentary representatives to the unequal administration of the law as regards public utterances and writings in Ireland and in England; further, that we demand the same privileges to be extended to Irishmen as have been given to Lord Northcliffe and the English Press presently opposed to the British Government.

The Limerick Corporation protests that:

The deportation of Irishmen for no assigned reason constitutes a grave encroachment on the civil rights of the people, and it is the duty of public representatives to protest against any unwarranted exercise of despotic powers.

The whereabouts of the Ulster Division is still somewhat of a mystery. Its officers are "sporting" at a British watering place, and the *Catholic Times* of London declares it could give precise information about the Division, but the censor forbids. The same paper announces that Mr. Redmond has stated that the Tenth Irish Division, recruited in the south and west of Ireland, has gone abroad, and that the Sixteenth Division is about to be brought to Salisbury Plain from Ireland "for a final touch of field training."

Mexico.—Carranza has replied to the note sent him in August by Secretary Lansing and the diplomatic representatives of Brazil, Chili, Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala, petitioning all the factional chiefs, in the name of humanity and patriotism, to quit their strife and assemble in a peace conference. The "First Chief" refuses to comply with the request, asserting that he can permit no interference by foreign Governments and claiming that his army of 150,000 men controls all Mexico, except the States of Chihuahua, Morelos, and a part of Sonora. He proceeds to say that public service has been restored and that the activities of normal life have been reborn in fields and cities, so that soon peace will reign once again. A peace pact, the Chief insists, was Madero's undoing. For all these reasons Carranza refuses to parley with his enemies; and there the matter rests for the present. The Villistas issued a short reply pointing out that Carranza miscalculates the extent of his control and promising a detailed answer in the near future. AMERICA's Mexican correspondent submits this fourth letter for consideration:

Carranza's Reply; The Fourth Letter

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I promised that in this present letter I would state my opinions with regard to the Mexican Revolution. I shall consider it, not as it presents itself, in all its naked shamelessness and villainy, with its hands stained with murder, its heart blackened and hardened through injustice, its whole body defiled with crime and lawlessness, but as it showed itself to the Administration at Washington, unfurling the standard of justice with one hand, pretending to break with the other hand, the shackles which the "Cientificos," the army and the clergy were said to have fastened on the disinherited and outcast classes of the unhappy country. In my standard, neither prejudice nor passion has any part. This premised, I make this double affirmation: In its acts the present Mexican Revolution is one of "atrocious frightfulness and savagery; in its ideals, one of indescribable folly and insanity." Of the first, I shall say nothing. That part has already been proved, I believe, in my former letters, as well as in documents published in the United States, signed and testified to under oath by persons worthy of all respect and credence and incapable of a lie. I come to my second statement, the folly and stupidity of the movement.

So then, this Revolution has but one purpose and aim: to make the government of the republic really and genuinely democratic, not merely in name, but in fact. Now, since a democracy is "the government of the people, by the people, for the people," the first obstacle to the realization of this ideal, is to be found in the Mexican people themselves. For if the Revolution intends to act fairly and democratically, it must understand by that word "people," either the entire number of persons constituting the Mexican nation, or only those inhabitants who make up the more numerous but poorer and less enlightened portion. In either supposition, such a democracy will necessarily continue to be for a long time what it has been up to this, an enchanting and alluring ideal, but so high and lofty that this new republic, still in its infancy, cannot hope to reach it. For if, in the first supposition, all the men use the privilege of universal suffrage and share in the government of the country, what will be the result? Before many years, we shall have this deplorable state of affairs. Either the upper and leading classes will be the only ones to vote, or in case all are obliged by law to go to the polls, the farmers and country-folk, the ranchmen and peons, and even the majority of the laborers will vote at the bidding and according to the wishes of their masters, employers and "bosses." This means a return to the democratic régime of Porfirio Diaz with all its corruptness and abuses. The reason is evident. The lower classes of the Mexican people are absolutely uneducated. They have not even that minimum of knowledge and training strictly necessary for an interest and a share in the affairs of the country. These poor people are in no condition to form political opinions, they can have no personal and independent views. As a consequence we shall have on the one hand the endeavor of the ruling classes to catch the greatest possible number of votes, on the other the struggle of the lower orders to curry favor with their

masters and leaders. The result is evident: a democracy in theory and in name, but in practice the absolute and exclusive rule of the favored few.

But if for a few months after their final triumph the Revolutionists manage to let the rabble now in the field alone share in the government, then social ruin and anarchy will be the outcome. Mexico will be turned into a pit of wild and savage beasts. The nations that might still continue to respect the sovereignty of such a country would be bound in charity to post up on its borders the warning sign: "No thoroughfare! Danger ahead! You proceed at your own risk!" Now do not tell me that the watchfulness and care of the Government or a well-managed electoral campaign will in a short time do away with the apathy and indifference of these lower classes. Illusion! This apathy is not only a consequence of their ignorance and a corollary of their moral decline, it lies deeper: it is also the natural fruit of their suspicious fears, the spontaneous and external manifestation of their complete social isolation. In every nation of the world there is but one country, one fatherland. For Frenchmen it is the land of St. Louis and Joan of Arc; for Englishmen, that of St. Edward and Wellington; for Americans, that of Washington and Lincoln. In Mexico alone the inhabitants of the same soil have no common country, no common fatherland. Only of Mexico can it be said that 16,000,000, far from being united by a common bond of brotherly affection, far from being inspired by the same national memories and ideals, in spite of the nominal and theoretic equality sanctioned by its constitution, remain distinct in two camps, each containing 8,000,000 and as far apart now as formerly when there were two parties, the conquerors and the conquered. For in Mexico there is no social unity. Hence I said, there is no common country. It is true men speak of the land of Hidalgo, Iturbide, Juarez. But while 8,000,000 Mexicans surround the deeds of these men with all the political prestige they deserve, the Indians, 8,000,000 also, can see in them only so many rallying cries against the unjust usurpation of conquerors. For the Indians what does this mean? Let us frankly state the facts: eight million Indians, just one-half of the population of Mexico, say to themselves: "The white man is a foreigner, a stranger, hence a conqueror." The other half of the population says: "The Indian cannot be my countryman, he is my inferior, an outcast, a pariah." Well, if this is so, and it is, if the root of this absolute indifference and listlessness has gone so deep down into the soul of one-half of the Mexican people, I ask you: Is it possible that the watchful care of the Government or the most efficiently organized electoral campaign can after a few years engender a true democratic spirit, the lack of which has been the everlasting pretext of our revolutions? Inborn defects are not so easily remedied. Nations are not made in a day.

The Revolutionists tell us that in Mexico there are revolutions because there is no democratic government there. No: revolutions rise and run riot in the unhappy country because those who instigate and support them have not a single spark of true manhood or honor. Democracy, the rule of the people is not found there because it cannot exist in the land. When one-half of a people is not only absolutely indifferent to its political rights, but as a body profoundly antagonistic to the other half, a true democracy is an impossibility. And to attempt the impossible is sheer folly and insanity.

A. COROLLA.

Rome.—The Apostolic Constitution granting permission for three Masses on All Souls' Day is printed in the last issue of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*. By this decree every priest throughout the world is allowed to say three Masses on that day under the following conditions: The first Mass may be offered for any intention the priest may choose and a stipend may be accepted; the second Mass must be offered for the Faithful departed; the third for the intention of the Holy Father. All altars are "privileged" for this occasion. The Masses to be said are: (1) *In commemoratione omnium fidelium defunctorum;* (2) *In anniversario defunctorum;* (3) *In missis quotidianis.* In the second and third Masses, however, the *Dies iræ* is prescribed and the prayers have been somewhat modified. Should a priest desire to celebrate but once, he must choose the Mass, "in commemoration of all the Faithful departed"; if a Mass is to be sung, the one just mentioned must be chosen for the purpose. In this latter case the first Mass will be, *In anniversario defunctorum;* the second, *In missis quotidianis;* the third, or "sung" Mass, *In commemoratione omnium fidelium defunctorum.* Finally, if the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the Forty Hours' Adoration, the *requiem* Masses are not to be said at the "Altar of Exposition." Other details of this very important decree may be found in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* under date of August 14, 1915.

Masses on All Souls' Day

Spain.—Count Romanones, the leader of the Spanish Liberals, has again appealed to the monarchical and republican sections of the "Left," urging them to combine and to start a vigorous anticlerical campaign. It is the third time since the war that the Liberal Chief has exhorted these various groups to organize their forces and to carry out the radical policies of Moret, Salmeron and Canalejas. When Canalejas was in power, the Count had already advocated a similar coalition. He pretended to justify such an alliance with the enemies of the monarchy, by saying that when the Republican Party would see the monarchy engaged in a thoroughly radical, i. e., anti-Catholic program, it would rally to the support of the throne. It is a matter of history how after the death of Canalejas, Romanones attempted to carry out these views. In his recent manifesto, following closely on his statement in June, the Count is even more explicit and urgent. Quoting from a "reformist" journal of Guipuzcoa, *La Croix* of Paris, thus gives the Leader's views:

Anticlerical Agitation

> I firmly believe that the union and cooperation of all the groups and members of the Republican party, is absolutely necessary if we really look for the realization of a genuinely democratic program, in the larger meaning of the word. I ask all the groups and sections of the "Left," to forget their differences and quarrels and to work together at the common task.

Romanones is trying to rally together under his leadership the "Jacobin" or radical forces of the country to overthrow the Dato Cabinet, and begin a "democratic" program. This means a rupture with the Vatican, the secularization of the schools, the suppression and spoliation of the religious Orders, the enslavement and persecution of the Church.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Large Families of the Poor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley, in your issue of July 3, advocates what would be considered by many people an extraordinarily large family, and gives his reason. It would be interesting to hear what he has to say to those eugenists and others who hold that the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective, and that poverty stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family, besides having to forego many legitimate pleasures themselves, and grow old before their time. I wonder if he would favor the readers of AMERICA with his opinion on that subject?

Brooklyn. S. W. SYMONS.

THE writer asks: (1) What I have to say to those eugenists who hold that "the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective."

They are not. Even in families that have defective children from disease, heredity or vice, the younger children as such do not differ from the others except accidentally.

(2) The eugenists say that "poverty stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family."

Any poverty stricken mother I ever saw, and I see such daily, gives as much attention in essentials to ten children as she does to three. The same is true for people that are not poverty stricken. Almost as a rule the poor give more attention to their ten children than the very rich do to their one. The rich hire a substitute. That is the reason the rivieras of Tophet have so many rich visitors after the funeral. The education obtained by the poor, whether they have one or ten children, is free; and this objection has no force.

(3) Poverty stricken parents with large families "forego many legitimate pleasures themselves and grow old before their time."

The poverty stricken parents, even when they have only one child, have no pleasures except the glass of beer, the pipe of tobacco, the "movies," gossip on the fire escape, "going to church," and the like; and ten children will not affect such pleasures, but enhance them. When a father is aged prematurely it is not because of the number of children. Married men live longer than the single who have no children at all. There never yet was a mother at her sixtieth birthday who had raised ten children that was half as antiquated as a spinster of fifty who had raised nothing to her eternal credit but several generations of cats.

These sociological questions are, however, extremely complicated and not to be dismissed readily. What is meant by a normally large family? Should any man or woman marry and bring into the world all the children possible? Is a houseful of starvelings better than no children at all? Are the biologists right in saying that such and such persons should not marry? Is the physician's point of view correct? One can readily ask questions enough like these, but an adequate answer to them would fill volumes. Moreover, we must take the world as it is. The blessings attainable in an ideal Christian society for a large family are not for the poverty stricken of our society, which is anything but ideal.

The poverty stricken mother of a large family has trouble enough, but those that dwell on this phase of her condition when considering her large family, wholly miss the central fact. The end and very justification of marriage is to beget and to educate children for the greater glory of God and the eternal happiness of these children. No one is obliged to marry, but whoever does, should fulfil the purpose of the Sacrament, if it is physically possible to do so; and neither poverty nor wealth enters into the factor of physical potency. The aim of civil society should be not to limit the number of children among the poverty stricken, but to remove the causes that make for great poverty, and they can be removed. The poor we shall always have with us, but that we have the poverty stricken is a social crime. It is all very charming to talk pathetically of the poor, and a noble deed to spend one's life in helping the poor, but poverty is not a blessing as a rule. It always rests on individual or social ignorance or crime, in the poor man himself, in his forbears, or in civil society. Poverty at best, in the natural life, is practically always a blunder, to say the least. Still all this is beside the question.

Existence, no matter how sordid, is immeasurably better than non-existence, for non-existence is nothing; and when we consider eternal life after separation from the body, existence rises to infinite possibilities above non-existence. A human life, even in an Australian Bushman, in a tubercular pauper, in the vilest criminal, is in itself so stupendously noble a good that the whole universe exists for its upholding toward betterment. The raising of human life toward a higher condition has been the sole tendency of all the magnificent charity, sacrifice, patriotism, and heroism of the best men and women of the world. The "First Cause" itself is life, and life is by far the most sacred thing possible for the First Cause to effect. Eternal life is the reward of the just. The more lives, then, brought into the world ordinately, for the glory of God, the better.

As to poverty and its evils—if men and women would pay more attention to the neglected virtue of confidence in God, poverty would lose all its bitterness. Saint Lawrence was not bothered by his gridiron; nor Saint John by the cauldron of boiling oil. This statement is foolishness to most folk, but it holds a fact. With Christ in the house the coal bin may be low yet a man can laugh against the winds of March. Go to your parish church some morning and watch the old widow who for scores of gray years has stood in the places of poverty, but whose heart knows how to chat with "The Heart."

The man there in the dim light whispering, *Offerimus præclaræ majestati tuæ de tuis donis ac datis hostiam puram*, was her babe that lay at her breast, when she herself went hungry. The girls and boys kneeling beside her in the crowded pew with souls white and wonderful as her own, are hers through pain and joy. Watch her talking to the *Father* (note that name will you!) and to the Mother of mothers and of God, with the multiple aureole of motherhood about the faded bonnet, and you will be able to answer a deal of the difficulties of the eugenists, or whatever you call them, of the half-baked thought.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The War and the Church in France

THERE can be no doubt that the Catholic Church will be in a better position in France after the war than before. I have pointed out repeatedly in the English *Saturday Review* and in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, that, long before the war began, there were numerous signs of a transformation of public opinion with respect to the mutual relations of Church and State. Active anticlericalism disappeared among the great mass of the people shortly after the Tangier affair in 1905; even villagers in remote countrysides or factory hands in districts honey-combed with socialism realized that the war against the Catholic Church had brought nobody good and only enabled the Radicals to remain in office without redeeming any of their promises. About the same time there also appeared in literature the sure indications that the leading minds of the country were as sick of negations, of philosophical air-castles, of empty formulæ of all sorts, as they were of the cynicism which naturalist literature insufficiently concealed under artistic pretexts. Patriotism imposed duties on everybody, and in spite of the transient success of Kantian philosophy, the French people have never succeeded in tearing themselves away even in their extremes, from a minimum of Christianity. The consequence was that Voltaireianism, Positivism, and even the elegant hypocrisy known as Renanism, promptly appeared antiquated. Even politicians felt the change in public opinion and braced themselves to speak of anticlericalism as a superannuated dogma. Men like M. Leygues, once a member of an anticlerical cabinet, and M. Detouche, once an active Freemason, pointed out the folly of a policy which gave the Church more real hold on the country than she possessed before the Separation Law, and of an application of the Association Law which only resulted in substituting Italian friars and Italian influence in the East for French friars and French influence. It took the stupid radical politicians to bring back anticlericalism to the foreground, three years after the Agadir affair and three months before Germany, deceived by the statements of M. Caillaux at the Pau convention, imagined that she could with impunity quarrel with a nation weakened by religious differences.

It is useless to point out once more how the Radicals had been mistaken in hoping to awaken the echoes of the anticlericalism of old, and the Germans, in imagining that the merest political ticket corresponded to something vital in the country. The moment the mobilization began, there were only one soul and one impulse in France. As far as religion went, union was evident. All the able-bodied men marched to the front, accompanied by the 480 chaplains appointed by the same radical cabinet which only a few weeks before was closing the last religious communities.

Thousands of priests, 30,000 according to an English newspaper, were marching either as fighting men or with the Red Cross service; the rest remained in their parishes with the non-combatants, and day after day special services were held. To what extent these services attracted once rather slack congregations, I realized less than a month ago. Outside a village that contained a strong anti-clerical element, I chanced upon a man engaged in conversation with half-a-dozen soldiers bivouacking under a railroad bridge, and he was just saying: "In this village there are no longer political parties, and everybody goes to Mass in the morning and Benediction at night." This was the plain truth, and it applied to most parishes where a priest had been left. The dominant feeling for Catholicism which no amount of alien philosophy or religious controversy can ever kill in French hearts, was once more alive everywhere.

It is significant that after the fierce old anticlerical cries of the nonpatriotism of French priests, that the invaders of France have come to look upon the French clergy as their special enemies. The inference which the popular mind is sure to draw is inevitable. It is neither the radical magnate nor the socialist orator that the Germans regard as being in their way: it is the country priests, whom they evidently suspect of forming rallying centers. This cannot but react powerfully on public opinion and make it realize that unity must really be where the enemy sees it.

Surely it is impossible for a nation which was so indignant at the destruction of Reims cathedral, once more to side, when peace is restored, with the mad fanatics who a few years ago took these very cathedrals, to which they now attach passionate devotion, away from the Bishops; it is impossible that the tale of the death of Abbé Délebecque should not stay in the memory of the French peasant and the French worker, and rise between them and any fresh attempt at describing the clergy as the enemy of the people. I knew the Abbé Délebecque; he was in my class at the Cambrai Theological Seminary in 1893. I hope that his life will be written and read by millions: his pure, lovable soul must appear in letters which I trust will be found. Not one detail in the narrative of his last hours surprised me, and I feel that his serene death only glorified a perfect though obscure life. This will be felt by others than myself, no doubt.

Should the French people be victorious at the end of this war, a circumstance which must change materially

the present religious legislation would arise. If France is victorious, Alsace-Lorraine will undoubtedly be incorporated into the Republic. It is a deeply Catholic country, this Alsace-Lorraine, and the German Government has always seemed to realize this characteristic. It is not conceivable that the law against the religious Orders and the Separation Law will be enforced against the religious communities, bishops and priests of those two provinces, and that the first welcome that they receive should be the worst insult to their innermost feelings. On the other hand, is it possible for the French Government to admit tacitly that what was good for the whole country is bad, on the other hand, for one of its integral parts? This is the *impasse* in which the anticlerical politicians have involved themselves. I can see no way out for them save an admission of failure and defeat. The question I have asked answers itself, and it is evident that this great war of the year of Our Lord 1914 in religious as well as in mere political affairs will be as much a landmark as the French Revolution. ERNEST DIMNET.

The Church and Socialism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I formerly had no sympathy with Socialism, believing it to be a visionary ideal, but on being urged by a Socialist Labor Party man to study Socialist literature I found that Daniel de Leon had taken Socialism from the field of speculation and placed it on the bedrock of practibility (*sic.*) The Socialist disregards all talk about men being inherently evil, and holds that human nature is the slave of condition and environment. So from the Church labor gets the edict, "Thou shalt not," from the labor leader and politician deceit and treachery; from the bourgeois prohibition, birth control, and the militia when on strike, and we have the Church without a program itself, defending a system that has on the one side its degenerate Thaws, its Rockefellers of Ludlow fame, and on the other side disease and misery. How much better would Christians feel to see the Church endeavoring to bring about a social order where the sublime teachings of the lowly Nazarene could be planted and bring forth fruit! Dr. Ryan in the *Catholic World* for May, practically admits that it is in profit, interest, and rent that the source of economic ills exists. Father McNabb a year ago showed how the evils that were to be the fruit of the Socialistic principles exist today, and if any further proof were needed gaze at the carnage in Europe.

I have attended a great many anti-Socialist lectures, but always to find the speaker build up a man of straw to be knocked down, never dealing honestly with Socialistic economic principles, but warning those present of the barnyard morality that will exist in the Socialist state. It was the reading of the history of the Church that caused me to drop my religious belief, and though it may not happen in our day, careful observation causes me to think that in taking the field against Socialism, the Church has left itself open to a blow from which it will never recover.

Boston. W. J. MILLER.

THE only notable thing about Mr. Miller's communication is its essential resemblance to the average Socialist argument. The reason why the average Socialist is unable to think deeply or comprehensively is because he permits his feelings and desires to dominate his intellect, and because he is either unable or unwilling to see that life, particularly social life, is not simple at all but bewilderingly complex. Therefore, when he comes upon a partial truth, like the influences of environment upon the individual, or the influence of the economic factor upon society, he hastily concludes that he has found a complete explanation of all social facts. Gazing intently at certain social facts without observing their relations, his conclusions have about the same value as that of the man who pronounced the shield black because black was the color of the side that he saw.

This misleading method finds illustration in almost every line of Mr. Miller's letter. One fine day he runs across the writings of Daniel de Leon, and behold! all the difficulties of the Socialist State vanish utterly. Socialism is no longer visionary, but founded on the "bed rock of practibility" (*sic*). Touching faith in the transcendent genius of one man! Mr. Miller believes that "human nature is the slave of condition and environment," shutting his eyes to the obvious fact that the individual will is after all free, and to the equally obvious fact that different individuals in precisely the same environment behave differently, and achieve different results. He does not ask himself why the same surroundings should have affected these various "slaves" so differently. He pictures labor as enslaved by an entirely anti-Socialist environment, and yet expects that labor will break through this environment and set up the Socialist State. He seems to intimate that because I see that profit, interest, and rent are the sources of economic ills, I ought to desire their abolition. It does not occur to him to reflect that, although I recognize railways as the source of railway accidents, and teeth as the source of toothache, I hesitate to advocate the destruction of railroads, or the universal adoption of artificial teeth. His peculiar logic does not permit him to see that I may look upon the present economic system with all its defects as superior to a Socialist order with its infinitely greater defects. Similarly he seems unable to realize that Father McNabb can acknowledge that some of the evils of Socialism exist even today, and yet can hold that in a Socialist régime these evils exist in far greater quantity.

All through Mr. Miller's letter it is the same story. He sees a few fragmentary truths and half-truths clearly and intensely, but cannot view them in their proper relations. He disregards the facts that he does not like, and permits his feelings to usurp the functions of his reason. He tells us that he finds anti-Socialist lecturers always setting up and then knocking down men of straw, whereas what really happens is that the presentation of Socialism given by these speakers does not agree with the Socialism of Mr. Miller's desires and hopes and faith. The facts do not harmonize with his wishes; therefore, he would have the facts made over.

Mr. Miller favors us with the information that his reading of the history of the Church caused him to lose his religious faith. Apparently he would have us infer that he had read church history comprehensively, and independently of his incursions into the literature of So-

cialism. Possibly he desires to convey the suggestion that a knowledge of church history is a menace to simple Catholic faith. He forgets, or perhaps he is unaware, that thousands upon thousands of intellectual and educated men and women have had their faith fortified rather than weakened by a comprehensive and intelligent study of the history of the Church. It is not at all improbable, however, that Mr. Miller's reading of church history began after he had already become a sympathetic student of Socialism, and that his entire course in the former subject was confined to Socialist books, to such shallow and perverted interpretations of church history as are to be found in the writings of Engels, Kautsky, and Hillquit. Has he read a single Catholic manual of church history? I doubt it.

While the language of this reply is somewhat severe, there is no intention to hurt Mr. Miller's feelings. But there is need of plain speaking. I know something of the shallowness, the narrowness, the ignorance, the lack of training, the general incapacity, and yet the cocksureness and the blatant arrogance of the average Socialist; and there is nothing in Mr. Miller's letter to indicate that he does not belong in the class of average Socialists. As such I have evaluated him and his arguments. But I am genuinely sorry that he has lost his faith. In all earnestness I would assure him that if he really thinks that this misfortune has proceeded from intellectual reasons, he is utterly mistaken. His loss of faith is fundamentally due to the bad attitude of his will, to the fact that he wished to find pretexts for disbelieving, and for throwing off the yoke of authority. And the first steps toward regaining his faith, and returning to intellectual sanity, must consist of a sincere attempt to be honest with himself, and an humble realization of the fact that his intellectual and spiritual perversion has its roots in an obstinate and disingenuous will. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Catholic Journalism in Canada

MY aim, in this short article, is to deal with Catholic journalism in Canada, and only from the practical or commercial point of view. It must be remembered that in Canada we have, at least as far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, what might be called bilingual journalism. The vast majority, in fact practically all, French Canadians are Catholic; the same may be said of their newspapers. Here and there cases may be found wherein principles subversive of religion are advanced, but they are exceptions to the general rule. The French press of Canada occupies a sphere of its own and the reflections that I am prompted to make here do not apply to that element in our journalism.

The influence of the English Catholic press in Canada has been and still is considerable; but there is an immense field that remains uncultivated. We have no daily press; we have no one powerful and general organ. At one time we had a Catholic daily which, I believe, was the only one in the English language on the Continent. That was the Montreal *Post*. In its days the *Post* played a very useful part in Canadian journalism. It kept up a pretty steady fire in the guerilla warfare inaugurated by the Montreal *Daily Witness*. The latter newspaper was professedly anti-Catholic and poured hot shot into the Church of Rome on all occasions, in season and out; the Catholic daily met the enemy with the same kind of ammunition. Both papers are now dead. The Catholic *Post* ceased publication many years ago and is now almost forgotten, while the Protestant *Witness*, though quite tame in its old age, succumbed a few short months ago. These facts tell us something worth knowing, namely, that the very bitter spirit prevailing in past years has disappeared to a certain extent; at least it does not show in the columns of the press. The daily press of Canada today is not anti-Catholic. There is a considerable sprinkling of well-trained Catholic newspaper men scattered over the field of our journalism, and their influence has some effect upon the general tone of the Canadian press, so we have very little to complain of as far as the leading daily papers are concerned. Take, for example, the death of Pius X; all references made to the departed Pontiff and to the Church he ruled were sympathetic and pleasing to Catholic readers. In view of this fact, and knowing that all our people, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, look to the well-equipped and ably edited daily organs for all local, foreign, and general news of the hour, we do not see the likelihood of any attempt, at least in the near future, to revive the Catholic daily. Moreover, an experience of thirty years in Catholic journalism has taught me that our people are not in a position to defray the enormous cost of establishing and maintaining a daily paper. It was a failure in the days of greater necessity; it will be a failure again under the circumstances to which I have briefly referred.

This leaves us with the Catholic weekly as an exponent of our principles and a shield against the occasional attacks made upon our Church. There are only two really anti-Catholic weekly organs in Canada today: one is a French Baptist publication, read by a few hundred people of the persuasion; the other is an Orange organ so extreme in its views that it is never quoted by the daily secular non-Catholic press, and has but slight influence even among the Orange element. The harm done to the Church by these organs is absolutely nil. No Catholic reads them, and non-Catholics who chance to peruse their inane attacks upon the Church, do so with a feeling of contempt for the narrowness and ignorance displayed. Contrasting with these we have about seven or eight regular Catholic weeklies in Canada, all well edited, all exercising an undoubted influence in their own localities; two or three of them circulating widely in the Dominion. I may name the *Catholic Record* of London, the *Register-Extension* of Toronto, the *Casket* of Antigonish, the *Northwest Review* of Winnipeg.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of journalism in Canada that the Catholic weeklies which have had the largest circulation and influence have been those built up and inspired by individual effort. The *True Witness* of Montreal, and the *Irish Canadian* of Toronto, may be cited as instances in the past. But when the enterprising proprietors died, the days of combines and companies arrived, and the influence and energy of the individual were split up and divided among men, well intentioned no doubt, but with conflicting plans and lack of journalistic experience. Names of papers were changed, combinations of weeklies were formed, company succeeded company, and manager succeeded manager, but the influence of these amalgamated journalistic ventures suffered in consequence. A present-day instance of the success of individual effort is the *Catholic Record,* which has a large circulation and exercises a wide influence. This also was the work of one man, the late Senator Coffey. A practical printer, a journalist from the ranks, an able business man, the much-lamented Thomas Coffey built up the *Record* as the coral insect builds up a reef, unseen by the general eye, with perseverence, often unrequited labor, but with a courage and determination that spelled eventual success.

I see no opportunity of reviving a Catholic daily in Canada. There is always the stolid indifference of our own people to be reckoned with in Canada as elsewhere. Nor do I think, under the conditions that now obtain in the world of Canadian journalism, that it could be made a success; Catholics must continue to secure all their general news from the columns of the daily secular press. This is well so far as it goes. But there are things of paramount importance to the Catholic family that are not to be found in the daily press. In an article on "Catholic Newspapers" in the *Canadian Messenger* for October, 1914, Father Devine, S.J., tells us:

> Catholics should know what is going on in the Catholic world; they should keep in touch with the progress the Church is making in various countries, her activities at home and abroad, the persecutions she is undergoing, the conversions to the Faith that are multiplying, and so on. . . . This general information will make them more enthusiastic Catholics, but it is information that they will not get in the secular press.

Exactly! Therefore it is of vital moment that we should have a press that will give us this information. We need something of a wider scope than local Catholic organs, no matter how able the pens that write them, no matter how solid the stand they take.

What Canadian Catholic journalism would welcome, it seems to me, is one large, general, official Catholic organ, one that would circulate in our tens of thousands of Canadian Catholic homes. Since we are living in an age of combines why not adapt ourselves to our age even in the newspaper field? *La Croix,* in France, meets this condition of things: it could be met also in this country. What we want in Canada is a Catholic organ in a center of commercial importance and geographical convenience like Montreal, with an edition for Ontario, another for the Great West, another for the Eastern or Maritime section of the Dominion. Each edition would have a page or two devoted exclusively to the interests of the region in which it would circulate, while the other pages would be given over to the activities of the Universal Church. This scheme would require a well-organized correspondence bureau in each district, but it would eliminate expensive local printing plants. Presses and type cost money; why multiply them needlessly in this age of rapid transit and parcel post? This scheme would release a large amount of capital that could be used to secure the cooperation of competent writers and to improve continually the central organ. There is certainly a waste of energy somewhere when the half-dozen Catholic newspapers I subscribe to give me the same general news every week. Why ask people to read these things more than once? A great Catholic organ, daily or weekly, conducted on the plan here outlined would meet all local requirements, while the publication itself, with a strong staff of editors and associate writers, would be an authoritative exponent of things Catholic and would be a striking example of the doctrinal and disciplinary unity of the Church. To secure such an organ, however, would require the combined efforts of the episcopate of the Dominion, with the cooperation of the clergy and laity in all parts of the country. Who will take the initiative?

J. K. FORAN.

Why Complain?

AN article in AMERICA on Episcopalian sayings and doings generally draws a number of complaints. No matter what provocation we may have received, we are sure to be rebuked for our "tone." But when Episcopalians are presumptuous that tone may be expected, and Episcopalians of a certain school are often absurdly presumptuous. "There you are again. Why will you use such irritating terms?" The answer is easy: because they are exact. What can be more absurdly presumptuous than to say, that in its regulations for war chaplains the Holy See borrowed from Anglican principles? Yet this was asserted not so long ago. Again, Catholic doctrine regarding marriage is clear enough. Marriage, as a natural contract demands certain conditions for its validity. As a Divine institution, it is subject to the revealed law. As a Sacrament, it falls under the authority of the Church. On these three foundations is built the marriage law of the Catholic Church, a law as clear, as logical, as scientific, as authoritative as the work of any legislature; as perfectly understood, as wisely administered, as impartially applied by canonists and tribunals, as any civil law by lawyer and by judge. What, then, can be more presumptuous than, without due knowledge of either the law or the facts, to criticize the Catholic Church for declaring a supposed marriage null and void,

and to insinuate that its judgments, to say the least, go by favor? What more absurd than for members of a denomination, knowing hardly more of discipline than its name, to wonder why parties, whose marriage has been found invalid, are not put through a period of penance before being allowed to enter into a valid union? Nevertheless, such criticisms, such insinuations, such expressions of wonder are not infrequent in Episcopalian periodicals.

It is sometimes assumed by the complainants that our writers are ill-informed. "We understand our own Church much better than any Romanist can." They forget that in the Catholic Church are many who were once Episcopalians; that of these not a few were far from being reckoned ill-informed in former days, and that of such are our writers on matters regarding the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some of these are of clerical families. They lived in the society of clergymen of the Church of England, generally university men of the old school, among whom the long-buried ideas unearthed by the Oxford Movement were the subject of perennial discussion. They are often men advanced in years, who have seen with their own eyes the three-decker pulpit, reading desk and clerk's seat, obscuring the little communion table. They have heard with their own ears Jackson's and Whitfield's sermons and the old uncompromisingly Protestant hymns. They knew by experience the time when the members of the Church of England were, as a matter of course, all Protestants, who would have been greatly surprised to hear that they were not. They have witnessed the remodelling of chancels, the abolition of the three-decker and of the preaching gown and of the bands. They have seen removed from the communion table the cushions, on which the clergymen used to rest their elbows as they knelt at the ends of it. They have seen the voluminous black scarf narrowed into a stole, then shortened and embroidered with crosses, and at last exchanged for colored stoles. They have seen the bringing in of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," of the turning to the east at the Gloria Patri and the Creed, and, perhaps, have heard a clergyman protesting loudly from the reading desk against the Popish doctrine and practice of his brother in the pulpit. They have beheld the gradual transformation of the communion table, the plain little cross appearing on it for the first time, the modest flowers, the two unassuming candlesticks, with their candles at first lighted for the purpose of illumination only, but soon to be used liturgically; the strange positions that used to be taken by the clergyman who would no longer stand at the end of the table, yet tried to carry out the rubric, of which in Elizabethan and Jacobean days the meaning was so obvious, until at last he took frankly the eastward position before the table that has now become the altar. They have felt the shiver of delight come over them when first they heard it whispered that the common persuasion of 300 years was a monstrous delusion; that they themselves had been deluded in thinking and calling themselves Protestants; that they were Catholics and so had been the Sumners and the Bloomfields and the Seckers and the Tillotsons, and the Abbots and the Bancrofts and the Whitgifts and the Grindals and the Parkers and the Ridleys, the Latimers, the Hoopers, the Coverdales, without ever knowing it. They have experienced the thrills that accompanied the first opening of books of devotion translated from the French, the first one of prayers borrowed from Catholics. They felt vaguely that they were illogical, that their theory was weak; but they perceived keenly that they were going forward in the direction of truth. And so they went on from day to day, until their conscience compelled them to face the question: upon what foundation does my religion rest? This was not to be found in the Church of England. The clergyman, whom they had once heard draw from the text, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me to have," the conclusion that in Our Lord's glorified body is no blood, thus to cut off Popish doctrines at the root, now preached to them of the Real Presence. But his latter teaching, at least, was not that of the Church of England. He might appeal faintly to the Caroline divines: nevertheless they could not stand for the whole body, and, whatever esoteric views they may have held, their public doctrine was in the final analysis, Protestant, not Catholic in any sense.

The new doctrines of the Real Presence, though falling far short of Catholic truth, were not to be found in the Church of England; and so the appeal lay with the Primitive Church or the Church of England before the Reformation. But, however this might be alleged, the final authority was Rome. The Church of England could get into touch with the Primitive Church only through Rome. It had received it from Rome. It had preserved the primitive traditions only as long as it had spiritual life through its union with Rome and its subjection to the Apostolic Chair. When union was broken and subjection changed to rebellion the tradition was lost, and those who would revive it had to seek it from Rome. The Catholicity of the Church of England depended on its reunion with Rome. Submission to Rome was the duty of its members collectively and individually.

Therefore many years ago they became Catholics. They did not lose sight of the Church of England, but watched its changeful career. Thus they have seen the exhaustion of the Oxford Movement, the rise of Rationalism, the influx of opinions regarding Our Divine Lord, the origins of Christianity, the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, that would have filled the elder generation with horror and dismay. In a word, they have known the Episcopal Church in England, in the Colonies and in the United States experimentally for half a century and more; while as to its theories of history, these were once their daily bread.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

A Modern Mystic

IF I were asked to define briefly the difference between the true mystic and the false, and by true I mean the Catholic mystic, I think the answer could be best put by saying that it is a difference of the center of spiritual gravity, so to speak. Whatever doubts the true mystic may have about the reality of his own existence, he has none whatever about the existence of God; whatever fears he may ever entertain about his own will, he has none at all about the holy will of God. So his life starts from God as from its center; it is Theocentric. On the other hand, the false mystic, and his name is legion, from the clairvoyant or fortune-teller to the follower of the latest esoteric cult, starts from himself, or some sort of realization of himself, to his relation with some ultimate cause, or some ultimate nothingness, and his whole spiritual world gravitates around himself.

It is somewhat tedious but necessary to have to make the distinction, but the true mystic has fallen upon days wherein he is misunderstood and often derided, largely through the dreamy inconsistencies and sometimes chicanery of those who have usurped the title of mystic.

It will be noticed by any who passes in review the lives of all the great mystics who have lived in the Church that they have not only attained to an heroic degree of sanctity, but they were eminent for sound common sense and practical ability, neither sex falling behind the other in this respect. It is important to remember this, as common sense and practicalness are the very qualities which the average man of the world denies to Catholic saints and mystics.

These mystics of the Catholic Church have been found in every walk of life: in royal palaces and in miserable hovels. For the conditions of life do not affect the clearness of the vision. There were, for example, those two remarkable Benedictines, St. Gertrude the Great and St. Hildegarde; both given to mystical contemplation, and both women exercising great governmental powers. In the same way, from an obscure origin Blessed Joan of Arc was led by the mystic's vision to the front rank of the battle array. Mysticism led her out to lead men, but to Juliana of Norwich, a contemplative enclosed in an anchoress's cell, flocked the men of the world to know the vision which she saw within the barred grating and the stone walls of a hermitage. Mysticism did not prevent St. Catherine of Siena from being an ambassador of peace between two warring factions, while a brief acquaintance with the life of that great contemplative, St. Teresa, will show that with the gentle spirit of the mystic she combined a shrewd business capacity that might be the envy of a modern business man.

Another striking fact about the Catholic mystics who are known to us, and there is an infinite number whose lives are completely hidden until the day of judgment, is that they seem to have flourished in the most uncongenial times, or, to be more exact, just when Catholic mysticism might be least expected, it has blossomed forth in the world as a flower blooming on a rubbish heap. This is the case with Sister Gertrude Mary, whose diary has recently been published. (Benziger.) The Sister, who was a religious of the Community of Saint Charles, at Angers, was born in 1870 in France; that France in which the lights of heaven are declared blasphemously to have been put out, that France also which, let us not forget, is the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Most of Sister Gertrude Mary's life, she died in 1908, at the age of thirty-eight, was spent in teaching little children. But the great interest she has for us is not only the example of her saintly life, but also the record of the steps by which one of our own generation was led along the way of mystical contemplation. We may see, as it were, how from her earliest years she gravitated naturally into the mystical life, not as a "variety of religious experience," but as something very vital and very real. As a bird flies direct to its nest, so did her young soul set out along this mysterious way, and she knew not why, only that it was so; this is the secret of the true mystic.

The sense of this personal nearness and reality of God came very early, after her First Communion.

> Jesus was more to me than a friend or brother: He was a father. If I had any desire, I used to express it to Him, and He at once granted it. . . . Every morning when we took this direction, leading away from Angers, I would say: "Lord, this is not the way to Saint Charles'." Jesus must have smiled, but I had such a great desire to give myself to Him. . . . And to make Jesus more promptly realize my desire, I treated Him as a little child treats her mother until she obtains what she wants—I *tormented* Jesus.

On February 24, 1887, the young Anne Marie Bernier entered the novitiate of the Community, receiving the name of Sister Gertrude Mary. Her novitiate was passed uneventfully, and at its expiration she was sent to teach in St. Joseph's Free School, at Angers. Outwardly her life was singularly uneventful, but in her interior life, at this time, she exhibited in a marked degree one of the chief characteristics of the mystic, that of giving herself entirely and unreservedly to her Beloved. The language in which the Sister describes her interior life is, at times, somewhat obscure and figurative; for the mysteries of Heaven may not be uttered in words.

In 1907, the year before Sister Gertrude Mary died at Angers, she saw those visions, which in the light of after events seem to have held wider meanings than even she conceived; these visions have been taken to prefigure the conversions of the religious at Caldey and Saint Bride's.

On January 2, 1907, the Sister writes in her journal:

> The demon is enraged because God chooses for Himself a multitude of souls in whom He is about to work marvelous things. . . . I rejoice at the reign of God in these souls, and I pray for them. . . .
>
> For some time since, I see a community of religious women all clothed in white. Our Lord finds His delight among these consecrated souls. They have always their souls, *if not their arms,* raised to Heaven. Their thoughts are constantly fixed on God. Their prayers, which ever rise toward the Eternal God, are very fervent, and appease His wrath. They appear to me to be about forty in number.

About the time when Sister Gertrude Mary saw this vision the nuns of Saint Bride's, then at Malling Abbey, became affiliated with Caldey and changed the black habit for the white. The phrase "They have always their souls, *if not their arms,* raised to Heaven" is significant, for the nuns were not then Catholics. The extract from the Sister's journal for January 11, 1907, is no less significant:

> At my repeated prayers, Jesus turned His face each time to this poor France of ours, but His face became ever more sad. . . .
>
> At the same time, I saw a little island, surrounded by water on every side. The soil was uncultivated. In the midst of the island there grew a beautiful rose on a long stem without leaves. I was much astonished. A rose at this season? A rose on a leafless stem, in this rough, uncultivated soil? I could not understand what it meant.
>
> This morning during Mass, when I was not thinking about it at all, Our Lord said to me, that this uncultivated soil meant that religion was not yet properly established in this place . . . from which saints would arise to console the Heart of God. Already I knew interiorly that this world of chosen souls was not in France. Our Lord then commanded me to take His precious Blood which I had seen flow abundantly from Him, and to water therewith this barren soil, which would then become fruitful.

How far, one may naturally ask, does the vision coincide with the facts? On October 18, 1906, the monks went to

Caldey, and in the following January the Sister had the vision. At that time the monks were living in the pre-Reformation Priory of Caldey, and this is actually situated in the center of the island; the present abbey is somewhat to the north-east. As in the vision of the nuns, so in that of the island, there was the sense of something lacking, the rose on the leafless stem and the uncultivated soil.

On January 16, 1907, she saw an abundant shower of rain fall on this island, and she was told that this was a store of graces which, rejected and despised by others, was now poured out on this chosen land, and under the rain she saw the soil become moist and soft, as souls emerging from their state of ignorance were prepared to bud and bring forth fruit. It was not until June, 1913, after the Caldey religious had been received into the Church, and the Sister had been dead five years, that the coincidence was made known.

On July 3, 1903 Sister Gertrude Mary and her fellow religious at Saint Laud were driven out by the French Government. She returned to Saint Charles, and on December 31, 1904, she received the Divine intimation: "To you it belongs to make reparation for all the sins committed during the year 1904." In terror she cried out: "My God, to whom dost Thou speak?" and the answer came: "I appoint you My victim of reparation, the victim of My choice." Thenceforth the Sister offered herself a willing victim. But the time of her immolation was not prolonged. On May 22, 1905, she returned to the Mother House broken down with sickness, and on May 24, 1908, the veil of the flesh was drawn aside and she went into the presence of Him with whom she had talked face to face on earth.

Like that of all true mystics, the life of Sister Gertrude Mary was a marvel of utter simplicity, which is reflected with the greatest fidelity in her journal. From her childhood she had kept one clear course before her eyes: God, and Him only. So with Him she walked and talked, until there came to her the call: "Friend, come up higher!" In the inscrutable counsels of God it may be that, like another St. Genevieve, she looks out from the celestial battlements, watching and praying that the Eldest Daughter of the Church may once again have her crown of glory restored to her.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

An Anglican's Position

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The very courteous letters of Mr. Cortlandt Van Winkle and "E. J. F." anent my own of July 17 call for some recognition on my part, and for my delay in according them that recognition I can only plead my absence for some weeks from the city. I shall try to take up the various points brought out by the writers, and in doing so to be as brief as possible.

(1.) I accept Mr. Van Winkle's analogy between Roman Catholic criticism of Anglicans and Anglican criticism of Protestant sects, but the sting of it hardly touches me since it is quite contrary to my practice ever to indulge in satirical criticism of the peculiarities of any body of earnest Christians. Our quarrel is with Protestantism as such in all its forms, not with the individual peculiarities of any specific sect.

(2.) Certainly E. J. F. is right in his assertion that "sincerity is no criterion of truth": I only asked that Roman Catholics refrain from impeaching our sincerity, and so confusing the issue, when they attack our beliefs and practices. Certainly *all* Catholics must oppose and attack heresy wherever found, Roman Catholics the heresies of individual Anglicans or schools of Anglicans as well as Anglo-Catholics those of other individuals and organizations; but can it in any way compromise the position of Roman Catholics for them to speak commendingly rather than with ridicule of whatever elements of Catholicism may be found among Anglicans? We Anglicans are glad enough to commend *any* signs of defense or adoption, however hesitatingly, of Catholic principles or practices among Protestants.

(3.) It is scarcely accurate to say that "the vast majority of Anglicans oppose" Catholic doctrines. True, a very large number do, but a constantly growing number recognize and defend them with all their hearts. Nor is the question of numbers an important one. Witness the strength of Arianism in the early Church. But if, as we hold, the Anglican Church has never officially, by any word or act, cut itself off from the Catholic Church, which is the Body of Christ, the "true doctrine" of the Anglican Church is that of the Catholic Church, whatever individual heretics may say, and however numerous they may be.

(4.) But the crucial point has not yet been touched, namely, the question of the duty of loyal allegiance on the part of Anglicans to the Church of their birth or adoption, and the price and sin of disloyalty and secession. According to E. J. F., I "stand before the world self-condemned" for remaining loyal to what my firm and prayerful conviction tells me to be the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, and am urged by him to desert my ship and seek rest for my soul in the "peaceful bark of Peter"! Not so do I understand the voice of conscience. To follow the call of E. J. F. would be to repudiate, not merely the sentimental associations connected with the Church to which I have sworn my allegiance, but what my convictions teach me to be the sacred gifts of God, the sacraments of Christ which have been administered to me through His priests. That is the dreadful price of secession which grieves the hearts of those whom the seceders leave behind. The supremely necessary virtue for the Anglo-Catholic is patience. Loyalty to a friend does not involve the closing of one's eyes to his defects, nor repudiation of him because of his defects, but recognition of them and an earnest desire and effort to purge him of them; and the more one knows and loves his friend for what is good in him, the more patient he is in dealing with such defects as he may find in him.

Cleveland. JARED S. MOORE.

Dangers in the Navy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

According to your issue of August 7, it seems that my article on the Navy in a recent number is not in accordance with the views of "N. D." and some of his friends. Now, when I wrote the article in question, nothing was further from my mind than the possibility of controversy, as the facts set forth were the result of about seven years' experience as an enlisted man in the Navy, and had the approval of a well-known Catholic chaplain. I might have remembered, however, that there are many people to whom the message of an angel could scarcely make knowu the fact that the sailor is a normal human being, with heart, and soul, and feelings similar to those of others whom God created unto His own likeness. I made no claim of impeccability for the blue-jacket, nor did I submit the name of a single candidate for canonization. I tried to point out that, recruited as he is from the youth of every county and every State in the Union, the sailor must resemble other American boys too much to be an absolute freak, although he is thus classified by some people. If I failed to state that there are some men in the Navy who habitually drink and swear, let me say that I also neglected to mention that twice two make four, but up to date no one has accused me of falsifying the multiplication table. With regard to the continual decrease of these and other evils in the service, the punishment records published by the Navy Department will furnish ample proof to any person interested enough to examine them.

I must compliment your correspondent on the facility with which he dresses threadbare platitudes in new garments. He waxes beautifully indefinite on all points except when he mentions a liberty party of 7,000 men. The park on which the parochial house fronts, for all the reader knows to the contrary, may be as big as Boston Common, or merely the diamond-shaped plot of some triple street crossing. Let us hope that it contained less than 3,500 benches, otherwise with his genius for conserving space, N. D. will have had the entire liberty party in a bestial state of intoxication. The solitary case cited, wherein your correspondent came into actual contact with an enlisted man, does not call for any congratulations. As a man, could he cheerfully accept as final the word of one who, speaking to an entire stranger, unhesitatingly casts a slur on 50,000 of his fellow-workers? As an American, could he hold in reverence one who was in ignorance as to the proper method of replying to a slur on anything cherished or held sacred, under which heading ought to come the rosary and prayer-book given by his sweetheart? As a Catholic, for I assume he is one, N. D. surely must be aware that a good Catholic is not a creature of environment, and that our proudest and noblest traditions deal with the fortitude and devotion of Catholic men and women under oppression, and their dying martyrs, as they breathed the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother! Did he passively accept the statements of his chance acquaintance, and consider his duty done, or had he no words of reproach for such moral cowardice? How far would such a spirit have carried his informant had he lived in the days of priest-hunting Elizabeth, or could he, under its influence, have followed the soggarth into the fastnesses of Ireland's hills to kneel at the celebration of midnight Mass? Surely a good Catholic is ever the same, in storm as well as in calm, and to say that a man cannot be one in the Navy is an insult to our Holy Mother Church!

I very much regret that N. D. and his friends have such a horrible opinion of us. Intolerance makes a suitable garment for a Guardian of Liberty, but is scarcely becoming to a Catholic gentleman. If a man, or a body of men, cannot find toleration and forbearance among the readers of AMERICA, where then are we to look for it?

Hampton Roads, Va. ROBERT CONROY.

Practical Catholic Journalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

AMERICA is to be complimented on the publication, in the Communications column, of the rather strong and, as far as it goes, just criticism of the character of the average American Catholic newspaper.

It is to be regretted that "N. Y. E." did not sign his name to this article. We would certainly like to know who he is. Very few indeed are the Catholic newspapers that would have had the courage to print this matter. How many will reprint it? We hope that the editor of "Note and Comment" will notice in his department those that do.

Your contributor says that American Catholic newspapers are, with few exceptions, "ill-edited, illiterate, and un-American," without either policy or news. He does not point out, however, the kind of policy that would be truly representative of the Church Militant, of Catholicism at its best. The so-called ignorance, of various kinds and degree, that seems to pervade Catholic editorial sanctums, the poor typography, and lack of news-sense might all be gladly forgiven if the Catholic press had a real message for the common people, if its columns were devoted in a spirit of true Christian charity to the everyday needs of fallen humanity. One of the proofs of Divinity in the Catholic press is whether or not "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The Catholic press does not reach the greater mass of the common people, not even those Catholics who still go to church. Until our Catholic newspapers adopt and fearlessly maintain a consistent and aggressive editorial and news policy that has for its aim to *make a practical application to concrete conditions of the principles of social and industrial justice,* so eloquently and so logically set forth by Pope Leo XIII in his social Encyclicals, they will never wield any real influence or affect the course of events in a democratic age and country. The Catholic newspaper has no message for the isolated and oppressed poor. American factory workers receiving an average of $518.00 a year in American industries (see Census 1910) must of human necessity, most of them, have their noses so close to the grindstone as not to lift their eyes to higher things.

AMERICA has given considerable space and attention to the labor question through the contributions of Fathers Husslein and Blakely, Mr. Metlake, and others. Yet even these articles have been more theoretical than practical, with occasional notable exceptions, such as the article of a few weeks ago on wage conditions among the shirtwaist factory workers of New York City. Perhaps even AMERICA, with all its initiative and fearlessness, has gone as far as it properly can in the present condition of Catholic public opinion. If AMERICA told Catholic employers that they were in conscience bound to recognize and encourage legitimate trade unionism, and that they should pay a living wage to their employees, this utterance would indeed be "epoch-making."

Some time ago a good Catholic, who is a large employer of labor, told the writer, in a discussion of Pope Leo XIII as "Pope of the Workingman": "Excuse me, but Pope Leo had no business to write as he did on the Labor Question." This man has held, and still holds one of the highest positions as a Catholic leader in Louisiana, yet he is as much a rampant individualist as every consistent Freemason must be. No Church or State interference in industry for him.

I have attempted only to suggest the policy of a real Catholic newspaper. The means whereby this policy may be practically realized will present themselves to the Catholic editor who really wants to "deliver the goods." "Where there is a will, there is a way."

New Orleans. V. N. DASPIT.

A Catholic Booking Office

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I noticed a communication in one of your recent issues which mentioned the necessity of a Catholic booking office for Catholic lecturers. This would seem to be a need of the times. Many lecturers would no doubt find their services in greater demand through the medium of such an agency, which would be in a position to acquaint Catholics generally with the ability and worth of those on their list. This should apply also to other lines of platform endeavor.

It is the experience of small societies and reading circles of limited membership that attractions for a small lecture course are hard to secure. Such organizations are not able to pay big prices, and therefore the stars in the field are not for them. Yet in order to make a success of the course they must have numbers with a drawing power. In the event of the inauguration of such a booking office as that suggested by your Chicago correspondent, many of the difficulties in the path of small lecture courses would be obviated, and, by reason of access to a larger list, they could present their subscribers with a more diversified program of numbers. For the lecturers themselves and other folk, it would open out a wider field and give them opportunities among their own people so far denied to many who are worthy of an audience. From the financial point of view there seems to be no reason why such an office should not be sufficiently remunerative to the projectors.

Columbus, O. H. M.

AMERICA

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Will They Remain Catholics?

ONCE again Catholics are crowding into Harvard and Princeton and Yale; and daughters of the Church who ought to be saints, are unblushingly entering the wide-spread doors of Wellesley and Vassar and Smith. Preparatory and finishing schools of every description, with little in common except that they are fashionable and non-Catholic, are beckoning the unwary into their dangerous halls; and tender children, who now are as pure as angels, are marching with unsuspecting confidence into the class-rooms of schools where religion is ignored. Our boys are turning their backs on the colleges which gave to their fathers all the training and power they possess; and our girls are glancing with disdain at the academies in which their mothers acquired the gentleness, piety, culture and love of God and man, that made them models for their children and a consolation to their Church. And the next generation of Catholics? The poor we shall always have with us, their faith will continue to burn bright, and to guide them to the tabernacle and the altar rail. But what of the rich? What of the children who are now learning skepticism, if not worse, from the lectures of men and women who know not Christ, and who laugh, if not openly, at least in their hearts, at the tenets and practices of Catholicism? Who, think you, will claim them for his own, when they have come into their manhood or their womanhood, the Prince of Peace or the Prince of this world. One shrinks from the answer. Bitter indeed will be the death-bed of parents who have yielded, in spite of their own better judgment and their pastors' protests, to the foolish wishes of their dazzled children, to the extent of permitting them to set their innocent feet in the way of destruction and death. What a stewardship will be theirs to account for and what a reckoning! Christ's little ones were scandalized.

God, Freedom, the Constitution

THE new Constitution of the State of New York, soon to be presented for ratification at the polls, opens with these words: "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure its blessings do establish this Constitution." It is with pleasure and pride that we read the Holy Name of God in the first sentence of the new charter of the Empire State. In thus putting it in the place of honor the delegates at Albany have made a simple yet solemn act of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and a profession of faith. It is a consoling spectacle at a time when nations are forgetting God. Every citizen of this magnificent commonwealth, every American should be proud of it. Before determining the various principles which are to guide the people and its magistrates in the political, social and economic questions facing them, the framers of the Constitution did not forget God. They recalled no doubt the words of the Psalmist: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." And in thanking God for that which is the American's birthright, the sacred gift of civil and political freedom, they have, implicitly at least, told us to use that freedom for pure and noble ends. To obtain that freedom our fathers made untold and heroic sacrifices. Property, home, life and life's sweetest joys, they counted as dross when it seemed in danger. Americans of today must do no less. Grateful to God for that priceless boon and heritage, we must not jeopardize it by indifference to its sacred obligations, or by any unpatriotic abuse of its sacred trust. Ordered freedom is ours. That freedom can stand firm and secure only under the safeguard and the majesty of the law. To endanger it by the passions of unrestrained party spirit, to sell it to the highest bidder for pecuniary or other material advantage, to check the progress of its legal enactments by corruption, by intimidation or fraud is a national crime. To show that we are really grateful for our freedom, we should use that freedom for the good of our State and the country in upholding the right, in smiting the wrong. We should use our constitutional rights with the dignity of freemen, for our reasonable political, social and material welfare, and with the same manly dignity we should vindicate those rights, should they be assailed. And while making a wise and prudent use of that God-given privilege for our own and the nation's good, we must not forget, that however fair it is, it is but a faint shadow of that nobler freedom, "the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

Rescue the Kittens and Cats!

THOUGH Europe is now waging the vastest, most destructive and most costly war that the world has

seen, a certain tender-hearted Englishwoman does not seem to find the times wholly unsuitable for an "urgent appeal" in behalf of a cats' home. Though she admits that, "It is dreadful to have to ask for animals when our poor and the nation and our dear soldiers require so much," she maintains, nevertheless, that "the rescue work must go on." "Why must it?" naturally asks the editor of the *Month,* a query that all normal persons will heartily echo. "Business, as usual," is without question a disastrous slogan if it leads a people to keep supplied with transportation facilities, fish, cream and expensive chloroform a comfortable "home" for vagrant grimalkins while soldiers in the trenches are dying by thousands, and war-riven Poland is starving.

But could the perverted "humanitarianism" of the past thirty years be expected to result in anything else? To safeguard the so-called "rights of animals" societies have been founded and periodicals have been started by innocent but opulent sophists who had little to say, however, about "the duties" of the brute creation, for they vaguely realized perhaps that only rational beings had duties, though horses, dogs and cats, of course, had "rights." How generously the British public responded to that cat-lover's stirring appeal we have not yet learned. Perhaps the fear that the race's spirit would be more imperiled by a heartless attitude toward homeless and indigent Tabbies and Tommies than by a stoical indifference to the sufferings and privations of mere human beings, brought such an abundance of munificent gifts to the cat hospital, that its directors and patients can now face without anxiety the coming winter, whether the war ends or not. We prefer to believe, however, that an immediate result of the silly "appeal" was the painless execution of all the "rescued" cats on hand, and the prompt transformation of their sumptuous quarters into a home for little boys and girls whom the war has left fatherless, and that the revenues of the cat hospital are being devoted to the relief of human suffering.

Well Worth Watching

SEVERAL weeks ago in the city of Boston, governors of various States met and discussed matters of importance both to the Federal Government and to their own States. It was not a new thing for them to do so: their meeting has been an annual occurrence ever since they were first invited to meet some years ago by the then President of the United States. This year it was attended with less enthusiasm than has been the case on certain former occasions, but a number of the governors traveled long distances and devoted valuable time to the consideration of the interests of their people. They had a perfect right to do this; and are to be praised for their zeal.

Certainly a governor would seem to be eminently qualified to advise another governor as to the solution of State problems, and the common counsels of many governors should contribute much toward the better government of their several States. The united voice, undoubtedly, of so distinguised a body of citizens should carry with it a great deal of weight. It should be remembered, however, that they meet as individuals and not in their high official capacity. For there is nothing in the Constitution which provides for such a gathering, and already there is ample provision made for the representation of the States in the discussion of affairs where State and national interests merge into one. Nor is there any reason whatever to think that the governors are contemplating the introduction of a new element into our scheme of government.

Their meeting, however, like everything good, has its possibilities for evil. Were the governors to meet in session, in their official capacity, and pledge themselves to return to their own capitals and to use their influence to enforce the passage of bills which they had already determined on in another capital and at the suggestion of governors of other States, such action might well be looked on with misgiving. It suggests a danger for Catholics, in particular, which, however, undreamed of at present, might possibly become a reality during one of the periodic anti-Catholic waves which sweep over the country.

While contemplating the radical and disastrous changes that are occasionally introduced into the countries of continental Europe, it has been our consolation to reflect that the nature of our government precluded the danger of such rapid and ill-advised upheavals. Education is a thing which falls within the province of the States. At present, therefore, we feel secure that our many sacrifices in the cause of education cannot easily be brought to naught. Restrictions on our parochial, high school and college work, if they come at all, can only come slowly, separately and without concerted action on the part of different States. The meeting of the governors, however, makes such concerted action, if not probable, at least within the range of possibility. In this lies a peril for us. No one questions the right of the governors to meet as citizens; all the same their recent dispositions to unite for the furtherance of a common object brings to light an element of danger, one indeed that will well bear watching.

What They Said: The Sanger Trial

ONCE upon a time, there was a magazine called the *Woman Rebel,* and an editor, Mrs. Margaret Sanger. In due course, this publication became so malodorous that even the broad-minded postal authorities, who smile indulgently at Tom Watson and his crew, suppressed the *Woman Rebel,* and indicted the editor on a federal charge. Mrs. Sanger had also written her beautiful soul into a pamphlet entitled "Family Limitation"; a charming bit of literature, which, however, fell under the ban of Mr. Anthony Comstock. Invoking the

power of the secular arm, this crude person jailed the editor's husband, Mr. William Sanger, for furthering the interest of the public in his wife's pamphlet. Personal liberty was dealt a deadly blow, when on his appearance before the Court of General Sessions, a tyrant on the bench asked Mr. Sanger to choose between thirty days in jail, and a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars.

With these facts stated, it is now in order to chronicle the varied comment bearing on the trial of Mr. William Sanger. And first of all, the comment of His Honor, Justice McInerny.

> You state that you have done nothing wrong. Your crime is not only a violation of the laws of man, but of the law of God as well, in your scheme to prevent motherhood. Too many persons have the idea that it is wrong to have children. Some women are so selfish that they do not want to be bothered with them. If some persons would go around and urge Christian women to bear children, instead of wasting their time on woman suffrage, this city, and society would be better off.

The argument of the friends of the downtrodden was of the following calm and judicial tenor:

> The screams and yells of the frenzied followers of Alexander Berkman, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca and L. D. Abbott, could be heard all over the Criminal Courts Building and in the street. Men and women rose in their seats and shrieked and cursed. Hats were thrown in the air and "defis" hurled at the bench. Leonard Abbott, lawyer, anarchist, and an officer of the court, stood in the midst of the tumult, smiling and urging it on. "It was a splendid demonstration," said Lawyer Abbott.

The opinion of Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, chairman of the Publicity Council of the Empire State Committee on Woman Suffrage, may next be quoted. "It makes me so angry, that I can hardly talk about it," said this lady, referring to Justice McInerny's remarks. But Mrs. Whitehouse overcame the difficulty bravely, and in twenty-seven lines of a newspaper interview, advanced the thoroughly truthful proposition that the words of the Justice "might just as well be said of hundreds of women who give their lives to social work." "Justice McInerny," added Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, allied with the same Committee, "is talking about something that she doesn't know anything about." Miss Bela Neuman Zilbermann, with a native instinct for the dramatic, added color and action by "flaunting a flag with 'Votes for Women' in the face of the judge," and afterwards "led in a talk that at times could be heard across the street." "We are not selfish," said the tragedienne, directing her remarks to Justice McInerny's charge. "We are entirely unselfish. We would be glad to advocate large families if social conditions were changed," but until this change is made, Miss Zilberman "wishes to denounce the attack made on womankind by Judge McInerny," and will continue to advocate "family limitation."

Finally, while not pertinent, the opinion of the prisoner himself is interesting, since it bears a curious affinity to a principle enunciated by Governor Dunne at the Boston conference last month:

> I deny that I am a criminal. From my own inward feeling I know I did no wrong. Why then should I recognize the right of the State to brand me as a criminal?

Up to the present, the author of the pamphlet has added nothing to this wealth of comment. She is said to be in Holland, where, according to a loyal follower, she is teaching the women of that country "how to prevent motherhood." She will not be silent long, however, as on October first she is to appear before a Federal Court to answer the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails.

The moral of all this comment, abstracting of course from the remarks of Justice McInerny, is plain. Speech untrammeled and irresponsible, is the palladium of our liberties. To freedom of speech, let us add the freedom to think as we choose, regardless of the facts. Finally, let us not swerve in our fight for that highest of all liberties, the freedom to do whatever we wish, regardless of all law, and all courts, human or Divine.

Groundless Fear

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In my mind there is one duty to which AMERICA has been derelict: little or nothing has been said in its pages about the danger to the Holy Father and the Papacy, arising from this dreadful war. Personally I am passionately "pro-Allies," but I must confess that the conduct of British, French and Italian papers towards the Holy Father often fills me with misgivings and I am disappointed that Catholic papers are not more insistent and vigorous in defense of him.

A. L. M.

OUR correspondent, a prominent lawyer of poise and dignity, does scant justice to Catholic papers. They have stressed repeatedly the conditions to which he draws attention: that they have not done more is due to prudence and faith. Editors of Catholic papers have no fear for the ultimate destiny of the Rock of Peter; by Christ's promise it is indestructible, shell and bullet will not shatter it, rather, the reverse will happen. Such is the lesson of faith and history. The Holy See has been in a worse quandary a score of times. For a while before the Pontificate of Gregory the Great the abomination of desolation was supreme. Roman civilization was drowned in the flood of Lombard barbarism; famine, pestilence, earthquake had turned East and West into a great valley of dry bones; Christians of the North were slaughtered or enslaved or hunted like beasts. The world, all save Peter's "Rock" which stood firm and unshaken, was so upset that the Faithful listened for the crack of doom. The storm passed, and the sun shone, but not for long; period of stress followed period of stress until in Gelasius' time the collapse of the Papacy seemed assured. Chalcedon was fruitless in the East, Nicea in the West, whilst heresy and paganism ran riot side by side in the North. The outlook was forlorn,

hopeless, as it was many a time thereafter, during the Mahommedan invasion of the eighth century, for instance, and again during the invasion of the Northmen in the ninth century. And has it been forgotten that for thirty-seven years the "Great Schism" kept the garment of Christianity rent in a thousand and one places? That was a troublous period for the Papacy, so was the boisterous time of the Reformation, with its broken vows and calumnies and ruined sanctuaries and apostate nations. The frantic era of the French Revolution was no better: rather worse. For its infamy is not to be measured by the blood of butchered priests and nuns, but by the revolutionary doctrines to which it gave so great an impetus. The Papacy outlived all this, as it outlived exalted Jansenism and Josephism and Febronianism and the latter triumphant progess of skepticism and rationalism, foes more powerful than war.

Times are not as bad now as then, and the Rock is God-made, not man-made, a creation of Heaven, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, much less the guns of men. Those anxious in soul would do well to bear in mind that the Pope and the Papacy are destined to show forth the life of Christ. And Christ was always failing, yet always winning. He died a failure, yet a victor. War waged round Him, and He hung dead, a failure, on a felon's cross, defeated, humiliated to the dust, only to come forth from the tomb victorious, exalted, worthy to be caught up to heaven in a cloud of glory. Safety through strife, victory through failure, such is Christ's life. The Pope and the Papacy can expect nothing different. Darkness will lower thick on the Rock; angry seas will beat high and hard against it, but soon light will break over it again and the sea will become calm, for God is in the darkness and Christ is walking on the storm-tossed waters. Fear not, ye of little faith, the Church is built upon this Rock; wars will come and go; the Rock will remain to the end.

LITERATURE

IX—"John Oliver Hobbes"

ONE presumes that the "Catholic's Bookshelf" is so far catholic in another sense that it finds room for books which are not classics or even likely to become classics. Otherwise, one should not venture to claim a place for the novels and plays of a certain brilliant daughter of America, Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie, who wrote under the masculine pseudonym of "John Oliver Hobbes." Mrs. Craigie, *née* Richards, left the United States at the beginning of 1868, when she was about three months old, and was thenceforth domiciled in England, where she died in 1905, towards the end of her thirty-eighth year. Her literary life, dating it from her first published book in 1891, lasted some fifteen years, for her last novel was published in the year of her death.

As I have implied, "John Oliver Hobbes" shone in the literary firmament rather as a planet than as a fixed star. Her light was not wholly her own; she reflected something of the mentality and even of the style of her favorite authors, Disraeli, Meredith, George Eliot. Her own view of her talent was different. "My work will hold its own in the long run," she wrote in 1904, "because it is original and my own." Alas! the run is a very long one, the competitors, besides being very numerous, get in one another's way, and only the best endowed in the quality of staying-power can hope to hold their own. We fear that "John Oliver Hobbes" will not prove to be among the genuine immortals who are "universals" as well, and conquer space as well as time. I find no record of any of her works having been translated, nor can she be said even to have the vogue of the six-penny edition. Among a wholly Catholic population she would have met with wider appreciation. As it is, the number of those who are attracted by the literary power of her works and not repelled by their Catholic atmosphere must always be limited.

All striking personalities are the result of the interaction of the forces of nature and nurture. Education, especially the education conferred by the vicissitudes of life, must have good material to work on if the result is to be good. Mrs. Craigie was bountifully endowed by nature with quick intelligence, logical faculty, humor and keen artistic perceptions. Her school-days did not do much to develop these gifts; she was to a large extent self-educated, reading indiscriminately in English literature and devoting much time to the theater, even in her teens. In one art, music, she even became proficient. In 1887 a precocious youth was crowned by an early marriage, which in the event proved most unhappy. Her husband was a Mr. R. W. Craigie, to whom she bore a son in 1890. In the next year she returned with her baby, to her father's roof and, in 1895, in order to secure the custody of her child, she obtained a divorce. That she was given entire control over her boy is decisive evidence, to all who know the spirit of English law, that the blame of that disastrous episode did not rest upon her. Disastrous indeed it was and went far to spoil her life. The effect of so grievous a disillusion just on the threshold of her career, is traceable in the view she expresses both in her books and in her letters. Only one thing, seemingly, saved her from becoming soured and cynical, and that was her conversion to the Catholic Faith. It may be that the wreck of her married happiness was the payment exacted for the purchase of the Pearl of Great Price: it is certain that having secured it she did not grudge the cost. It would appear that her acceptance of Catholicism was not due to any personal influences, but was the result of God's call to a soul disabused of earthly joy and prepared by honest and steady thinking to follow its summons. Unlike many other converts she continued her study of the Faith after she had joined the Church. Her actual reception took place in 1892, yet we find her still being instructed in 1896 and subsequent years. "I am going 'hammer and tongs' at theology," she wrote in 1897, "one of the Jesuit fathers is going to instruct me." It may well be that her own active intellect and the worldly agnostic atmosphere of the social and literary circles she frequented in London made her keenly sensitive to assaults upon the Faith: anyhow she took the best means of resisting them, being assiduous in devotional practices, careful to spend regular periods in retreat, bountiful and unostentatious in her charities. Before the suppression of the Modernist heresy, she would appear to have come slightly under its influence, but the career of its English protagonist opened her eyes to its unreason. *On ne badine pas avec l'Eglise.*

Under these two external influences—the crushing of her earthly hopes and the growth of her heavenly—the real education of "John Oliver Hobbes" began, and her literary powers are largely due to their union. She had a definite message to give, out of her own experience, a message which is as old as Christianity and, indeed, forms its central ethical truth, viz., that to find our souls we must lose them. Happi-

ness should not be pursued directly for its own sake. Rich and great as are the prizes of life—and she was keenly alive to all life has to offer, ambitious to excel, eager for praise—they cannot be attained, or retained, else they fail to satisfy. To those who have not her faith, her chief stories are shadowed with sadness, for their completion is not on earth.

Apart from various essays in journalism, Mrs. Craigie's first book was published in 1891 and styled "Some Emotions and a Moral": she always had a genius for arresting enigmatic titles. It had a marked success and was reprinted five times in three years. Thenceforward, every year until the end saw the publication of one or more novels, plays, or sketches. Her most elaborate books were "The School for Saints" (1897) with its sequel "Robert Orange" (1900) and her posthumous novel "The Dreams and the Business" (1906). All her work was extremely conscientious. She sought for truth, not only in the moral effects but even in the material details of what she wrote, and we can well understand the annoyance she felt and sometimes expressed at seeing the tremendous vogue of trash like the productions of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, whilst her own cleverly-conceived and highly-finished studies met with an audience comparatively few, however fit. The truth is only the educated could really appreciate her. Within certain limits she was a deeply-read and cultivated woman. In the early days of her married life, sad indications of an uncongenial home, she put herself to school again and acquired a fairly profound knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics. The allusions in her books show a wide acquaintance with history and on all points there is evidence of original thought. The same uncommon cleverness prevented her plays from being "popular" successes. "The Ambassador" (1898) alone had a favorable run. All her works except the first two, were produced after she became a Catholic, and although none of them has, like those of Mgr. Benson, a definite Catholic *motif,* yet Catholicism is always given its due place in them as the one true religion. She generally aims at showing the reactions of various minds—as various as are the experiences and nature of each—when meeting with the fact of the Faith.

Yet, thorough good Catholic as she herself was, and well instructed beyond the average, she is not always successful in expressing the Catholic *ethos.* Like many who join the Church with minds fairly mature and by independent paths, she apparently found it difficult to get a consistently inside view of the Faith and its implications. Her chief hero "Robert Orange" for instance, is a strange medley, and it is by no means inconsistent with the confused ethical drawing of his character that his creator, although she means to represent him as a man who had attained, through iron discipline, and stern self-sacrifice for the right, a wonderful self-mastery, makes him in the end commit murder with his eyes wide open. Mrs. Craigie does not seem to have realised that asceticism means essentially love of God and has no value except as an expression of that love. Her good people are more conscious of what they are giving up than of what they are gaining, and hence her ideal of Christianity is pessimistic. She "desired to be dissolved" very earnestly indeed, but rather so as to be free from the worries of life.

However, the service she did as a witness to Catholicism in a corrupt and unbelieving generation was very great. By sheer force of intellect and imagination, she caught and interested for half a generation the cultured society of her time, and put before it under various aspects the splendors of the Catholic Church. The heretical atmosphere she breathed never weakened the vigor of her faith and, with her capacity for friendship which was quite extraordinary, she must have done much by intercourse and writing to recommend her creed to a circle largely out of reach of religious influences. Catholics should preserve her books. They illustrate how well an ardent devotion to the Faith can combine with high literary excellence. Moreover, brilliant as they are and dealing with various types of fallen nature, their author is always mindful of the ennobling functions of literature. She quotes with delight the judgment passed on her work by her Jesuit instructor: "He says it is absolutely free from sensuality—and that it is *unique* in that respect. That—from the beginning—has been my aim. I have never in my life been so pleased by a piece of criticism."

There are too few novelists today, even among her own sex, who can merit that encomium passed on Mrs. Craigie. It seems negative praise but means much in the circumstances. *Quæ potuit transgredi et non est transgressa.*

JOSEPH KEATING, S.J.,
Editor of the "Month."

REVIEWS

The Practice of Mental Prayer. Second Treatise: Extraordinary Prayer. By Father RENÉ DE MAUMIGNY. Translation (from the French) Revised by Father ELDER MULLAN, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

We are glad to see the translation of Father Maumigny's excellent little work on mental prayer brought to completion by the publication in English of the treatise on extraordinary prayer. A previous treatise had to do with what the author calls ordinary prayer, that is to say, any form of mental prayer, the Ignatian, for instance, which can be taught and which is based on reflection. Extraordinary prayer, which is the subject of the present volume, is a state of soul produced by the direct and entirely spontaneous action of the Holy Spirit. It is, therefore, a form of prayer which cannot be taught and has no intrinsic dependence on any exercise of the mental faculties. It is a pure gift of God and is the direct effect of an extraordinary grace. In proportion as it ascends from one higher plane to another its tendency is to suspend the ordinary action of the powers of the soul and, by means of a Divinely infused gift of intuition, to present to the soul a view of the Divine perfections immeasurably transcending any conception of them attainable by human reflection. The reader of saints' lives will at once recognize in this brief account of extraordinary prayer a suggestion of certain remarkable phenomena in which those lives abound. They will rightly conclude, moreover, that Father Maumigny's book is not a manual of practice, though the wording of the title might lead the unwary reader to suppose that it is. The book was primarily written for directors of consciences and for students of ascetical theology, and secondarily for those well-balanced minds, and they are numerous enough, which are not subject to illusions in the matter of prayer and which are likely to profit by a description of God's wonderful dealings with chosen souls. Among these classes of persons we hope the work will have the circulation to which its high merits entitle it. M. P. H.

Some Love Songs of Petrarch. Translated and Annotated and with a Biographical Introduction by W. D. FOULKE. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.15.

Despite its unpretentious size and appearance this little book is sure to commend itself to all serious-minded readers. To many not conversant with the Italian language Petrarch is little more than a bright name, or at best a historical character of considerable importance. Few have read his works and few probably appreciate exactly why he is ranked among the foremost men of influence in literature and in the history of the world. Yet it was within Petrarch's soul, as this scholarly and artistic translation of some of his collected

poems bears testimony, that the definite conflict began between the ideals of Christanity and those of a revived Paganism, a conflict which, as all who are acquainted with modern history will know, lies at the root of so much in the life and the literature of the present age.

Mr. Foulke has furnished us, within the compass of some 230 pages, with the means of arriving at a clear and accurate idea of what Petrarch was as a man, a poet and a scholar. From the viewpoint both of history and of literature, this work deserves to be welcomed as an important and timely contribution. The scholarship of the author impresses the reader from the very first pages of the book, and were it not for a few slurs here and there on the Middle Ages and on monkish superstition, and an unhappy quotation from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to the effect that Petrarch "gave a decisive impulse to that European movement which restored freedom, self-consciousness and the faculty of progress to the human intellect," his biographical sketch of Petrarch is a fine bit of true objective historical writing.

M. F. X. M.

The Making of Western Europe. Vol. II. By C. R. L. FLETCHER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The historian is an angel rather than a man. Passionless, piercing in his intelligence, profound in his research, he sees at a glance the meaning of all documents, perceives all their relations, and reconstructs unerringly the world of other days. None knows so well as he the difference between a monkish chronicler and a gossiping ambassador obliged to put something into his letters to his master. The former is an object of withering scorn: the latter of an unquestioning reverence that the historian would be the first to denounce as superstitious were it given to the Word of God or to the definitions of Revelation. How the historian lives, on what he feeds, are mysteries to the vulgar. Who could imagine the late Lord Acton, for instance, sitting down to beefsteak and beer? He sits apart from all mankind, a being whose function is to judge men and manners, popes and kings, facts and theories, reason and revelation, the Church and the world, without appeal. The infallible *magisterium* of the Church within its own sphere is held to be an intellectual tyranny by those who so accept his sentence on all things under heaven as to vituperate no less vigorously one who would hint the possibility of error in it, than they praise another who denies a dogma of religion. This idea of the historian is common enough, and not the less so because the historian himself is not indifferent to its propagation.

Such an historian one might take Mr. Fletcher to be. He calls to his tribunal St. Gregory VII and Henry IV to receive sentence, the former of condemnation, the latter, of justification; and what he does for them he does for the less noteworthy personages of their time. He settles definitely simony, clerical marriages, anl investitures, just as if never a word had been written on the subjects before, and his approbation of the last two is so warm that it seems to go over to the first. As for manners and customs, asceticism is the object of his fine contempt, as the following eloquent passage shows:

> To the age of hermitry was now to succeed the age of flagellation; even a sensible emperor like Henry III flogged himself occasionally. The great St. Peter Damiani was a strong advocate of the practice, though he never succeeded in attaining the standard of his friend Dominic, whose sole garment, a coat of mail, was only removed for purposes of self-flagellation; Dominic could work off in a week the three thousand stripes which the soberer Damiani was wont to spread over a year.

But Dominic rounded out his three score years and ten, though his weekly stripes were more than three thousand. The "soberer Damiani," too, was hardly content with less than ten a day. Mr. Fletcher does not approve of self-flagellation; but it would be a friendly office in another to administer to him a sufficiency of stripes to correct his wit that despises accuracy. From this specimen of it one will be ready to hear that our historian is great in sprightly sketches of character, and that these are dotted with "possibly," "probably," "perhaps," and such like words, to an extent surprising in a historian.

But Mr. Fletcher is not the passionless historian at all. On the contrary, he holds partisanship to be the duty of the historian and the criterion of history. The facts of a thousand years ago depend for their truth on the political passions of today. While he wrote his book he was under influences coming down from the Crimean war, the Congress of Berlin and the Afghan boundary disputes. He regarded the Russ as did Kipling in the heyday of his vogue. As he confesses in the amazing postscript to his preface, he wrote hard things about the Slavonic nations, and gave high praise to the efforts of the medieval emperor to destroy or Germanize the Slavs. But late events have given the old facts a new complexion. He acknowledges that he should have written in the contrary sense. Supposing this to be true, the serious historian would have suppressed his book, or withheld it until corrected. Not so Mr. Fletcher. He publishes it in the spirit of penance! Certainly Dominic with his self-flagellation was the better man. Mr. Fletcher having thus betrayed himself, we say, to use the words of Herodotus, who would surely blush for his degenerate son: "and so good-bye to Mr. Fletcher and 'The Making of Western Europe.'" H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"The Mass: The Holy Sacrifice with the Priest at the Altar on Sundays, Holy Days and Days of Special Observance. From the Roman Missal" (The Home Press, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, $0.25, $0.50 and $1.00), is the complete title of the new prayer-book that Father John J. Wynne, S.J. brought out on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood which occurred last month. Attractively printed and bound, the little volume has excellent translations of the Ordinary of the Mass and of the Proper for every Mass the Faithful are obliged to attend and also for nuptial, requiem, votive Masses, etc. As there is no better way of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice than by using the Missal and following as closely as possible the Church's beautiful liturgy, this prayer-book should be widely used. It is dedicated to Archbishop Ireland "who suggested its preparation," and will be followed by "The Complete Missal in English."

As some British and Continental papers perversely misinterpreted the Holy Father's recent appeal for peace, the September *Month* devotes its opening pages to an examination of the letter and actually succeeds in proving that the Pope is neutral still. In a good study of "The Psychological Novels of Mgr. Benson," "M. I." finds a "real woman" in "Aunt Anna"; Father Pollen has his fourth article on "The Appellant Controversy" in this number; "The Return of the *Képis*" is a well-told war story; there is a discerning article on Mr. Joseph Campbell's and Miss W. M. Lett's poetry; Father Thurston writes on "The Holy Eucharist and the 'Rituale Romanum'"; some newly-discovered verses of Father Hopkins are published, and a number of editorials bearing on the war make timely reading.

"Aunt Sarah and the War" (Putnam, $0.75), a charming little book which was praised in our issue of July 3, bears on its title page the name of no author, but Mr. Wilfrid Meynell is now reported to have written the story. Though the reviewers have

not had much to say about the book, 30,000 copies of it have been sold in England.——"Somewhere in France" (Scribner, $1.00), R. H. Davis's latest volume of short stories, bears a very misleading title. Those who expect to find in the volume an account of a war correspondent's adventures will find nothing bearing on the present conflict except a story about the scandalous doings of a woman spy. The other tales in the book deal for the most part with the underworld. All have unexpected endings, but unless Mr. Davis were the author, we should, in all probability have heard little of this book. His inverted sentences grow tiresome.

John Bailey's "Milton" (Holt, $0.50) is a fine appreciation of the man and the poet. The author is not a blind hero-worshipper but a sane admirer. He does not minimize Milton's limitations but he vindicates greatness for the subject of his appreciation, and claims that to know Milton means to realize that the art of poetry is no triviality, but a noble thing, a thing of the choicest discipline of phrase and structure, and deep thought. "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" are given special chapters in this scholarly little volume, while Milton's earlier poems are treated under a separate heading.

"The Butterfly Guide" (Doubleday, $1.00) is a pocket manual in which Dr. W. J. Holland has depicted 255 of the 600 and more species of the common forms of butterflies found in North America. The 295 figures in color contained in the manual are remarkably true to nature. Like the illustrations of the author's "Butterfly Book," they are made by a method of printing in three colors from half-tone plates, a process he was the first to use with gratifying success in illustrating a work on lepidoptera. The booklet contains two indexes, one of technical nomenclature, and the other a list of English and common terms.

The Practical Drawing Company of Chicago proposes to bring the reign of bad handwriting to an end. "The Practical Writing System," wherein the whole art of penmanship is taught in seven parts, aims at a scientific application of the principles of handwriting, beginning with the elements of letter formation. A comparison of examples "before and after treatment" is the best endorsement the system could have. From the same company comes "Practical Drawing," a graded course of drawing extended through eight parts. The principles of this course are thoroughly sound. The system itself is entirely practical, and arranged so that originality of effort and thought enter largely into the scheme of work proposed to the budding draughtsman or artist.

That the longer poems of William Blake are not more widely known is scarcely to be wondered at when one reflects upon the weird, practically unintelligible character of so much that he has written. In "Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake," (Yale University Press, $2.00) Dr. Frederick E. Pierce, evidently an enthusiastic student and admirer, has endeavored to bring order out of the chaotic symbolical poems. Although the selection is made with studied care, still the impression remains that the symbolical poems are the product of a mind diseased. True, there is much of poetry, but a perfect riot of imagination, repeated disregard of rhythm. In brief, to use Byron's words cited in the beginning by the compiler, "It is an awful chaos . . mixed and contending without end or order."

One of the last things written by Lieutenant Rupert Brooke, a young English poet, who died in the Dardanelles, was the following sonnet:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Thereupon, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, our young American poet, was moved to send the *Bookman* the following lines:

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With Psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

From some of Brooke's other poems, however, it does not appear that he had any great hope or desire of resting "beneath eternal wings," and the tenth line of his sonnet expresses the ambition of a pantheist.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Bloud & Gay, Paris:
The German War and Catholicism. With an Accompanying Photographic Album. Published Under the Direction of Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart. 2 fr.

W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Ind.:
Religious Orders of Women in the United States. By Elinor Tong Dehey.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
The Haitian Revolution. By T. G. Steward. $1.25.

Press of Frank H. Evory & Co., Albany:
A Rosary of Mystery Plays. By Margaret S. Mooney. $0.75.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Father Tim's Talks with People He Met. By C. D. McEnniry, C.SS.R. $0.75; A Book of English Martyrs. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F.R.H.S. $1.10; The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde. By Francesca Maria Steele. $1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Red Wine of Roussillon. By Wm. Lindsey. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Through a Dartmoor Window. By Beatrice Chase. $1.50; Life of Henry Augustus Coit, First Rector of St. Paul's School. By Jas. Carter Knox. $1.00.

La Salle Extension University, Chicago:
Business Psychology. By Hugo Münsterberg. $2.00

John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia:
The Pedagogical Value of the Virtue of Faith as Developed in the Religious Novitiate. By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. $1.00.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men. By Edwin Grant Conklin. $2.00.

Pierre Téqui, Paris:
Echos de Guerre. By Abbé M. M. Gorse. 3 fr. 50.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare; The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By André Lagarde. Translated by A. Alexander, Ph.D. $2.50; Somewhere in France. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00; The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. Edited by Jas. Hastings, D.D. $3.00; The Story of Our Bible, How It Grew to Be What It Is. By Harold B. Hunting. $1.50; The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. $1.35.

St. Mary's Industrial School, Odanah, Wis.:
Noble Lives of a Noble Race. A Series of Reproductions. By the Pupils of St. Mary's, Odanah, Wis.

Sully & Kleinteich, New York:
The Pope's Peace Offering Calendar, 1916. $0.60.

The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids:
Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico. By L. Bradford Prince. $1.50.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
The School and Society. Revised Edition. By John Dewey. $1.00.

EDUCATION

The Schoolgirl in Old New England

"BE good, sweet maid, and let who will, be clever," is the advice of the mid-Victorian poet, by the ignorance whereof little Miss Abigail Adams came to sore grief on one sad day some two centuries agone. In the year of grace, 1651, this young lady on learning bent, was haled into the presence of the high court of New Haven in the colony of Connecticut, on the grave charge, one regrets to say, of "prophane swearing." Sundry witnesses of good repute affirmed that she was wont to employ such untoward phrases as "by my soul," "as I am a Christian maid," with other "prophanities," to the great scandal and disturbance of the godly townsfolk. Abigail's mother seems to have acquiesced in the truth of these weighty accusations; and projecting her subliminal self into the twentieth century, suggested the school as the partial cause of the trouble. "She learned some of her ill-carriage," deposed Mistress Adams, "at Goody Wickham's where she went to school."

ARE GIRLS CHILDREN?

At this point, Mr. W. H. Small, who has written his "Early New England Schools" in a vein at once pleasant and profitable, breaks the narrative, and one is left to conjecture whether Miss Abigail, dust these many years, was set in the stocks or ducked, or merely subjected to a domestic spanking. History is silent. The incident proves, however, if assurance be needed, that even in those dour days of feminine subjection, girls occasionally went to school; but it is also fairly plain from other documents, that no great store was set upon their attendance at public institutions of learning. It is at Dorchester apparently, where a school, the fourth in the colonies, was set up as early as 1639, that mention is first made of the education of girls. In that year or shortly after, it was left to "the discretion of the elders and the seven men, whether maids should be taught with the boys or not," and this imposing personification of discretion thought that they should not. Judd, quoted by Small, shows that while the law allowed "children" to include girls, yet throughout the colonies girls either attended school not at all, or for short and broken periods. Nearly two centuries were to elapse before the girls found themselves, as Small says, on an equal footing with the boys.

THE FIRST STEP

As late as 1784, even so progressive a community as Dorchester shocked conservative public opinion by voting that "such girls as can read in a Psalter be allowed to go to school from the first day of June until the first day of October." Before this year, in Dorchester and perhaps generally, although exceptions are to be noted, girls might be taught reading, spelling, sewing, knitting, and "to work samplers," but such abstruse subjects as writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography, were held to be quite beyond the comprehension of the Female Mind. In 1793 the peace and harmony of the good town of Plymouth was well nigh wrecked in a meeting convoked to discuss the question of founding a school for girls. One worthy and tottering citizen, firmly wedded to the good old days, declared that "things had come to a pretty pass, when wives and daughters would look over the shoulders of their husbands and fathers, and offer to correct as they wrote, such errors in spelling as they might commit." But for all this diresome possibility, the progressives won the day, and plans were made to open a girls' school, to be conducted for an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon, during six months of the year.

In 1790, the selectmen of Gloucester recommended that the master give some time "to the instruction of females, who are a tender and interesting branch of the community, but have been much neglected in this town." The master obligingly complied; but in their next report, the selectmen incautiously remarked "that the time spent in teaching the females (one thinks of Dean Swift) was greatly beneficial to this amiable part of the community, greatly pleasing to their parents, and well improved by their daughters." The canny master awoke to find himself locally famous; whereupon he tendered a bill for this extra service. It was paid, ultimately, as one might say; which means with reluctance. Then as now, the laborious teacher was rarely deemed worthy of his hire.

THE "DAME'S SCHOOL"

Very probably the greater part of whatever education the girls of those days received outside the home circle, was given in the familiar "Dame's School." Boys were not admitted to the master's school until "they could stand up and read words of two syllables"; girls not at all, or in exceptional cases. It was at a dame's school that the youthful Abigail learned to swear; and it is whispered that many of these prim little Puritan Priscillas, "meek-eyed in their snoods," were in the habit of dipping snuff. Too much should not be made of these isolated instances, for the moral tone of the early New England schools was universally high; yet many a school was both wretchedly housed and miserably taught. Despite the general regard in which learning was held, the lot of the teacher, especially the woman teacher, was frequently a life of isolation and dependence. Often was she forced to give her work for a bare sustenance; rarely was she offered anything like a suitable recompense. Of more than one good lady is it written, that her weekly wage was seventy-five cents, with an addition of sixty cents for "board and victuals." Lydia Parker, of Sutton, New Hampshire, got six bushels of rye for six weeks of teaching in the autumn of 1791, and there is a record of that year, apparently from Dublin in the same State, which shows that a teacher received a weekly stipend of forty-four cents with a further allowance of thirty cents for her "upkeep."

SOME COLONIAL DAMES

Under these circumstances, it is not strange that applications for employment in the schools were not numerous, and that in many instances, evidence of "good conversation" was the only credential that the intending supervisor of a dame's school need present. Of one venerable lady who held school in a barn, it is related that "she did her best to teach the young idea how to shoot, but was plainly incompetent." It was this ancient gentlewoman who was wont to pronounce "anecdote," "a-neck-dote," and to define it as "a food eaten between meals." New Hampshire, however, had a famous dame by the name of Rachel Bill, and so skilled was the widow Abigail Fowler, that she was retained by the town of Salem from 1721 until 1771, in which year her ears were closed forever to the shoutings and the tumult of her far-flung battle-line.

In her autobiography, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore gives a quaint picture of a dame school, as she knew it in 1825; a school which, it is hoped, was exceptional. This establishment was presided over by a Goody who dozed in her chair, took snuff, drank tea, and often something stronger, from a bottle stowed away in the cupboard. "In one of these schools," she relates, "that kept by Ma'am Adams, I was regularly sent out to the grocery store for the teacher's daily eleven o'clock dram of New England or Santa Cruz rum." Edward Everett, on the other hand, retained kindlier impressions of his first teacher. "Considerately mingling the teacher and the nurse," he writes, "she kept a pillow and a bit of carpet in the corner of the schoolroom where the little heads, throbbing with premature struggles with the tall double letters and ampersand, with Korah's troops and Vashti's pride, were permitted, nay, encouraged, to go to sleep."

THE COURSE OF STUDIES

Not much in detail has come down of the curriculum of the early dame schools. Mr. Isaac Parker who was born in Malden in 1776, afterwards recalled, somewhat morosely, that he used to read a little and spell a little, after which he would be put to shelling beans. In 1737, the town of Boston licensed Mrs. Rebecca North to open a school "for the instruction of children in reading and the use of the needle," and in the same year Mrs. Elizabeth Hincke offered tuition "in reading, in philligree, and in sewing." Knitting, sewing, embroidering, and sometimes weaving, are found in most of the school programs. It was usually thought not worth while to instruct the girls in writing and arithmetic, but spelling seems to have been taught generally, together with reading in the New England Primer and the Psalter. The girls as well as the boys were thoroughly instructed in the Catechism, and a touch of professional jealousy is found in the instance in which the master at the public examinations, was accustomed to put the harder questions to the girls, allowing the success of his boys with the easier questions, to demonstrate his superiority over the school dame. A few private schools for girls gave instruction in writing, arithmetic, grammar, history and geography, but it was not until 1789 that the public schools of Boston itself, organized classes for girls in writing, arithmetic, composition and grammar. Even then the term lasted but from April to October, and it was only in 1828 that girls were allowed in school for the entire year.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

"The schoolmarm of former times, with her swarming hive of pupils," quotes Small from some unnamed author, "was an instructor of which no sample remains at the present time. She was a lifelong incumbent; always teaching little boys and girls to sit up straight and treat their elders with respect; to conquer the spelling book, repeat the catechism, never throw stones, never tell a lie; the boys to write copies, and the girls to work samplers." Not a wide curriculum nor a deep; and yet, an outgrowth of the times, it sufficed for the simpler, sturdier day in which it flourished. When Miriam Wood died in 1706, her sorrowing townsmen wrote her epitaph, "A Woman well beloved of all her neighbors for her care of small Folks education, their number being great." While none will wish for a return to the privations, the narrowness and the severity of this early period, yet with all their shortcomings, the New England schools made a mighty contribution to the slowly gathering forces which one day met to shape the policy of a new nation. Within the old system were those austere elements of discipline and training for the loss of which, we of a softer day are poor indeed.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Margaret O'Connor and the Industrial Commission

"MARGARET O'CONNOR," cried the Clerk of the Court, and a little woman bent with years and misery, crept to the bar of justice. Huddled about her, were the riff-raff of a great city, the devil's sweeping of corrupted womanhood; the thief, the "dope-fiend," the drunken hag, whose bleared eyes and swollen face told of a new debauch added to years of intemperance, yet hinted of a girlhood whose innocence was now not even a memory. Out on the Avenue the motor-cars were whirring; at a stone's throw from that dingy Night Court, violins were crooning, and the waters of a fountain softly splashed as the pampered sons and daughters of the idle rich gathered to turn night into day.

THE CHILDREN OF PLEASURE

Before morning dawned, a fortune would be dissipated in the pursuit of pleasure. Those very hangings of silk and damask, that brave and shining show of glittering glass and polished silver would keep a dozen families in food for a year and to spare, might save many a son and daughter of the defenseless poor, starved in mind and body, from a fate far worse than physical death. But wealth must be served; men must work and women must weep and children be sacrificed, that my lady may loll on cushions of luxury, and the ways be made smooth for the progress of commerce and trade. Never before were wages so high; even the worker is satisfied. "We find," writes the Industrial Betterment Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, "that the weight of argument is clearly against the minimum wage; that there is no prevailing demand for the legislative minimum wage on part of either the employer or employee; that the facts in the case are not sufficient to warrant us in recommending minimum wage legislation at this time." Admirably said, and smugly; but here in the fetid atmosphere and the sordid surroundings of the New York Night Court is a Fact; a frightened and bewildered Fact, Margaret O'Connor, protesting, "Sure, Your Honor, I'm a dacint woman," and pleading the boon of being sent to the Poor House.

A DAUGHTER OF THE POOR

Margaret O'Connor is a witness to thousands, perhaps millions, like herself; more, she is a terrible indictment of the insatiable greed, the calculating cruelty, the diabolical injustice flourishing in an age which boasts that it is humane, enlightened, civilized.

Her story is easily told; repetition has made it common. She spoke truly when she said that she had always been "a dacint woman," for she had been the hard-working wife of a man whose days were filled with toil. He was one of that vast army of American workingmen whose meager wages place but a week between them and poverty. Children had come, and had died. This family knew no luxuries; the enjoyments of the social life were to them things that one sometimes read about, wondering if they could be, and the only vacation was to be "laid off at the factory," an ever-present possibility to be regarded with horror. The bare necessities of life they had, but not always. The frugal meals, pitifully inadequate for the growing children, the poor clothes hardly sufficient to keep out the cold, the rent for the little home; these absorbed all the family earnings, and made financial provision for the future a complete impossibility. One by one the children went; an old man in his fiftieth year, the family breadwinner followed them, and then for fifteen years, Margaret had faced the struggle for an existence alone. With the delicate courtesy found in its perfection only among the poor, kindly neighbors almost as poor as herself, had come to her assistance, but now unwilling to be a permanent burden upon those already overburdened, she had come to beg a place in the Alms House. There she would have a roof over her head at least, and a place to rest her broken body, if nothing else beyond the memories of her dead.

INDUSTRIAL UNREST

In this era of prosperity, thousands of workingmen throughout this glorious country give their honest toil, not for a just remuneration, but for what the employer is pleased to think sufficient. Examine industrial conditions in your own city. The toiler has more than the mere right to live, but the man whose daily work will not allow the possibility of providing against sickness, the slack season, and the unproductive period of old age, is always facing the immediate possibility of becoming a charge upon others. The continued recurrence, moreover, of unemployment, due to conditions altogether beyond the control of the worker, still further reduces his means of subsistence. Statistics recently published by the Department of Labor of the State of New York give the percentage of idleness among mem-

bers of representative trade unions from January to July of the present year. In building, stone working and allied occupations, this percentage was 44.4; metals, machinery and ship-building, 21; woodworking and furniture, 31.5; theaters and music, 27.2; clothing and textiles, 42.3. "The percentage of idleness caused by labor disputes was negligible," the report reads. "The idleness caused by disability remained as usual at a constant and insignificant amount. Practically all of the reported idleness was due to unemployment. Unemployment, in which lack of work is the chief factor, is the most significant indication of the state of the labor market, since it gauges the extent to which those who desire work, are unable to find it."

Furthermore, unofficial reports indicate that an ominously large proportion of wage earners are receiving sums far below the amount consistent with a decent standard of living; and the wages of the unskilled worker are so pitifully small, according to S. Thurston Ballard, of the Industrial Relations Commission, that it is almost impossible for him to maintain a family even with the most rigid economy. To seek the cause of these industrial disturbances, and if possible find a remedy, the United States Commission on Industrial Conditions was created. This body has recently published a synopsis of its findings. Reserving detailed criticism for later treatment, these findings may here be briefly summarized.

THE COMMISSION'S FINDINGS

Commissioner Weinstock, admitting questionable methods on part of some employers, believes that the majority are doing much to improve the condition of the laborer. They favor collective bargaining and a modicum of legislation on the minimum wage, but object to the policies which have been generally adopted by the trade unions, notably sympathetic strikes, contract breaking and the closed shop. Commissioner Commons with Commissioner Harriman, holds that distrust on part of the people, occasioned by the breakdown in the administration of the labor laws, is the greatest cause of industrial unrest. He recommends, therefore, the establishment of a permanent commission to handle industrial disputes. The Manly Report, signed by Commissioners Walsh, Lennon, O'Connell and Garretson, finds that industrial unrest flows from the following factors: (1.) Unjust distribution of wealth and income; (2) Unemployment and the denial of an opportunity to earn a living; (3.) Denial of justice in the creation, the adjudication, and in the administration of the law; (4.) Denial of the right and opportunity to form effective organizations.

Two supplemental reports were also submitted. In the first, Mr. S. Thurston Ballard puts the causes of industrial unrest under five heads. (1.) Low wages; (2.) Unemployment through seasonal occupations, periods of depression, accidents and sickness; (3.) The development of large industries; (4.) Long working hours and unsanitary conditions; (5.) Unsatisfactory rural conditions. In the second report, Commissioner Garretson indicates four basic causes of industrial difficulties. (1.) The inequitable distribution of the fruits of industry; (2.) Unjust methods in the formation and administration of law; (3.) Irregularity of employment with its consequent restriction of opportunity; (4.) Land monopoly with the resulting prohibitive price.

To do away with the inequality and positive injustice ruling labor conditions, the Commission can only suggest the enactment of new legislation. Any other recommendation would, of course, have been beyond its power; but necessary as certain changes in legislation undoubtedly are, it is as clear as day, that even constitutional enactments cannot decide the matter ultimately. This can be done only when, in the words of Leo XIII, men have returned to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

JUSTICE, NOT EXPEDIENCY

It is moreover, thoroughly necessary that all legislation which proposes to alleviate the condition of the worker, be based upon principles of justice. Justice cannot regard the spoiling even of "a malefactor of great wealth" with equanimity. No principle of expediency can justify the absolute confiscation of property. The right to property is a right, whether the property-valuation be five billion dollars or five cents. But it should not be forgotten that the laborer's claim to a just return for his toil rests, not upon an appeal to charity or to a concession, but upon the foundation of strict justice. And in these days, when the bodies and souls of men and women, of young girls and even of little children, are ruthlessly exploited in the interests of Mammon, it seems necessary to present with emphasis, the ancient Catholic tradition which makes the process of defrauding a laborer of his wages, a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance. The fact that Margaret O'Connor and her kind shall be always with us, furnishes no justification for the continuance of economic and social conditions which license tyranny and make the most odious cruelty a commercial virtue.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The teamsters' strike in St. Louis last month was settled by an arbitration board of one, Father Timothy Dempsey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. He did not have to import strike-breakers from another city to accomplish the work, at the expense of blood and sorrow. How he did it is hard to say, for not being a social "uplifter" he does not give interviews to the reporters. Traffic was about to come to a standstill one day in August, when this unassuming priest settled the trouble. He is a busy man too, for he manages a workingmen's hotel, a day nursery and an emergency home. The "Team Owner's Association" has given formal acknowledgment to this lone strike-breaker by helping the charities that are under his care.

Another "loyal remnant" is just now clinging to the "Rock" represented by the successor of Peter. When the Caldey community came into the Church, Brother Anselm Mardon went apart from his brethren and under the auspices of Viscount Halifax, a sort of lay pope for the Anglican establishment, set up an abbey at Pershore. If reports be true, the beginnings were auspicious enough, from an Anglican standpoint. The Bishop of Worcester dedicated the house, the brawling Kensitites invaded it to protest against "Romish" superstition, a sometime oblate from Caldey became chaplain and so on. Two years have passed; seven or eight men knocked at the monastery door, tarried awhile within and then went out into the darkness, or light perhaps, and Brother Anselm grew sick at heart and with soul ahungered for peace turned longing eyes to Caldey Isle, whither at last grace drove him, and now the chant of the monks thrills his soul with a new and strange emotion. He is home at last, a Catholic. Pershore has collapsed, Caldey is strong with God's life.

According to the New York *Evening Post* there is another storm brewing in the Massachusetts teakettle. The kettle is expected to explode on election day. Hot tea and force will thereby be let loose, the latter to push one Cushing into the gubernatorial chair, "and thus end the Catholic menace," the former to scald to death all his opponents, papists and friends of papists. The correspondent of the *Post* mentions all in a breath, "new organizations of the secret anti-Catholic order which is reported to be spreading in all parts of the country;" "Masonic meetings where the traditions of the

order were disregarded and where there were open speeches about the duty of the members to vote for Cushing and so end the Catholic menace," and several other instruments of enlightened propaganda, such as a strong letter signed by four men "headed by Reverend Dr. O. P. Gifford, a very active Protestant minister in this movement," who urges his "dear brother" to work for Cushing for whom "practically all the Protestant ministers and theological professors in the State" are to vote. Wicked, low-browed, illiterate papists, how they persist in interfering in politics.

The ninety-ninth cause of the world's greatest war has just been discovered in Glasgow, Scotland. The exact place of discovery is the imagination of a parson; the discoverer is the parson himself, not his wife; the cause discovered is the Jesuits. The Glasgow *Herald* was quite taken with this idea, until the preacher was asked to prove his assertion. That was a wicked request. The holy man could offer no proof; that is bad, but worse still he may be started on a fresh investigation of his phantasy, and then, who knows where he will stop? The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Sisters of the Assumption and a thousand such, have like the Jesuits, plotted all iniquities from the sin of Adam to Scotch whiskey and the Scotch "Sabbath." It would be dreadful, if they were caught at their tricks.

Great men are glorified in many ways, and Cardinal Newman is no exception to the rule. His sterling piety, penetrating intellect and marvelous style have exalted him to the very pinnacle of fame. True he was a stumbling block to many, to Achilli for instance, and his like, but heretofore no one ever thought of fastening Huxley's spiritual ruin on the great churchman. Yet he ruined Huxley, deprived him forever of his sense of right and wrong. And sad to say the whole world now knows all about the wretched proceeding, for recently at a Unitarian meeting held on the Pacific coast, the Reverend M. Simons, a preacher of Cleveland, Ohio, trumpeted to his fellows in the faith the sad story. After lauding San Francisco as "a saintly city in the making," "he pleaded for more reality in religion, and referred to Huxley's remarks that on reading Cardinal Newman he lost the power of distinguishing between right and wrong." Dominie Sampson would have found this "prodigious." It is not though; the good preacher is ingenuous, that is all. The effect produced on his soul by "Alice in Wonderland" and "Grimm's Fairy Tales" has never been outgrown. Some day he will look "over the garden wall" and then no doubt will discover that agnosticism counterbalanced the influence of the godless Newman and made Huxley great.

China is marching toward Rome, and the journey is exquisitely described by a zealous Franciscan in the July *Ecclesiastical Review*. In the last decade the number of neophytes has grown by leaps and bounds. This table will give some idea of the increase:

	Number of Catholics in China proper, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Thibet.	Missionaries. Foreign.	Chinese.	Total.	Churches and Chapels.
A. D. 1886	515,587	471	281	752	2,429
A. D. 1895	581,775	693	370	1,063	3,119
A. D. 1901	720,540			1,375	4,126
A. D. 1906	888,151			1,717	6,893
A. D. 1914	1,615,107	1,452	745	2,197	

The writer of the article quoted gives many reasons for this triumphal march of the nation to Christ, but under God, what more powerful reasons are there than the zeal of the missioners and the blood of the five bishops, the fifty or more priests, the seven nuns, the several Brothers and the 20,000 Catholic lay folk slain by the Boxers? The Father in heaven who was moved to redeem the world by the blood of His Son is raising up children to these victims of pagan wrath. Their blood is as a million tongues pleading for those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

"The Free Lance" of the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* has written this result of his investigations into war documents:

> Some specimen names of gallant Frenchmen mentioned in the orders of the day of December 8-11, 1914:
>
> Abdesselm Mohammed.
> Ahmed ben Kaboui.
> Amar ben Ahmed.
>
> Other intrepid Gauls, mentioned in the orders of December 2-13:

Meyer.	Schenebelin.	Schumaker.
Schneider.	Wirth.	Brau.
Gunter.	Fehner.	Fischbach.
Heim.	Hirschauer.	Geschwind.
Knoblock.	Hesse.	Kleindienst.
Keck.	Mittelhauser.	Koch.
Fuchs.	Schmidt.	Karcher.
Ehrard.	Widersprach-Thor.	Nyssen.
Weiss.	Zittel.	Vogel.
Schmitt.	Hirtzmann.	Wehrle.
Roeckel.	Grunfelder.	Hebel.
Finck.	Hartmann.	Hoffinger.
Fonck.	Kurtzmann.	Kuntz.
Hochstetter.	Keller.	Munch.
Klein.	Krause.	Schoettel.
Kaufmann.	Esselborn.	Witte.
Muller.	Doerler.	Scheloch.

The names of intrepid Britons are almost as significant; these are the Keneally's, and the C'Leary's, and an Issy Smith, all Anglo-Saxons, many of them of Irish extraction, one a Jew.

Doctors often disagree in private, seldom in public. When the latter event happens, the result is entertaining not only to scholars but to those who make no pretense to letters. Just at present two doctors are in public disaccord over Roger Bacon; one is the hardened old Positivist, Frederic Harrison,—Frederic without a "k" lest he be accused of sympathy with the Teutons—the gentleman who in the early nineties consecrated Chicago babies to humanity capitalized and to buncombe without a capital; the other is Professor Lynn Thorndike of Western Reserve University. Mr. Harrison writes like a "Greekling:" his knowledge covers every phase of the topic under discussion. Probably that is the reason why he makes the astounding assertion that the successor of Clement IV was appointed for three years! But be that as it may, Bacon's "bold original mind, . . . made him suspected of 'new ideas' and heresies, and . . . in 1257 he was removed to Paris from Oxford and placed under close supervision or imprisonment. . . . In 1278 . . . he was condemned for heresy and imprisoned. . . ." So far Frederic Harrison, in the *North American Review.* Professor Thorndike on the other hand has this to say in the September issue of the *Popular Science Monthly:*

> There seems no adequate proof for a single specific instance of persecution of men of science by the church for purely scientific views in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The occasions when such men got into trouble and when we know the reason why, are just those occasions when they left science to dabble in theological or ecclesiastical concerns. Roger Bacon has often been pictured as a long-suffering martyr to the cause of science, but this is a legend constructed from historians' imaginations and added to by successive writers; the sources indicate that he was imprisoned only once, and then we do not know for how long nor whether his scientific work had anything to do with it. On the other hand, many cases might be mentioned where popes and prelates patronized and protected medieval men of science, while Peter of Spain became pope himself.

So the "doctors" disagree; but it is well to note that in this passage Thorndike talks with the caution of a scholar, while Harrison's article rocks with the abandon of a Positivist.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—On the eastern front at the extreme Russian right wing the general situation remains practically unchanged, the Russians having maintained a strong defensive near the coast, where they are said to be concentrated in large numbers from Riga to Dvinsk, and have so far prevented the Germans from taking advantage of their crossing of the Dvina at Lennewaden.

Bulletin, Sept. 13, p. m.-Sept. 20, a. m.

Southeast of Dvinsk, however, the Germans have passed beyond the Vilna-Dvinsk railroad, taken Vidzy, and not only captured Vilna itself, but pushed far to the southeast of the city as far as Vileika and Molodetschno. As a consequence the Germans have possession of four out of the five railroads that lead out of Vilna, and the fifth which runs to Lida is also threatened. The Russians, therefore, either will have to fight their way out of the great arc that the Germans have thrown around them near Vilna, or else retreat to the south. In any case their position is precarious, and the capture of Dvinsk and Riga, and perhaps Minsk, are extremely likely.

Fall of Vilna

At the center also the Germans have been successful, having crossed the Szczara river, and taken Pinsk, which lies at the western extremity of the large marsh of the same name. South of Pinsk the Russians have checked the Austro-German advance in the province of Volhynia, where they are not only making vigorous efforts to prevent them from taking Rovno and so getting control of the Rovno-Vilna railroad, but have also forced the Austrians to fall back to positions further to the west. In Galicia the Russian offensive seems to have spent itself, because after having driven back the Austrians to the river Strypa, they have themselves given way before the Austrians and retired to the river Sareth.

Pinsk, Rovno and Galicia

In a note addressed to Mr. Lansing, under the date of September 17, Mr. Dumba complains that it was unjust to himself and contrary to diplomatic usage, for our Government to prefer charges against him to his Government, without advising him of the intended action or even intimating that such action was contemplated, and to request his recall upon those charges as confessed while at the same time refusing him permission to communicate privately with his Government, except under strict censorship:

Mr. Dumba's Explanation

> I have not even been allowed to advise my Government that I do not admit having conspired to do any act in violation of the laws of the country to which I am accredited and whose hospitality I have enjoyed and have in no way abused. The message that I sought to have transmitted to that effect was rejected by your censor, as hereafter explained.

Taking up the charge of conspiracy, he declares that he had been instructed by his Government to use every proper means to dissuade Austrians and Hungarians from committing high treason against the country to which they owed allegiance; but at the time of the publication of Mr. Lansing's message to the Austro-Hungarian Government, he had as yet been able to take no step toward the carrying out of these instructions, nor had he any intention of doing so in any way that would offend against the customs of the United States. He insists that in the letter objected to there is nothing that can be so construed. The letter is as follows:

NEW YORK, August 20, 1915.

NOBLE LORD:

Yesterday evening Consul General von Nuber received the inclosed *pro mèmoria* [*aide memoire*, as it has been called, or

simply "memorandum"] from the chief editor of the local influential newspaper *Szabadsag* after a previous conversation with me and in pursuance of his oral proposals with respect to the preparation of disturbances in the Bethlehem Schwab's steel and munitions factories as well as in the Middle West.

Today at 12 o'clock Mr. Archibald, who is well known to your Excellency, leaves on the Rotterdam for Berlin and Vienna. I would like to use this rare, safe opportunity to recommend the proposals most warmly to your Excellency's favorable consideration.

I am under the impression that we could, if not entirely prevent the production of war material in Bethlehem and in the Middle West, at any rate strongly disorganize it and hold it up for months, which, according to the statement of the German Military Attaché, is of great importance, and which amply outweighs the relatively small sacrifice of money.

But even if the disturbances do not succeed, there is a probability at hand that we shall compel, under pressure of the crisis, favorable working conditions for our poor, oppressed fellow-countrymen. In Bethlehem these white slaves at present work twelve hours a day, seven days a week! Alas! weak persons succumb, become consumptive. As far as German workingmen are found among the skilled elements, provision will be made forthwith for their exit. There has, besides this, been created a German, private (underlined) registry office for providing employment, and which already works voluntarily and well for such persons. We, too, shall join, and the widest support is contemplated for us.

I beg your Excellency kindly to inform me through wireless reply with respect to this letter whether you approve of same.

In greatest haste and respectful devotion, C. DUMBA.

Mr. Dumba says that the proposal which was made to his Government contained a request for authorization to expend $15,000

to be used in bringing the proclamation to the attention of our citizens in the munitions factories here and through a campaign in the newspapers published here in their own languages appealing to their patriotism to induce my countrymen to quit taking part in the manufacture of arms and ammunition for the enemy and at the same time to establish employment agencies to secure work elsewhere for such of them as should comply with the proclamation.

The Ambassador regrets that he is unable to see how such a proposal could form the basis for the conclusion that he was intruding in an unwarranted way into the affairs of the United States. He calls attention to the fact that the censor of the United States decided it would be unneutral for Mr. Dumba to be allowed to let his Minister of Foreign affairs know the character of the papers intercepted by Great Britain, in spite of the widespread publicity already given to the contents of those same papers.

Taking up the question of having violated diplomatic propriety in making Mr. Archibald the bearer of his letter, Mr. Dumba after noting that the representatives of Austria and Germany "have no access to the cables to Europe, which are available to the Allies free from censorship," and that his "only means of telegraphic communication is by open wireless messages which are subject to strict censorship," he goes on to say:

I ask you in all fairness, was ever an Ambassador in a neutral country confronted with such a situation, created and enforced by the Government to which he is accredited, while the Ambassadors representing the enemies of his country have unlimited means of secret communication? It has been made literally impossible for me to communicate privately with my Government. Under such conditions I have no apologies to offer for having entrusted my letter to Mr. Archibald.

The letter closes with an expression of appreciation of the treatment he has received at the hands of the American people, who he feels, will know how to appraise at their true value the attacks that have been made on him by the sensational press.

Submarine Controversy Brighter

Relations between Germany and the United States are more promising than they were a week ago. No official information has been forwarded to Washington, except to deny that the Hesperian was sunk by a submarine, but in an interview granted to the Associated Press' representative, Germany's Foreign Minister, Herr von Jagow, declared that Germany "desired no discords in our relations with America, but continuance in the old course of friendship." He also said:

Enemy passenger steamships will not be subjected to attack without warning, provided they respect the regular maritime code, and will be sunk only when opportunity for safety of passengers and crew is given. Instructions to German submarine commanders on this point are very precise and definite, and go as far as possible to eliminate the possibility of error or accident. . . . Neutral merchantmen, including Americans, are exempt from interference, as stated long ago, except when carrying contraband, and will then be destroyed only under the conditions laid down in the international code concerning maritime war, when provision is made for the safety of those aboard.

According to the same source Germany will give serious consideration to the information concerning the sinking of the Arabic, which has been forwarded to Germany by our Government, and in any case will be glad to refer the matter to the Hague. Count von Bernstorff is said to be in receipt of instructions from his Government which are of "a nature to convince the American Government of the good faith behind Germany's assurances and the Government's settled determination to remove the sources of the conflict on the submarine question." The Associated Press goes on to say that the German Ambassador "is in possession of complete information regarding the wishes and policy of Germany, and that he has been empowered to negotiate terms of settlement with the United States, subject only to final revision and approval by the home Government."

France.—*La Croix* of Paris gives some few and interesting details concerning the Medical Gild of Sts. Luke, Cosmas and Damian, which was described in AMERICA some time since. Remodeled over thirty years ago, yet keeping to the main statutes of its founders Drs. Le Béle and Ferrand, the gild now numbers about 1,150 members scattered throughout France,

A Catholic Medical Gild

Belgium, Italy, Denmark, Canada, Brazil, England and the United States. Its end is "the personal sanctification of its members in the exercise of the art of medicine, in conformity with the teachings of the Church." As a means to this end, the society fosters those speculative and practical studies so necessary for the Catholic physician and in case of need, provides for the material welfare of its associates. The program is summed up in these words: "Work and prayer." The first implies constant professional improvement furthered by conferences and lectures of a technical, social, patriotic and religious nature. In one year (1913) 570 papers were read at the society's meetings. These questions among others were discussed: miracles, spiritism, hypnotism; medical corporations and associations; cremation, dueling, neo-malthusianism; obsession, scruples. Led in Lyons by Dr. E. Vincent and in Paris by the central committee, a vigorous campaign was organized against the closing of the basilica and the shrine of Lourdes, against immoral practices prevalent in France and Switzerland, and against the threatened infringement of the physician's right to a voice in the selection of his hospital staff. Lectures on sanitation, hygiene, etc., were given to missionaries departing for foreign fields, and to Sisters engaged in hospital work. To keep the duty of prayer before the associates, the local committee have a Mass offered for its departed members on the Feast of St. Luke, and a solemn Mass is celebrated every year at Montmartre for the same intention, with an average attendance of 200 of the best-known Catholic physicians of the Capital and the provinces. In 1904 a large delegation carried to Pius X the homage and profession of love and loyalty of the Catholic physicians of France. In 1913 an international Congress of Catholic doctors to the number of 1,000 was held in London, receiving hearty welcome from his Eminence Cardinal Bourne. The society aims and methods of the gild have the full and enthusiastical approval of the Bishops who realize the need of thoroughly equipped Catholic medical men.

Great Britain.—Parliament assembled on September 14. Three important subjects, the budget, pensions for soldiers, and conscription, will it is thought, get long consideration. On the following day, a new credit of one billion two hundred and fifty million dollars, was voted by the House of Commons. This, the seventh credit voted since the outbreak of the war, brings the total to six and one-third billions of dollars, and in the opinion of the Premier, will suffice until the third week of November. In the Department of Munitions, the great need, said the Premier, continues to be a scarcity of laborers. Twenty shell factories have been established, eighteen more are under construction; and at present, eight hundred thousand workers are engaged in seven hundred and fifteen factories under Government control. "This is a war of mechanism, organization and endurance," said Mr. Asquith. "Victory will incline to that side that can arm itself best and stay longest. That is what we mean to do."

Parliament Convenes

Although both Lord Kitchener and the Prime Minister admit that the number of recruits has fallen off during the last few weeks, there seems no reason to believe that the Government has any intention of resorting to conscription. Nevertheless, at the very first opportunity, the question was brought up for debate in the House of Commons, and will doubtless occasion many a stormy session during the present sitting of Parliament. A strong sentiment both for and against, but particularly in favor of conscription, has been created by the newspapers. Mr. Lloyd George has spoken and written all that he dared for conscription, at least for the purpose of enlisting munition-workers, but naturally, he has been bound by the attitude of the Cabinet which up to the present has adhered to a non-committal policy. In the Cabinet itself there is a definite majority, headed by the Premier, against conscription. Law, Chamberlain, Long, and Lord Lansdowne are believed to be in favor of immediate conscription, but not to the point of hazarding a split in the Government. The Liberal element, with the exception of Lloyd George and Churchill, are determined against the policy, and while the labor leaders are in all probability willing to follow any measures proposed by the Government, this cannot be said of the laborers themselves, who oppose conscription all but unanimously. Without questioning either the honesty or patriotism of the parties to this debate, it would seem that as a result of the volunteer system, England is losing the flower of her young manhood, and is successfully conserving the lower and less desirable elements of society. Many think that the influence of Kitchener, providing, of course, that he retains his present position, even in the event of a new Ministry, will ultimately decide the Government's policy. Up to the present, the Minister of War has approved the volunteer system; but from his address to the House of Lords, it may be concluded that Lord Kitchener would not hesitate to change his views, should altered circumstances indicate the need of other methods of enlistment.

Conscription Again

Ireland.—Some of Ireland's grievances in the present war are laid bare in a long letter to the New York *Evening Post* by Francis S. Skeffington, who recently came to this country. His letter shows forth the difference between the workings of the Defense of the Realm Act in England and Ireland. In the former country the Act is put into operation seldom and considerately; in the latter, it is enforced often and vigorously. In England, for instance, the *Labor Leader,* a most vigorous opposition paper, has not been obliged to cease publication for a single issue; in Ireland six papers have been suppressed, *Ireland, Scissors and Paste, Sinn Fein,* the *Irish*

The Voice of Dissent

Worker, Irish Freedom, and the *Worker,* a seventh, the *Irish Volunteer,* "had to suspend publication three times between October and Christmas," and all this was accomplished without legal proceedings. "The papers mentioned were seized and destroyed by a simple military order." From the narration it appears, too: (1) That whereas the *Labor Leader* was asked to submit proof for censorship, the voluntary offer of the *Irish Worker* to submit proof was rejected; (2) That police with a search warrant entered the *Labor Leader's* offices, while soldiers with fixed bayonets invaded the *Irish Worker's* offices; (3) That, though the machinery of the English printing office was not damaged, nor type taken away beyond that actually in use for a single leaflet, two Irish printing offices were completely dismantled and type and essential portions of printing machines were taken away. The contrast, the writer proceeds to say, holds good through every department of the administration. Thus the power given military authorities to refuse trial by jury has not been generally exercised in England; in Ireland only one prisoner was given the benefit of trial by jury. Arbitrary deportation "which has no parallel in England" is apparently the most galling by-product of the Defense of the Realm Act:

> Men suspected of Nationalist sympathies are regularly ordered to leave certain towns, counties, or districts, without the slightest regard for their business or family interests, no reason or explanation being given in any case by the military authority which issues the order. This method reached its climax in July, when four organizers of the Irish Volunteers were ordered by the military *to leave Ireland altogether.* They refused to go; they were then arrested, tried by "summary jurisdiction" (without a jury), and sentenced to three and four months' imprisonment. These sentences were given simply for disobeying a military order. The original charge against them, the ground for the issuing of the deportation order, was not at any time stated.

Such in the main is the writer's exposition of events contingent, so he claims, "upon a state of war in a conquered country held by military force."

Mexico.—There is little change in the internal affairs of Mexico. The war still continues, the tide of battle having turned in favor of the Carranzistas. During the week our Department of State instructed Consular officers and American citizens resident in territory controlled by the Villistas to repair to the United States. Shortly after this instruction was issued, Villa's chief American agent, Llorente, wrote to Secretary Lansing:

Internal Affairs; the Conference

> I am directed by General Villa to inquire respectfully whether the reported action is true, and, if so, to express his deep regret that it should have been taken without affording him opportunity to remedy any wrong done to the lives and properties of those he considers it his duty to safeguard and protect.

The Secretary answered explaining in effect that the instructions constituted a legitimate precautionary measure, in view of indignities inflicted on Americans and because the districts named in the Department's communication "are apparently soon to become the scene of increased military activity." Two other statements were issued by the State Department: the first contained assurances from Villa that he would protect the lives and property of Americans; the second was to the effect that the instructions to Americans to leave Mexico "should not be construed as indicating any intention on the part of this Government to favor any particular faction." On Saturday, September 18, the so-called Pan-American Conference held a sitting in New York, to give further consideration to the pacification of Mexico. The result was as follows:

> The conference held in New York on the 11th of August, in addition to deciding upon the transmission of a telegram addressed to the persons constituted in authority in Mexico, inviting them to cease the struggle by the organization of a *de facto* Government by common agreement among them, resolved to recommend to the Governments represented at it "the recognition without further analysis of the Government arising out of such agreement, provided it guaranteed the lives and property of nationals and foreigners," and in the event of such agreement not being possible, "the recognition of any provisional Government with the material and moral capacity to protect the lives and property of nationals and foreigners."
>
> In pursuance with the resolution and the impossibility of recognizing a Government of all the factions, owing to the lack of such agreement, the diplomatic representatives resolved at the last conference to communicate to their respective Governments that, in their judgment, the time has now come to carry out the policy agreed on at the conference of the 11th, in case of the impossibility of recognizing a *de facto* Government springing from the common agreement of all the factions. Therefore, the *de facto* Government aspiring to recognition must possess, should this policy be approved by all the Governments, the material and moral capacity necessary to protect the lives and property of nationals and foreigners. Each Government shall itself judge such capacity, and recognition will likewise be extended by each Government separately at such time as it may deem proper. Recognition will naturally entail as a result the appointment of diplomatic representatives accredited to the head of the Government recognized.
>
> The American diplomats hold that, in adopting this resolution and in considering the situation of Mexico at previous conferences, as well as in addressing to the persons constituted in authority in Mexico the circular of August 16 last, they have merely exercised in the most judicious manner possible the indisputable international right of taking the preliminary steps toward the recognition of a *de facto* Government in a case of civil war, vested in all Governments, without thereby interfering, either directly or indirectly, in the internal affairs of Mexico, an interference which has not at any moment been contemplated.
>
> It has always been a sense of the conference that the pacification of Mexico is a question to be exclusively decided by the Mexicans themselves, and it trusts that a Government recognized by all the Governments of the world will be able to attain that result and assure the welfare of the sister country.

Should Carranza be recognized, the real Mexican problem will be as far as ever from solution.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Battling with Socialism

AMONG the Knights of Columbus some apprehension was felt about taking up for a second term the discussion of Socialism. There seemed to be a reasonable doubt that interest in the subject could be sustained because of the conflict raging in Europe, especially so as our own neutrality was not quite secure. Besides the patriotism of the Socialists of the countries at war had washed out the foundation of Internationalism upon which all their idols had been set. But the fear was groundless, as the work of my recent six months tour aroused greater enthusiasm than ever before among the Catholic laymen and the large contingent of Protestants who make up the audiences.

To be sure Socialism is dead, but the shout, "Long live Socialism," still goes up. To one not versed in its mode of life this must seem strange. It is true that the action of the Socialists of Germany, France and England has rent the organized Socialist movement of the world asunder. *Internationalism,* the very personification of Socialism, is dead as a door nail, but that has not stopped the propaganda of its false philosophy. That a new alignment is already taking place over the world is evident, and in our own country the evidence is yet plainer. While the Socialists voted twelve to one to expel from the party "any member elected to an office, who shall in any way vote to appropriate monies for military or naval purposes" there is a rapidly growing group whom the war has forced to realize that Nationalism, left out of the philosophy of the founders of the modern Socialist movement, is a vital factor that must be reckoned with in practical experience.

This very confusion was to our advantage. Hundreds, if not thousands, of the radically inclined were ready to listen with a sympathetic ear, for the European war had badly shattered their confidence in the notions that "the workman has no country"; that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel"; that national pride and honor had been lost by all the "class-conscious" comrades, that the economic interests of the working class know no God, no country. The voting of war credits, the national line-up of Socialists against their international comrades, the workmen in battle array shoulder to shoulder with capitalists and nobles had dampened the ardor of the Socialist rank and file. They were no longer cock-sure of what is not so and came to our meetings ready to hear our side; and in two or three instances the local leaders were converted. Though Internationalism as an organization is dead, Socialists are neither dead nor asleep. They scheme to counteract the effect of the Knights of Columbus' lecture work. The official organ sent out the order:

> Stay away from Goldstein's meetings entirely and there will be no more Goldstein after one season of this kind of work. The great fault of our boys is that they will go to his meetings and ask questions. Goldstein is a past-master in baiting men to stir up trouble.

This order was carried out in two or three instances, but not with the result anticipated at headquarters. For even without questions the subject of Socialism can be made stirringly interesting, when one knows its ins and outs. Besides it weakens their propaganda when the local comrades "ignore Goldstein." Having been publicly invited to come to the meeting with their objections, it is clearly a species of cowardice not to do so in defense of their cause. So, the comrades are caught on either horn of their dilemma.

During this last tour ninety-five public meetings were addressed in nineteen States east of the Mississippi and one meeting was addressed in the District of Columbia. Short talks were given in council meetings, at dinners, and before school audiences. On two occasions addresses were made to Sisters in their convent homes. The press was utilized in replying to attacks from the enemy. In two instances, at Lynchburg, Va., and Chattanooga, Tenn., my articles seemed to put a quietus to the Socialist agitation. Over a quarter of a million of pamphlets were given away at the meetings and 3,500 copies of "Socialism: the Nation of Fatherless Children" were sold. The attendance at the lectures was beyond all expectations; not infrequently three-quarters of those present were non-Catholics. On many occasions the theaters and halls were crowded to their fullest capacity while hundreds were unable to gain admittance. It was not an uncommon thing to see two or three thousand persons still in their seats, after having listened for two and a half or three hours, willing to remain longer to witness the clash of loyalty against treason, honor against shame, purity against slime, right reason against grotesque dreams, in a word to the defense of Christian Democracy against Socialism.

Abusive questions and assaults were less frequent than heretofore. I had become accustomed to: "How much are you getting?" "Who pays you?" "How much does Rockefeller and Morgan contribute to the anti-Socialist campaign?" "Why were you thrown out of the Socialist party?" "Say, we know why you joined the Catholic Church. You know well the devil will never look in a Catholic burying ground for a Goldstein." On this tour, questions were asked about the Catholic position on war, slavery, public schools, the right of the toilers to a just remuneration, and on matters economic as they affect the employers as well as the employees.

In three instances I found myself in the midst of an intense campaign. In Jacksonville, Fla., the mayor, a Guardian of Liberty, was up for re-election; ex-priest Slattery was in town to advise his fellow-Guardians. Our literature was stolen from Morocco Temple during the afternoon and we were flooded at night with copies of the *American Citizen* and "An Open Letter to David Goldstein" in which the Catholic Church was charged

with being against free speech and a free press. Stealing literature and scattering treason were not appreciated, for Mayor Sweringer went down in defeat.

In Belleville, Ill., the Socialists, who in former campaigns were considered a dangerous factor, were driven from a "close second" to an "also ran." It fell out that their obedience to the order from "Headquarters" to "ignore Goldstein" greatly weakened their campaign. For the news of their silence, when invited to ask questions, was carried abroad by the 1,400 persons in the Lyric Theater and they were called cowards. There was a sigh of relief, for "the phantom of Socialism has ceased to haunt Belleville."

In Granite City, Ill., the Socialist mayor was up for his third term of two years. The gentleman was present in the crowded skating rink, maintaining a respectful silence while the fallacies of his editorials in the Socialist weekly were being exposed, or several of the mayor's not-to-be-silenced comrades were asking questions. The following telegram tells in brief the end of the Socialist administration:

> Independent ticket wins by 1,200 majority. Carried every ward. Socialists beaten to a frazzle. Thanks to David Goldstein who opened the people's eyes.

A tragedy and a serio-comedy were enacted during my tour. In Miami, Florida, Mr. William F. Frazier, whom I had known in Boston, a sometime prize-fighter, liberal minister, agnostic debater, and at last a local leader of the Socialist Party "handled Mr. David Goldstein without gloves" the day after I left the city. In his crass attack à la *Menace*, the Catholic Church was charged with having killed Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, and with other scandalous crimes. He was run over a few days afterwards, and lived but twenty-four hours.

In Nashville, Tenn., Dr. William Lindsley was arrested and taken to jail from the Princess Theater. He had brawled out: "You sold out Socialism as John Mitchell sold out the miners." I heard the interruption and replied to it. But the theater was so crowded that it was not until the meeting was over that I learned of the doctor's arrest. This was far from my desire; even in the midst of an address I like Socialists to say what they will, face to face. Next morning after a long talk I succeeded in persuading the judge, who was much inclined to put "the disturber on the county roads for thirty days," to discharge the distinguished "red." This event gives proof that our campaign is not one of personal malice. Besides it stole the Socialists' thunder, affidavits were already made to add the doctor to the list of socialist "martyrs."

This six months' experience tells me that Socialism is still an aggressive factor to be reckoned with. The Nationalist principle to be grafted into Socialism will win many who have stood aloof from the principle that workingmen have no country, while the extension of governmental functions consequent upon the fortunes of war, supplies added propaganda material to the advocates of paternalism. On the other hand those who cling to Internationalism are determined to work all the harder in the interest of their cause. No, the fight of Socialism against things Catholic has not ended. There is merely a realignment of the materialist forces taking place.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

The Moving-Picture Menace

A CLASSIC critic defined eloquence as action, ever action. Did he mean gesture, rapidity of imagery, the swift onrush to the climax of events? All this action and more we have today at the "movie." It was truly a day of reckoning in the theatrical world when the first moving-picture house opened its doors to the dramatic novelty which now holds the world spell bound. For from Far Cathay to near Broadway the movie has its being. The remotest village is not altogether lost to civilized progress inasmuch as it boasts it own moving-picture house. London, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Bombay, Calcutta, Pekin, Tokyo, and Mandalay: go where you will the click of the movie machine has preceded you. What is the universality of Esperanto compared with the cosmopolitan community spirit evoked by the movie? Can any one doubt the ability of the captivating films to enthrall the black boy from the Congo, the Czar of Russia, the Prince of Wales or the Mayor of Keokuk with equal magic? In a modest New England city seven brand-new palatial picture-theaters have been opened to the public during the current year and "Standing Room Only" greets the belated ticket-buyer shortly after eight every evening. The parching, panting, dissolving heats of summer have not served to quench the passionate enthusiasm of the populace for the latest amusement craze. Citizens may have deserted their own over-furnished urban homes for the suburban simplicity of country bungalows, but the motor machine connects them nightly with the places where the movie apparatus buzzes incessantly to the accompaniment of the piano or mechanical orchestra. In the audience it is not merely the callow college man with abbreviated trousers and skimpy-shouldered coat and nautical collar, holding his sweetheart's hand during the exhibition who gazes with widely parted lips at the lightning changes of scene on the screen. No indeed. The gray hair and the ponderous corpulence of the middle-aged and the piping voice and the shrunk shank of the old are there, and the aged swell the receipts at the entrance. This is the elusive wile of the movie that it has been a lure to decoy from home the staidest, sternest Puritans who would shrink in loathing from the legitimate drama, but whose elastic consciences stretch to capacity by the fact that they are merely viewing the pictures. And with what a smack of self-righteous approval these pious Pharisees regard the antecedent announcement and the consequent finale "Passed by the National Board of Censors." Who are

these infallible, mysterious, moral gentlemen, these guardians of the public welfare and custodians of the civic virtues? By what Divine right or ecclesiastical charter do they foist their joint and several opinions of what is pure and meet and licit upon an apathetic universe? We Catholics are categorized as feeble-minded and childishly credulous: fatuous in fact, because we bow absolutely to Divinely-appointed authority in matters of faith and of morals. But what is our fatuity in comparison with the innocuous reverence of the moving-picture patrons for that fetish, "Passed by the National Board of Censors"?

That there is a genuine moral menace in frequenting the movies may sound like the pessimism of the carping critic. But no truly serious-minded person can go night after night and week after week to see these conglomerations of scenic splendor and realistic reproductions of what is actual in present-day doings without feeling a sense of alarm as to the outcome of it all. With brazen indecency scenes are portrayed that no self-respecting Catholic would wish to know about, situations so closely verging on downright sin and designed to entice the onlooker into a bewilderment of sensation, situations saved perhaps by the flashing of the film but leaving the trail of the serpent behind in the memory of those who gaze upon the fleeting feature: Christian modesty outraged, the traditional reserve between the sexes broken down, all the delicate courtesies of the Christian life burlesqued, or relegated to medieval cloisters and baronial castles, and superseded by an orgy of salaciousness.

The moving picture, whether we acknowledge it or not, has revived erotic books and plays that public sentiment had banished from the stage, foreign importations, thinly disguised under new names, ridiculously vulgar farces that are worse than the worst of comic supplements. How can those who run from one moving-picture house to another to gaze upon the crass, vulgar, absurd antics of "Charlie" Chaplin, retain a nice sense of Christian conduct in the homely relations of daily life? Yet the ear-splitting guffaws that constantly greet his grotesque cavortings attest the intense interest of the multitude and its sympathy with the inane intricacies of "Charlie" Chaplin's "horse-play."

It is not too far-fetched to state that unless some mighty moral protest is made against the movie menace by our Catholic hierarchy, priesthood and laity the very roots of religion will be in danger of being sapped. "Seeing is believing." Things viewed are forgotten rarely and the old adage still has force: "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." What are we going to do about the moving picture menace? E. L. VIRGIN.

American Religions

IN estimating the character of a nation, its religious views are all important. Ultimately the key to every man is the way he looks at the Universe and what he conceives his relation to it to be, in a word, his religion. The same is true of nations.

It may, of course, be urged that America has innumerable religions, and that their number is continually increasing by the process known to men of science as fission. This is true. For example, I find by a reference to the "World Almanac" that eccentric sect of "Mennonites," virtually confined to certain districts of Western Pennsylvania, boasts no less than twelve principal subdivisions besides others classified as "miscellaneous," thus:

Mennonites:	
Mennonite	14,148
Bruederhoef	1,033
Amish	11,114
Old Amish	1,938
Amish (Conservative)	893
Reformed	1,029
General Conference	12,797
Church of God in Christ	300
Old (Wisler)	1,271
Bundes Conference	2,425
Defenseless	733
Brethren in Christ	5,013
Miscellaneous	1,646
	57,340

I am unacquainted with the points of difference between these bodies, except that I believe that the controversy between the Conservative and Reformed "Amish" turns upon the lawfulness of wearing buttons. I am equally ignorant of the special keynotes of the Old Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, and of that more fascinating sect which bears the exhilarating name of "The Holy Ghost and Us"; nor am I concerned at the moment with varieties of beliefs better known in England, such as the Mormons, the Shakers, and the newer cults founded by Elijah Dowie and Mrs. Eddy. This constant tendency to variation is certainly not without its importance in estimating the religious temper of America; but the fundamental truth lies deeper.

"Here," said Edmund Burke of the Northern Colonies then in revolt, "you have the very Dissidence of Dissent, the very Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." It was a very acute remark and, when allowance is made for the powerful and increasing Catholic element of which I shall speak in a moment, it still contains a profound truth, a truth which really does help to explain much that must needs puzzle Europeans concerning a country where you can find such enigmas as the carrying of prohibition by a popular plebiscite and the preaching of pacifism in songs.

I believe that the determining fact in the religious difference between America and England is the absence of the Church of England. I never realized the importance of the Church of England until I saw the gap left in a Protestant and, with reservations, English-speaking people by its absence.

There is, of course, in the United States a religious body usually known as "Episcopalian," which is in communion with Canterbury. It is wealthy; many of its ministers are, I believe, enthusiastic and devoted; and I

have no doubt that its influence is not inconsiderable. But it is simply the influence of a sect. What is lacking is the solid body of men and women who would put themselves down "Church of England" in a census, though they never go to Church except to be married or buried, or to have their children baptized. It is natural, no doubt, for the fiercer type of religious enthusiasm, whether Catholic or Puritan in temper, to brand the attitude of such persons as virtually atheistic. It is natural but it is unjust. Their attitude is to a great extent agnostic, but, like Huxley and the avowed Agnostics of the nineteenth century, they take the ordinary morals of Christian civilization for granted. It would not be easy to persuade them that theft or adultery could be right, nor could they be more easily persuaded that making a bet or drinking a glass of wine came under the same head. And I believe that it is a real help to the maintenance of this balance of ethical common-sense that there exists a national church which inherits the moral traditions of sane and civilized Christendom and does not put murder and cigarette smoking in the same category. In America the thing does not exist in the same sense, and the result is that the religious conscience of America, if we exclude Catholics, is a Puritan conscience.

For instance, the idea that the consumption of fermented liquors or, as they generally call it, "alcohol," is a violation of the moral law, or at least a falling away from the moral ideal, seems all but universal among non-Catholic Americans, even though they drink freely themselves. And this, I suppose, accounts for the singular successes of the Prohibitionists. In England we know that all restricted legislation directed against popular festivity is oligarchical in its character, is imposed upon the poor by the rich, and is evaded by the latter in their own practice. In America this does not appear to be the case. States do undoubtedly often vote themselves "dry," and that apparently by their own free and unfettered choice. It is true that the law is generally more or less evaded and nullified, especially in districts where it is unpopular, but it seems impossible to deny that its enactment is the deliberate act of the majority of the people. And I suppose that this act, together with the frequent evasion of its consequences, can best be explained by recognizing the fact that the fundamental moral theory of the people condemns drinking altogether. To take a parallel illustration, a non-practising Catholic who was himself a loose liver, could probably none the less be relied upon to vote against divorce. In the same fashion, I imagine, Americans inheriting a Puritan tradition of morals, though they may drink themselves, will often vote for prohibition.

Something the same may perhaps be said of that much more leprous corruption of the Puritan conscience which we will, for lack of a better term, call "pacifism." Americans are a very pugnacious people, they are subject to fits of violent jingoism, and they have shown again and again under the severest tests that they make capital soldiers. Nevertheless, just as many Americans will assume, even in the act of claiming a cocktail, that of course all drinking is more or less wrong, so an increasing number of them are beginning to assume that in the same sense all fighting is more or less wrong. It would by no means do to take them at their word in the one case any more than in the other. But the fact that the moral dogmas of pacifism have begun to be taken for granted even by ordinary men and women is significant and, to one who admires America and hopes much for her future, disquieting. When I was in America last year, a song, "I Didn't Raise my Boy to be a Soldier," of which Mr. Roosevelt has well said that it could have a companion piece, "I Didn't Raise my Girl to be a Mother," was being sung at the music halls and widely displayed in the shop windows. It may safely be said that no such songs would be offered to a popular audience in England even in time of peace without causing a riot, because though we have plenty of crawling pacifism, or had a year ago, at any rate, in Great Britain, it had never infected the sort of people who go to the music halls. In America, apparently it has.

As against all this tendency for dissidence of dissent to get wilder and wilder, and for the non-Conformist conscience to sink lower and lower into a morass of barbaric taboos, there is to be noted this other and contrary development of the religious life of America, the growth and increasing power of Catholicism.

Professor Rhodes, the able and careful historian of the slavery controversy in America, in discussing the curious anti-Catholic movement called the "Know-nothing" party, deprecates it in a liberal-minded fashion, remarking that "the Catholic hierarchy can never become dangerous while discussion is free." I am not sure how long ago those words were written, but I believe that Professor Rhodes has lived to see the Catholic tide submerge the Pilgrim's Rock, swamp one old Puritan State after another, and create a Catholic majority in good old Unitarian Boston. Most of this has been done by immigration, especially of Irish and Italians, though I believe that there has been a considerable proportion of conversion, especially of conversion by intermarriage. But the precise manner in which the result has been achieved is not the main point. The main point is that a very formidable minority, often a local majority, exists in the United States, whose religious and moral assumptions are utterly at variance with those of the heirs of the Puritan tradition, men and women to whom divorce is an abomination and drinking and fighting things natural to the human race.

In conclusion, I may say that Americans strike me as an intensely religious and even a superstitious people. In spite of their love of novelty, mere denial seems to have no attractions for them, and Ingersoll seems to have produced far less impression upon the popular mind than Bradlaugh did here in England. Supernaturalism, even when its developments savor of madness, fraud, or devil-

worship, easily gets hold upon them. Materialism repels them. The religious current is strong, though confused. The question of the channel in which it will eventually run is quite probably one upon which the whole future of the American nation will depend.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

The Catholic Press of Ireland

IT would be almost equally true to say that there is no Catholic press in Ireland or that there is a very strong and influential one. What there is in fact is rather a press for Catholics than a Catholic press. There are six important daily papers in Ireland, five of them two-cent papers and one the recently founded *Daily Independent* (usually called the *Independent* simply) a one-cent paper. Of these six, three, the Orange Belfast *Newsletter,* the *Northern Whig* (the organ of the Ulster Presbyterians) and the wealthy and influential *Irish Times,* published in Dublin, appeal in the main to the English settlers in Ireland and their descendants, that is roughly speaking, the Protestants. The other three, the *Freeman's Journal* (usually referred to as the *"Freeman"*), the *Independent,* and the very influential South of Ireland paper the Cork *Examiner,* make their chief appeal to, and are read by, the native Irish population, who are almost to a man Catholics. As regards two of these papers, there is a certain amount of "cross-voting," as many well-to-do Catholics read the eminently respectable and denominationally mild-mannered *Irish Times,* whilst the economical one-cent *Independent* has many Protestant readers.

The thing that perhaps most influences Catholic journalism in Ireland is the entire absence of anti-Catholic journalism as it is understood elsewhere in Europe. Of course the Belfast Protestant organs make bigoted attacks on Catholics. The present English Attorney-General's recent campaign in Ulster was wholly founded on that basis. But these are the outpourings of bigotry not of unbelief. While perhaps a majority of the successful books and plays produced in Ireland are tinged more or less with anti-clericalism or even anti-Catholicism, every attempt, on the other hand, to found a free-thinking or anti-clerical newspaper or periodical in Ireland has been an utter failure. There is no anti-clerical press and no anti-religious press. Irish people who want this kind of thing buy English papers, in increasing numbers it must be said. The result is that Catholic journals in Ireland are less alert than in other countries.

With these papers it may be said that the Catholic point of view is never the predominant one. There is hardly a single paper in Ireland, for instance, which considers the present war, in the light of its influence upon Catholicism. The Pope's peace proposals have had an absolutely arctic reception in the Irish Catholic press. What, I may call for shortness, the Catholic papers in Ireland, seem to pass in alternate periods under two wholly opposed influences, almost with a mathematical periodicity. At one time they come under the influence of a strong national movement, at another under the influence of the Imperial Government. The most famous case and the most extreme instance is the *Freeman's Journal,* which in Parnell's time took the foremost place in the National movement. Yet at an earlier period in its history, its proprietor, the famous "Sham Squire," was actually in receipt of a regular salary from Dublin Castle. These are the most extreme variations but there have been others. Whichever influence predominates, the Irish Catholic press tends to postpone the interests of Catholicism in favor of it. At one time it prefers the interest of a national movement, at another of the Imperial Government; at least it looks at things from one of these points of view, rather than from a purely Catholic one. In this way many strange things find their way into the pages of Catholic papers in Ireland. The thought of English Liberalism, with which moderate Nationalism in Ireland is usually in close alliance consists in many matters of what I might call "free thought and water," and not a little of this often leaks into the Catholic press of Ireland.

But there are limits. No Irish Catholic paper will ever permit anything clearly contrary to Catholic doctrine or practice, still less anything wanting in respect to the Catholic clergy, to appear in its columns. If ever it does, a ten-line letter from a bishop brings it up sharp at once. In fact, as a rule an Irish Catholic daily will not express open dissent from anything one of the higher clergy writes to it. Again opposition to Socialism is carried in recent times almost to the extent of a general opposition to the interests of the lower classes; any movements on their behalf being stigmatized, often unjustly, as either Socialism or Syndicalism. The Catholic Social movements of Austria, Belgium and above all Australia have no counterpart in Ireland. This results chiefly from the absence of large industrial cities in the Catholic portion of Ireland. The numbing influence of the large advertiser is of course also felt in Ireland as elsewhere.

Of the three great Catholic dailies, the Cork *Examiner* is by far the most solidly established and successful. It has always shown a wise opportunism in politics and as a result its empire is unchallenged in the South. The *Freeman,* which dates from the early eighteenth century is the most venerable and has in its day exercised the greatest political influence of all Irish newspapers. But it never entirely recovered from the Parnell split. It is like a noble house, still of great dignity and repute, but living on straightened means amid many whispers. As becomes an ancient house it has, of course, a due proportion of wicked deeds to its credit. The *Independent* is on the contrary a sort of *nouveau riche,* about whom people are not quite sure whether he really is *riche.* A one-cent paper, it is the *Daily Mail* of Ireland, a much freer and more affable paper, than the *Freeman,* but with a large streak of yellow in its composition. It rather

specializes in political heresies, but is orthodox, so far, in religious matters. There are of course a great number of smaller papers, published in the provincial cities of Ireland, the *Irish News* in Belfast, the *Munster News* in Limerick, for instance. Most of these are sincerely Catholic in tone.

Weekly papers have always exercised a great influence upon Irish thought. They are almost the only vehicle for new ideas or independent thinking. For the leading articles of the daily papers and the speeches of politicians are of a severely stereotype pattern. The most famous of such papers was of course the *Nation* the organ of the "Young Ireland" movement, long since dead, the most influential paper ever published in Ireland. Among modern weekly papers, two may be regarded as distinctly Catholic organs, the *Irish Catholic* and the *Leader* of Dublin. The *Irish Catholic* is more Catholic in a technical sense, than any other Irish paper; it contains more about devotional matters and the routine of the Church; processes of canonization for example. Unlike other Irish Catholic papers it views Catholic questions, independently of the National movement and is often in conflict with it in consequence. It has for instance taken a very strong line on English educational questions. But I do not think it is in an equal degree independent of the interests of the Imperial Government.

By far the most vigorous and independent Catholic journal in Ireland and the one in which all the younger generation of Catholics put their confidence is the Dublin *Leader*. It is largely a one-man paper. Its brilliant editor, Mr. D. P. Moran, is a man of immense shrewdness and force of character. He is deeply hated by the rest of Irish journalism, who subject his paper to a rigid boycott, refusing to mention even its name, so that it might easily escape the notice of a stranger in Ireland. Started originally as the organ of the Irish revival, it has become the unflinching, and by no means, mealy-mouthed champion of Catholic interests. Independent of all parties, it lashes anti-Catholic bigotry wherever it finds it, whilst at the same time urging Catholics on the path of nationality. Its exposure of the systematic exclusion of Catholics from employment in railways and banks produced an absolute sensation some years ago. It is a most valuable link between the movement for full nationality and that for Catholic rights. A newly founded paper of considerable promise and independence is *New Ireland*, edited by Denis Gwynn, son of Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., the Catholic son of a Protestant father. I have no space to mention the valuable monthly and quarterly organs of Irish Catholicism, in the present article.

ARTHUR SYNAN.

Competitive Athletics

A SHORT time ago AMERICA published several articles written by Dr. James J. Walsh, on the subject of competitive athletics. To those who enjoy and understand the sport, the doctor's efforts must have been very disappointing. However, as a matter of fact, the doctor was not writing on the subject of competitive athletics, although he no doubt thinks he was: he was discussing "over-indulgence," and merely applied his thoughts to athletics. I believe the doctor's articles were "blue," frightfully "blue." He took us down deep, we stayed down long, and we came up very muddy—as did that philosopher whom I have misquoted. There was not one note of cheerfulness; all analytic; suggestive of surgery; and the victims, so the doctor tells us, were our young men; I hardly believe it, I did not recognize them.

This life is not made up entirely of brain work. We should not forget that man must conquer the earth which God has cursed; and that from that earth he must secure the wherewithal to keep alive himself and his family. Furthermore, life is not made up entirely of research work. We should not forget that the animal side of man has various functions to perform which, if brooded upon, would, except for the grace of God, make life insupportable for sensitive souls. Not all of us could be doctors and live in the state of grace. Propagation, maintenance, protection, all three are necessary for the continued existence of the human race, and all three can be secured, apart from miracles, only by our developing sound, robust bodies. We Catholics should insist upon this for our own people. Why even a priest who is sickly, is a burden to his co-workers, and especially so on the missions. Truly, physical perfection is the third member of man's trinity of ideals, viz., perfection of soul, of mind, and of body. The world pulses under the feet of red-blooded, hearty, cheerful men; and God loves them, and He has particular work for them. We must develop our bodies; this can best be done by daily work, play, and sleep. Amateur (*amare*; to love) athletics are play, and must be considered only as play. Of course, over-indulgence in athletics is bad; and this holds good whether or not they are competitive. A man can do himself as grave physical harm by playing too much tennis, as he can by over-training for a race. Any kind of play indulged in to excess, is bad physically, and perhaps morally and economically.

Doctor Walsh tells us that hysteria (and he uses the term "stale" in this connection) is a condition fairly well known to young men who compete. I must say, I have never seen a single case of hysteria among athletes on either track or field. We all know that hysteria is always confined to the "grand stand." Furthermore, the term "stale" as applied to an athlete's condition, has absolutely nothing in this wide world to do with hysterics. When an athlete trains, there are two things he tries to perfect, viz., condition and form. Condition has to do with his health and general physical state; form has to do with his athletic ability. They are two distinct things, and do not always co-exist. However, these two qualities should be fused and brought to the boiling point on the day of the race. But if, unfortunately, the boiling point is

reached a day or two before the race, the chances are that the athlete will "go stale." Sometimes too much work does it, sometimes too little. The point of highest efficiency has been passed; though health is perfect, and nerves are fast asleep, yet work is hard. But train the young man properly, catch him at the right moment, and you send him out to his mark fairly shrieking for a race. Now what man lives who does not feel a thrill as he sits with the crowd, and watches a line of athletes, trained to the minute, toeing the mark waiting for the crack of the pistol. Why it is in the blood, his whole being tells him it is right. If a doctor got out on that track, he would have to put on his running suit and run, or he would be put off. Let him advise his patients with weak hearts, or lungs, or kidneys, not to run, but he must not interfere with the race.

Competition will never make an athlete immoral. Immorality among young men is generally caused by bad example, bad company, and suggestion from outside. And athletes, at least Catholic ones, have every incentive to be good which those young men have who do not compete, with the addition of one more, viz., they must be good or they will stop winning. Gunmen and "dope-fiends" never were interested in athletics.

Now just a word about college athletics. The disagreeable aspects of college athletics are induced almost entirely by the policy of the faculties of the colleges. The standard of scholarship in most of the colleges could be raised a good deal higher. A college degree is getting to be little more than a certificate of satisfactory attendance. Young men no longer work for a degree; they do not have to; they just wait. Strange to say, this condition which gives the students time to attend to athletics, is the very thing that keeps them among the "spectators." The easy life makes them lazy. They smoke, play chess, and all the rest. They will not take enough exercise even to keep themselves in good health; and they do everything at the moment the whim strikes them. They are boys, and as yet minus-quantities; but they do not know it. They all sit in the grandstand. Consequently, college athletics are confined to a "winning team"; and to this institution is traceable all the abuses found in college athletics. The remedy is simply this: the cure for too much play is more work, and closer supervision by the parents.

A young man requires a certain amount of exercise to keep him in good health; and this is just exactly the amount required in training for competition, no more and no less. When a young man trains, he is simply preparing himself for excellence in some particular branch of sport. Half an hour to an hour a day, with a five mile walk, which every young man should take who hopes to retain his health, is enough training to bring him to the "pink" of condition. And no change of diet is necessary. Competitive athletics are real play, and manly play; and they allow more time for work and study, than any form of "killing time" known to young men. Why should a young man who is a good athlete refuse to compete with other young men? The Right Rev. Mgr. Henry Parkinson, D.D., President of Oscott College, and of the Catholic Social Gild of England, has this to say about competition:

> The facts of competition in sport, games, studies, social rank, argument, law courts, conversation and business are too familiar to call for explanation. Competition taken generally and in the abstract is not wrong either in itself or in regard to society. It involves a trial of superiority; it is an incentive to effort, a spur to initiative and invention.

This is simply another application of the good rule that *in medio* stands sanity.

As to competitive athletics doing physical harm; history proves just the opposite. The Irish people have indulged in athletic contests for hundreds of years, but do not, as yet, show any of the signs of degeneration (enlarged hearts, etc.) which the "milk and cracker" advocates claim to be the inevitable consequences of physical competition among men. I remember, from the classics that the ancient Greek gave competitive athletics quite an important place in their national life. All history teaches us that it is a sure sign of degeneration in a nation, when its young men seek the comfort and safety of the grandstand, and avoid the action and competition of the field. Cæsar tells us that of all the inhabitants of Gaul, the Belgæ were the bravest, because they were the furthest away from the effeminizing influences of the civilization of the Roman province. Possibly our civilization might help to explain the enlarged heart, etc., which the doctors discover in our young men.

Let us not, for the love of true manhood, rear Catholic young men who are afraid of getting hurt! We do not want a race of "denatured" men. Beware the ways of the pagans, who take gentle care of their soft bodies, merely to prolong a life of pleasure. As Thomas à Kempis warns us, it is not length of life which counts, it is quality. *Vanitas est, longam vitam optare, et de bona vita parum curare.* "It is vanity to desire a long life, and care little for a good life."

ROBERT E. SHORTALL.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To Miss Bertha Hopkins' eloquent burst of questions, in which she indignantly suggests that I consider emaciated female faces in mills, callous knees of women in cranberry-bogs, blushing cheeks of waitresses who must needs hear ribald jests, and torn fingers in oyster-shucking beds, I must pleadingly say: "A moment, please." No, I had not the slightest desire to place in the category of the pedestaled goddesses the noble women whose lot has been cast in hard places. It is not work outside the home so much as modern ideas that draw women away from the home. Indeed the poor and toiling classes seem much more wedded to domesticity, and consequently far less inclined to Feminism, than the upper.

It is for their parents' home that girls labor outside of it before marriage; it is for their own home that they labor inside it, and at times outside it, after marriage. These are not "advanced" women, unsexed by theories. It was by no means to them I referred in my article, "Women and Peace," but to their "rights"-mad sisters who constitute a very notable class and who have been snapping aside one convention after another. I should like Miss Hopkins to realize that I am not so much opposed to female suffrage as to what it may logically lead: Feminism. Indeed, it may be considered as the root of the tree of Feminism, of which some branches bear fruit that is obnoxious and pernicious to the Catholic spirit. True, our excellent Catholic women are not likely to succumb to the *ultra* influences of Feminism, but they may bring its absolute reign nearer to the non-Catholic world by lending their support to suffrage. For the sphere outside the Church, deprived of the holy helps within it, has always whirled in excess. And one can hardly conceive that non-Catholic women would be content with the ballot alone; securing that, they would fervidly continue their fight for the further and extravagant promises of Feminism. God delay the day of attainment! Woman stripped of all the conventions would be hideous.

Miss Hopkins depicts the injustices that are laden on the shoulders of working-women. They are too plain and deplorable to need depicting. Woman truly has before her the task of improving her own condition and the world's. But, if she traces to its *ultimate* source the evil which makes life so bitter for her, she will find that it springs not from insufficient wages, nor lack of political power, but the sins and faults of humanity. Social ailments are only the superficial indications of the trouble beneath. Now would it not be well for her, realizing this, to begin her campaign of reform at the beginning, and aid the Gospel by adding the precious power of her splendid moral influence to it? By bettering man, she would be inestimably advancing her own material and spiritual state, and the world's. Suffrage at best is only another one of those numerous modern external cures for internal disorder. Men's morals are wrong; this is the reason why society is bristling with problems. If women would only spend their best energy in pouring virtue into the masculine heart, in time they would have the vote, not for the fighting, but the asking. Although it is extremely questionable whether they would then want it, because they certainly would not then need it.

The Middle Age did not throw up its hands in horror and religiously cross itself at the thought of female suffrage. Miss Mary Gertrude Lawlor triumphantly reminds us of what it is impossible to forget, when she speaks of medieval voting by women in France, Spain and Flanders. Medieval women were given almost everything, because they were too modest to demand anything, and because they controlled the world by possessing the key to it: man's heart.

In nearly all my articles, my plea has been for a return to Christian ideals, practices and beliefs. For I am convinced that the soul must first be attended to, if sociological sores are ever to be healed. We must work from the inside to the outside, not *vice versa,* in order to gain lasting results. For extraneous remedies cure only the surface of disease. Let Feminists, I say it respectfully, begin their reforms with themselves, continue them with men, and they will end with the metamorphosis of the world. Not votes, but virtues, will exalt women and stimulate men. If woman has the virtues, and busies herself in sharing them with man, votes will come in due time without seeking. Nobody denies that she at present has many just grievances; but the better men become, the fewer those grievances will become. Let her native refinement and new-found culture, for the coming generation or two, be joined to Christianity in verbally and actually perfecting her sway over men's lives; a sway which has undeniably been loosening, outside the Church, and thereby letting much sorrow into the world. If she does this, the woman problem will finally require no settlement, because it will either have solved itself or dropped into desuetude.

In answer to Miss Mary Gertrude Lawlor, who declares that modern machinery has taken women out of the house and into the factory, I should say that this is, but should not and need not, be so. Of course a mill may claim her body from the home for ten hours a day, without taking her thoughts or affection from it for a minute. But the home is hungry for the wife and mother's physical as well as moral presence. It needs her constant attention, just as a rare parterre requires the unremitting care of a gardener. It is the nursery of the nation. If men were paid a sufficient wage, woman would hardly have to leave the fireside; and it would be easy for the country to see that he receive such pay. If the wives of business men, however, would only seek to instil the virtues of philanthropy and justice into their husbands' business-seared hearts, the country would not have to do this. There is a vast field of influence which our zealous, opulent, and theory-loving ladies have not yet explored and which is extremely sunny with solutions for their unfortunate sisters' woes!

In conclusion, I should like to be permitted to remind Miss Lawlor that nothing in my paper on "Women and Peace" would indicate that I expected the war "automatically to cease at the moment when the Women's Peace Congress adjourned." I merely called attention to its significant lack of wide influence, which might very probably be attributed to the "advanced" leaders themselves. The Holy Father's messages, on the contrary, have been reverently received and bid fair to be the chief force in the quelling of the tempest. Is it possible that Miss Lawlor is not aware of the world's increasingly deferential attitude toward Rome, since Christ's noble vicar nobly spoke?

Baltimore. EDWARD F. MURPHY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Suffragists have never denied that woman's place is the home. Indeed, if there is any change they would like to bring about, it is the tremendous one necessary to provide homes for the nine millions who are working under conditions that are an indictment of our so-called civilization, conditions that threaten this Republic. It is an open secret that Great Britain had to reduce her standard twice before she could secure enough men to carry on the Boer War. And why? The British captains of industry had been grinding the lives out of the women for a century for quick profits, until the war showed that physical and mental degeneracy was rotting the fiber of the great Anglo-Saxon race. Modern industry robs the girl of her vitality, it breaks her youth, it steals her health and often it blunts her moral sense. We know just as well as Mr. Murphy and the other "antis" that the chief mission of a woman must ever be the perpetuation of the race. We know that a woman is worth more to society as the mother of healthy children than as the swiftest labeler of cans; we also know that society seems to place a higher value on the latter.

The Consumers' League and other organizations employ experts who are constantly collecting and recording facts regarding the human side of industry. These experts are prepared to prove that five years of factory work, under certain conditions, seriously incapacitate a woman for family life. The most vicious attack in the history of labor legisla-

tion for women and children was made during the last session of the New York Legislature. It was proved beyond doubt that women need the vote not only to secure remedial legislation, but to retain it after it has become the law.

For that reason the St. Catharine Welfare Association, an organization of Catholic women working to secure better social and economic conditions for women anl children, endorses full suffrage for women; and its members have pledged themselves to work for the amendment which will be voted on November 2. Former President Taft naively describes the eight hour day and the minimum wage, mother's pensions, etc. as "millennium legislation." It is a significant fact that the women who are going up and down the State opposing woman suffrage are well paid. Who so interested that they should pay large salaries to women to defeat woman suffrage? Many employers of women very intelligently oppose this "millennium legislation," which has been enacted in the States and countries where women vote.

New York. SARA MCPIKE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a reader of AMERICA I am writing to ask a question that has been in my mind for some time. Why is it that the Catholic press is not supporting woman suffrage? As one who has been on the firing line of this great cause for the last four years, I could relate many instances to prove that the present time offers golden opportunities for good propaganda work for Holy Church, and I shall take the liberty of relating two of these instances. Last April we held a large suffrage meeting in the basement of one of the Catholic churches of this city. The principal speaker on this occasion was one of the best known priests in the diocese. The audience was made up of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. More than half the audience had never been inside a Catholic church before nor had they ever heard a priest speak on any subject. They sat spell-bound for three-quarters of an hour, while he explained that the women would win, because they wanted to do God's work. After the meeting a prominent Protestant gentleman remarked in a very serious voice. "Well the Father has made an anti-saloon man out of me; if I should hear him again I think he would make a Catholic of me."

Another instance worthy of note occurred last summer where one of our organizers was sent to do some work. She attended a county fair where the suffragists had a booth. Seeing a clergyman on the grounds she remarked to a woman who belonged in that section: "I wonder if he is a Catholic priest. If I thought he was I would go up and speak to him." The woman addressed turned round and with a most imploring look on her face said: "Oh, please do not go near him. You know those priests are terrible men." You can imagine the astonishment of the organizer, who is a pious Catholic. When she recovered sufficiently to speak without anger, she asked the woman why she had such ideas of the Catholic priesthood. Her reply was that she had read all about them in the *Menace*. Our organizer then explained that she was a Catholic and that the *Menace* was a libelous sheet. Then came the startling statement that the Protestant woman had never met a Catholic, but was glad to meet one, glad to know the truth and she would never read the *Menace* again. It seems almost unbelievable that such a thing could happen in a State containing such a large Catholic population as the State of New York.

What we need is that women whose lives are in accord with the teaching of Holy Church should come out in the open rub elbows with the people of other creeds, and by their lives show what Catholicism stands for. Then we should have no need to worry about the *Menace*. Women whose children are of an age to require their whole attention are not needed in this work, except to lend their moral support; in fact almost all the active workers are grandmothers, women rich in the experience of life, who believe that their experience will be helpful in making the world better for their children and grandchildren. With all the forces of evil arrayed against us, is it any wonder that we marvel at the silence of the Catholic press, when a line from it would help so much? You may answer that it is a political issue. Although a recognized political issue, anyone with only superficial knowledge of the subject cannot but see that it is a moral issue too. The keynote of this whole woman's movement is the preservation of that priceless asset, human life, both morally and physically. Securing the ballot is but a means to this end.

Yonkers, N. Y. MARY E. RODGERS.

The Catholic Press

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The question of the weekly Catholic press has come up again as a result of a recent discussion and most severe arraignment in the columns of AMERICA. Personally I think it is stretching the disagreeable truth a point too far to say that "the average Catholic weekly is an insult to ordinary intelligence." Some of those who replied to the above indictment, with the purpose of softening and amending it, have insisted that methods of procedure might be improved. Further they have hinted at one or the other point at which this improvement might be begun. With your permission I should like to indicate still another failing of which many Catholic weeklies, and several representative ones, are sometimes guilty.

In the business offices of many Catholic weeklies business methods are unknown. A practical and prompt application of the fundamentals of business courtesy is totally wanting. Might this not explain the debilitated state of the Catholic weeklies? There is no "snap" to their most ordinary transactions. Matters, whether important or not, hang fire for months and for years; remittances are delayed until all patience is exhausted; letters of inquiry on matters pertaining to the conduct of the paper, even when exchanged by members of the staff, are ignored, or pigeonholed because the policy of the paper is so ill-defined, the editor does not know what to say. This situation becomes especially tense with regard to the payment of obligations. Personal experience has supplied me with instances in which payment for contract matter was deferred for as long as nine months, when the agreement called for monthly settlements, and the papers in question boasted of their prosperity! In still other cases articles submitted were used in first-page space, were widely copied by other papers all over the country and even by some in Europe. For two years these articles were traced through the press, and they served many an editor well. Yet, the businesslike man to whom they were first submitted and who printed them, never even acknowledged their receipt, would not answer letters asking about them, and ignored bills asking payment. Surely such methods are not even indications of "safety first" or "efficiency first"!

These are not rare instances. I have proved them to my own satisfaction in any number of cases. They give Catholic writers a most uncomfortable feeling and cause them to wonder why the laws of copyright were brought into being, and leave a most unsavory taste after them. I beg leave to submit that the instances referred to herein are not mere theorizing; they are the sad reflection of many years' adventures with Catholic editors.

Toledo. EDWARD F. MOHLER, M.A., E.LITT.

AMERICA

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Christian or Pagan?

"IT was absolutely the most beautiful ceremony I have ever witnessed." And then after a pause, "Your Church certainly knows how to put on the manacles." The speaker was an eminent surgeon who assisted a week ago at the wedding of one of the younger members of his staff. He had seen the bride, one of the many September brides, meet the man of her choice at the entrance to the sanctuary, and go with him through the palms and flowers to the foot of the altar, and there in the presence of many priests, pledge herself to love, honor, and obey him until death. He had knelt like the others during the nuptial Mass, and wondered to see the wife, within the sanctuary, the only time in a woman's life, when the Church invites her to come so close to the altar. He had felt the beauty of it, as she reverently, hand in hand with her husband, went up close to the holy of holies, where ordinarily only the priest may stand, twice to receive a special blessing, and once to receive the Body of her Lord. And he had been keenly alive to the poetry of it all, but what had struck him most was its grim reality. Catholics had said, "What a pretty wedding." But to him a non-Catholic, the most striking thing about the ceremony was its character of indissolubility. It was not the mere making of a contract in a bower of orange blossoms, a contract to be rescinded at will, but the forging of a religious bond, in the presence of the God of Gods, a bond that would hold fast for ever. There was an intangible something that seemed to give permanence to the marriage he had witnessed, which consisted although he knew it not, in the Sacrament.

No wonder he was struck by the power of the Church to unite her children in enduring wedlock. The contrast between Catholic and non-Catholic marriage grows more marked every day. Indeed marriage outside the Church is reverting more and more to the pagan type, and the term "Christian" as applied to it, is fast becoming a misnomer. All the marks that distinguish it from the pagan conception are disappearing. And yet with that disinclination to face conditions as they are, we, Catholics and non-Catholics alike go on calling such marriages Christian marriages. They are not Christian marriages. In them there is no sacrament; they put a premium on the commission of a heinous crime, by holding out a means of getting free from an irksome bond; they are contracted under the express understanding and resolution that they shall not interfere with the social pleasures of the wife, nor fill the house with children's laughter nor God's heavenly home with pure and untainted souls. What could be further from the Christian ideal than unions such as these? Why then do we not call them by their proper names? They are pagan, pure and simple, pagan in conception, pagan in obligation, pagan in duration, pagan in their disregard of the sanctity of the home and the piteous pleading of little ones that shall never see God's sunshine. Christian marriage, is marriage according to the ideal held up by Jesus Christ. Are we not dishonoring Him by giving His name to a ceremony and a state that are in direct opposition to all He taught?

We Need Catholic High Schools

CLASSES have opened again, and hundreds of thousands of our Catholic children are once more under the benign influence of the Brothers and Sisters of our parochial schools. For ten months they will live in an atmosphere of Catholicism, learning, by precept and example, the teaching and practice, and what is more subtle and more necessary, the spirit of the Church. The most defenseless years of their young lives are thus safeguarded from the positive and especially the negative evils of secular education. Truly may we be said to have built a sanctuary for innocence. Our people and our priests may well take pride in our system of elementary schools. We have done much for the very young Catholic children. Can we say the same of the boys and girls who are ready to enter the high school?

The most dangerous age is the period of adolescence, with its awakening susceptibility to impressions and emotions. No longer a child and not yet a man, but despising the one and aping the other, the boy after leaving the grammar school, faces the most critical period of his life. The same is true of the girl. If their habits of piety are to last, they must be helped over this time of peril. In place of the leading of others, they must substitute the spontaneous guiding of self, a guidance that will come naturally, only if they are kept in an atmosphere of Catholic thought and observance, and gradually see for themselves the reasonableness and nobility of the beliefs and practices that they have up to that time accepted unconsciously and without question.

Watch the boy who enters a high school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a lowering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic high schools, and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.

Winning America for the Church

FROM the 82,000,000 non-Catholics in this country, observes the Rev. Alvah W. Doran, in the September number of the *Catholic Convert,* we are now bringing into the Church only 40,000 a year. But unless the work is considerably "speeded up" by the present generation, he thinks the future of Catholicism in the United States instead of being, as is commonly believed, bright and promising, is rather dark and threatening. In support of this opinion Father Doran quotes a certain western bishop who said to him some time ago:

> Why should we Catholics of the United States feel so secure that the persecution and confiscation that have afflicted our brethren in the old world should never be our portion here? Two-thirds of our countrymen do not belong to any church. They are a vast and growing army of indifferentists. But God will not be content with indifferentism from His creatures. "He that is not with me is against me." This immense multitude cannot permanently maintain their attitude. If they are not influenced by and brought into the ranks of organized Christianity their children will follow the tide in the other direction and then we shall have the same state of affairs ourselves that we have had to lament in France and Portugal. It seems to me that we have the span therefore of one generation to win this multitude for Christ and His Church and to endure a prosperous future for Catholicity in the United States. If we fail, look out!

The writer then urges converts to bestir themselves and present discreetly to their friends and relatives the claims of the Church, and calls attention to the necessity of a more vigorous and systematic "reaching out movement" toward the millions of American non-Catholics in the South and West.

Father Doran's warning is as timely as his counsel is sage. The Church's remarkable growth in this country is, of course, chiefly due to the vast throngs of immigrants that have come here from the Catholic nations of Europe. But this very circumstance has doubtless militated somewhat against the spread of the Faith among American-born Protestants and indifferentists. Except in our larger cities, Catholics, as a rule, seem to enjoy little social prestige. Being a convert in Baltimore is quite different from entering the Church, say, in Macon. It has been remarked, moreover, that in many instances, a convert's step does not seem to influence much his immediate relatives. Some of them regard his change of religion as a harmless eccentricity by no means to be imitated, others consider it a grave moral delinquency, never to be pardoned, while the majority probably hold that conversion is a purely personal matter that should be viewed with polite indifference by all save the neophyte himself and perhaps his coreligionists.

An effective campaign for the conversion of the United States must begin by awakening in the 55,000,000 indifferentists we have, an interest in the Church, and by freeing the minds of our 27,000,000 non-Catholics from the false ideas, thanks to the Protestant Tradition, that they now entertain regarding Catholicism. If the Church were in reality what most Protestants believe her to be, it would be wrong for them to embrace the Faith. But the wide and rapid spread of the Catholic religion is the only power that can make and keep America truly great, and the means for bringing to pass this happy consummation is spreading broadcast attractively written apologetic literature, starting everywhere lectures and missions for non-Catholics, securing for the conversion of the country the prayers of the pure and holy, and lastly, that most potent force of all, by increasing the daily beauty in the lives of Catholics.

Is Praying Ill-Bred?

"HOW unmannerly it is for a man to air his egotism in God's presence through prayer!" "If God is the mighty and majestic Being the theologians assure us He is, what interest can He possibly have in the little personal concerns of His creatures?" That is the way our modern skeptics formulate some objections to the practice of familiar prayer. But their sophistries spring, of course, from a wrong idea of God's attributes and from ignorance of our Scripture warrants for the use of a detailed and familiar manner of prayer.

The very fact that God is not only omniscient and omnipotent but all-loving and all-merciful too, makes Him feel a keen interest in everything we think, say, do or suffer. Because of deep concern to us, His love makes it of great concern to Him as well. Nothing is really trivial in God's sight. What seems of little moment to us, may have a relation which renders them matters of the highest importance. "In everything" He would have us make known our petitions to Him. Nothing is too small to engage His attention. The perishing sparrows, the hair of our head, our daily food, are expressly mentioned to indicate how detailed and minute is God's concern for everything relating to us. But as our great want is need of Himself, He lets our desires

for material blessings drive us to Him. Hunger may force a strayed child home, but there he finds his mother, whom he needs far more than his dinner. "As one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you." "As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear Him, for he knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." Texts like these were meant to teach us to pray with the simplicity and confidence of little children, speaking as freely as they do, of ourselves and all our needs. Though God already knows what we require, still He has made our asking the condition of our receiving.

What Are Our Children Reading?

NO man can shape his fortunes precisely as he wishes. In many ways he is the plaything of agencies over which he has no control. But every man can be the master of his library. He can create for himself a charmed circle, into which no intruders, no bores, no social outcasts may force an entrance, but which shall be made up of the fine flower of both real and idealized human life. For his friends among the books he can choose immortals every one. The book-lover need grant a place upon his shelves no more readily than a place at his family table. With him and him alone, rests the choice and selection of the books which he allows to penetrate the sanctuary of his home. It was Ruskin's boast that he accorded a place among his books only to kings and queens of literature. Not every volume that issued from the press, was welcomed into the dim retreat where he forgot his cares. A book had to prove its worth before it was admitted there. Would that we had more book-lovers like Ruskin!

Why should we allow popular writers to be the arbiters of our reading, and publishers to dictate what books we shall buy? We are careful in the selection of our friends, we are wary even in the choice of our acquaintances; not to every stranger do we allow the privilege of entering our homes and conversing with those we love. What folly then to give the freedom of our houses to every chance man or woman whom an irresponsible and unknown author may force upon our notice! In real life we do not allow the divorcee to associate with our daughters and sisters, and to destroy their high ideals; we are careful to safeguard our sons and brothers from all who would poison their youthful minds. Why, then, do we allow every evil character in fiction the closest intimacy of our home? In most lands at present there is a rigid censorship of the press. In every Catholic home there should be a rigid censorship of the novel. Fathers and mothers are wanting, seriously wanting, in their sacred duties, if they do not supervise and control the reading of their sons and daughters; if they do not forbid an entrance to their households of every evil book. A man is known by the company he keeps; also by the books he reads.

Race and Religion

PROFESSOR S. H. DIGGS of the University of Virginia, in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Method* for last June, seriously holds that a man's race determines the form of his religion. He divides the religions of Europe and America thus: (1) Religions having a tangible head, emphasizing faith; (2) Individualistic and intellectual religions, emphasizing freedom of belief; (3) Emotional religions, emphasizing personal experience. He puts the Catholic and the Greek churches in the first group, the Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Puritans in the second, and the Baptists and Methodists in the third. All, he adds, overlap in these characteristics. He continues:

> If we make a list of the countries in which the decided majority of the people profess a religion of class one, that is, Roman and Greek Catholic countries, we will find them peopled by Celtic or Slavonic races. Such a list of countries for the second class of religions will include Teutonic peoples only (using that term in a broad historic sense corresponding to physical formation of the head and face), and the more Teutonic in blood the more Protestant in the full, non-essential sense is their religion. Ireland is an example of a brachycephalic people who through political accident speak a modified Teutonic language and who are united with a Protestant people, yet they are as Catholic as the people of Spain or Italy, with whom they have more racial kinship. The same relation holds for the Scotch Highlanders in so far as their blood remains predominantly Celtic. When for any reason a people have adopted a religion foreign to their mental set we find that they adapt it to suit their own mentality, just as they do language or material civilization. For example, the Welsh, though Protestant, have an emotional form of Protestantism which, psychologically speaking, is more akin to Roman Catholicism than to Lutheranism. Our Southern negroes furnish another example of fitting a religion to a race. It is a fact perfectly well known to all who are familiar with negro religions that these religions, though called by the same names, have scarcely any points in common with the religions of the whites.

Why the Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Puritan forms of religion should be characteristically intellectual is not fully evident unless the epithet is used in contradistinction to emotional. Mr. Diggs holds that the races which are Catholic or Greek Schismatic are Celtic or Slavonic. As a rule they are neither one nor the other. The Catholic races are the Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, French, Irish, Austrians, Bavarians, Belgians, West Prussians, Magyars, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croats, Poles, Czechs, and Lithuanians. Of these, some of the French, a minority of the Irish, some of the Czechs, and a few northern Italians are Celts. The Pole is the only real Slav in the list. The Czech, Slovak, Slovene, and Croat are Slavish in language alone. Professor Diggs says the Irish are a brachycephalic people, and the inference is that they are Celtic. A small minority of the Irish race are brachycephalic Celts, but the ordinary Irishman is as distinct in race from the Celt as the Turk is. The aboriginal Irish skull is dolichocephalic; its cranial index is 73; the Celtic cranial index is at least 83; that is, the width of

the aboriginal Irish skull is 73 per cent of its length, it is a long skull. The Celtic skull is somewhat round; its width is 83 per cent, or more, of its length. The Slav has a square head with the corners rounded off.

The Gaelic Celt did not establish himself in Ireland until the second century of the Christian era, although he had invaded the country hundreds of years earlier, and he never was there in large numbers. He was a better man than the aboriginal Irishman, who came originally from the Mediterranean Basin, and the Celt finally conquered the primitive folk. He was a more violent invader than the English, but he came into Ireland so long ago that the Irish forget his rascality, and call themselves Celts, as the Celtic and Mediterranean Basin Britons call themselves Anglo-Saxons. The tall, reddish, round-headed Irishman is commonly a Celt or a Norseman, the smallish, dark, gentle, long-headed Irishman is aboriginal. The large dark Irishman is often a Dane.

As England is Protestant—there are more Catholics in the Archdiocese of New York than in all England, and most of the Catholics in England are Irish—it should be Teutonic, according to Professor Diggs. It is, however, like Ireland in origins and racial blendings. The Brythonic Celt came in there on the aboriginal Mediterranean Basin man as the Gaelic Celt invaded Ireland. Small Germanic tribes followed the Celt; then came the Norse and the Danes, and finally a few Normans. English Anglo-Saxonism and Teutonism is as much a myth as evolution. The English language itself in syntax, pronunciation and spelling, and in much of its vocabulary is Celtic; and if its Latin, French and Greek derivations are filtered out the Teutonic residue is scarcely enough to make the language German.

Religions, then, are not a matter of race, but from God or the devil. That the English are Protestant and the Irish are Catholic is not in the race, because the races are identical; the same is true of the Austrian and the Saxons, the Walloons and the Dutch, the East Prussian Slav and the Pole. The forms of Welsh and Negro Protestantism are not racial but cultural. One American town of English origin is Episcopalian, another of the same race is Presbyterian, a third is shouting Methodist, a fourth is Holy Roller, which are divergent mental conditions, and not racial.

LITERATURE

Children's Books

FOR a very long time, how many hundred years nobody knows, children had for their literature work of a certain type. They still have work of that type for their literature, and perhaps fifty or sixty years hence, when such a thing as a market for children's books shall be forgotten, they will continue to have literature of the same type, and so on, until the heavens open and things come to an end. That type we all know. It is of two branches, verse and prose. The characteristics of the verse are terseness, simplicity, improbability and finality as to theme, and strongly emphasized lilt, something as indelible to memory as to form. For instance:

> Here lies Elizabeth Holloway Dent;
> She kicked up her heels and away she went.
> Whither she went or how she fares,
> Nobody knows and nobody cares.

It should further be remarked that the theme is not so important as the manner. Some of these rhymes are actually meaningless, such as the "counting out" rhymes. None of them suffer any complexity of incident, nor end upon a third, still less a seventh, but always upon the keynote.

The second half of this kind of literature is the story in prose, and the characteristics of this are equally clear. There must always be injustice and peril, the one overcome, the other solved in the end. This is even true of the jocular stories, where some sense of justice satisfied is always apparent. It is further true that no incident, person or thing is introduced into these stories, unless that incident or person or thing serves the purpose of the plot. Thus it is a canon in all this sort of literature that there are no descriptions of scenery, or discussions upon society and morals.

Now, in the very ephemeral phase of society through which we are unhappily passing, and which demands regular books for children—a sort of department of polite letters specially written for them, as books-about-disappointed-women are written for the ladies that inhabit the ring of heights round London, as books-about-bloody-deeds-of-combat-invariably-terminating-in-the-increase-of-fortune-of-the-five-o'clock-tea-hero-in-flannels are written for the incredible Imperialist of the residential town—those permanent things in prose and verse which childhood has demanded and will demand, can guide us. I will suppose that you are a poor man or woman—You will not bear me a grudge? It is but an hypothesis. Nay, nay! not a word—and that of two forms of dishonor you prefer forcing a child's story out of yourself to tapping some other impecunious friend, and that you have not the heroism to die or to go to the workhouse. If this is your circumstance, the advice you should take is clear. In order to write for children in verse or prose, do what your long ancestry did and what your long posterity will do: give them those rhymes and give them those stories. And if you can't, don't.

But you can. There is no one that cannot tell some sort of story to a child, and very few that cannot make up some sort of rhyme for a child, if only they will remember that the rhyme must have those qualities and the prose those other qualities which we have just seen. As to writing really good rhymes and really good stories, that is, of course, no more to be taught, and such a gift is no more to be analyzed, than the corresponding gift of thumb-nail sketching. A very few people can do it. All the remaining millions cannot do it; and those who can do it have no idea what it is in them that gives them such a power.

Nevertheless even for those who can do it, there is one plain rule, although it is a negative one: which is, never to embroider, and never to be "on one side" whether through irony or by any other form of illusion. You can, of course, if you like, have a parallel in your mind and you can be trying to teach another lesson than that which your story may convey to the child. That is your own business. But, if you allow any such things to come in between you and your childish audience you are done for. Children know exactly where they are in matters of the soul, and so would each of us if we had not lost our innocence somewhere about the time of the first Home Rule Bill, or the great Dock Strike at the latest. The presentation of matters which a child cannot comprehend is just as bad art in this department as is that detestable habit of criticism, or of sticking in bits of foreign language which your reader knows nothing of: with the added drawback, that your reader, if he is grown up, will not openly complain; but the child will.

Now, some one may say to me: "If this is so, what about the success of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Hans Andersen,'" and 'The Rose and the Ring'?" The answer is simple enough. Andersen's

stories and Thackeray's tale are stories which a child can read as stories by themselves; and the fact that the author, being a grown man, has chosen to wink at other grown-ups in the telling does not interfere at all with the straightforward tale, which alone the child demands. In "The Rose and the Ring" you have peril overcome and injustice righted. That Thackeray had in his mind a few other silly hobbies of his own, no one who knows the man or the period can doubt. He is praising his own class, having a dig at the monastic institution, showing his newspaper dislike of the Russians, his natural ignorance of what a real monarchy could be, and twenty other mental habits of his class and his generation. But he is so excellent a workman, or, to be more accurate, so vivid an artist, that he cannot help writing a good, clear story all the same.

"Gulliver's Travels" is a still better example of what I mean. No child cares twopence about Laputa, and I never met one who cared about the Houynhnms. But when it comes to all the adventures among very little people and very big people there you have exactly what the child wants; and note that there is peril overcome in both those stories, and, to some extent, injustice put right. But the child does find dreary passages even here, and skips them as, for instance, the King of the Giants moralizing over the wickedness and insignificance of men.

Which leads me to two last considerations, the element of wonder in children's stories, and the element of morals. As to the element of morals we have already had the prime element of injustice to be put right. That you must always have, because the sense of justice is the basis of any moral teaching, and it is especially the clearest thing in a child's creed. It is, for instance, the weakness of Lewis Carroll's books that the man did not love justice and that you have no iniquity redressed, but unfortunately a little spitefulness now and then against the sense of justice. For the world in which he lived was at once a privileged and a timid world. But one may fearlessly adventure into plain moral teaching of all kinds and please an audience of children immensely thereby, so long as the thing is done through the vehicle of a story. For instance, one may show the misadventures of a coward or of a boastful man to the great delight of children, and in connection with this it is always well to put in a good dose of violence.

As to wonder, that is a more subtle business. The child can get his wonder out of almost anything so long as the picture he is asked to construct is outside the immediate connotation of his materials. You see this with toys. Give a child a few bricks and tell him to make a steam-engine out of them, and he is perfectly content. He can imagine his steam-engine doing all that a steam-engine can do, and more. Give him a little model engine and, if there can be no doubt of its being out of nature, either by its tiny size or by its makeshiftness, he will get much the same enjoyment. But rich people who have fallen into such errors will bear me out when I say that to give a child a very large and perfect model of a locomotive, is inimical to this power of make-believe in which the child satisfies his appetite for wonder.

Now, so it is with your story for children. Bring in conventional machinery—a king, a dragon, a princess—and the child will eagerly seize such food and convert it into the flesh and blood of romance. Elaborate your description, and you do but spend words upon an attempt, such as must be made for more jaded imaginations, to call up a whole costume at the expense of many words, and the child will reject what you offer him.

Beyond this there is, of course, the magic of emotions which we have retained ourselves from childhood, and which we should, if we have decent memories, be able to express in simple phrases. There are few phrases more impressive of distance, adventure and revelation than the old lilting phrase, "over the hills and far away." And there are perhaps a dozen such phrases in the language, more prosaic, which have similar connotations. Such is the classic gambit: "Once upon a time"; or, again, a phrase I have always remembered from a book of my childhood: "And they sailed and they sailed till they came to an island." All the world knows what incantation and the repetition of rhythmical phrases, especially in triple repetition, contribute to a sense of wonder. Time in fashioning the older fairy stories has attended to that rule.

There is one last canon which is, that if, in writing a story or verses for a child, you have not in your own mind, a bright picture of the thing you are telling, then you are certainly on the way to failure, and had better leave off, for, while it is true of all fiction and all verse, it is particularly true of verse and fiction of this kind, that, though there is no positive rule for the communication of one mind to another, yet this negative rule is universally true, that where the mind has not conceived, it cannot bring forth, and that unless you see and hear before you write or as you write, your writing is vain.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

REVIEWS

Germany's Point of View. By EDMUND VON MACH. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

The German War and Catholicism. Published under the Direction of Mgr. A. BAUDRILLART. Paris: Bloud & Gay. 2 fr.

The Soul of the War. By PHILIP GIBBS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.75.

Book reviewers would welcome a law prohibiting the writing of war-books and chronicles until one year and a day after the European struggle is over. Authors and critics are too close to the sound of the guns to judge with absolute impartiality and fairness. The reader, however, of these three volumes, no matter what his sympathies, will probably be most impressed by the last. Mr. Gibbs is a plain-spoken English Catholic journalist. He frankly states his conviction that Germany thrust the war upon Europe deliberately, after careful preparation, and that the guilt of it rests upon her princes and diplomats. But he does not believe "that the German race is distinguished from all the other peoples in Europe, by the mark of the beast, or that they are the exclusive possession of the devil." Mr. Gibbs does not give us the larger strategy and tactical movements of the campaign. He vigorously sketches the smaller but more poignant incidents of the struggle. He writes with that vivid power with which Detaille and Neuville paint the French soldier. He draws the crowded troop-train, the hospital over which the shrapnel bursts, shows us Gallieni's "taxi-cab army" speeding to Meaux, the life in the trenches, the *Taubes* hovering over Notre Dame, the soul of the war, grim, hideous, devilish. The author writes to "reveal the soul of war so nakedly that it cannot be glossed over by the glamor of false sentiment and false heroics." "More passionate than any other sentiment that has stirred me through life," he says, "is that any man who has seen these things must . . . dedicate his brain and heart to the sacred duty of preventing another war like this." The "Soul of the War" is one of the war-books that will last.

The "Catholic Committee of French Propaganda" is responsible for the second book. We find articles from such men as Georges Goyau, François Veuillot, and Mgr. Baudrillart himself who gives a vivid and consoling picture of the "Religious Movement in the French Army." A "Missionary" writes of "The Catholic Rôle of France in the World," giving facts to prove his thesis. Catholics, the world through, recognize what the Faith owes to France. And in spite of blunders and crimes, which cannot be glossed over, no right-thinking man would wish to see France crush-

ed, but that she be converted and live. If France is ruined what nation can take her place? The world would be lonely without her. In a strong and meaty article, Canon Gaudeau lays down the laws of Christian warfare. All the belligerents could profit by the lesson. Georges Goyau sets out to prove "the systematic equation between Protestantism and Germany." Many will think the eminent publicist has to some extent proved his statement, but few will admit the exaggeration of his last sweeping sentence that in the present war there is really a serious attempt on the part of any large section of the German people to "restore the glory of Odin . . . in order to satisfy their hatred of Rome, of Mediterranean civilizations, of the Latin name, of Jesus Christ." Such exaggerations impair the value of the work. The book's English is somewhat stiff and unidiomatic. The photographs in the accompanying album, tell a sad story of ruin and devastation. These mangled monuments alone are a sufficient indictment of the unnatural contest.

Mr. von Mach with thorough Teutonic earnestness has endeavored to present us with "Germany's Point of View." The book is, on the whole well "documented," calm and moderate in tone. But it lacks mass, coherence and unity of impression. The author allows himself to wander from the main line of his argument, thus bewildering his readers. In the chapter called "The Meaning of Tipperary" he draws in rather blurred outlines the picture of Ireland's and Tipperary's wrongs. Those wrongs are evident. What they have to do with the Great War it is not so easy to see. Again Mr. von Mach's historical parallels are not convincing. He finds our late occupation of Vera Cruz quite similar to the German violation of Belgian neutrality. In reality there is absolutely no parity.

J. C. R.

Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico. By L. BRADFORD PRINCE, LL.D. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press. $1.50.

Convinced that the Spanish mission churches of New Mexico are unduly overshadowed by the mission churches of California, L. Bradford Prince puts forth his contention with accuracy of detail possible only in one whom long study has familiarized with his subject.

Much after the manner of Baedeker, the author goes through the surprisingly numerous churches, giving a brief account of each building, its state of preservation and its contents. The finished volume, copiously illustrated with a series of rare photographs, makes a splendid guide for the tourist bent on visiting these too little known monuments of Franciscan zeal, an excellent reference book for the historian, but perhaps, precisely because of the abundance of detail, a rather uninteresting narrative for the general reader. Governor Prince understands the spirit of the missionaries as few mission writers do. He finds no gold tucked away in the folds of the friars' ample habits, no silk lining to the coarse brown robe, no rich wines stored away in the ruins of the *conventos*. He attests that "the friars thought only of the salvation of souls, of the baptism of the natives of all ages and the stamping out of the heathen ceremonials." Gratifying, too, is the author's respect for the supernatural, his regard for the semi-religious legends of the land, his unwonted familiarity with Catholic ceremonial, liturgy and hagiography. No Pontiff ever claimed, however, as the author asserts, universal terrestrial dominion. Rather say that Alexander VI drew a line and told the Spaniards to confine their explorations to one side of the line and the Portuguese theirs to the other, and then claim by the right of discovery any new lands they might find in those regions.

Governor Prince has deliberately confined himself to a description of buildings, thus developing the material side of the missions. He has set us down in the midst of a plain that was full of bones. The crumbling ruins of a great mission system are all about us, yet at the stroke of his pen and the click of his camera they come together joint for joint. We wait longingly to see if he will breathe spirit and life into them by calling back from the dim and forgotten past those wonderful Franciscans who planned and built and tended these missions and then laid down their lives for the cause they had espoused.

Z. J. M.

The Great War: The Second Phase. By FRANK H. SIMONDS. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

The War Lords. By A. G. GARDINER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.40.

The first volume of Mr. Simonds' history of the war already noticed in AMERICA ended with the fall of Antwerp. The present volume brings the story down to May 1, 1915. The book is not merely a reprint of the writer's war editorials that have appeared in the *Evening Sun,* but it is a very careful narrative based on official dispatches, ignoring rumors, and setting aside news of small import. Mr. Simonds, with a good knowledge of history and geography, has selected the events that tell, and placed them in logical order. The chapters dealing with the military operations are entirely new, while for the diplomatic aspects of the struggle in Europe, the author has made use of articles already published by him in different newspapers and magazines. The writer is now a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune.*

As a volume of the "Wayfarer's Library," the second little book attempts to get at the origin, issues and conduct of the war by studying the principal actors in the fray. The author believes that as Hazlitt saw the spirit of the age in its representative men, so we can see the spirit of the war in the principal actors of Europe's blood-drama. Mr. Gardiner's prime object is not character study, but the relation of character to definite events. He throws the light of criticism on all the rulers of the nations in conflict. Many of the articles have already appeared in *Pearson's Magazine,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* and the London *Daily News.* As the author is an Englishman, he gives more space to the men who are swaying the British Empire's destiny, and views the other national leaders from the Briton's standpoint. G. C. T.

Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography. By ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.00.

It is no easy matter to write an honest biography of any man within a year of his death. In all the range of English-speaking publicists during the last fifty years it would be hard to pick out a man whose life presents more difficulties to the honest biographer than Joseph Chamberlain, and yet Mr. Mackintosh has undertaken and accomplished the difficult feat of writing his "Honest Biography." He is concerned mainly with the public life of his subject, because it is mainly as a publicist that Mr. Chamberlain was interesting. Little is said of his education, of his religious views, of his private character, of his domestic life: just enough to enable one to understand the debater, the Radical, the Liberal, and the Unionist-Liberal or Tory. He is painted for us in his own words and in the words of his contemporaries, friendly as well as hostile. He has the practical mind of a successful business man, the dominating air of a self-made man; his latent hostility to the established order owes not a little to his Nonconformist spirit and ancestry.

Early in life he set himself to improve his surroundings. His clear views, his power of expression and his dominating character carried his fellow-townsmen with him, and in a few years Manchester became the best-governed city in the Kingdom, mainly owing to his efforts. In the wider field of Parliament he was equally original and equally full of projects, the projects of a Radical, which won for him the fear and hatred of Conservatives. His power in debate was of

the highest order, his quickness at repartee of the keenest kind, and his language of the clearest. Occupying a prominent place in public affairs for thirty years, he did not work well in Parliament harness, but sought to lead rather than to be led or to cooperate with his colleagues. As a Liberal he wrecked his party on a point which he had long advocated, went over to the Tories, upon whose heads he had poured out his withering scorn. In turn he brought disaster upon the Unionists, and paved the way for the wreck of the House of Lords, the mainstay of the Tory party. Was he sincere in his views? Did he seek the good of the Empire exclusively? Or was Joseph Chamberlain and his power a first consideration in his eyes? Mr. Mackintosh does not say, but he gives, at the end of the book, a chapter of twenty-two pages which contains, side by side, Chamberlain's contradictory views on cardinal points. From the "Honest Biography" you must judge for yourself and call him either "Judas" Chamberlain or a great Imperialist. P. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

When "everybody is reading," and almost everybody is praising authors of today whose principles are anything but Christian, Catholics sometimes grow bewildered, begin to fear that they are too narrow and suspect that "the literary and dramatic world" is right after all. There is a good corrective for this tendency in the current number of the *Catholic Mind* to which Father Daly and Mr. Kilmer contribute papers, written with their usual literary charm and critical discernment, on such idols of the marketplace as Ibsen, Shaw, Tagore, Lafcadio Hearn and certain contemporary dramatists. The higher English classes in our colleges and academies will doubtless find this issue of great value.

To the ever-lengthening catalogue of Feminist novels with all their unsavory frankness Robert Grant has found it expedient to make a contribution in "The High Priestess" (Scribner's, $1.35). The literary ability he has shown in describing the doings of the exceedingly anserine Mary Arnold and her circle could easily have been put to a better use.——The twenty-six tales of "Irish life," G. A. Birmingham has gathered from the magazines and brought out under the title "Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories" (Doran, $1.20), were hardly worth publishing in book form. This Anglican canon's portrait of a bishop of the Establishment is not at all flattering and his attitude toward Catholic Ireland is offensively patronizing.

It is a great pity that novelists will go on spoiling good stories, at least for Catholics, by insisting on injecting into them the element of illicit intrigue. Even when the wooing and the winning of another man's wife is only an incident intended to form one of the stages in the development of a young man, its presence makes it impossible to recommend the book unreservedly. This is precisely the case with "A Young Man's Year" (Appleton, $1.35). In this, his most recent and in some ways his most clever work, Mr. Anthony Hope has devoted so much space to the description and implicit justification of the divorce of the most charming character in the story that it will be permitted to Catholic readers only with restrictions. A similar defect mars the latest of Mr. Oppenheim's rapidly multiplying novels. "The Way of These Women" (Little, Brown, $1.35), although it is strong and interesting, marked by intensity of passion and ease of narrative, and with less of the omnipresent modern taint than is usual in this clever writer's work, is not, for all that, a story to be read by the unwary, for in spite of its beauty, it is dangerous, because in it love justifies everything and the higher principles of action are conspicuous by their absence. "The Modernist" (The Lakewood Press, $1.25) is characterized by the very opposite defects. In matter it is beyond reproach, in form it leaves a good deal to be desirel. In it Mr. Francis Deming Hoyt has drawn a living contrast between the two prevailing ideals of life: the old and conservative, with its simple tastes, its family intimacy, its quiet charm and peace and happiness, and the new, with its nervous, morbid craving for excitement, its feverish quest for pleasure of every kind, its impatience under restraint. The excellence of the book lies rather in its soundness of views than in its artistic expression of them.

"The Splendid Chance" (Appleton, $1.30) by Mary Hastings Bradley, is a well-told story. It derives more than usual interest from its atmosphere and surroundings, for it is set in the streets and the environs of Paris during the early days of the present war when the *Boches* came too near to the gates. Just what is the splendid chance, whether that of the volunteer nurse, an American girl and a student in Paris, who appropriated the cap of the dead Sister of Charity and in this garb hurried out to the battlefield, there happily to find among the wounded her own fallen betrothed, whose last moments she was able to solace; or whether there were more splendid chances related earlier or later in the story, the authoress leaves to the interested reader to decide. The style is markedly better than some of the latter-day "best sellers," yet the authoress has not profited by her familiarity with the French genius fully to appreciate the force of compression and the worth of economy of words, nor has she seen deeply enough into the French people to realize how sincerely their religious feelings have been aroused during this war.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Jas. H. Barry Co., New York:
The Missions and Missionaries of California. Vol. IV. Upper California. By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. $3.00

Convent of the Good Shepherd, Peekskill:
The Wondrous Childhood of the Most Holy Mother of God. By Blessed John Eudes. Translated from the French. $1.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
My Life. By Richard Wagner. 2 Vols. $3.50; The Real Argentine. By J. A. Hammerton. $2.50.

Duffield & Co., New York:
The Emerald Story Book. By Ada and Eleanor Skinner. $1.50; Peggy-Mary. By Kay Cleaver Strahan. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
From the Shelf. By Paxton Holgar. $1.50.

Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek:
Colon Hygiene. By J. H. Kellogg, M.D., LL.D. $2.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Red Circle. By Gerard A. Reynolds. $0.75; Collected Poems. By Condé B. Pallen. $1.25; A Primer of Peace and War. By Charles Plater, S.J., M.A. $0.80.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Including a 14th Century Latin Version and a 15th Century German Version. By Walter W. Seaton, M.A., D.Litt. $2.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Pentecost of Calamity. By Owen Wister. $0.50; Races and Immigrants in America. By John R. Commons. $0.50; The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. $1.50; The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Browning. $1.75.

Mt. Carmel Guild, Buffalo:
Catholic Calendar for 1916. $0.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Incense and Iconoclasm. By Chas. Leonard Moore. $1.50; The Sweet-Scented Name. By Fedor Sologub. $1.50; Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation. By Ierne L. Plunket. $2.50; The Path to Rome. By Hilaire Belloc. $1.50.

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago:
Elementary Latin, an Introductory Course. By Harry Fletcher Scott, A.M. $1.00.

Fred'k A. Stokes Co., New York:
"Library of Irish Literature":—Wild Sports of the West. By W. H. Maxwell; Thomas Davis, Selections from his Prose and Poetry. With Introduction by T. W. Rolleston, M.A.; Humours of Irish Life. With Introduction by Chas. L. Graves, M.A.; Irish Orators and Oratory. With Introduction by Prof. T M. Kettle; Legends of Saints and Sinners. Collected and Translated from the Irish. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., D.Litt.; The Book of Irish Poetry. With Introduction by Alfred Percival Graves, M.A. $1.00 each.

Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:
Das Papsttum und der Weltfriede. Von Dr. Hans Wehberg. M. 1.80; Bismarck. Von Martin Spahn. M. 3.

EDUCATION

Competition or Cooperation?

THE Catholic Educational Association has made the Catholic public its debtor by the publication of a study on Catholic Secondary Education in the United States. Written by Dr. James A. Burns, C.S.C., of Holy Cross College, Washington, this report is on the whole, encouraging. Our Catholic high schools number 1,276; the combined attendance is 74,538. Girls make up 39,740 of this number, boys, 34,798. It is also plain that the interest of Catholics in secondary education is increasing. The older establishments are strengthening their courses to meet new demands, and many communities are now planning the erection of high schools and academies. Within the last three years, about 125 new foundations have been made.

AN ECONOMIC CONCLUSION

No one acquainted with the heroic work which as a rule precedes and accompanies the foundation of a new Catholic high school, cares to assume the role of a critic. And yet in this very expansion of Catholic secondary education, there is a grave and immediate danger to the discussion of which, with commendable courage and frankness, Dr. Burns devotes two pages of his valuable study. The zealous Catholic educator who leaves two high schools in a community where before there was but one, is to be congratulated only in case he can make the new school flourish without draining the resources of the older establishment. If one institution can satisfy the needs of a community, no good purpose is served by opening another. One fairly strong school will do far better work than two institutions poorly equipped, understaffed, and because of destructive competition, struggling to exist. This is a most glaring truism, "a simple conclusion from the most obvious laws of economic science," as Dr. Burns says. And yet it cannot be denied that in our zeal for secondary education, we have set up these conditions, or are planning them, in more than one Catholic community. It is a zeal without knowledge.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM

In Dr. Burns' opinion, "the most fundamental and far-reaching of the problems with which Catholic education has to do, is that of unity or harmony in education." It is most unfortunate that the parochial system, admirable in itself and altogether necessary within certain limits, has been applied to certain fields of activity for which it was never intended. At one of the recent national conventions, after a splendid outline of the work for young men and women which Catholics should do, are not doing, and apparently, are not even thinking of doing, a speaker pleaded for the establishment of clubs and social centers for all classes in every Catholic parish. The proposed plan would be admirable, if every parish had the men and the means; but in the deficiency of both in many, if not in most, of our parishes, it is too absurd to be debatable. You cannot furnish a room with an old piano, a prehistoric pool table, last year's magazines, and perhaps, a set of Butler's "Lives," and expect to see it crowded with the young men of the parish who have been lured away from the blood and thunder "movies," the adjacent dance hall, or the swimming pool and gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. If we Catholics are ever to have an organization, embodying the many admirable features of the Y. M. C. A. and similar societies, it will only be after we have utterly forgotten the parish idea, and learned the lesson of pooling our interests.

OVER-EXPANSION

What is true of the social center is most emphatically true of the Catholic high school. Like grand opera, it is admirable in concept and effect; like grand opera it costs unlimited toil and an almost unlimited expenditure of money. Not one parish in fifty can equip and maintain a strong high school, although many try. But on the other hand, given a union of fifty parishes or even fewer, and a capable organizer, and it would seem that the question of the Catholic high school were on the high road to a successful solution. In a recent report, the Rev. Joseph A. Denny, Superintendent of Schools in the diocese of Albany, thus outlines the problem.

> The difficulty can be grasped once you note the cost of equipment, the securing of teachers specially qualified for the work, teachers who are sorely needed in the lower grades, and then see the small number of candidates who present themselves, and the still smaller number who survive after four years' work. This thin remnant of the elect leads one to ask whether after all the game is worth the candle. This situation is by no means peculiar to our diocese; it is widespread; it has been the chief cause of concern among our most able Catholic educators. Those who have devoted time and thought to this matter, have but one conclusion, and that is the central high school. It has been tried and has been proved a splendid success.

If there be a better solution than this, experience and common sense have not revealed it.

DEFECTIVE COOPERATION

As a further defect in our educational work, Dr. Burns calls attention to the deplorable lack of cooperation between our schools, high schools and colleges. Here, if anywhere, one might expect to find not merely a passive harmony, but a spirit ready and eager to cooperate for the good of Catholic education. All are built upon a common principle; all have borne in varying degree the heat and burden of the day; all are under the same general government; all face the same difficulties and must look to the same means to overcome them. Yet, most unfortunately, while a friendly spirit exists between the several parts of our educational scheme, real, effective cooperation is almost unknown. "As a matter of fact," comments Dr. Burns, "there is little or no systematic connection in the average diocese between the parish schools, the high schools and the colleges."

> Not only is systematic unity largely lacking, but there is a notable lack of that broader and more fundamental unity which lies in the mutually helpful effort toward the attainment of a common end. . . . The high school has its own under-school; the rest do not send pupils to it. . . . Its elementary departments draw pupils who are regarded as belonging to the parish schools. This condition, wherever it exists, has helped to alienate from the high school, the sympathy and support of the pastors. . . . A zealous pastor may build up a high school and maintain it with much trouble and expense. He would gladly welcome pupils from the other parishes. Yet his high school is allowed to remain a strictly parish affair. This condition is common. . . . Worse still, other parishes in the same town or city district, may start high schools of their own. In very many instances, several Catholic high schools, each of an exclusively parish character, divide a total high school attendance that would scarcely suffice for a single strong school. In such cases, ruinous competition is added to the already sufficient evil of isolation.

There can be no doubt that these conditions, not only "are steadily holding back the normal development of the Catholic high school system," as Dr. Burns says, but that they cannot fail to have a hurtful reaction upon the colleges and universities.

THE REMEDY

The free high school system is now on trial. In the larger American cities it is undoubtedly successful; in certain smaller towns and cities, a judicious merging of the weaker schools into a single, centralized, well equipped and fully staffed school, seems called for.

> The remedy must lie in the cultivation of a more cordial spirit of coordination and cooperation between the parishes, as well as between the parishes and the teaching communities

in charge of high schools, under the authority of the Bishop. It is to the Bishops that we must look for the solution of this universal problem of unity and cooperation. Nothing final or really important can be done without their active interest. With the exercise of their authority, no degree of educational organization that seems good and desirable is impossible of attainment.

Dr. Burns is to be congratulated on the frankness and thoroughness of his report. Always hopeful and sanely optimistic, he is not blind to these defects which, while serious, he traces to the unsettled conditions attendant upon the building up of our educational system, rather than to the system itself, or to lack of essential harmony among Catholic educators. Time, good will, and the invaluable assistance of our Bishops will assuredly bring about that spirit of cooperation, so much needed if our Catholic schools and colleges are to fulfill completely the purposes for which they were founded. P. L. B.

ECONOMICS

War and the Falling Birthrate

HAVELOCK ELLIS, who in times past has proved himself an excellent observer but a poor philosopher, has recently uttered in the pages of a New York journal, his "daily prayer that the fall of the birthrate may be hastened." The voice of the alarmist is heard in the land; men and women who believe that the laws of nature are not to be trifled with, he characterizes as imbeciles and enemies of enlightenment. Their efforts, he fears, may yet bear bitter fruit for the human race, by arresting the declining birthrate, a result which would be "equivalent to the arrest of all civilization and all humanity."

THE CAUSE OF WAR

Throughout the world, Ellis premises, population is increasing at an alarming rate. So disproportionate to the geographical limitations of many countries and to their natural and organized resources, has this increase become within recent years, that "the complex details of the social organism have not been able to adjust themselves, equably and harmoniously." Hence we see millions of children growing up in ignorance and vice; there is a general unrest, a feeling of compression and dissatisfaction, in those countries where man's new knowledge of the laws of nature has not exercised a salutary check upon fecundity. Strife, personal and industrial, tugging at men's hearts, has made itself felt in the chancelleries of the world, and from the initial chaos of these abnormal social conditions, "war comes as a necessary effect, as mechanical in character as a thunderstorm."

A BIOLOGICAL NECESSITY

Ellis is careful to point out that he is not alone in this diagnosis. In defense of his view, he adduces Dr. Eduard David, a member of the Reichstag, Professor Max von Gruber and Count Herman Keyserling. According to these notable authorities, Germany, because of her refusal during the past century to foster artificial sterility, has been forced into war, not precisely because of the dominance of militaristic ideals, but purely out of "a biological necessity," arising from overpopulation. Had Germany employed a prudent restraint, her population would not have increased from forty to eighty millions in four decades. A birthrate maintained by a wise eugenic law would have resulted in a nation at harmony with itself and its neighbors, and a people engaged in the arts of peace and wholly inimical to the militaristic and bureaucratic spirit now dominant. France is an example in contrast. With the lowest birthrate of any country in the world, she has reached the highest grade of modern civilization; yet a scant century ago "the France of a birthrate as high as that of Germany today, was the most militaristic and aggressive of nations, a perpetual menace to Europe." On the other hand, those nations most prepared to welcome the present war, Russia, Germany, Austria and Serbia, all nations with a high birthrate, are, taking them in the aggregate, "among the most backward in Europe" in education and general culture. The reason of this backwardness is assigned by Ellis to the fact that "the falling birthrate has not yet had time to permeate them."

CHECK THE BIRTHRATE

It must not be thought that Ellis is simply amusing himself by writing a war pamphlet in the guise of a scientific treatise. His observations are general, and in what he considers to be the causes underlying the present war, he finds the confirmation of his theories. War, he argues, follows an unregulated birthrate by "a biological necessity." Check the birthrate, and the possibility of war is lessened, and by degrees may be eliminated. "This movement," he writes, "began in France, always the most advanced outpost of civilization. It has now spread to England and Germany . . . and has long been well marked in the United States." But much remains to be done before a wise policy of mandatory regulative eugenics can be fixed upon. The cultured, and the working classes have already been reached, at least to a certain degree; the present necessity is "to create the motives, and this is not an impossible task, which will act even upon the weak-minded, and the reckless lowest social stratum."

A WEAK THEORY

With much labor Ellis has constructed nothing more than a specious theory. That there is some relation between the evil of occasional overpopulation and war, seems true, but it has not been shown to be the relation of cause and effect. There is no difficulty, moreover, in admitting, if one is impressed by the evidence submitted, that war, like famine, pestilence and sudden and great catastrophes which increase the deathrate, may be an effective remedy devised by nature against impending or actual overpopulation, But the proposition, that "war is a necessary and biological effect of overpopulation," often advanced or hinted before its latest proposal by Ellis, is a thesis which has never been demonstrated. Certainly Ellis completely ignores the very principle of causality to which he appeals, and the nature of the factors involved, makes any complete and satisfactory proof impossible. The thesis simply states a theory, not an ascertained fact.

NATURAL DEVICES

Yet viewing the matter from an economic standpoint, it cannot be denied that over-population, particularly in the country of small area and limited natural or organized resources, is an ever-present possibility. This peril, however, is largely theoretical. History shows that mankind has always met the difficulty, either by an improvement in the arts of production, by better methods of distribution, or by such general social movements as emigration and colonization. Devas points out that "conspicuous in antiquity were the Greek colonies, younger brothers going forth because there was no room for them at home, and bearing the sacred flame from the mother hearth." The operation of this natural remedy is further indicated by the migration of whole peoples; the Gauls into Italy before the Christian era, the Teutonic tribes in the days of the Roman Empire, and the many wanderings of Norsemen and Arabs, Tartars and Turks. The Middle Ages saw the occupation of vast regions east of the Elbe by the Christian Germans, and the last four centuries have been marked by notable emigrations of English-speaking peoples,

of Russians and Chinese, all over the earth. Nor, granting the limitation, at some distant period, of colonization, is there valid reason for believing either that the productivity of the earth will prove insufficient, or that man's inventive genius will be found unequal to the ancient task of securing for his kind, a suitable position upon a habitable globe.

AN EASY SOLUTION

Warfare, it is true, has often accompanied or preceded these movements, but not invariably; yet conceding it as a constant factor or concomitant of national progress, no proof is derived to show that international strife is due immediately and as "a biological necessity" to an excessive birthrate. War has been initiated by sparsely-settled and richly-productive countries, in which the struggle for existence was far from keen, quite as often and as readily as by countries in which, like Belgium and Holland, the law of diminishing returns was already operative. Now, as always, war is the outcome of such variable human factors as aggression, ambition, lust of wealth and power, together with an alliance of occasional or contributory causes and accidental circumstances, all forming a complexus from which no single factor can be isolated and set aside as the sole, dominating cause of international conflict. Surely that is an easy and a worthless solution of a difficult question, which ignores these exceedingly complex factors to find the initial and necessary cause of a world in arms, in a birthrate which is the result of fidelity to the laws of nature.

A MENACE, NOT A REMEDY

Terrible as are the excesses and results of war, the remedies advocated by Ellis and his followers are far worse in their effects upon society and the individual than the evils against which they are to be used. Let us clear our eyes of lying sentiment. War is not intrinsically evil; this proposed perversion of the natural functions always is. War may at times be a duty; this species of artificial sterilization with its alternative practices of child-murder, degrades the individual, and if furthered by public favor leads to a general immorality destructive of the family and the State. "No eugenical reform," writes Dr. E. G. Conklin in his "Heredity and Environment," "can fail to take account of the fact that the decreasing birthrate among intelligent people is a constant menace to the race. . . . The optimism of those who believe that supermen may be produced by artificially limiting the number of children, is a foolish and a fatal optimism." Disguise these vile practices as you may, under all the jargon of the apostles of the New Enlightenment, yet the judgment pronounced by this Princeton professor, viewing the case in a purely scientific light, seems inevitable to all decent men:

> No one denies that the chief motive for limiting the size of families is personal comfort and pleasure, rather than the welfare of the race. . . . It is more important for the welfare of the race that children with good inheritance be brought into the world, than that parents should lead easy lives, and have no more children than they can conveniently rear amid all the comforts of a luxury-loving age.

These honest, straightforward words, whose truth cannot be denied, strike like a breath of fresh air across the vileness actively propagated in the name of race-betterment.

THE WAGE OF SIN

What even pagan France, the France that little more than a year ago was wedded to the idol of race-suicide, now thinks of this deadly practice, may be judged from a contribution of the socialistic Gustave Hervé in the *Guerre Sociale:*

> It is we who have been the butchers, for the very reason that for forty-four years Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have been shirking the burdens of paternity and maternity. Oh, how mistaken we were! In order to give our daughter a nice dowry, in order not to split our real estate into parts for several children, in order not to cut ourselves off from a life of pleasure, almost all of us reasoned that we were so much the happier the fewer children we had. . . . We loved our country, each in his own way; but still better we loved our comfortable position. Why worry? After us, the deluge! We decreased, and we were indignant when they talked of us as a decadent race. . . . We did not even notice that we were beginning to pay the penalty for our care not to have children. We are paying still more dearly for this care today.

For nations as for individuals, death is the wage of sin. At least one European nation today faces ruin. Fostering the practice of family limitation, those nations of ancient Greece proposed by Ellis as models, fell into the most degrading immorality, and with their decency lost their pride of race, their intellectual supremacy, and their national honor. "Filled with all iniquity," writes one who knew humanity as few have known it, "full of envy, murder, deceit, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy." Is this the goal toward which we in America are tending? It is, at least, the goal toward which Havelock Ellis and his school would set our gaze.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Professor J. J. McCook of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, recently made inquiry among a large number of educated men, relative to their sympathies in the present war. He canvassed the members of the faculties of twenty-five colleges and universities, seven law schools, and nine theological schools (Protestant). The institutions are scattered through nineteen different States, and the professors are of most varied extractions. The results of the inquisition are as follows: In group one the percentage of German sympathizers is 6.69, one professor in fifteen; in group two (law), 2.47, one in forty; in group three (theology), 5.9, one in seventeen. In the colleges of the North Atlantic States out of 3,191 professors 108, 3.39 percent, are pro-German, whilst out of 2,511 professors in the colleges of the central and western States 276 or 11 percent are pro-German. A canvass of the average man would be most interesting although there is reason to expect that here at least, opinions depend upon blood.

Some of the joys of prison life are admirably set forth by a young robber, in this portion of a letter to a friend:

> I am up here for three years, but, hey, Walt, why worry. I want to tell you it is much easier here than you think. Baseball every day, swimming the same. We have two hours every day in the water, and we can talk and yell all we want to. We can talk in the shop. Movies every night in winter and Saturdays and Sundays in hot weather. We can write as much as we please if we have the stamps.

The other side of the shield is shown by this item from the New York *Sun:*

> OSSINING, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Scandal has raised a great rumpus in Warden Osborne's Mutual Welfare League in Sing Sing. Tonight twenty-two members are in cells in the new death house not yet formally opened, as the result of an investigation by the warden which disclosed much immorality among the prisoners. Some of the men confessed and implicated a number of the most prominent leaguers.
>
> Still, the prisoners are "happy."

The September number of *Field Afar* contains many items of interest to those who follow the progress of foreign missionary work. The war has been a sad blow to all the missions. Despite this great handicap, however, it is consoling to note that for the year just passed the Paris Foreign Missionary Society reports

31,788 baptisms of adults, 127,337 baptisms of children and 493 conversions from heresy. Native priests have increased from 911 to 940; schools from 4,785 to 5,023; pupils from 157,160 to 167,456. A further item announces that Catholics in the United States gave $41,446.92 to the Holy Childhood Association last year. This Association has about 20,000,000 members, collects over $8,000,000 annually, maintains in pagan lands 1,550 orphanages, 11,650 schools, 4,750 workshops, saves from paganism and educates nearly 600,000 children each year and has already sent direct to heaven through the saving waters of Baptism 20,000,000 infants. All this is a subject for thanksgiving as is also the fact that our own Foreign Mission Society at Maryknoll is making splendid progress. It has recently received its *Decretum Laudis* from Rome and will henceforth be under the patronage of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. The Holy Father expresses gratification at the work already done by the American Society, "which seems to have been providentially instituted to meet the existing need." At present there are thirty-eight students at Maryknoll, eighteen of whom are in the departments of theology and philosophy.

The would-be imitators of the brilliant G. K. Chesterton who fancy they are making deathless epigrams, though in reality they are merely uttering wicked nonsense, are flayed thus in a recent number of *Collier's:*

> The hour of the paradox is with us. Conversationally it is all the thing. Recently we heard an educated professional man holding forth in an enraptured circle to the effect that interest in religion is a sign of decadence. Also, that the only way in which women can prove themselves deserving of the ballot is by first achieving some of the things which they are unable to do without the ballot. Thirdly, that the only true morality is complete lack of morals. Thus, by the simple process of the clown at the circus, to wit, by putting his head where his heels ought to be, one may establish a reputation for cleverness and originality. And, incidentally, he may save himself the trouble of doing any real thinking.

Moreover, the chronic sufferer from "paradoxitis," whose malady makes him try to startle the hearer by constantly enunciating absurdities, is a very tiresome person. From him and his near relative, the incorrigible punster, society should take measures to protect itself. Perhaps segregation would meet the difficulty. If irreligious paradoxers were forced to listen from morning till night to one another's babble, some permanent cures might follow.

A late number of *Science Conspectus* of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology contains a noteworthy article by Charles V. Chapin, M.D., health officer of Providence, R. I., on "Truth in Publicity." The paper is a criticism "of careless or inaccurate statements in public health literature" and is written to show "how the public is often misled by inaccurate publicity." The author exposes one fallacy after another, contradiction followed by contradiction, and then exclaims:

> In our time, too, the amateur sanitarian and the social reformer and even the public health official are impatient of the slow progress of science and, taking the short and easy road which is paved with guesswork, theories and unfounded assumptions, and which leadeth to destruction, they hasten to spread error before the people, which will later hamper the health officer as does now the assumption of Jenner, as to the duration of vaccinia immunity or as does the theory of air-borne infection.

After thus delivering himself Dr. Chapin says, "Let us see what our health officers are teaching today. Are we doing any better than our forbears?" He answers negatively in four or five interesting pages, exposing a mass of misinformation and downright quackery and ends with this appeal:

> For the sake of those who come after, stop filling your columns with tommy-rot, hot air and dope. Do not be always seeking novelty. Most that is new is bad. There are plenty of old truths which all of our 100,000,000 people have not yet learned.

This is so distinctly sane that it is to be hoped that Dr. Chapin will drop into New York some day and inject some of his common sense into those responsible for the recent indecent and unnecessary order by which school children can be obliged to submit, "in the absence of all clothing," to a physical examination.

In a recent number of the Bombay *Examiner* Father Hull tells some amusing anecdotes that indicate how the public opinion was formed which finally forced the Government to intern the German Jesuits who were exclusively occupied in working for souls on the mission. He writes:

> The Fathers of St. Xavier's High School were seen signalling to the Emden from the top of the tower, at a time when the Emden was three thousand miles away in the Bay of Bengal. When in consequence the rector locked up the tower and refused to allow some students to go up for a view, the story went round that the tower had been locked by the police to put a stop to these treacheries, and sealed with the Government seal. . . . Some time in August or September a Professor of English at St. Xavier's College was lecturing on Carlyle. He was explaining the Christian or theistic view and the atheistic view of life, and spoke more or less as follows: "These two views of life have always been struggling with each other, and they are struggling even now. *But we are sure that we shall win in the end!* Some student, who had probably been asleep or distracted during this utterance, suddenly came to himself in time to hear the last sentence. So he went out of the class room and spread abroad the story that the Father had said: "We [Germans] are sure to win in the end." That story, almost a year old, is in circulation yet. It has already reached Karachi, and will probably be going round Simla before long!

But what finally settled the Fathers' fate was the fact that they were "potential spies." "Potential" is, of course, a "frightfully suggestive phrase." But "every member of the human race" as the *Examiner's* editor remarks is a "potential murderer" and a "potential lunatic."—"Yet we manage to trust each other."

The old tradition that "Cardinals die in threes" has been given a semblance of truth by the death of Cardinal Benedetto Lorenzelli, Archbishop of Lucca and Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. This is the third death in the Sacred College since August 19. On that day Cardinal Vannutelli died; on September 6 Cardinal Vaszary, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, passed away, and now Cardinal Lorenzelli is gone. The last named Cardinal was born at Badi in the diocese of Bologna in 1853 and spent most of his life in the diplomatic service. He was Nuncio in Paris at the time of the infamous "Separation" law and despite the utmost disrespect shown him and the Holy See, conducted himself with the greatest dignity, upholding in all ways the best traditions of the Vatican diplomacy. A death of an illustrious prelate nearer home is that of the Right Reverend Thomas Conaty, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, which occurred at Coronado, Cal., on September 18. The deceased had an illustrious career. After his graduation from the nursery of distinguished prelates and statesmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, he began the study of theology in Montreal and was ordained priest in 1872. In 1880 he became rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, where he remained until called to the presidency of the Catholic University in Washington. On November 24, 1901, he was consecrated Titular-Bishop of Samos, and on March 27, 1903, was appointed to the See of Monterey and Los Angeles. During his long life the Bishop was identified with many movements, giving his time and energy now to the management of a magazine, again to the promotion of "total abstinence" or to some phase of school work. His energy was great, his eloquence inspiring, and he passed into eternity rich with the reward of good work.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Nothing of importance has happened during the week on either of the Italian fronts. In Gallipoli and Galicia the situation remains what it was a week ago.

Bulletin, Sept. 21, p. m.-Sept. 28, a. m.

Neither have the attacks by the Austrians and the Germans on the eastern and northern frontiers of Servia, along the Drina, the Save, and the Danube, made any notable impression, as far as can be ascertained, on the Servian defenses.

In Belgium and France on the other hand changes of considerable importance have been reported. For weeks operations on the western front have been confined to artillery fire, the infantry being evidently reserved until the German positions had been destroyed. During the week that has just elapsed, however, both Berlin and Paris announced many violent attacks and some gains, by both British and French infantry at many points between Arras and the coast, between Soissons and Reims, and in the Champagne and St. Mihiel districts. These operations did not modify the situation, but were noteworthy as indicating the renewal of the offensive on the part of the Allies. Their offensive culminated at last in a concerted drive against the Germans from the sea to Verdun, and resulted in the capture of many prisoners, the taking of Loos and Souchez, the retreat of the Germans before the French for five miles on a front of fifteen miles in Champagne, and before the British for two miles on a front of five miles south of the La Bassée Canal.

Renewed Activity in the West

After the fall of Vilna the Russian army was in a very precarious condition. Only one line of retreat was open to it, by way of Lida, which was itself captured by the Germans before the Russians had time to make good their escape. The Russians, however, did succeed in getting out of the trap, for by fierce fighting they recaptured both Smorgon and Molodechno, which gave them control of another line of escape, the Vilna-Molodechno railroad. Since that time they seem to have been making a strong stand all along the line, for they have held back the German advance at Smorgon and Novo Grodek, and have forced the Germans to retire from the positions they had occupied to the east of Pinsk. Further south, where the Austro-Germans seem to have been weakened to strengthen the forces in the north, the Russians have recaptured both Dubno and Lutsk, and forced the retirement of the Teutons to the west of the Styr and the Ikwa. The main effort of the Germans is directed at present to the advance on Dvinsk. Here, too, however, the Russian resistance has stiffened, but has not been able to check wholly the German progress. Along the Dvina from Dvinsk to Riga there has been a number of engagements but with no result.

Russian Resistance

All other events have been overshadowed during the week by rapid developments in the Balkan situation. Bulgaria has never been reconciled to the division, made at the treaty of Bucharest, of the spoils of the first Balkan war. Forced by circumstances she has simply been biding her time to recover that part of Macedonia which she has continued to claim as her share of the victory over Turkey. The outbreak of the war gave her the coveted opportunity. Accordingly she made demands on Greece, Servia, and Turkey. Greece refused to listen to Bulgaria's demands either on herself or on Servia. Bulgaria acquiesced in the situation, hoping apparently that the representations of Premier Venizelos would prevail

Bulgaria and the Balkans

with King Constantine. M. Venizelos wished the Balkans to enter the war on the side of the Allies. Rumania refused to join Greece and Servia, unless Bulgaria also joined them. Thereupon the Premier urged the King to win over Bulgaria by having Greece cede to her Kavala, and Servia cede to her the territory on both sides of the Vardar. Great Britain it seems had promised Greece a large strip of the coast of Asiatic Turkey, the ancient Greek colonies, as her reward for bringing about a Balkan alliance and inducing it to aid the Allies. The Premier's counsels did not prevail and he resigned.

Russia's defeats and especially the arrival of Austrian and German troops on the eastern and northern boundaries of Servia were the occasion for further moves on the part of Bulgaria. She renewed her demands on Turkey and Servia. Turkey agreed to hand over to her a long but narrow strip of land along the west bank of the Maritza River together with the control of the Dedeagatch railroad. The Allies at once protested that the taking over of this railroad would be considered by them an unfriendly act, but Bulgaria has declared that she would actually assume control of the railroad early in October. Servia refused to grant all of Bulgaria's demands, but the Allies assured Bulgaria that she would be given all of the Macedonian territory she demanded. In spite of this assurance, or perhaps because of it, Bulgaria mobilized her army, took control of the railroads, and moved her troops to the Servo-Bulgarian borders. As this act followed shortly on the massing of the Teuton forces along the Drina, the Save and the Danube, it was generally interpreted as the prelude to an alliance with the central powers. Bulgaria herself has formally declared that her action means nothing more than armed neutrality. Her statement evidently is mistrusted, because Greece at once ordered the mobilization of her army, took over the railroads, and prepared to defend herself and Servia. Rumania also immediately held a meeting of the Cabinet, but as yet has not taken any open step; although it is taken for granted that she will enter the war on the side of the Allies, if Bulgaria enters on the side of the Teutons.

Bulgaria's course is hard to forecast. She is said, rightly or wrongly, to be frankly utilitarian in her present move. She wants territorial expansion. No doubt if she could get her demands from the Balkans, she would side with them, for racially she has everything in common with them; although she bears a grudge against them all, and believes that she owes no debt of gratitude to any of the Allies.

On the other hand, an alliance with Austria and Germany seems to hold out the prospect of greater present gains, although it would involve the stigma of treachery and almost suicidal risks. It would appear that Austria and Germany are willing to pay a high price for her assistance, as it would enable them, after they had conquered a comparatively small portion of Servia, to establish unbroken communications with Constantinople and eventually with Egypt. The very same considerations make Bulgaria's neutrality or active participation on their side immensely valuable to the Allies. Now that M. Venizelos is again the head of the Greek Government, and has succeeded in having the mobilization ordered, he may prevail on the King to accede to Bulgaria's demands. The whole situation is tense and complicated.

England.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives some very definite information about the English income tax. This tax is now three shillings sixpence on every pound sterling of unearned incomes, a rate of seventeen per cent. In general the tax on incomes earned and unearned ranges from twopence on the pound to three shillings sixpence. The super-tax on incomes above a specified sum brings the total assessment higher. Thus on incomes of £3,000 a year it ranges from three shillings sevenpence on the pound to six shillings tenpence, this last figure representing a percentage tax rate a fraction over thirty-four per cent. The new budget has precipitated another free-trade discussion. Some free-traders in the House of Commons are resolved on a protest against the import duties proposed by Chancellor McKenna, basing their opposition on "the violation of the principles of free trade" and "the infinitesimal returns which the taxes will bring into the Exchequer." The chairman of the Free Trade Union has called a meeting of the more radical members of the House of Commons to take action against "protection."

Economics

France.—Mgr. Lenfant, recently appointed Bishop of Digne, leaves behind him in his old parish of St. Antoine, one of the poorest and most thickly populated of Paris, a monument to his zeal and a lasting proof of his practical conception of the social needs of his people. Some years ago, with the cooperation of weathly Catholics, Mgr. Lenfant founded the *Société Civile d'Aligre*. This company invested its capital in the building of model homes for the people. Thanks to the profitable returns, the zealous priest was enabled to start a series of religious and social works, the very enumeration of which is startling. The "Day-Nursery of St. Adrien," the "Denis Affre School" for boys, the "St. Raphael School" for girls, the "St. Louis" classes for boys preparing for college, show his care and love for the young. For their elders he founded the "People's University of the Faubourg St. Antoine." Every week, in its hall, rue de Prague, lectures by the foremost speakers of the capital, on the social, economic, political, historical and religious questions of the day, are given to numerous and interested listeners. Twice a week the "François Coppée Lectures" are delivered to more cultivated audiences. This tireless worker has also organized "relief-kitchens," and "relief wardrobes,"

A Great Social Worker

where food and clothing are distributed to the poor. He founded a "home," where, for a moderate price, young girls may live amid comfortable, refined and safe surroundings. For saleswomen, stenographers, telephone operators, he has a similar institution. He organized a library where thousands are provided with sound literature of every kind. In the François Coppée Hall, once the home of the Catholic Theater managed by Mlle. Paul-Ferrier, he installed the "Cinéma-Famille," the "Family Movie," where children's matinées and evening performances for the tired workers present films of every variety, free from objectionable features. Thanks to him the parish has a bureau where competent lawyers amicably settle disputes and litigations, a club crowded by the young men of the quarter, an orphan asylum, a savings bank, and a medical dispensary. For every evil this apostle found a remedy, for every suffering a relief. His life is an eloquent refutation of the repeated accusation that the Catholic Church and its priesthood take no real interest in the social betterment of the poor.

Germany.—German papers are commenting upon the success of the third war loan which exceeds the second English loan, previously described as the greatest in history. The first, of September 19, 1914, amounted to 4,460 million marks; the second, of March 19, 1915, to 9,103 million marks; while the third had already exceeded 12,000 million marks by September 24, and was still growing. In many instances subscriptions to the new loan have already been paid in full and the banks themselves have been surprised at the promptness with which cash payments are made. The feat, writes the *Lokal Anzeiger*, "is one of political and historical significance such as has not been accomplished by any other belligerent nation." The *Tageszeitung* of Berlin remarks:

Third War Loan

> In fourteen months the German nation has placed 26,000,000,000 marks at the disposal of the Government, to be given back again in the form of business profits and increased earnings. The money remains in the country and, moving in an endless circle, will enable Germany to float still other loans, while her enemies are obliged to enrich neutral countries.

The Emperor in a congratulatory telegram refers to the new loan as "equivalent to a splendid victory achieved on the battlefield and without the loss of human life." Comparing German and English war finances Dr. Karl Helfferich, the German Finance Minister, says:

> In long-time loans England up to the present has raised $4,062,000,000 and Germany $6,250,000,000. In this connection you must bear in mind that England's war expenses have been little less than Germany's thus far, and soon will be bigger, since today England pays out for war nearly $25,000,000 daily, and Germany not much more than $15,000,000. That makes the daily per capita cost of war twenty-five cents in Germany and in England fifty-five cents. Germany has put out her three war loans at the same rate of interest, at rising prices, namely 97½, 98½, and 99 for the third loan, whereas England has had to raise the rate of interest from 3½ to 4½, and in all probability will now be compelled to make it 5 per cent for the new war loan, whether floated in England or America.

Each successive German loan has shown a notable increase in the subscribers of 1,000,000 marks, while the number of small subscribers in the last loan is no less remarkable. Thus nearly 45,000 depositors of the Berlin Savings Bank subscribed over 40,000,000 marks. All this, the report says, has been accomplished without pressure or compulsion. "We have simply appealed to the financial strength and patriotism of our fellow-citizens." The financing of the winter campaign well into the spring is said to be assured.

Ireland.—A recent report of the Department of Agriculture has given many of the Irish papers occasion to discuss the problem of migratory agricultural laborers. Some interesting figures are presented as follows: In 1871, there were 509,344 "farm-hands" in the country; in 1911, there were 199,900. In 1900, 32,000 migrated to Great Britain in search of work; in 1913, 15,000 migrated; in 1914, 13,000. In discussing this matter the report says:

Agricultural Laborers; Laborers' Cottages

> The annual migrations of Irish agricultural laborers would suggest to those unfamiliar with the conditions of Ireland that such migrations indicated a permanent glut in the agricultural labor market in Ireland, but such a state of affairs does not exist. On the contrary, there has been for many years a marked scarcity of agricultural laborers in Ireland, and the numbers that joined the army since the outbreak of war have further intensified the difficulties of the farmers.

Though a note of alarm is sounded over the decrease in the total number of those employed on the farm, yet the loss of efficiency seems to cause even greater concern. Apropos of this the Department of Agriculture asserts:

> This shows that there has been a very serious decline in the supply of agricultural labor, but does not indicate a still further loss that has taken place, the loss of efficiency amongst Irish laborers. The best labor has left the country, and farmers complain as much of the lack of efficiency as of the difficulty of getting the laborers.

The *Leader* attributes this condition to insufficient pay, and urges upon farmers the necessity of readjusting the scale of wages. Though the farm-hands may be faring ill, yet laborers in general appear to be in better condition than they were some years back. According to the latest Parliamentary return, the total number of cottages built in Ireland is 45,592, while 1,963 more are under construction. Some £8,907,993 have been sanctioned for this purpose under the Laborers' Acts, and the amount required to be raised by rates annually in repayment of these loans is £315,439. The rents received from tenants of cottages and flats is £315,439; the Exchequer contribution comes to £30,811. The *Irish Weekly Independent*, from which these facts are taken, states that 18,543 cottages were erected in Munster, 16,483 in Leinster, 8,315 in Ulster and 2,251 in Con-

naught. "In the County Cork alone 7,399 cottages" have been erected, considerably more than "three times as many as have been provided in the entire Province of Connaught."

Taxes

The burden of taxes is bearing more heavily than ever on the country, and a cry has gone up that Ireland must be exempted from a further levy, else her industries will be ruined. *New Ireland* states the case in part as follows:

> Ireland, one of the poorest countries in the world, is subjected to taxes designed for the richest country; and all merely proportionate calculations are out of the question. Roughly speaking, the annual income of Great Britain is £2,000,000,000; that of Ireland is roughly £100,000,000, or about a quarter of the present Budget of the United Kingdom. The taxable capacity of a nation is the surplus available after the means of subsistence have been met. The Childers' Commission reckoned £12 per head of the population as a reasonable sum for the bare expenses of subsistence. That figure, with the present cost of living, is hopelessly inadequate. But assuming £12 per head to be a reasonable figure, the cost of subsistence in Ireland would be £50,000,000; in Great Britain it would be £500,000,000. Great Britain has a huge surplus available which could easily support the whole annual Budget; for Ireland even another £1,000,000 in taxes would be a crushing burden. A vital consideration at present is that the moneys which Ireland contributes to the cost of war are not spent in Ireland. Irish trade grows stagnant while money circulates more freely than ever in England.

This warning is very like that given Mr. Redmond, some weeks since by his Lordship of Limerick.

Mexico.—The recognition of Carranza continues to be the chief topic of discussion among Mexicans. Six Mexicans were asked by a correspondent of a New York paper for their views on the subject; three approved of recognition, one on the grounds of justice, another for reasons of trade; the third, for both reasons; three disapproved of it. Their reasons, which are worthy of note, may be summed up as follows: The recognition of Carranza would be against the principles of international law and in disaccord with the standard set by the United States. Huerta was not recognized because he was a dictator, a man who set his will above the Constitution. President Wilson used his power to destroy that dictatorship in favor of Carranza and Villa, whom he called "leaders that prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions." And in all President Wilson's official statements about Mexico he has insisted on the establishment of a constitutional Government. But there is no sign that Carranza prefers the liberty of the people to his own ambitions, no sign of a constitutional Government in Mexico. In fact Carranza has stated that he is governing and will continue to govern for an indefinite period, without the encumbrance of a constitution. In his manifesto of June 10 last he proclaimed that the ideals of the revolution will be realized before *constitutional* order is restored, which of course is another way of saying that once Carranza is in power, he will declare a preconstitutional period, during which he will do as he pleases. Moreover, the so-called Pan-American conference recommends the recognition of a government "with the material and moral capacity necessary to protect the lives and property of natives and foreigners." But no protection can come from Carranza; he is morally incapable of giving it. He is a dictator, he is subject to caprice, his will is his law. "What protection can be expected from a dictator whose will is not restrained by the Constitution?" Protection is a right based on law natural and positive, not a favor subject to caprice which may veer a hundred and one ways. The argument continues: President Wilson has already said (April, 1914): "If we are to accept the tests of the Constitution, it (Mexico) has no government"; "well and good, if we are to accept the tests of the Constitution of Mexico, Carranza's government is no government at all, since it clearly sets aside the Constitution," and hence is not, in the American view, a government at all and cannot, as a consequence, be recognized as such. To this are added other items to the effect that recognition would appear to sanction heinous crimes and would, too, be the cause of more fighting. During the week a long memorandum was presented to the Ambassadors of Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, and to the Ministers of Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala, by Manuel Calero, the last Ambassador of Mexico to the United States, and Flores Magon, late Secretary of the Interior under Madero. It recounted the crimes of the Constitutionalists, denied that the revolution was a popular uprising, and asserted that Washington's policy has been mistaken from the beginning, and pleads for an unimpaired sovereignty in Mexico. The document contains nothing new to those who have followed the course of events during the last four years, but is valuable in that it accentuates once again the fact that Mexico is at the mercy of a horde of ruffians aided from without.

The Recognition of Carranza

Spain.—While a member of the Romanones Cabinet, Señor Ruiz Jiménez did not see his way to allow a teachers' congress, convinced as he was, that the Government and especially the then Minister of Public Instruction were quite equal to the task of supervising and regulating national education and of watching over the interests and the welfare of the teachers themselves. The present Government and its Minister of Public Instruction have thought otherwise, and a congress has just taken place in Madrid. The discussions were of the most practical nature. Several instances came to light where teachers received but forty-one pesetas a month while board and lodging cost sixty. They were thus reduced to the impossibility of earning their living and were obliged to request the mayors to close the schools. The Congress made a strenuous effort to free the teachers from the grip of undue State supervision and to further the federation of their various associations.

Teachers' Congress

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Influence of Father Serra

FATHER FRANCISCO PALOU, in his life of Junipero Serra, gives as the last words spoken by the great missionary of California, these, uttered on the afternoon of St. Augustine's day, August 28, 1784, after Serra had taken a cup of broth and given thanks: "Let us now go to rest." He then went to his little room, and lay down on his bed of bare boards, holding in his arms the Cross which he had carried with him everywhere since the days of his novitiate, and which he invariably held upon his breast when sleeping. Those with him left the room, so that he might sleep; but Palou, being solicitous, for his venerable Father had been most ill, returned in a few moments, finding him asleep indeed, but in the Lord. He had entered into his rest, alone, silently, and, as it were, humbly, inconspicuously; a death in keeping with his life.

He was buried as he desired by the side of his fellow-worker, Father Juan Crespi, in the church at the Mission of San Carlos, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, near Monterey. There followed the great, golden age of the mission period, the reaping of the harvest which he had sown, with what toil and pain. Well might he rest. All the vast region which he had conquered for Christ, from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north, was linked and bound in the chain of prayer of which the beads were the missions, whose mellifluous names today, as Charles Warren Stoddard somewhere says, makes California's railroad timetable read like a litany of the saints. Tens of thousands of Indians were living Christian lives under the protection of the Church. Then the calm wave of peace and prosperity, having reached its climax, broke, and receded, dragged back by a tide from the abyss. The iniquity of secularization swept the missions into ruins. The Indians were deprived of their friends; the poor, foolish yet gentle and lovable sheep lost their shepherds, and upon them the wolves of the white invasion rushed; the wolves of vice, of robbery, of cruel injustice. The natives passed like phantoms, swept into oblivion, and the missions that had been unto them what the cathedrals of Europe had been to the people of the Middle Ages crumbled into ruin.

The roof of Carmel's church fell through and hid the grave of Serra. Owls roosted in the tower where the bell had once called the folk to the sacring of the Mass. The gray sea fogs rotted the crumbling walls, unchecked by care. Serra's work had been swept away, it seemed, and all memory of him appeared to be vanishing from the land which he had won from paganism. Well now might he rest, if rest could be his even in paradise, if the rumor of the fell destruction reached him there; well might he rest, deep hidden from the knowledge of such disaster!

But the holy ones of God date their fullest life from the date of their death. If they rest, it is but to put away all burdening fatigue, all cares, all anxiety. They do not rest from the work of God. For still they pray, still they intercede; and what work is so practical as that of prayer prevailing with the Almighty, cooperating with His Will, permitted to move His power? And so Junipero Serra's spirit, despite the illusion of oblivion cast upon it by the destruction of what he had upbuilt, maintained its chosen work.

Two years ago I was one of several thousand pilgrims who marched across the pine-clad hills near Carmel to Serra's grave, discovered and identified in the ruins of the Mission, and, when the Mission was restored, marked by a slab. At the head of the procession was borne a silver crucifix that Serra himself had used; the priest from Monterey who walked behind the crucifix wore vestments which the great apostle himself had worn a hundred years ago. Most of the pilgrims were members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and the Fathers of that Order accompanied the pilgrimage, wearing their brown, corded robes, as did their predecessors of the days gone by. Absent, and for ever indeed, were the Spanish costumes that in those olden times would have made such a procession a delight to the artistic eye. The pilgrims were mostly city folk, men and women, with dusty derby hats and wilting collars, and tight dresses, and high-heeled shoes. While most of them were Germans, there were also English, and French, and Spanish people in the ranks. But in the one great thing that mostly mattered, that procession was exactly the same as any that ever walked the same trails in the olden days when the Mission bells called the people to the house of the Lord; and in that one thing all were united, all were one people, neither German, nor Spanish, nor American, nor English, but just Christians and Catholics, witnessing to the Faith that was theirs as it was that of the padres and the Spanish pioneers and Indian neophytes long ago.

The occasion of the pilgrimage was the one hundredth anniversary of Junipero Serra's birth. In far away Petra, on the island of Majorca, his birthplace, a representative of the King of Spain was unveiling a monument and dedicating a plaza to his memory. Throughout the great commonwealth of California, the cornerstone of whose civilization he laid down in the wilderness, celebrations of his anniversary were held; some being by those not of the household of the Faith, but who recognize in him the father of their State. The day was proclaimed a legal holiday by the Governor.

And the signs of Serra's influence have continually multiplied. The most successful and worthy drama so far written and produced in the West, the Mission play of San Gabriel, spreads his name and the glory of his work through the effective suggestion of theatrical appeal, reaching thousands who are, alas, beyond the influence of the direct power of the Church at present. Book

after book, of greatly varying value, from Father Engelhardt's monumental history of the Missions down to ephemeral tourist sketches, but all indicative of the vast volume of awakened interest, has appeared. And in this year of the exposition, the signs of Junipero Serra's continued and lasting power and influence have been more numerous and convincing than ever.

It is consoling to remember, now, how completely and triumphantly this renaissance of Serra's spiritual sway in California is a victory of renunciation. Distinguished for scholarship and executive ability at a very early age, Serra seemed marked for the highest positions of authority and leadership in Europe. Doubtless, he was well aware of this. But he dismissed all such ideas at once and for ever, and passed from the intellectual and ecclesiastical arenas into the depths of the American wilderness. And now he exemplifies the mystic paradox of the grain of mustard seed of his Master's parable, that was cast into the earth, and died, so that from it might spring a mighty tree. He humbled himself, and is now exalted. He made himself least, and now he is placed among the greatest. California, today strongly Catholic, and destined with increasing immigration from Catholic countries to become ever stronger in the Faith, goes back to Serra to find its typical hero, its model man in this humble but so puissant Franciscan who put aside all ambitions save one, which one was, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, to win his game in "playing against the devil for the living soul." For in Serra there were displayed those qualities which may be found in the western manhood at its best and highest. In the sort of practical imagination which visions the future, and in the faith which proclaims that the vision can be reached, and in the ability to put plenty of good, hard, persistent work into the effort to achieve the vision: in these Serra was pre-eminent, and so stands as the great exemplar of the man of the West. California honors herself in honoring him.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The Young Man and Industrial Welfare Work*

WITHIN the last ten years a dawning consciousness of the deep gulf fixed between employer and employee by our modern materialistic industrial system, has called into being a new profession, designed to bring back normal human relationship between employer and employee and a consciousness of identity of interests submerged and forgotten in the fierce struggle for existence born of unrestricted commercial competition. The profession is that of industrial welfare-worker, a profession of far reaching social import, calling for much special knowledge, for constructive and executive ability of no mean order, and for the deepest human sympathy. In the modern industrial corporation with its intricate network of problems of management, this profession presents to the young man of feeling, character and industry an alluring opportunity for personal advancement while doing great good to his fellows, not alone materially but morally as well.

In the smaller industrial units this person who is designated by a number of titles, welfare manager, safety director, manager of safety and sanitation department, and by other names suggested by the chief trend of his work, has in his care a multiplicity of activities. His duties may range from devising safety feet for ladders to the adjustment of industrial disputes. He must run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and by the exercise of the most exquisite tact and diplomacy remove all friction between master and men, by emphasizing the essential human quality of both and by preaching the gospel of identity of interests. In the larger corporations the welfare worker has a corps of trained assistants under his direction, mechanical engineers, skilled in the technical problems of safeguarding processes and apparatus, physicians and trained nurses who care for the physical well-being of employees, teachers of special branches who instruct such as desire to continue their education, social workers, directors of playgrounds and experts in every other conceivable altruistic activity popular with modern humanitarianism. In some instances even religious or moral teachers are employed.

The most obvious entering wedge into welfare-work is in the direction of accident prevention by safeguarding plants and machinery and by the education of workers in habits of caution. For the former an acquaintance at first-hand and by practical experience with the technical problems involved is very necessary although not indispensable, since only about one-third of all industrial accidents can be diminished by material means. Of more importance is the education of the worker in caution and care, a factor which is applicable to all industries, does not require expert technical knowledge, and serves to reduce materially the remaining two-thirds of the preventable accidents caused by the lack of these qualities in the employee. This calls for much ingenuity, for a working knowledge of the underlying psychology of suggestion, for a sympathetic insight into the peculiarities of the average man and into the workings of his mind, and for great persistence under the most discouraging circumstances. The results of this portion of safety-labor are seen with the eye of faith, since it is impossible to demonstrate that a given possibility for accident and injury has been nullified by the safety-propaganda.

Imperceptibly, this form of industrial welfare work leads to and merges into the others. To care for accident cases, a suitable first aid and medical service must be maintained, including adequate appliances and a proper place for the treatment of injuries. In the small factory, the welfare man will find this feature devolving upon him alone, except for cases requiring medical attention; beyond that, a trained nurse may be employed in the larger units; and where the number of employees warrants it, a

*The thirty-ninth of a series of vocational articles.

visiting or resident physician is frequently on the staff. From the prevention of industrial accidents to the elimination of industrial or occupational diseases is a short step, since many accidents are directly traceable to lowered or impaired physical condition directly due in many instances to unsanitary surroundings. Obviously, to overcome this risk all improper and disease breeding conditions must be done away with. Again, in the smaller plants, if ventilation and sanitation are within range of his practical knowledge, the welfare worker must see to this himself; otherwise, through qualified professional assistance. Large corporations maintain skilled sanitary engineers to solve the problems of light, ventilation, humidity and waste, under the general direction of the manager of the department.

Many employers do not go beyond this form of improvement of working conditions, and the welfare man becomes thus strictly a supervisor of safety and sanitation. Others, in some instances broader-minded and in others more calculating, advance to other forms of care of the employee of a more humanitarian character, or in the cant of the day, of a more social nature. The maintenance of a regular physician makes possible the physical examination of employees with a view to placing men at work suited to their strength and health and to preventing the employment of men who might be affected injuriously by the nature or condition of the work. In many instances this activity goes beyond a mere examination for gross physical deficiencies and is expanded into a regular medical service for the supervision and maintenance of the employee's health. In these cases, a visiting nurse is employed to look into the housing conditions, food, and home environment of the worker, a form of paternalism much resented by many self-respecting workingmen, owing to the very personal nature of the investigations conducted, the many restrictions on personal tastes and habits arising therefrom, and particularly from the way it is done. This aspect of the work also embraces continuation schools under proper auspices and classes for teaching English to foreign employees, playgrounds for children and recreation centers for adults, and other means of affording sane and harmless pleasures. The mitigation of the problem of alcohol in industry is also a part of the medical service and of the social activities. Studies in nutrition with a view to instructing the laborer in a form of diet proper for his condition are also undertaken, especially for the purpose of establishing lunch-rooms where workmen may eat in clean and sanitary surroundings, either a lunch brought from home or carefully adjusted food served at cost.

Beyond all this material work is the function of the welfare man in industry as the point of contact and of approach between the employer and employee, making it a position of the utmost trust and great responsibility. It lies in his power to bring about strained industrial relations by injudicious insistence on any perfectly good thing. On the other hand, the tactful handling of any cause of friction makes him invaluable in the promotion of harmony.

This necessarily brief review of the work of the industrial welfare worker will serve to give an insight into its tremendous possibilities and its allurement as a life-work for young men eager to do good to their fellows, but who must nevertheless earn a living. The reward is according to the work. Salaries may range from $1,200 a year up. In the great industrial units of the nation, where the number of employees runs into the tens of thousands, they may go as high as $5,000 and over. The influence of the welfare worker and his power to control men and bend them to his ideas is so well-recognized, that the Y. M. C. A. is devoting a not inconsiderable part of its energies to doing certain educational work for many industries, gratuitously, beyond the actual cost of the material facilities required. The young man who is inclined in this direction should enter into the work if he is by nature qualified for it. He can fit into some one of its many places, and if called upon for things beyond his experience or skill, he can rely on the outside expert for the assistance necessary to care for purely technical details. This is clean, honest, beneficent work, and an alluring future is before him who engages in it, attended with adequate remuneration according to his gifts.

J. R. de la Torre Bueno.

Our Homes

TO have a home, to maintain it and above all to occupy it would seem to be a declining ideal. So rare a novelty is the well-ordered, attractive and settled home that it is over-run to the verge of extinction by roadsters who themselves evade the cares and responsibilities of so costly a treasure. Nearly everybody is on the road; yet there must be road-houses and inns of convenience. That these shall be as inexpensive and comfortable as possible, the roadster appropriates the possessions and services of his acquaintances and neighbors. The open piano, with its demand for intellectual attainments, the table eloquent with books and journals that call for thought and reflection are being rapidly relegated to the past. The victrola provides brains and amusement by mechanism, while what was once the library is commonly converted into a "den," a smoke or lounge room, or a tea-house. The siphon, the cigarette tray, the fudge box and antidote of "mints" have practically eliminated conversation and repose.

The automobile has become the substitute for home, church and school. Ring or knock at the average door on a Sunday, and your answer will not be human, but by inference or notice-card, "Gone to Manhattan," or "Atlantic City"; "Off for the day"; "Touring to West Point," or "The Barbary Coast." In rural districts the explanation for this absence is often "Asleep in the back kitchen," if not, "Gone to see Joe Beers, in the auto-*mo*-beel." Visiting is far more popular than hospitality.

A young wife remarked to me once: "George and I haven't been at home one Sunday this summer. We get off good and early before any one comes." The penalty for not getting off in time is to feed and amuse the early birds who do.

Our modest and economically conducted but highly-prized home was invaded last Sunday by two men precisely at the family dinner hour. One of these men we had never seen, the other but casually. The latter, a Catholic, had married a Protestant divorcée, and, of course, severed his connection with the Church. Polite inquiry elicited the information that his wife and daughter were out of the city for the summer.

"The boy?"

"On a motor-trip to San Francisco."

"And you?"

"On the road, as you see."

It is the appalling, everyday story, and the remedy is hard to find.

What incentive remains to the industrious, frugal, peace-loving home-maker, if his sacred rights to privacy and industry are at the mercy of the roadster? His legitimate and useful work is at a standstill; for he cannot admit the work-hater to his laboratory, nor does the idler permit him to work. The hard and sometimes bitter economics of the housekeeper are swallowed at a gulp by those whom Dr. Bull of the University of Pennsylvania has coolly named social parasites who eat up your table "like pigs from a trough." To abandon our homes, and join the roadsters is unthinkable; yet to preserve their dignity and usefulness would appear to demand nothing short of the yellow flag or a trespass sign. Sincere and simple hospitality to a friend or to the poor is a joy. To feed the rich, and the idle stranger, that he may be richer and spared fatigue is surely an abuse of power and service.

The frenzy to go somewhere, and do something which in this sense means abiding nowhere and doing nothing, obsesses the nation. Europe is being cured of the disease by the wrath of God, and unless our country is to invite the same scourge she must alter her home ways. Convert a nation into one cooperative caravansary, as Socialists would recommend, and you have merely a Noah's Ark, afloat on a sea without shores. The individual family home, with unity of family purpose is the foundation for government and the main reason for government.

It would be safe to say that few, if any, fighters in the trenches yearn for the *cabaret* or the roof garden. If ever the word *home* had a unique significance to them it is now. "When I was at home," writes one of them, "I had three bath rooms and sixteen bed rooms. Now, I'm glad to sling a towel over my shoulder, and wash myself in a pan."

Perhaps the most pernicious member of society is the bachelor clubman or the maiden apartment-dweller. These persons have usually a regular itinerary for their seasons of economizing and recreation. Every home upon which they have any claim, real or fictitious, is carefully chalked off in turn, and must pay tribute. They arrive giftless, and depart full. They appropriate thousands of dollars from your purse by which you could improve your appearance or your property. After having cleaned up your larder, and worse still, stolen every minute of your time, they depart for pastures new, rather scornful of your efforts to pacify them and with much definite advice as to how you can make your home more agreeable when they favor you again. Your linen and towels are cast lavishly into your laundry bag, not theirs, and anything so vulgar as pajamas or lingerie they disdain to bring along. Your own will do, for the occasion.

Having perused many pages of women's columns in newspapers and magazines on "How to Make Your Guests Happy," we are seriously thinking of contributing a novelty by way of change. It will be entitled, "How to Turn Your Guest-Chamber Into a Hair Shirt." But just as we have turned up our typewriter to produce this masterpiece, like a bolt from the blue another sentence pierces our consciousness: "I was a stranger, and you took me not in." A Stranger! Now a wayfaring man may be, and usually is, a stranger. The roadster rarely is; for by some calamity or other we have been made at least casually acquainted with him.

The angel-unaware, the person of Jesus Christ disguised as "a Stranger," these by no hazard may we turn from our door, from our wide-open hearts. How may we distinguish the roadster from the Angel-Unaware? Usually, it would seem by the use he makes of our home. We have briefly described the way of the roadster.

The visiting angel may, perhaps, be detected, unless sent as an instrument of penance, by the harmony which he diffuses, as the sunlight streams through a window. He eases our burdens by sharing them. He knits up the raveled sleeve of care by his cheerful cooperation with our tasks. He beguiles us with his music, his skill, his conversation, or his tact. He absents himself from our business hours, and appears happily when we are at leisure. He leaves us grateful and refreshed; not dead as on the field of battle with our pockets turned inside out.

But perhaps the worst phase of the abuse cited is the complete barring out of any angel. There is no room at the inn for the true friend and congenial intimate, because as the woman said, the roadster gets in ahead. Our angel longs, yet fears to seek parley with us. The roadster has held us up so successfully that our resources are over-taxed by him. Childless, and with furniture in storage, he brings his wife to enjoy the fruits of our home-making, for a week, and returns our hospitality, it may be, when we call once perfunctorily, with two pieces of fudge.

House-parties are destructive of the home atmosphere, because domestic tenderness, parental authority and filial obedience cannot flourish in an uproar. The spirit

of prayer and worship is scorched by them, as a hot sun dries the dew on a flower.

We ourselves have ceased to visit altogether, because visiting has become so common that with the Frenchman who refused to be vulgar, we exclaim: *Allons! Soyons distingués!* Our home is our castle, our beach, our mountain, our "friend's house" in one. The Prisoner of the Vatican sometimes seems at liberty in comparison.

E. S. Chester.

The Catholic Press in England

IT has long been considered a reproach in England that the Catholics of the country, who are quite numerous, have failed to produce and support newspapers of their own to an extent commensurate with their opportunities. The present Catholic population, as nearly as it can be estimated by the official "Catholic Directory," is approaching two million souls; yet there is no Catholic daily paper in England, and only four or five weekly organs, none of which, to be quite frank, can lay claim to possess any very great influence within the Catholic body, and certainly they have little or none outside it. This state of things has been attributed to various causes, one or two of which must be noted. I will skate as gracefully and carefully as I can over the thin ice of political considerations; but it is impossible to overlook, as one of the factors conditioning the fortunes of the Catholic press in England, the racial and political separations among our people, now, happily, lessening, and let us hope in process of disappearance. But differences of another kind have also played no inconsiderable part. It is only now that we are beginning to realize in England a Catholic "middle class"; for very many years our population was composed in the main of industrial workers, for the most part Irish, and a small native element among the aristocracy and educated classes. Any Catholic paper which, greatly daring, tried to cater for both categories, soon found itself acceptable to neither: the country gentleman was intolerant of parochial chit-chat, and the Irish workman was not interested in Anglican Orders. Therefore the wise editors accepted the position, chose their camp and burned their boats; while the unwise ones struggled along for a time and then went under. With the advent of a Catholic middle class, partly from conversions and partly from prosperity, this difficulty has largely passed away, and today it is easier, and in every way better, for a Catholic newspaper in England to be conducted along lines of a wide appeal.

Some critics have urged that our failure to realize an adequate Catholic press is to be attributed to want of enterprise. I am disposed, on the contrary, to put it down, in part, to excessive enterprise, to a more or less constant sort of nervous energy about "starting an ideal Catholic newspaper," which has led zeal to outrun discretion over and over again, and has strewn the pathway of Catholic journalism in England with the wrecks of many ill-timed ventures. If we survey the field, let us say from the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards, going back to a time when the Catholic population in England was far smaller and less influential than it is now, we shall find that a quite respectable number of Catholic papers have been launched on the tide, and most of them drowned in it, the few survivors illustrating, we may suppose, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; for it is the fact that, of the Catholic weeklies alive today, one, the *Tablet,* goes back to 1840, while the *Universe,* our first Catholic penny paper, dates from 1860; the *Catholic Times* is only a few years younger; and the *Catholic Herald* is also a case of long-sustained vitality.

Although I am concerned, in this short paper, with the present position rather than the past, we may glance at one or two of the worthies, and efforts, of a by-gone day, for it is only too easy to forget what is due to pioneers whose labor was borne amidst the early heats and burdens. One man stands out in particular: William Eusebius Andrews, who established an *Orthodox Journal,* the orthodoxy of which Bishop Milner's opponents did not always approve, more than a hundred years ago. and followed it on with various other papers: the *Catholic Vindicator,* the *Catholic Miscellany,* the *People's Advocate,* and others, most of which were very short-lived; he also produced a *Truth-teller,* which also was the inspiration in April, 1825, of a New York venture with a similar title. Andrews died in 1837, and three years later another layman, Frederick Lucas, founded the *Tablet.* It is interesting, by the way, to note that all the Catholic weekly newspapers in England are at present edited by the laity, a fact which I trust the Protestant camp will appreciate. A further lay venture, which continued for many years, was that of a zealous Catholic at York, Thomas Bradley, who in 1850 started the *Lamp,* "a weekly Catholic journal of literature, science, the fine arts, etc., devoted to the religious, moral, physical, and domestic improvement of the industrious classes," a wide and commendable program. This paper is now dead, and its title has been merged in another Catholic periodical; but the American Catholics possess a *Lamp* of their own, at Graymoor, which has shone along the pathway that led its owners to the Faith.

It would occupy more space than I have at my command to indicate all the efforts that have been made in England to extend the Catholic press. Among many buried or diverted undertakings, some of the burials following a fairly long span of useful life, are the *Weekly Register,* the *Catholic Standard,* the *Catholic Household,* the *Rambler* (afterwards called the *Home and Foreign Review*), the *Catholic Magazine,* the *Catholic Frecthinker* (what a name!), *Catholic Progress,* the *Catholic Spectator,* the *Catholic Gentleman's Magazine,* the *Marygold, St. Peter's,* the *Crucible,* and a popular and long-continued monthly, *St. Andrew's Magazine.* Several papers live

only by incorporation with other papers, or in connection with other publications; among these may be mentioned *Catholic Opinion,* the *Catholic Weekly,* the *Monitor,* and the *New Era.* These are only some of the enterprises which research would extend into a longer list, but they are sufficient to show that, if the faults and failures have been many, there has at any rate been no lack of journalistic initiative among Catholics in England.

To summarize the position in regard to the existing Catholic press, I may say at once that while only a few publications attain to a very high literary quality, the average standard is a good one and the number of our various periodicals is on the whole large, some may think perhaps too large. We have only a few weekly papers, but the monthlies and quarterlies swell the total considerably. The Catholic quarterly publications are the *Dublin Review* (1836) well-known in America; the *Catholic Review; Pax,* the organ of the Benedictines at Caldey; and several magazines published by Catholic colleges. Monthly or bi-monthly organs include the *Month* (1864), conducted by the Jesuits; *Catholic Book Notes,* the magazine of the Catholic Truth Society, and in one sense the leading Catholic literary publication in England; *Catholic Missions,* the *Catholic Federationist,* the *Second Spring,* the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Stella Maris,* the *Child of Mary,* the *Poor Souls' Friend,* the *Catholic Children's Realm, Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* Some of the religious Orders have their own magazines: thus there are the *Franciscan Annals* and the *Franciscan Monthly;* the *Rosary* (Dominican); the *Cross* (Passionist), and others. Also there are magazines circulating mainly in particular dioceses; among these are the *Harvest* (Salford); the *Shield* (Southwark), and *St. Francis's Magazine* (Northampton), also magazines, *Faith of Our Fathers, Homeless,* etc., issued in support of certain Catholic charities; and a good number of parochial monthlies.

The existing weekly newspapers, constituting in a more direct way what we really mean by the term "Catholic press," are the following: First of all, in the matter of age and price, the *Tablet* (fivepence); and then four penny papers, viz., the *Universe,* the *Catholic Times,* the *Catholic Herald,* and the *Catholic News:* I have named them in the order of their first publication. The *Herald* and the *News* have now many of their features in common, and may be regarded, like the *Monitor,* as variants of the same paper, which circulates also in a number of localized editions. These papers are popular in character and seem to be the favorites with our people in a number of industrial districts. For all-round popularity, however, the *Catholic Times* probably leads the way; it is edited at Liverpool, has editions also for Manchester and London, and enjoys a general circulation throughout the country. The *Universe* sells more largely in London and the south than in the north of England; in its present form it is a bright and attractive paper, specializing in articles on current questions. There are two weekly magazines, the *Catholic Fireside,* and the *Catholic Home Journal,* the latter incorporates the old *Lamp,* already referred to.

The future of the Catholic press in England is a matter about which it is easy to speculate but dangerous to prophesy. One thing is sincerely to be hoped: that before there is talk of any new paper, either daily or weekly, the existing ones will be supported and strengthened. It takes time, and the sinking of much capital to make a new venture properly known; whereas the existing Catholic papers have all weathered the storm of time and are now well-established and doing good work according to their means. A Catholic daily paper, in the present state of affairs, may at once be ruled out of the possibilities; few of us in England are optimists enough to believe in the success of any such undertaking. As to the weekly press, Catholic editors may find it to their interest to put a less narrow interpretation upon their functions as such, and bring their papers more into line with the Catholic press of Continental countries, which defends the Church's rights, and reflects her teachings, in relation to the wider affairs of life, at the same time ignoring nothing that is important in purely secular matters of public interest. There are signs that a development of this kind is coming about; our Catholic papers are less exclusively organs of religious controversy and pious chroniclings than was the case some years ago. This, to my mind, is the most hopeful augury in connection with the Catholic press in England, that it will move along in conformity with the larger place which the Church now fills in national affairs and public sympathy, no longer being content with an attitude as insular and detached as our own position in the country was, even after Catholic Emancipation. Already some of the great secular newspapers, the London *Daily Telegraph* is a case in point, devote growing attention to Catholic pronouncements and report big Catholic events and celebrations. If, along parallel lines in the other direction, our own Catholic papers will enter into the affairs of English every-day life, and apply the Church's principles to national problems both social and religious, we shall have the making of a really useful and influential press, which will do for religion in England what the more notable Catholic papers have achieved in its interest elsewhere.

G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER.

War Wisdom of the Thirteenth Century

SOME wise man of the present generation has said: "No one can be entirely modern who does not spend most of his leisure in reading books at least five hundred years old." For this reason let me give my readers a literal translation of an article of St. Thomas Aquinas: It is entitled, "Whether a Religious Order Can be Founded for Warfaring?"

The great thinker always begins by giving the arguments of his adversaries with great clearness.

First objection: It seems that no religious Order could be organized for warfaring. A religious Order belongs to the state of perfection. Now to that state of perfect Christian life pertains what Our Lord says: "But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on the right cheek turn to him also the other." Hence no religious Order can be founded for warfaring.

Second objection: Moreover, the bodily strife of battle is a weightier thing than the word-warfare that takes place in law pleadings. But it is forbidden a religious to plead at the bar; as is clear from the Decretal, "De Postulando." Therefore much less may any religious Order be founded for warfaring.

Third objection: The state of religion is a state of penance. But, according to law, penitents are forbidden to be soldiers; for it is said in the Decretal "De Pœnit.": "It is clean contrary to ecclesiastical law that any one after penance should go back to the secular army." Therefore no religious Order can be founded for warfaring.

Fourth objection: No religious Order can be organized for anything unjust. But, as Isadore says: "A just war is one that is undertaken by imperial command." Now since religious are but private persons, it seems that they could not lawfully wage war; and hence a religious Order could not be organized for warfaring.

St. Thomas now gives his own opinion.

But, on the contrary St. Augustine says to Boniface: "Think not that no one who bears weapons of war can please God. Of these was the holy David, to whom the Lord bore high witness." Now religious Orders are organized that men may be well-pleasing to God. Therefore nothing forbids a religious Order from being founded for warfaring.

In reply, I say that a religious Order can be organized not only for the works of the contemplative life, but also for the works of the active life; not, indeed, inasmuch as these avail to obtain more worldly good, but inasmuch as they concern help for our neighbor and the worship of God. Now the military profession can be directed to the help of our neighbor not only as regards private individuals, but even as regards the defense of the whole kingdom. Hence of Judas Maccabeus is it said that "He fought with cheerfulness the battle of Israel, and he got his people great honor."

Again it can be organized to preserve the true service of God; hence it is added in the same place that Judas said: "We will fight for our lives and our laws." And later on Simon says: "You know what great battles I and my brethren and the house of my father have fought for the laws and the sanctuary."

Hence a religious Order may fittingly be founded for warfaring, not, indeed, for any temporal good, but for the defense of Divine worship and of the public safety; of the poor and down-trodden, according to Psalm lxxxi: "Rescue the poor and deliver the needy out of the hand of the sinner."

Reply to the first objection: A man may forbear to resist evil in two ways: First, by forgiving an injury done to himself; and this can belong to perfection when it may prudently be done for the good of others. Secondly, by patiently bearing injuries done to others; and this belongs to imperfection, or even to sin, if a man can rightly resist the wrongdoer. Hence Ambrose says: "The fortitude that in war defends the fatherland from the foe or in the home defends the sick and friends from robbers, is full of justice." Moreover, if a man has the duty of what belongs to another and does not safeguard it, he sins, for it is praiseworthy in a man to bestow what belongs to himself, not what belongs to another. And much less what belongs to God must not be neglected; for Chrysostom says that "To pass over injuries done to God is great wickedness."

Reply to second objection: To undertake the function of advocate for any temporal gain is repugnant to every religious Order; but not so if it is undertaken by command of the superior for the good of the monastery; or for defense of the poor and widows. Hence it is said in the Decretals: "The Holy Synod decrees that henceforth no cleric shall deal in business or mix himself in worldly affairs, except for the good of orphans and widows." So likewise warfare for any temporal gain is contrary to every religious Order; but not to warfare for God's service.

Reply to third objection: Worldly warfaring is forbidden to penitents. But warfaring for a Divine purpose is given as a penance; as appears from those who are given the penance to fight for the Holy Land.

Reply to fourth objection: No religious Order is so organized for warfaring that they can wage war by their own authority; but only by the authority of the Sovereign or Church.

* * * * *

In this tense, precise, passionless statement the second cousin of the Emperor Frederic has succeeded in embodying nearly every principle the mind of man needs to deal wisely with the ultimate appeal of war.

Thomas Aquinas had lived almost all his life within sight and sound of battle-fields. He had probably been driven from Monte Cassino by the hand of war. His home had been sacked, his brothers killed by the Emperor. Personally he was one of those heroes who would have laid down their lives for a great cause.

Yet he clearly distinguished between a man's right to give away what is his own from his right or power to give away what is another's. This simple distinction, were it known and accepted today, would bring accurate thinking into the counsels of many men who are saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

It is significant and characteristic that a course of action which would normally be hostile to the atmosphere of the cloister, may lawfully be undertaken in defense of the orphans, widows, the poor, the down-trodden. The unfit alone are worthy of a crusade! Principles

like these remind us how far we have drifted from the thirteenth century.

The optimism of the saint is so absolute that war, which many men look upon as an incurable evil, may sometimes be so righteous, just and necessary that man can dedicate to it that fine flower of Christian mysticism, a religious Order. It is all most wise. But it is a wisdom like unto her who is "fair as the moon and terrible as an army in battle array."

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Edmund Burke

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA of September 4 is an appreciative contribution, signed John C. Reville, S.J., of the distinguished Irishman, statesman and orator, Edmund Burke. In the course of his remarks the writer expresses regret that, with his many high traits of character, Burke, though the advocate of Catholic rights, was not a Catholic, and says:

> By a destiny which we cannot too much deplore, Burke, the son of a Catholic mother, and married probably to a Catholic, knew relatively little of the Catholic Church. Generally at least, for sometimes his Protestantism is but too apparent, he is above the prejudices and bigotry of his contemporaries. On the whole he seems to have been indifferent to her history and her claims. The pity of it, etc.

In the foregoing the writer makes apparent his doubt as to whether Burke's wife was a Catholic. She was a Catholic, being a Catholic when she married Edmund Burke, but in conformity with the wish of her husband, became a Protestant. In the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of close on twenty years ago, a short but eulogistic biography of Edmund Burke appeared. After describing the greatness of the man in his varied gifts, the writer placed on record the following: "And the affection which reigned between him and his wife, did not complete a true bond in marriage, because of their difference in religion. In deference to this, she became a Protestant."

Oakland, Cal. THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

The Catholic Press

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is more than one America that is "the home of the brave and the land of the free," and this thought comes to a reader of your paper, after he has read a few of the contributions on live subjects, like the "Y. M. C. A.," the "Defects of the Catholic Press," and similar topics. The editor furnishes the freedom and the correspondents show the bravery. However pressing the reason, it is to be regretted that the brave disputants, and the courageous critics, seemingly prefer to hide behind initials. I wonder is it modesty that urges such conduct, and the wonder is also mine, as to whether the quality of courage would not be greater, were the writers to show their readers that they were not lacking in the courage of their convictions. Anent the controversy now in progress relative to the merits and defects of the Catholic press, I venture respectfully to submit the following points to those who may be urged, by some desire, to offer papers on the subject. There is a difference between a Catholic paper and one published under Catholic auspices. What do Catholics expect to find in their papers? Do they get what they pay for? The difference between the religious and secular aims should be kept in mind, as well as the difficulty of combining them.

It is necessary also to remember that an official diocesan paper is by its nature and purpose distinct and different from other Catholic weeklies. One must not look for too great literary excellence in a publication of this kind, nor must he be too hard on the editorial chair. Light reading is not thought proper for the pages of a diocesan paper, and what is found therein is most always a matter of faith, and not of dispute. The motives which prompt subscribers to Catholic publications should be considered. Some subscribe through a sense of duty, others because of a charitable impulse. A sense of duty being ever behind the subscriptions that pour into the offices of our religious press, it is idle to use time and space in attacks on this kind of publication. It may be that there exists no field for the layman in this direction, so let the critics and the apologists select for the subjects of their papers, those publications which are supposed to appeal to readers on their merits. Finally allow me to suggest that the gentlemen who offer papers should remember the rules of the game, and apart from a certain charity of thought and expression, let the candor be of the kind that shines, but does not cut.

Dorchester, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article in AMERICA for September 11, on "A Century of Catholic Weeklies" does scant justice to the *Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer*. Perhaps as a Catholic organ it may be "regarded as negligible," as Mr. Meehan says, but as the first newspaper in Michigan, it deserves considerable attention. The Rev. Paul Foik, Librarian of the University of Notre Dame has published a very interesting pamphlet on the *Michigan Essay*. A careful perusal of the pamphlet in question, which may be obtained from the University of Notre Dame, shows what an interesting publication Rev. Father Gabriel Richard of Detroit brought out. According to good authorities, the press on which the paper was printed had the honor of being the first one to be set up throughout the North West. I believe in rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto pioneers of American journalism, the things that are theirs.

JAMES MELVIN LEE,
Director Department of Journalism.
New York University.

"Tom" Watson's Paper

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Apropos of Father Wood's recent article on "The Crime at Marietta," it should be said that there were several contributory causes to the recent highly inflamed condition of public opinion in Georgia. One was what the people of this State resented an officious and unjustifiable interference from the outside in an affair which they regarded as exclusively their own. But there was another cause here in our very midst more powerfully conducing to this effect than any other. I mean "Tom" Watson. Possessed of unusual mental ability, a vigorous, trenchant pen, and an utterly unscrupulous disregard for truth in the bitter savagery of his attacks, he is working untold harm among a large proportion of our people. What do you think of such choice morsels as these? "When mobs are no longer possible, then liberty is dead. . . ." "Bring back the recreant governor through whom you put upon us this everlasting disgrace, and we will show you how self-respecting Southern men treat an official who trampled our laws, our courts and our people into the mire."

But it is not of this that I would like to speak in this letter so much as of the character and conduct of the man who is exercising such destructive influence among the citizens of Georgia. The facts here set down have recently been brought to

light by the editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*. This fearless, outspoken gentleman, a true type of the much-vaunted Southern chivalry, challenges Watson to deny these charges brought against him. A week before the commutation of Frank's sentence and while the arguments for and against such a step were still under consideration, Governor Slaton was approached by an acquaintance acting in the name of "Tom" Watson, and assured that if he would refuse to commute the sentence Watson would be his friend for life. For fear this bribe should prove ineffective another was added in the shape of a promise that Mr. Slaton would be the next Senator from Georgia and that he would have control of the State politics for the next twenty years. As to the wisdom of the governor's conduct in commuting the sentence and the motive which impelled him to such a step there is no small discrepancy of opinion. But regarding the vile means employed by Watson to interfere with the execution of the laws of the State, no such discrepancy can exist.

There is one thing inexplicable in connection with the ravenously blood-lusting publication of Watson and that is how it is allowed to circulate in any civilized community. It is hawked in the streets of our cities and not a step is taken by those responsible for the execution of our laws to stop this practice.

Augusta, Ga. M. J. WALSH.

"Ignoring the Pope"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I repeat to you some comments of an Anglican with regard to the recent "Manifesto" of the Catholic Committee of French Propaganda? My friend is very much pleased with this declaration, of what he calls independence, on the part of the French bishops, and he says that non-Catholics the world over must feel encouraged, because, (as he describes it), this is a "manifesto" of nationalism, and of a distinct, although unuttered, freedom from Rome. My Anglican friend is an ardent supporter of the Allies, and deplores the Pope's neutrality. He sees no reason why Benedict XV should not be a political partisan of France against Germany. He recalls that a great political whipper-in in Parliament speaking of his party said: "Of course I *follow* them, am not I their leader?" My friend says that the French Catholics, more than any others, are "the Pope's party." I reminded him that less than ten years ago, after the rupture of the Concordat all of the lay Catholics of France and the whole body of the clergy rallied as one man to the supreme command of Pope Pius X and made a firm stand against organizing any kind of *associations cultuelles*, which meant temporizing with the Radical Government. They cheerfully submitted to be robbed and plundered, preferring poverty and Catholic independence, rather than slavery to their persecutors and tyrants.

My friend laughed. "Look at the picture today," he said. "These same Catholics are patriots and nationalists rather than 'Romanists.' The old Gallican spirit is revived. They have the Faith all right but they have ceased to be 'Ultramontane.'" My Anglican friend laughed: "They would no more rally as one man *now*," he said, "to the Pope's efforts for a 'holy peace,' than the Moslems are doing to the old Sultan's 'holy war' edict. I fail to see the mention even of the name of the Pope. I fail to see the word 'Rome' anywhere in the Manifesto; I see on the other hand how 'the Church of France' has been fighting the enemy and has offered to Poincaré, the Chief of the State, it does not, mind you, say *Patrie*, the loyal devotion of all the Church's children. They have forgotten, as was fitting, any grievances they might have had against a régime from which the Church has suffered."

My friend laughed again, as he glanced at the manifesto. "Listen to the last sentence," he said. "'The voice of the French bishops has some claim and no doubt some chance of being heard in the Christian world. May it be listened to and appreciated at its true value.' Don't you see that they are not appealing to Catholics only, and no mention is made of the voice of the Pope? In fact, they have succeeded in ignoring the Pope! After all, that is only a sin of omission." I bowed my head. "It looks," I said, "as if the Manifesto has been revised by the French Government, and sent forth as a political document." My Anglican friend chuckled: "Certainly it has," he answered, "and by Poincaré, the Chief of the State himself—that is my point."

I changed the subject and taking up a European newspaper which had just arrived, I said to my Anglican friend: "Did you happen to see that Holland has decided to send a special 'temporary representative' to the Vatican and has already despatched him?" "No," he answered indifferently, "I can't imagine any reason for it, any more than there was for England doing the same thing last year. It is of no earthly use." "Listen," said I, "to what the Minister of the Interior in Holland has to say about it":

> The establishment of this mission is based solely upon the recognition of the Papacy as an important international power. This is the simple truth! If there be anyone who deplores this fact, it does not in any way alter the reality of it. The Pope unquestionably possesses this power. °One has only to consider especially the present situation to be convinced that few neutral centers have greater prominence today than the political centers of the Vatican. And as our Government is aware that the Pope is disposed to employ his great power in the cause of peace, it is scarcely to be wondered at that we should seek to place ourselves in contact with the Papacy, and by the only feasible method: the sending of a diplomatic representative. Such a mission is the only means of communication, in view of the international position of the Pope and his importance as a power.

My Anglican friend seemed surprised, and had nothing more to say. "You understand now," I said, "Why England sent a diplomatic mission to the Vatican. No people on earth today, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew or infidel, can *ignore the Pope!*"

Saranac Lake, N. Y. M. L. S.

A Purgatorial Hymn

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In this time of world war, when daily so many souls ascend before Almighty God, it occurred to me that nowhere have I heard of a hymn specially dedicated to supplicating God's mercy upon the souls in Purgatory. What glory to God, what comfort to these suffering ones, could come from such a vocal prayer, rising from the lips of an entire congregation! It would be a song of praise, extolling God's justice, mercy and triumphant glory, for these souls, released through prayer, swell the paean of praise around His throne. What a special honor it would be if America, this land of peace, should be the first to offer such a hymn. Cannot some of our seminarians, or Catholic poets, write one, and set it to music? Perhaps the "prayer" from Newman's beautiful "Dream of Gerontius" could be used. It runs thus:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Chicago. READER.

AMERICA

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The Wonder Grows

THE nations of the world are at attention; big and little, good and bad, they have their flags unfurled and their cannons primed to welcome Mexico's new President, Victoriano Carranza, "First Chief" of the mountain fastness or hermit of the lonely lighthouse, according to the exigency of the hour. And Victoriano is grinning in delight or perhaps in contempt. Why not? A week since he was a thief, a murderer, a ravisher of women by proxy, a blasphemer, a desecrator of churches, a defiant hidalgo, who threw his gauntlet into the ring of every nation, said naughty things out loud and still naughtier things under his breath, and rode triumphant to infamy over the laws of God and the bodies of victims. And now? The trick has been passed, the word has gone round: he is Mexico's hope, her pride; Mexico's sun rises at his feet and sets on his head. Never was conversion quicker: it happened in the twinkle of an eye. Victoriano was not even unseated, he simply showed himself to the Priest, and behold! the change came. And the Priest, who was he, at what altar does he serve? Mammon's, standing high in lower New York? Or does he burn incense in the name of political intrigue or religious animosity? What does that matter? It is all the same for poor unfortunate Mexico, which has shed its best blood for four long dreary years and has listened many a time to the fair promise that no man would sit in the chair of State who would not grant civil and religious freedom. And now the fruit of all the spilled blood and honeyed words bids fair to be Victoriano Carranza, a modern Nero, enemy of God and man, a very scourge generated and supported by a power of ill, to revile Heaven and morality and to spread desolation over a fair land that no longer knows human hope, but must trust in God alone, for that the powers of darkness within and without its borders are working unto its destruction. Victoriano Carranza to be recognized as legitimate ruler of Mexico! A year since, six months since, a month since the idea was thought preposterous. Then Mexico was to be a real democracy, a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Carranza represents two per cent of the people: of this two per cent, 20,000 are "jail birds," a vast many of the others are semi-savage Indians. Of the rest of the nation the First Chief thinks so much that he exported food, while they were starving; destroyed the car system of the capital, thus rendering 3,000 families penniless, closed the schools of the Federal district and threw children and teachers into the street, dynamited foundries and smelteries and, greatest of achievements, glorified the lust of men and cast Mexican women into the very mire by decreeing with one stroke of his infamous pen a divorce law which all quadrupeds, except dogs, would reject as unworthy of their animal instincts. Such the "great democrat"; his will, his law, and a mighty vicious will it is; plague on the people, they count for nothing. Victoriano, self-appointed chief, is everything, so it always is in a democracy. By all means recognize the First Chief for the aforesaid reasons and for this one, too, that far off in the northwest there is a silent man, a mighty hunter of elusive bulls, papal and otherwise, who is worrying because "if Carranza is not recognized, poor Mexico will fall back into the clutches of the Catholic Church."

Anthony Comstock

HE had the heart of a child and the fearless soul of a knight. The world in which he lived was not worthy of him, and therefore the world reviled him. Those beasts of unspeakable depravity who prey on innocent children and hold out to our young men the lure of Astarte, fought him with bribes and bludgeons and poisons. They scarred his body, but it was not in them to daunt his soul. The venal press, ever at the service of the world and its master, could not for very shame's sake defend the vileness which he scourged; but it could, and for the most part it did, seek to destroy his power for good by branding him as a fanatic or portraying him in the fantastic garb of a fool.

He died in poverty, this man whose silence would have brought him wealth. He died worn out after his last great fight in the name of public decency against the blatant advocates of contraception. Now that he is gone, the voice is stilled that for forty years cried out, almost alone, against the wickedness that flaunts itself in the highways. He had the heart of a child, and therefore he loved children. It was of them, he often said, that he thought in all his work; he wanted to shield them from temptation. But he also had the heart of a knight, and in it there was no quarter for the patrons of indecency. Above his grave in the little New Jersey burying-ground

the leaves are drifting and the shadows fall; but his work will live after him, the power of his example cannot die. May he have as zealous a successor!

Young France

"NATIONS have the government they deserve," said Count de Maistre, and France in the opinion of many, is no exception to the rule. Judging, however, from the letters and articles that have appeared in AMERICA and other periodicals during the past year or two, such a radical change has come over the young men of that country in their attitude toward the Church that the France of tomorrow, no matter how the war ends, will deserve a better government than she has today. New proofs of the nation's reviving Catholicism are adduced by L. M. Théolier, S.J., in a convincing paper contributed to the current number of *Studies*. M. Clémenceau confided to a Catholic member of the Chamber of Deputies that "Everything was going wrong except the Church"; "We no longer have the younger generation with us," complained M. Herriot, a Radical Senator; "The majority of our pupils are practising Catholics," admitted the professors of philosophy in the most "intellectual" *Lycées* of Paris; and M. Paul Boncour, a Radical-Socialist bewails the fact that "The schools and the universities now give to the Church and to the forces of reaction their best workers."

Anticlericalism seems to have almost disappeared from among the art, science and medical students of Paris: one-third of the *Ecole Normale*, the heart and brain of the University, are practising Catholics, and 420 professors and teachers of the State University were formed into a monthly Communion gild by M. Joseph Lotte, a brilliant convert. From France's men of letters came, too, such valuable accessions to the Church's ranks as Morice, Psichari, Caillard, Hourcade, and Jammes; *les grands B*, Bazin, Bourget, Bordeaux, Barrès, Bertrand and Boylesve, who stand among the best contemporary French writers; and M. Regnault, has formed an association of nearly a thousand Catholic artists which counts as members "nearly all the great names in painting, music, architecture and sculpture."

It is France's boast that she ever marches in the van of civilization, that she is always ten years in advance of the rest of the world, that the Revolution is still going on, and that in Paris, the "City of Light," is focused all the wonderful intellectual power of the keen-witted Gallic race. The late revival of Catholic thought in the country would seem to indicate that these boasts now have a firmer basis in fact than is widely believed. Let us hope that when the war is over there will arise in France a new nation, purified by suffering and Catholic to the heart, a nation that will banish its pagan rulers and becoming worthy once more of the traditions of the Church's eldest daughter, will lead the way back to the feet of Peter.

A Thousand-Dollar Offer

IN *Our Sunday Visitor* for September 26, Father Noll, the wide-awake editor, has gathered together a number of the charges commonly made against the Church, has worded them as strongly as they are usually worded when they make the rounds of the anti-Catholic pulpit and press, and has offered the sum of $1,000 to anyone who will produce proof that any single accusation is true. His action has been taken not in a spirit of bravado, but out of sympathy for those who have hitherto allowed themselves to rely on the statements of others and in consequence have been unwittingly deceived. He hopes also that bigots who have gone on repeating or believing these charges without ever stopping to inquire into their foundation may be brought, in the hope of easily obtaining so large a sum, to reckon up the proof on which these assertions rest. The result will be, so he believes and with good reason, a tearing away of the veil that has so long blinded countless fair-minded Protestants. Father Noll asks, Are you one that believes:

That the Catholic Church is a menace to American institutions?
That the Catholic Church seeks to destroy our public schools?
That the Catholic Church refuses to recognize the marriages of Protestants as valid?
That the Catholic Church forbids her people to read the Bible?
That Catholics worship or pray to images and statues?
That the Catholic people owe temporal allegiance to the Pope?
That the Catholic Hierarchy or the priesthood dictates the politics of Catholics?
That Catholic Sisters are other than the purest women?
That young ladies are ever forced into the Sisterhoods, or kept there against their wills?
That the Knights of Columbus or any other Catholic organization takes a treasonable oath?
That the Knights of Columbus or any other Catholic organization has assessed its members to wage a fight against anti-Catholic propaganda?
That the Knights of Columbus or any other Catholic organization ever receives secret suggestions from Rome?
That the Papal Delegate meddles in the slightest degree in governmental affairs?
That the Jesuits ever busy themselves with American politics?
That any Catholic building in the country is stored with ammunition?
That any Catholic society drills its members for a possible fight against the Church's opponents?

We cannot urge too strongly that Catholics throughout the United States join the zealous editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* in his crusade against falsehood and his appeal to the fairmindedness of our fellow-citizens. If these can once be made to look into the reasons on which are based their erroneous notions of the Church, her institutions and her members, the first step, and in the present state of affairs the most necessary one, will have been made towards breaking down the prejudice which bars the way to a desire to know the truth. Numberless non-Catholics hold the Church in abomination, merely through crass ignorance and by no means through malice. With joy would they enter her fold, did they but know her as she

is. And yet they will not think of investigating her claims, so long as they hold before their scandalized eyes some false monstrous picture of her, which has no reality but in the imagination. If priests would send a copy of this issue, to preachers, school teachers, business and professional men; if the laity would bring it to the notice of their acquaintances, men and women; and if this were done by concerted action all over the country; there is no telling what an impetus Romewards might be given! Who will be an apostle of truth?

Florida: an Incident

FLORIDA is a part of the United States, geographically at least. It is a wondrous land; practically every kind of creature flourishes there, flowers, lizards, crocodiles, millionaires in season and narrow-minded folk, in season and out of season, who spend their time trying to deprive more worthy people of the rights and privileges of citizenship. The flowers are beautiful, the millionaires are lucrative, the crocodiles are curious, the bigots are contemptible and dangerous, contemptible because like all upstarts they put on the lion's skin and forget to muffle their voices, dangerous because they have not grasped the fundamental American principle, that all citizens irrespective of their religion, are equal before the law. As a consequence of this last fact there is discord in Florida. A competent Catholic lady was proposed for a position as teacher in a public school; forthwith stalwart Protestants saw in her a minion of Rome and determined to protect their beloved State from her wiles. The school committee met in solemn council, three whole men, big though and brave, and issued a decree; Florida was saved, the Catholic lady bit the dust. Who would not, on reading this ukase?

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.
July 17, 1915.

Mr. R. E. HALL,
Miami, Florida.

DEAR SIR:

The local board's attention has been called to the fact that one of the grade teachers whom you propose to hire is a Roman Catholic. Our attention was called to this by local taxpayers and patrons of our school, and while we do not in any way desire to interfere with your arrangements, we are opposed to hiring and placing in charge of any of our school work any but Protestants.

Respectfully,

(Signed) C. D. KITTREDGE,
C. E. RICKARDS,
S. J. CLARK.

Mark it well; this happened in Florida, that leg of land far down on our coast line; the men who signed the document that took the bread from the mouth of a worthy but defenseless woman, were Americans pledged to support the principle that citizens are equal before the law. Strange to say they have many supporters; a local editor threatens "a lynching similar to that of Leo Frank in Georgia," if Catholics refuse to sit quiet under the injustice. This in Florida, a part of the United States, geographically, at least.

What a strange irony of fate! That was a Catholic land some time gone; Catholics discovered it, built its first city, the oldest in the United States, and sent the Commonwealth forward to civilization and prosperity, and Florida had the true spirit then. Later strangers came with alien hearts, and are there now, who persecute folk for their religion, and Florida clings to the United States by means of railroads only; its lizards and crocodiles are in possession of the old ideals. Sometime or other Florida may return to the Union; meanwhile, its decent folk deserve sympathy.

Father Brandi

IN the death of the Reverend Salvatore Brandi, of the Society of Jesus, for many years editor-in-chief of the *Civiltà Cattolica,* Americans, ecclesiastical and lay, have lost a friend in Rome. His death occurred at the Villa Melecrinis, Naples, on September 5, and although not unexpected, will be learned with regret by many in the United States who have been his beneficiaries both here and in the Eternal City. Although born in sunny Italy he was an American citizen, having taken out his papers during the long period of years, sixteen in all, that he spent in this country, as student and professor of theology at Woodstock College, Md. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen, and spent two years at Naples, where he passed his noviceship. His philosophical course was made at Monaco and at Louvain. After its completion he taught physics for a year at Naples, and then came to the United States. A chair of dogmatic theology at Woodstock gave him an opportunity to show the clear, logical, well-balanced and metaphysical mind, which his course under Cardinal Mazzella had developed. Side by side with this he possessed a power for organization and a sympathy with the needs of the people which made Cardinal Gibbons put his qualifications for the office of a parish priest above all his gifts. There are churches still standing in Howard County, Md., which are monuments to his zeal. His talents, however, were destined to be exercised in a wider sphere, for in 1892 he was called to Rome and made a member of the staff of the *Civiltà Cattolica,* a bi-monthly magazine, founded by Pope Pius IX, while at Gaeta in 1850, and placed under the care of the Jesuits, with the purpose of expounding the character of Catholic civilization and defending and explaining the acts and teaching of the Pope.

Soon after his arrival at Rome, although as yet only an associate editor, he was appointed by Pope Leo XIII to act as *advocatus* for the then Cardinal Sarto, whose *exequatur* as Patriarch of Venice, the Italian Government had refused to grant. It was partly due to his pleading that the patriarch entered Venice. From that day dated a close friendship between Father Brandi and

the future Pope, which grew in intimacy owing to the fact that every second Monday, Father Brandi, after he had assumed the direction of the magazine in 1905, had to take to the Holy Father the advance sheets of the coming number. When a strong movement was started in the Italian Chambers to claim the Vatican for the Italian Government, Father Brandi combated the movement with all his power, and to his writings on the extra-territoriality of the Vatican in large measure may be attributed its defeat. On the subject of Anglican Orders he wrote three classics: "Anglican Ordinations," "The Last Word on Anglican Ordinations," and "Rome and Canterbury." Another work of considerable value is his "La Politique de Léon XIII." Perhaps, however, the greatest service of his pen was the series of essays he published in the *Civiltà,* long before Modernism was condemned, in which he exposed the heretical tendencies of men like Loisy, Fogazzarro, Murri and Buonaccorsi, together with Sabatier's naturalism as manifested in his writings about St. Francis of Assisi, and in general the insidious movement both within and without the Church which aimed at conciliating religion with modern science by adopting practically, at least, liberal non-dogmatic Protestantism. That he was thus in advance of his times was due to the possession of a gift, which is sometimes noticed also in fervent but ignorant Catholics, the gift of instinctively sensing danger to the Faith, even before he could assign a philosophical or theological basis for his opinion. This faculty together with his profound learning and his unswerving loyalty to tradition and authority, for in his makeup there was absolutely nothing of the skeptic or iconoclast, made him a veritable watch-dog over the integrity and purity of the Faith. A stroke of paralysis in 1914 put an end to all these labors, although it did not change his kindly, genial, intensely human though deeply spiritual nature. His death is a loss not only to the Society of Jesus, but also to the Church.

Protect the Lambs

THERE recently appeared in the daily press an article by a writer who deplored the fact that city children have to amuse themselves in such unlovely and unesthetic surroundings. Unsightly ash-cans, lurid posters, tastelessly decorated windows, raucous noises, and badly dressed men and women abound along the gray and cluttered pavements of the streets that are the chief playgrounds of the thousands of boys and girls who grow up in our large towns. If these children, the writer would imply, could daily behold masterpieces of art and architecture, listen to classical music, and play in beautiful gardens that are much frequented by correctly arrayed ladies and gentlemen who pronounce their final consonants distinctly, the citizens of tomorrow would be a more cultured body than are those of today. Perhaps they would: provided, however, that the writer's suggestion could at once be carried out. Crowded tenements, no doubt would then disappear, beautiful parks would be multiplied, and courses in practical esthetics would be joyfully followed by each city's entire population.

But civilization should precede culture. It is of much more importance that the boys and girls of our large towns should be protected from the moral peril that menaces the health of their souls, than that they should be able to tell a Rubens from a Murillo, appreciate Beethoven, dress tastefully, or pronounce a pure *u*. That the pitfalls lying in the paths of children nowadays are by no means few must be clear to everybody. Satan and his agents were never more eagerly endeavoring to rob our little ones of their innocence, their faith, and their spirit of docility.

The Church, the State and the home, therefore, should be more vigilant than heretofore in safeguarding from moral dangers our boys and girls. Catholic parents are bound to see that their children are thoroughly taught our religion, that they make their First Communion by the age of seven, and go often thereafter to the Holy Table that their purity may remain unsullied; mothers should know where and how and with what companions their boys and girls amuse themselves, and our municipal authorities should reduce to a minimum the moral perils a city's streets hold for the young. That such highly desirable objects as the foregoing may be effectively gained, the League of the Sacred Heart has made the "spiritual welfare of children" this month's intention. If the millions of Associates throughout the world join to their united prayers practical zeal for protecting the innocence of Our Saviour's lambs, the Guardian Angels will have new reasons this October for rejoicing.

LITERATURE

X.—Dante Gabriel Rossetti

IF for centuries "all roads led to Rome," for almost the past fifty years all roads in the sphere of English culture seem to have led to, or else from, the Oxford Movement. Very broadly and very briefly speaking, the Oxford Movement was England's rediscovery of the Catholic Church. And what this mystical broadening of vision, this deepening of life alike on the spiritual and temporal sides really meant, will perhaps never be fully estimated this side of eternity. If the Faith itself came but to a magnificent minority, English society as a whole was not less conscious of the Oxford Movement: shaken, indeed, by it, as by a mighty thunder. Art and poetry were immediate in their response. The "Gothic" Revival and the "Pre-raphaelite" Brotherhood followed fast upon the "Tracts for the Times" and always, as head and heart of the Pre-raphaelites, one must remember Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

It is seldom, even in literature, that one meets so romantic and symbolic a figure as this young Englishman of Italian heredity. His father, a Neapolitan poet and patriot, had escaped from Italy on an English vessel after an unsuccessful revolt against King Ferdinand. Living for a time in Malta, he settled in London about 1825; and married an Italian lady, the daughter of Alfieri's secretary. The elder Rossetti was nowise innocent of the anti-clerical bias then, as since, deemed proper to Italian revolutionists, and wrote a volume proving to at least his own satisfaction the anti-papal preposses-

sions of the poet Dante! Rather more significant is the fact that his four children were reared in an atmosphere of loving intimacy with the great Florentine. And most significant of all is the attitude of these children toward the religion their father had abandoned. The eldest daughter, brought up in the Anglican communion, promptly entered one of its sisterhoods. William M. Rossetti, as editor of the *Germ*, and his sister Christina, by her better-known life and poetry, achieved, perhaps unconsciously, great work in popularizing Catholic ideals. While a poet more essentially, even mystically, Catholic in sentiment than Dante Gabriel has never, one may suppose, dwelt upon the outer borderland of the Faith!

He was born in London, the twelfth of May, 1828, and was educated partly at home, partly at private schools; never at either University, for in his fourteenth year Dante won his parents' consent to devote himself to the already well-loved painting. For three years he studied in an art academy of Bloomsbury, entering the Antique School of the Royal Academy in 1846. Then, after two years of devoted but none too systematic work there, he started upon a really inspirational term at the studio of Ford Madox Brown. During all this time Rossetti was writing. Indeed it would be difficult to single out any part of his life, from his seventh year, which was responsible for a rather precocious little drama called "The Slave," to the year before his death, which gave us some of the final sonnets of the "House of Life," when he was not so occupied. But unquestionably the most fruitful poetic period extended from his nineteenth to his thirty-fourth year; from the beginning, let us say, of his intimacy with Ford Madox Brown, to the year following upon his wife's death in 1862. These were the years of Rosetti's most vital experiences, of his transcendent dreams and supreme sorrows: the splendidly creative years of the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood and the *Germ;* the years of his long love and tragically short marriage; the years which stretched, in painting, from the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" to "Beata Beatrix"; and included, in poetry, "The Blessed Damozel," "My Sister's Sleep," "Ave," "Staff and Scrip," "Sister Helen," "The Burden of Ninevah," the exquisite translations of early Italian poets, as of Dante's "Vita Nuova," and that little masterpiece of allegorical prose, "Hand and Soul." After this time Rossetti achieved much memorable painting, while he both perfected and added to his poetic legacy. But the swift radiance of his muse had flamed early into perfection. It mattered little that the poems had no appearance in book form until 1870; nor that the poet himself, spent with work and grief and ill-health, lived on until 1882.

Now, it is less fanciful than simply symbolic to declare that Dante Rossetti's poems ought always to be bound in crimson, the color of blood, and of women's lips, and of those mystical doves so constantly used as other-world messengers in his paintings! For these are the three inspirations of his work, alike early and late: life pressing on feverishly toward death, the high mysteries of love, and the enormous reality of the world beyond. It is more than curious to note the persistent, prophetic heart-break of even his earliest poems: that terrible potency of tears which shakes us, for example, through the "Blessed Damozel." In his nineteenth year, when that poem was composed, Rossetti could have known the tragedy of love and parting only vicariously, as the poet may know all things; yet he wrote stanzas every whit as tender and poignant as that late, highly personal poem, "The Stream's Secret." Whatever the cause, this linking of past and present with the hour "that must be born ere it can die," makes for an admirable and mysterious poetic unity. When the unity extends further, including things spiritual and material with precisely the same vivid realism, it is less mysterious than mystical. Because Rossetti was ever a son of the Romance nations rather than an Englishman, because he broke, or rather quite ignored, the tradition of Victorian reticence, critics were not lacking to dub his work—as they dubbed the glorious odes of our own Coventry Patmore—"sensual." Sensuous both poets were, in the superlative degree, resolutely refusing to disentangle God's strange union of flesh and spirit. Yet all but the blind must see what a chasm separates them from the so-called "fleshly school of poets," and how their vision of the Lady of Delight was ever the lady of Love-Lily:

> Whose speech, Truth knows not from her thought,
> Nor Love her body from her soul.

The poet, like other men, should be allowed the virtues of his defects; and if the pictorial vividness of Rossetti's love poems must needs scandalize certain temperaments, the same quality is the admitted glory of his religious verse. Every page of this might grace a Catholic anthology. To the Blessed Virgin,

> As it were,
> An angel-watered lily that near God
> Grows and is quiet,

Rossetti sings with tenderest devotion. The lines just quoted are, of course, from that delicate sonnet upon "Mary's Girlhood." Surely for Catholic readers it is unnecessary to quote more than the beginning of his "Ave," one of the most resurgently beautiful Marian poems in our language:

> Mother of the Fair Delight,
> Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
> Now sitting fourth beside the Three,
> Thyself a woman—Trinity—
> Being a daughter born to God,
> Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
> And wife unto the Holy Ghost:
> Oh when our need is uttermost,
> Think that to such as death may strike
> Thou once wert sister sisterlike!

Less known, perhaps, is this from "A Last Confession," which might so well have been the vision of some medieval contemplative:

> I think they laugh in Heaven. I know last night
> I dreamed I saw into the garden of God,
> Where women walked whose painted images
> I have seen with candles round them in the church.
> They bent this way and that, one to another
> Playing: and over the long golden hair
> Of each there floated like a ring of fire.
> . . . . Then a breeze flew in among them,
> As if a window had been opened in Heaven
> For God to give His blessing from, before
> This world of ours should set; (For in my dream
> I thought the world was setting, and the sun
> Flared, a spent taper); and beneath that gust
> The rings of light quivered like forest leaves.
> Then all the blessed maidens who were there
> Stood up together, as it were a voice
> That called them; and they threw their tresses back,
> And smote their palms, and all laughed up at once,
> For the strong heavenly joy they had in them
> To hear God bless the world.

It is a singularly fine bit of Rossettian vision; but for the most part, doubtless, the poet's song was one of yearning rather than of peace,—the music of the pilgrim who divines, but sees not his journey's goal. Yet even here we shall scarcely pass judgment without remembering one perfect scene of his conjuring. It is the scene where to the harassed and weary artist the Soul appears, in woman's guise, and lays her cool hands upon his head, and speaks:

> How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind what God hath said to the heart warmly? . . . Who bade thee strike the point between love and faith? Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze from the sun which quickens it? . . . Be not nice to seek out division; but possess thy love in sufficiency; assuredly this is faith, for the heart must believe first.

So let it be with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for the words might well stand as his credo.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Father ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O.F.M.. Vol. IV, Upper California. Part III: General History. With Illustrations. San Francisco: The James H. Barry Co. $3.00.

This volume of 817 pages closes the series on the general history of the California Missions. Merely to hold the book for a moment is to feel that the work was conceived on large and generous plans. To glance through it, even hurriedly, is to realize that in painstaking research, in thorough and scholarly documentation, the execution is not behind the breadth of view with which it was undertaken, at least when its full and final inspiration came to its author. Like the tireless founders and organizers of the Missions, his Franciscan brethren whom he describes so lovingly yet so impartially, Father Engelhardt has spared no pains and labors in his task. He has consulted all the sources at his command from the standard histories of California, the "Acta Ordinis Fratrum Minorum," etc., down to decisions in private land cases, to the "Libro de Entierros" or burial records of Santa Barbara. Here and there errors may have slipped in, and the minor and less important facts might have been dismissed more rapidly. But there is everywhere seen and felt the true instinct and handiwork of the genuine historian whose sole aim, as the writer says, is "to dig out the facts, arrange them in connected as well as chronological order, and present them truthfully, clearly and briefly . . ." Father Engelhardt disclaims all intention of producing a literary work. Yet the style is clear, direct, businesslike, and if defective in color, and that intentionally, still quite adequate to its purpose, the exposition of history. Those who wish to get clearer ideas of the life and labors of the great Franciscan missionaries; of Father Duran, the champion of the Indians, of his difficulties with Pico; of the "Pious Fund," of the "Bear Flag Revolt," and the first stages of the American occupation, of the beginnings of the great dioceses of California, of the discovery of gold, etc., will find the "Missionaries of California" an authoritative and interesting book.

J. C. R.

In Sunny Spain. By KATHERINE LEE BATES; **Under Greek Skies.** By JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS; **A Boy in Eirinn.** By PADRAIC COLUM; **The Laird of Glentyre.** By E. M. GREEN; **Elsbeth.** By MARGARETHE MULLER; **Genevieve.** By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 each.

The "Little Schoolmate Series" comprising the six volumes mentioned above, sets out to teach, by an excellent method, something to the American child about the different peoples that go to make up the American nation. The salient facts of American history as we knew them are, of course, the foundation of the story of the United States; but the story of those who made that history, of those who are even now making history, is of quite equal importance. For in this melting-pot of the nations there is being blended the various elements which are to build up a mighty race.

The hyphen has come into a measure of discredit recently, but for all that the racial principle is one that ought not to be overlooked in the training and education of the future citizen. The worst elements in our national life are to be found where the immigrant or his immediate descendants have dropped the best traditions of the race from which he has sprung and assimilated the least desirable characteristics to be found in the country of his adoption. And the races of people who comprise this nation have in their history noble traditions; a great and wonderful past that is even now merging into a greater and still more wonderful future. Those who watch the trend of the times tell us that there is a decided tendency among the growing generation to be supremely self-satisfied with the conditions of things as they are; to take it for granted that the winning of independence for the United States had made and sealed the Republic on everlasting foundations so that the *summum bonum* of the citizen is to get rich quick. But a right citizenship demands that the citizen know something of the principles that called this country into being, and he will learn this best by knowing something about the race from which he is descended, and, secondly, of that race of which his neighbor is a descendant, about its heroes, its poetry, its literature and art.

This set of books is for all kinds of people, not for Catholics specially, but there is nothing in them to which Catholics can take exception; in "Elsbeth" there is an excellent translation of a sixteenth-century Catholic hymn, *Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen.* It is said in "The Laird of Glentyre" that if St. Columba were to come to earth again he would prefer the Episcopal Church (of Scotland) rather than the Presbyterian; but as the saint knew no English and was unacquainted with the Thirty-nine Articles the line of argument is not easy to follow. Each volume in the series is a complete story in itself, mostly about the customs of the country of which it treats: historical narrative is gently insinuated like the pill in a spoonful of jam. The stories are rich in folklore, especially Mr. Padraic Colum's "A Boy in Eirinn," a book which should be in the hands of every child of Irish descent, and would not be out of place as a text-book in the schools.

H. C. W.

Sanitation in Panama. By WILLIAM C. GORGAS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

This is an instructive book which tells of the great work accomplished by the medical men assigned to the difficult task of making the Canal Belt healthful for the numerous laborers at Panama. Two points are noteworthy: first, the honesty of the writer, who is just as ready to tell of the mistakes and errors made in the preliminary stages of the sanitation as he is to relate the glorious triumphs achieved in eradicating yellow fever from the Canal region after long years of experimentation and research; and second, Dr. Gorgas' generosity in speaking of his predecessors. Their record was surely a dismal one, and some authors would have taken advantage of "the facts" to say unpleasant things about the early workers. But Dr. Gorgas, while admitting the facts, simply observes that had we, too, been ignorant of the fact that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito, our record would have been much the same, and in proof points to our sick list in the Cuban war. Exception can be taken to the ready credence which the otherwise critical and scientific author seems to give to the Darwinian theory. The statement on p. 285, i. e., "If we accept the modern explanation generally received by educated persons, Darwinism, all life at present on the globe must be descended from one cell," may well be questioned. This theory seems to be most popular with the half-educated, while truly scientific men, brought face to face with the daily discoveries which run counter to Darwinism, are more cautious than formerly in pinning their faith to the theory.

C. F. C.

Religious Orders of Women in the United States. Accounts of Their Origin and of Their Most Important Institutions. Interwoven with Brief Histories of Many Famous Convents, Especially Prepared (with Illustrations) from Authentic Sources and Compiled by ELINOR TONG DEHEY. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co.

In this handsomely-bound and illustrated volume are chronologically arranged short accounts of about eighty Orders and Congregations of women that have established themselves in this country, from the coming of the Ursulines in 1727 to the arrival

of the Passionist nuns in 1910. Worthy of note is the fact that the second community to be established in the United States consisted of Carmelites whom Bishop Carroll brought to Port Tobacco, Maryland, in 1790, "to pray for American missions." Of special interest is the story of the Mother Seton Sisters' various branches and of the two Congregations founded in Kentucky. It is computed that we now have 50,000 religious women working for souls in our country. This valuable book will give the reader an adequate idea of how varied are the character and scope of their different institutes, but a volume several times the size of the one under review would be needed to describe the variety and extent of the good these devoted religious are doing. When Miss Dehey prepares a new edition of her work, space will of course be found for an account of Sisterhoods established here since 1910, such as the Reparatrice nuns and the Sisters of St. Dorothy. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

News comes from England that Mrs. Alice Meynell has been very ill for some time, but is now well on the road to recovery and expects shortly to resume her literary work; that Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the gifted Catholic novelist, is now the official reporter for the English troops at the Dardanelles; that Mr. Shane Leslie is preparing the "official" biography of Cardinal Manning; that Mr. G. K. Chesterton has now resumed all his work which was cut short by his serious illness, though a recent visitor to Beaconsfield reports that "G. K. C." is many pounds thinner since his illness; and that Mr. Hilaire Belloc continues to lecture six or seven times a week and to write as many articles each week.

From the problem novels, and especially those that treat of unhappy marriages, the tired reader will turn with relief to two bright, cheerful, somewhat absurd but extremely entertaining little stories which have recently come from the press, and will be regarded as welcome additions to September fiction. "Little Miss Grouch" (Houghton, $1.00) is less ambitious than Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams' other work, but is a graceful, and amusing love story. "Peggy Mary," by Kay Cleaver Strahan (Duffield, $1.00) has more of sentiment and less of humor than "Little Miss Grouch," and, though by her goodness she belongs to fairyland, somehow or other seems real. There is no doubting the reality of the hold she gets on the affection of all who meet her. Both of these whimsical stories will fill an idle hour. "The Valley Road" (Houghton, $1.35), by Mary Hallock Foote, is a refreshing story of home life. It sketches the normal development of the lives of Henry Scarth, a mining engineer, his wife and their two engaging children, and the scene is laid in the Far West, with San Francisco, before and after the earthquake, as a background. The plot is well thought out, and though there is little of dramatic or tragic climax in the story the simple narrative of homely, personal things holds the reader's interest till the final happy pages.

Those who enjoyed reading Elinor Pruitt Stewart's "The Letters of a Woman Homesteader," a book which was favorably reviewed in our issue of June 13, 1914, will be glad to know of the fourteen "Letters on an Elk Hunt" (Houghton, $1.00) the same author has now written her friend Mrs. Cooney. The amiable Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who is just as motherly and outspoken as ever, is a member of the hunting party; during the three hundred-mile journey she and the letter-writer have many romantic and thrilling adventures, and we make new acquaintances like "Connie Willis," "Danyul and His Mother," "Elizabeth" and "Buddy and Baby Girl."——Many of Kathleen Norris's admirers will regret that she has allowed the "double standard" and the maternity clinic to pervade her latest novel, "The Story of Julia Page," (Doubleday, $1.35). The book's scenes are set for the most part in San Francisco, which is depicted with great attention to local detail, most of the characters are Catholics, and the chapters describing Julia's early years are particularly good. But in making herself a lady the heroine neglected to learn the lady-like grace of reticence and acts with as little common sense as modern "climbers" usually do.——Gilbert Parker's "The Money Master" (Harper, $1.35) is constructed on the familiar lines of that author's Canadian stories. The leading characters are frequently on the point of committing, or do actually commit, dark crimes and the unwary reader is sophistically led to justify the evil deed.

Dr. James Hastings, the editor of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," has now started a work on "The Great Christian Doctrines," the first volume of which, entitled "Prayer" (Scribner's, $3.00), has recently appeared. Under sixteen general heads the editor arranges the abundant matter he has gathered on the subject and confirms the "preceding doctrine" by quotations from Protestant authors and preachers. The testimony of the Church's saints, who are of course the best experts in prayer that ever lived, is conspicuously rare. The busy priest may find "Prayer" a useful work to consult when preparing his sermons.——That indulgences are "pardons for sins not yet committed, or, in other words, permission to commit sin," that Christ never "commanded His disciples not to enter into any Samaritan city," and that the authors of Hebrews, James, Jude, and II Peter are "unknown" are specimens of the "information" with which Harold B. Hunting supplies the young Protestant readers of "The Story of Our Bible: How It Grew to be What It Is" (Scribner's, $1.50). "Higher Criticism" for the schoolroom! The illustrations are worthy of a better book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
Conversational French Reader. By Bierman and Frank. $0.80; L'Abbé Constantin. With Introduction, Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary. By Edward Manley. $0.50.

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Heart of a Man. By Richard Aumerle Maher. $1.35; Roma. By Rev. Albert Kuhn. Part X. $0.35; Popular Sermons on the Catechism. Vol. III. By Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. Edited with a Preface by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. $1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Thief. By Henry Bernstein. $0.75; The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. $1.35.

Harper & Bros., New York:
The Money Master. By Gilbert Parker. $1.35; The Man Jesus. By Mary Austin. $1.20.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Variorum Operum Minorum Collectanea. Auctore P. Josepho M. Piccirelli, S.J. Eight Lire.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Closed Doors. By Margaret P. Montague. $1.00; Who's Who in the Land of Nod. By Sarah S. Vanderbilt. $1.00; Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. $1.25; Little Miss Grouch. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. $1.00; Letters on an Elk Hunt. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. $1.00; Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother. By Josephine S. Gates. $0.50; The Arrow-Maker. By Mary Austin. $0.75; The Valley Road. By Mary H. Foote. $1.35; The Song of the Lark. By Willa Sibert Cather. $1.40; The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education. By Albert H. Leake. $2.00.

Jewish Publication Society of America:
The American Jewish Year Book, 1915-1916. Edited by Joseph Jacobs.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories. By Count Leo Tolstoy. $1.35; Armageddon: A Modern Epic Drama. By Stephen Phillips. $1.00; Belgian Poems. By Émile Cammaerts. $1.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Life of George Washington. By Very Rev. James O'Boyle, B.A. $1.00.

F. Pustet & Co., New York:
Compendium Theologiæ Moralis. Ab Aloysio Sabetti, S.J. Editio Vicesima Secunda Recognita a Timotheo Barrett, S.J. $3.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Happy Phrase. By Edwin Hamlin Carr. $1.00; The Stoic Philosophy. By Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt. $0.75.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
The Modern Study of Literature. By Richard Green Moulton. $2.50.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
Economic Aspects of the War. By Edwin J. Clapp. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Religious Instruction and the Public School

JOHNNY is growing up a little pagan. We admit the fact, and deplore it. Johnny's mother is far too busy with plans for the uplifting of the downtrodden, to give any other than a perfunctory attention to the needs, physical and mental, of this small but energetic person who has somehow strayed into her orderly *menage*. She provides him with a nurse, it may be, who will teach him to wash behind his ears, and otherwise to keep himself a fairly presentable sight to the critical eyes of a world which makes much of such niceties; and when he goes to school, the kindly city physicians will take care of his eyes, nose, mouth, spine and adenoids. Johnny's father may be dismissed with the comment that his interest in his offspring is circumscribed by the fact that he is a tired business man.

A BUSY LIFE

But despite this domestic neglect, Johnny's is a full life. Even the renowned Dr. Watts himself would find but little wherewith to occupy his time and attention. First of all, there is the school, which in this new era will keep him occupied for eight or nine hours a day. Not all of this time will be devoted to reading, writing, arithmetic or spelling, for the modern educator has discovered that Johnny is as a diamond, a rough diamond, whose multitudinous interests if awakened by deft polishing will eventuate in many sparkling facets. Continuity, not content, is to be sought for in a curriculum; indeed the chief endeavor of the respective supporters of the Gary and the Ettinger systems, is to show that their plan keeps the child occupied for a longer daily period. With what Johnny is occupied, seems to be of minor moment. If his interest in shop-work flags, he may be transported to the Zoo, as is the pleasant custom in several New York schools, there to be regaled by a limpid discourse on the habits and habitat of the yak, it may be, or the aoudad; a knowledge at once cultural and informing. If he lives in the Bronx, he may be enrolled in that grammar school where "the boys still have for sale a magnificent display of beans, tomatoes, lettuce, egg plant, peppers, melons and other vegetables," (New York *Mail,* September 21), all cultivated as a part of the curriculum, by the pupils in a corner of the school playground.

Added to these enthralling interests, Johnny has his football team and his social engagements, and he makes his own plans, poor little chap, with the assistance, perhaps, of his teacher or of the gymnasium instructor. His life is in his own hands, for he has no home, but only a place to sleep in. With the Psalmist he can say that his father and mother have cast him off, and nowadays he can conclude the text, "but the district school has taken me up."

THE USUAL RESULT

Yet full as this budding life is, one important factor is lacking. Under the most favorable circumstances, Johnny will have been provided with excellent teachers who will nurture him carefully in the newest wisdom of the day. In time, his eyes may be opened to the vision of such beauty as glows dimly through art and literature, and in his college days his mind may be tinged or even wholly caught up by a laudable devotion to a worthy intellectual ideal. But such training as he has received at home, if training it may be called, or at college, has been strictly limited by interests which pass away with time. He has been taught nothing of a life beyond the stars; he knows nothing, so far as his educational process has been involved, of God and of his strict obligations to God. Morality is but a relative term, largely synonymous with caution and good breeding; religion is, or may be, a social force; God is at best, an impersonal First Cause, an unintelligent Prime Mover. Religion, while not without value as a refining influence, and an excellent thing in moderation for children and their mothers, is surely, he thinks, not a matter of vital importance to the individual or to the community. The Churches, as he knows them, seem to be doing little beyond perpetuating the *odium theologicum* among themselves, or apologizing to a cynical world for their existence. They exercise their greatest and most beneficent influence, he believes, when, cutting adrift from their ancient creeds and confessions, they become an adjunct to the school of sociology by expending their energies in social work.

RECENT CRITICISM

It is not surprising, therefore, that Johnny, grown to man's estate and presiding over a family of his own, is not greatly concerned with the question of the religious education of his children. To him it is not a question; it is a matter of indifference. No other outcome could be looked for. Even granting a certain modicum of religious training at home, (and in thousands of American homes such training is absolutely unknown) and in the Sunday School, it is difficult to understand how the boy or girl from whose school training, beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the university, religion has been rigidly excluded, can conceive a high esteem of the purpose and place of religion in practical life. Within the last decade, a few discordant notes have been heard in the vast chorus once full-voiced and harmonious in its praise of the American public school as the ideal of all educational effort. "The public school and the Sunday School," writes the *Living Church,* "show symptoms of failure." Bishop Williams of Michigan, commenting on the spread of irreligion in the United States, pleads for "more spiritual nurture in the modern home, so often lacking even in the homes of Christians and church-folk," since "we all know that there is and can be at present little or no religious training in the public schools." "America is justly proud of its public school system," writes a critic in the New York *Sun* for September 19, "yet many religious leaders and others who concern themselves with the public welfare, have long been dissatisfied with one phase of it. It goes too far in excluding moral and religious instruction. . . . To this lack, they attribute increases in crime and the alleged lowering of the standards of public and private morality."

COBBLING

Comment of this tenor is becoming common. Within the last few months, articles have appeared in various Protestant publications, in which with an amusing disregard of history and of logic, all responsibility for the "non-sectarian public school" is thrown upon the Catholic Church. These outpourings indicate that our separated brethren are beginning to suspect that their idol has feet of clay; and a more significant sign, presaging perhaps a needed change in our ideals of education is to be found in the criticism passed upon the public schools by leaders in social and educational reform. At a bitter cost, they have learned that from no viewpoint is it profitable to turn God out of the schools. Since in the present state of public opinion, it is impossible to restore Him to the place which He held universally, up to the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, a compromise in the form of non-sectarian or non-dogmatic religious teaching seems justified. In pursuance of this conclusion, at least half a dozen plans for the religious instruction of public school children have been tried only to issue in dubious success or complete failure. The objection common to these well-meant schemes is that the instruction which they offer is not religious. At best, it is hazily "ethical," that is, it is based on an ethical system which denies the possibility of a knowledge of God attained by unaided reason, or which, if pressed to a conclusion, issues in religious indifferentism.

THE GARY PLAN

The most recent attempt to afford public school children some religious instruction, has been occasioned by the introduction into several New York schools of the Gary system. According to this plan, the neighboring churches are asked to give religious instruction for three or four hours daily, and at the request of parents, the children are sent in relays during the day to their respective churches. It is thus possible for the child to receive this instruction for three hours weekly.

To the unshepherded non-Catholic children of the public schools, the Gary plan may prove an immense blessing. Catholics, moreover, may see in it an efficient means of reaching those unfortunate Catholic children, who through no fault of their own, find themselves in the public school. But it must not be thought that the Gary plan, while an improvement in this respect over the present system, will ever prove an acceptable substitute for the parochial school. In the New York *Sun* for September 19, certain unnamed "Catholic leaders" are quoted as saying that Mr. Wirt has devised a means by which "the expensive system of the parochial school may be avoided."

THE CATHOLIC PLAN

This judgment cannot be too strongly condemned. These "leaders" are certainly not in accord with the Church in this important matter. In the mind of the Church that school is by no means satisfactory which to the ordinary secular training, adds two or three hours of religious instruction. She may accept such a school as an alternative to something worse, but neither she nor her loyal children will ever abate the spirit of heroic sacrifice which has built and now maintains her splendid chain of parochial schools. She demands a school in which Christ Himself is Leader; a school where every head shall bow and every knee be bent at mention of His Holy Name; a school that brings the heart of the innocent child to the Heart of Christ; a school that "makes the Blessed Eucharist a necessity and the hierarchy of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary beloved"; and with nothing less for the little ones entrusted to her by Christ will she be satisfied.

More deeply than ever in these days of weakening faith and easy morals does the obligation press upon Catholic parents of sending their children to Catholic schools. There alone will they be taught, in the all-important years before the tenth, those saving principles without which the most brilliant worldly success leads but to destruction. The Gary plan, at least to the extent to which it admits the value if not the necessity of religious instruction, is a worthy contribution to modern pedagogy. But in the day in which we accept it as a substitute for our parochial schools, we have set the wolves to guard the lambs of the flock of Christ.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Prison of the Knave of Hearts

WHEN Alice came out of the courtroom her head was in a whirl. The place had been dreadfully stuffy, and the guinea-pigs, who had been suppressed but who had gnawed their way through the bag and got out, had set up such a deafening cheer when the verdict was rendered that Alice thought her ears would split.

But now that she was out in the air once more and could think, she began devising some way of rescuing the unfortunate Knave of Hearts. For he was innocent, she was sure. The evidence had been so absurd; it was an act of sheer injustice to send the poor Knave to prison. Just then she felt a violent tug at her sleeve. It was the Duchess.

VACATION DAYS

"Well, my dear, what happened today in the court house?" she asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" replied Alice. "They've convicted the poor Knave of Hearts, and are going to send him to prison for a year for stealing the Queen's tarts. It's a crying injustice!"

The Duchess burst into a roar of laughter, holding her sides and rocking to and fro. Alice who had grown used to the eccentricities of the Duchess, waited for an explanation of her mirth.

"Well, well, my dear," said the Duchess at last, through her tears; "the Knave of Hearts *wants* to go to prison; he hasn't had a vacation for the last twenty-five years! And besides, he's out of funds."

"Wants to go to prison," repeated Alice wonderingly.

"Of course," continued the Duchess. "Why, haven't you heard of all the new ideas regarding prisons that were introduced by the March Hare? He's one of the King's most intimate counselors now. That's not generally known," she added; "but I'm well up in court circles, you know."

PRISONS AND PALACES

As she spoke, a great procession filed out of the court house. First came the White Rabbit alternately shouting "Make way for his Excellency the Knave of Hearts" and blowing a blast on his trumpet; then followed the Hatter (who had returned to get his shoes), with a fresh cup of tea and a fresh slice of bread and butter; next came the jury, bowing and scraping to the Knave of Hearts, who strutted in their midst; after these walked the King in close conversation with the March Hare; close on their heels strode the Queen, frantically screaming, "Off with his head!" Some yards behind the Queen the Dormouse tottered, struggling with sleep.

"Where are they all going?" asked Alice.

"To the Prison," said the Duchess. "Come, let's follow them."

At the next turn in the road, the whole company filed beneath a high arch to the left and took their way along a white drive leading through a beautiful, wooded park.

"I should think we were going to the Palace," said Alice. "Why, it *is* the Palace!" she cried, clapping her hands in delight as, a moment later, they emerged from the woods at the foot of a long, lovely slope of lawn, crowning the top of which stood a shining marble palace.

"It *used* to be the Palace," explained the Duchess; "it's the Prison now. Come, we'll go in; it's the prisoners' banquet day, and they've invited the King."

In the large hall was a grand marble staircase; to right and left were tapestried doorways, from one of which, as the Porter went in to announce the new arrivals, came a great volley of talk and a crash of music; Alice wondered which was the louder.

"I'll show you around first, my dear," said the Duchess. "Then we'll watch the banqueters from the gallery; the King, I believe, is to make an address."

The Duchess led Alice out on a long balcony, vine-covered and set with flowers, in the rear of the prison, where lay a beautiful prospect.

PROTECTION AND PUNISHMENT

"Here," said the Duchess, with a wave of her hand around the balcony, "is where the orchestra entertains the prisoners of evenings. Just below to your left are the tennis-courts, and beyond that fountain, as you see, the golf-links. Do you play golf?"

"No," said Alice.

"Well, it's a perfectly gentlemanly game," pursued the Duchess. "Just the thing for the prisoners. The learning of it teaches them the self-restraint becoming a gentleman."

Alice began to feel somewhat confused at it all.

"Well, but, your Grace," she stammered, "I thought they put bad men in prison to punish them so they wouldn't do it again, and so that ordinary people might be protected."

The Duchess snorted.

"Punishment! Protection! Stuff and nonsense! That's out of date. The prisoners, as the March Hare says, and I agree with him, are the guests of the Kingdom, and must be treated as such. We must educate them up to gentlemanly ways. Give them proper surroundings. Show them what it is to live like honorable men. And—and all that, my dear," the Duchess concluded.

"O," said Alice.

"But," went on the Duchess, "you might think that they could easily make off if they wished. However, they make a promise to the warden not to run away. And this, my dear," added the Duchess earnestly, "is the greatest point in their training. For they begin to see what honor is!"

"O," said Alice.

"Now," continued the Duchess, as they walked back into the hallway, "observe these handsome paintings on the wall. Their esthetic influence on the prisoners is beyond estimation; they were suggested by the Hatter." The Duchess paused to allow some of the influence to sink in upon Alice. "Now do you see, my dear," she went on, "that large oak-panelled door yonder, with the escutcheon of an owl rampant on a field of azure? Those are the arms of Jake Barnowl. He had that suite of rooms, but he left some weeks back. Jake was a good fellow in many ways, but terribly handicapped by heredity and environment. *That,* I believe, led to his committing murder. (This is the murderers' wing, you know, my dear.) Yes, he killed Henry, the fieldmouse, second cousin to the Dormouse downstairs. Alas, poor Henry, I knew him well!" The Duchess dropped a tear.

"Then he broke his promise to the warden," said Alice.

The Duchess threw up her hands.

"Oh, no, my dear! You see, the warden is the Cheshire Cat, who has a habit of appearing and disappearing, as you may have observed. Now, when a prisoner wishes to depart, the Cheshire Cat disappears; and as the prisoner has promised only the Cheshire Cat that he won't try to escape, the promise no longer binds, you see, and the prisoner——"

At that moment uproarious applause sounded from the banquet hall. The Duchess grabbed Alice by the arm. "Come, my dear. The King's going to speak."

THE KING'S SPEECH

The two ran down the hallway, turned an angle, and stepped out to the gallery, whence they could view the scene below. The guests and prisoners were seated indiscriminately at three long tables whose white napery sparkled with cut-glass and silver service. At one end of the room, behind a high bank of palms, sat the orchestra. The coffee and chartreuse had just been served, and the company was leaning back in easy comfort, listening to the King's address.

"We have done all in our power, my loyal subjects," the King was saying, "to make this institution not only the glory of our country but also as comfortable, as cheery, as homelike and elegant as the financial condition of our people will allow!"

Here a great gray rat, whose discontented and sour countenance Alice had remarked on first glancing down on the banqueters, rose from the table and flung his wineglass full at the King's head.

("He's been drinking too much, my dear," explained the Duchess.)

"Look here, King!" he cried in a peculiarly high, squeaky voice; "I'm getting tired of it. We aren't getting any more care from the Government than that Dormouse yonder. Twice this week the lights have gone out over the whole place. The oatmeal porridge has been burnt four mornings straight. The servants are becoming unbearable; I had to wait ten minutes this morning for my shaving-water, and when the flunky did come he had the nerve to bring me water absolutely cold! I won't stand it. I'm going to leave, and that right now!" He turned about and looked toward the other end of the room. "I say, old fellow, evacuate the premises for a minute, will you?"

Alice couldn't imagine to whom he was talking till, following his look, she saw for the first time the grinning countenance of the Cheshire Cat, half way between the floor and the gallery. Already it was beginning to fade, till, within ten seconds, only the grin remained. Turning on his heel, the rat strode to the door, lighting a cigarette and contemptuously tossing the burning match into the Hatter's teacup.

THE DORMOUSE

"Good riddance of bad rubbish," observed a small, sleepy voice at the middle of one of the tables. "But, anyhow, I'd like to take this occasion, as an ordinary taxpayer, to register a protest against this new system. It doesn't work. Look at that rat! He isn't any better for it."

"Throw him out!" said the March Hare; "it's the Dormouse."

With that the whole company, in a bedlam of fury, fell upon the Dormouse, dragging and pushing him to the door. Alice, in the gallery, could contain herself no longer.

"Hold on, you cruel, foolish things!" she called down, and nibbled her mushroom as fast as she could.

The banqueters stopped and gazed upward to the gallery. The Hatter, who was in the act of kicking the Dormouse into the hall, called out: "Who said hold on? Throw *him* out!"

"*I* said hold on," cried Alice, stepping down into the room. (She was now nearly her full height, and not a bit afraid.)

"Up and at her!" shouted the erstwhile polite Porter, and flew straight for Alice's face.

. . . . . .

Alice started up from sleep with a little cry of dismay.

"What's the matter, Alice?" asked her sister, gently placing the little head back in her lap.

"Oh," said Alice, "what stupid things the creatures are!"

"Which creatures, my dear?" asked her sister, smiling.

MARK S. GROSS, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Recently Bascom Johnson, counsel of the Social Hygiene Association, drew up a report on moral conditions at the Panama Exposition. This summary with some few words thrown in, is printed by the *Herald and Presbyter:*

> Within the Exposition are several concessions, maintained despite protests specifically against them, which are deplorably vicious, portraying vile indecencies, including even exhibitions of entire nudity. Known professional prostitutes are tolerated, and certain conditions, which were declared as being too bad to be allowed in the city itself, are permitted in these concessions. In the city itself open prostitution is allowed, and of one district Mr. Johnson says: "It is estimated that there are from six hundred to one thousand women on duty, the policemen being there apparently to prevent anything that would interfere with the orderly and profitable traffic in vice." These houses are open, and investigators report seeing seventy-five men and boys entering within ten minutes. They are among the "sights" of the city. Cabarets in the center of the city are set up with every convenience for securing vicious women. Summing up his report, Mr. Johnson says: "In

spite of announcements of officials to the contrary, San Francisco remains one of the few large cities of this country where prostitution is frankly and openly tolerated. Here, also, little or no effective supervision and regulation of dance halls, rooming houses, cafés and other public places where prostitutes ply their trade is provided. The natural and inevitable result has been that San Francisco has become the Mecca for the underworld, and that for every such addition to her population the problem is rendered that much more difficult."

In view of the effects of Romanism on Latin Americans, as portrayed in sundry missionary magazines, this indictment is interesting and illuminating, but not consoling. What will the Latin Americans think about it? No doubt they will wonder at the Yankee effrontery of the Protestant bishops, archdeacons, deacons, elders and so on, who are arranging a great Pan-American missionary congress with the set purpose of carrying the Gospel to the "benighted Latins." It is to be hoped that the last named people do not get the idea that purity of life is not compatible with "evangelism"; that is not true, in theory at least.

A late number of the London *Month,* a review that has retained its admirable sanity under the stress of war, contains some amusing notes on the "Angels of Mons." When the British were in retreat they were protected, so rumor had it, in a most mysterious way. A "yellow mist," or a "cloud of light" was flung round about them, "and voices were heard; the cloud assumed various forms, it was a choir of angels, or it was a company of phantom British bowmen." So the story went, but no man knew whence it came. The mystery has been solved at last. An enterprising journalist has come forward with the explanation. He wrote a tale, "The Bowmen," for a popular magazine, and since then he has heard in wonder, his story told and retold in a hundred ways. His bowmen of Mons became now St. George for the English, now Joan of Arc for the French, again angels, again phantom bowmen, until at last the bewildered journalist is led to ask: How is it that "a nation plunged in materialism of the grossest kind has accepted idle rumors and gossip of the supernatural as certain truth?" His reply is interesting:

The answer is contained in the question. It is precisely because our whole atmosphere is materialist that we are ready to credit anything, save the truth. Separate a man from good drink and he will swallow methylated spirit with joy. It took advanced thinkers, Freethinkers, to believe in Madame Blavatsky and Mahatmas.

So it always was, the decline of true religion marks the upgrowth of wretched superstition, especially among the educated. This, too, is the warning of St. Paul.

Two weeks since the secular papers were commenting on the activity of distinctly Protestant associations in favor of the nomination of a candidate for Governor of the Bay State. The Philadelphia papers are now concerned with a kindred topic. A club has been organized by one H. C. Stone, curate of the Holy Trinity Chapel, whose members, according to the Philadelphia *Press,* are

To follow unquestionably the club's leaders, to do everything necessary to uphold the home and the nation, to do everything possible to further the strength and doctrine of the Protestant faith, and in cases of mixed marriages, between Protestant and Catholic, to bring up the children in the Protestant faith.

The aforesaid paper also declares that

One of the club's chief endeavors will be to elect only Protestants to public office, and that when Protestant opposes Protestant, as in the coming municipal election, the club's support shall go to the man freest from Catholic influence.

A semblance of truth is given to this by the following item from an advertisement prepared by party leaders on behalf of the prospective Republican candidate for Mayor. "Mr. Smith is an Episcopalian. During the summer months he and his family attended the Lutheran church." The *Bulletin* under date of September 21, scores many good points apropos of this and remarks:

This year, there are more questioning and whispering and rumoring about the creeds of candidates than there have been for at least a generation in Philadelphia politics, and it is to be noted, at this moment, as a symptom of a temper or mood which can easily become baneful in the political life of the town.

The old and true democratic formula on testing the worth or fitness of any man who wants an office, no matter what his religion or what his party, should still, and always, be our chief and decisive rule of action.—Is he honest; is he capable; is he faithful to the Constitution?

Meantime, no doubt, Mr. Smith continues to find Lutheranism cooling and Episcopalianism warming. Nothing is said about "the hereafter."

It is interesting to note, in connection with the recent decree of the Holy Father which allows the celebration of three Masses on All Souls' Day, that the practice of saying more than one Mass was by no means so uncommon at certain periods of the history of the Church as it is today. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., in an article which appeared in the *Month* for November, 1896, gives an instance of an agreement, drawn up between the Monastery of St. Gall and that of Reichenau, about the year 800, which prescribed that "when in either monastery the death of a monk was announced belonging to the other, all who were priests were to celebrate three Masses that same day for the soul of the deceased." In addition a solemn anniversary was to be held each year on November 14, on which occasion "each priest would say three Masses." Father Thurston, who has long been an authority on ancient Church practices, shows how, in the Acts of the Synod of Dingolfing in 932, "we find a list of feasts and fasts, and it is explicitly enjoined upon the clergy that on all the days of this latter class each priest must say three Masses as a matter of duty." In the light of the present discipline of the Church the following passage will seem very remarkable:

The Synod of Trier, in 1227, makes special mention of the Mass for the Dead, which it was always permissible to say in addition to the Mass for the day, and in 1092, the Synod of Seligenstadt contented itself with enjoining that no priest must say more than three Masses. We find that Gregory of Tours at an earlier date, as he tells us himself, celebrated as many as seven Masses in one day, though he is careful to add, in deference to the canons which were then in force, that he said them all at different altars; and Walafrid Strabo had heard on credible authority that Pope Leo IV was sometimes not contented with fewer than seven or nine. These, however, as sufficiently appears from the terms in which they are spoken of, were clearly regarded as extreme cases. On the other hand, it seems undoubtedly to have been the common practice during many centuries for devout and earnest priests to add a second Mass *pro Defunctis* to the Mass for the day, and on vigils, All Souls', Christmas Day, and other special occasions, the celebration of three Masses was the normal and ordinary usage.

From all this it appears that the recent decree of Pope Benedict XV is not something altogether new, but it is rather an earnest effort to get back to the earlier discipline of the Church, an effort that was clearly manifested in the decrees of Pius X on Frequent and Daily Communion, and on the recitation of the whole Psalter by the priests at least once every week.

Among the deaths recorded during the week was that of the Reverend David Phelan, for fifty years editor of the *Western Watchman.* Ordained priest in 1863, at the age of twenty-two, he began his newspaper career two years later and laid aside his pen only at the call of death, thus leaving behind him a record unique in the annals of Catholic journalism.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The details of the attacks made on the two sides of the great German wedge that points toward Paris and has its apex south of Noyon, between the Oise and the Aisne, indicate two substantial gains by the Allies, one in Artois and the other in Champagne. These attacks were made simultaneously, and were preceded by an artillery fire that had rained shells on the German trenches and defenses all along the line from the coast to the Vosges for more than two days.

Bulletin, Sept. 28, p. m.-Oct. 5, a. m.

In Artois the artillery had been especially active from Vermelles to Ecurie, but to prevent the Germans from concentrating their attention on the real point of attack, an assault was made by the British and French infantry from Ypres to Arras. After three days of severe fighting the British captured Loos and Hill 70, and the French took Souchez, Hill 140, and the heights of Vimy. These two successes have brought them within two miles of Lens on the north and within four miles on the south. They are now dominating both the town itself and all the German positions to the west of it, and as a consequence unless the Germans can retake the places they have lost, a thing they so far have failed to do in spite of very determined efforts, they will have to retire to the east of Lens.

Allies Gain in Artois and Champagne

A similar movement in Champagne carried the French forward more than three miles on a front of fifteen. Heavy artillery fire having destroyed both wire entanglements and trenches, the French, while attacking from Reims to the Argonne, concentrated heavy forces from Auberive to a point to the east of Massiges, and then by infantry assaults carried the first and later parts of the second line of German defenses, capturing Suippe, Le Mesnil, Beausejour, Tahure, Massiges, and Ville-sur-Taube, thus arriving within striking distance of the very important railroad that runs between Bazancourt and Challerange. This railroad seems to have been the object of the attack, as it is the main line of German communications in Champagne. The Germans have been making strenuous efforts to dislodge the French from their new positions, but without success. Counter-attacks by the Germans at other places, especially south of Noyon and in the Argonne, have also failed.

Whether it be that the expected bad weather, which has set in along the northern Russian battle line, has seriously impeded military operations, or that an enforced weakening of the Austro-German forces in the east has been the result of the renewed offensive of the Allies in the west, it is certain that the Russians are now holding their own. In the vicinity of Dvinsk they are reported for the most part to have taken the offensive. Further south they have extricated the Vilna army from another danger which menaced it owing to the fact that the Russians had to fall back from the Lida-Baronovich railroad. In Volhynia, however, they have lost Lutsk, and have failed in their attacks near Tarnopol. The general situation has not changed.

Less Activity in the East

Although none of the Balkan States have taken any step that commits them irrevocably to entrance into hostilities, the war cloud has by no means lifted. Both Greece and Bulgaria have renewed their official declarations that their mobilization, which is actively proceeding, is merely precautionary in nature. Bulgaria, however, is said to have proclaimed martial law, to be hurrying on the construction of defenses along the Ser-

The Balkan Situation

bian boundary, and to be moving troops towards the Rumania frontier of Dobrudja, which Bulgaria had to cede to Rumania at the close of the second Balkan war. A deputation from the Rumanian Parliament waited on the Premier, and demanded that immediate steps be taken to prepare for war. M. Bratiano replied that the Rumanian Government was of the opinion that the time for mobilization had not yet arrived. At Petrograd M. Sazanoff, and at London Sir Edward Grey, have publicly stated that Serbia, in the event of an attack by Bulgaria, would be defended by the united strength of the Allies. Meanwhile Austrian and German officers are said to be arriving at Sofia. By some this is interpreted as a strong indication of Bulgaria's intention of joining the Central Powers, as a similar report was current with regard to Turkey just before she made her attack on Russia. Russia evidently has no doubt of Bulgaria's intention. On October 3, she instructed the Russian minister at Sofia to present to Premier Radoslavoff an ultimatum declaring that:

> The Russian Minister, therefore, has received orders to leave Bulgaria with all the staffs of the legation and consulates, if the Bulgarian Government does not within twenty-four hours openly break with the enemies of the Slav cause and if Bulgaria does not at once proceed to send away officers belonging to the armies of the States which are at war with the Powers of the Entente.

To add weight to the ultimatum a Russian fleet appeared off Varna, and the Allies landed troops at Salonica. As Bulgaria has not complied with Russia's demands, her entrance into the war is taken for granted.

Austria.—Civilization is everywhere rising up anew from the desolated wastes of Galicia. No city, no village, no field, no forest has been spared by the ravages of war. Though many of the railroad stations are still in ruins, endless trains are constantly passing through the land, new bridges are spanning the rivers and the fields are again under cultivation. In the place of native workers thousands of Russians are everywhere employed. The large cities have resumed their activities and business houses are gradually being filled with new wares to answer the large demands of the soldiery. The small towns have suffered most severely, but here too there is renewed life and the national banners are raised over houses and ruins of houses where the returning fugitives find shelter. In ever greater numbers fugitives are coming back to their former homes and the work of renovation is at once begun. Children are described playing upon the shattered fortress where tens of thousands had but recently shed their life's blood. Private charity is cooperating with the Government in helping to make possible this vast work of reconstruction. At Grodek or Lemberg, "where streams of blood flowed and the soil is sown deep with the dead," the crops have already been harvested.

Renascent Galicia

China.—Early in September rumors came that Yuan Shi-Kai was making the Chinese Republic an Empire again, and that Vice-President Li-Yuan-Hung had resigned his office. Later advices denied, however, that the Vice-President had retired, though it was admitted that only the form of a republic was to be maintained, for there was to be a "permanent and hereditary" presidency. In a letter recently given out by the Chinese Minister at Washington, President Yuan admits that "many citizens from the provinces have petitioned the acting Li Fa Yuan to change the form of government," but says:

Is a Monarchy Coming?

> I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the country's circumstances. If it is decided upon hastily, serious obstacles will arise. The citizens' object is naturally only to strengthen the foundation of the State and increase the prestige of the country. If the opinion of the majority is consulted, good and proper means undoubtedly will be found.

Everything indicates, close observers say, that a monarchial form of government with Yuan as king, "permanent president," or what you will, is to be established before long in China. Though Yuan is reported to be opposed to the change, memorials are pouring in from political and commercial bodies in all parts of the country, asking for a restoration of the monarchy, and provincial officials and the higher officers of the army favor the change. A monarchy, it is felt, best meets the traditions of the nation. The recent troubles with Japan are considered largely due to the fact that China is a republic. It is perfectly clear that Yuan Shi-Kai, owing to his strong personality, has given the country a more honest and efficient administration of affairs than was enjoyed under the Manchus, and as everybody sees how hard it will be to find a fit successor for him, Yuan will probably be persuaded to be "permanent president."

Germany.—The departure of the Bulgarian students from Berlin in a special train was the occasion of an enthusiastic demonstration in which German and Bulgarian students fraternized. When the national songs "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" and "Schumi Maritza" had been sung the Counsel of the Bulgarian Embassy, Nikitorow, pointed to the example set by Germany and exhorted the students ever to keep this in mind. The President of the German-Bulgarian Association, Professor Kastner, expressed his conviction that Czar Ferdinand would soon be Czar not merely of Bulgaria but of all Bulgarians. The son of the Bulgarian Premier likewise departed from Berlin. Another scholastic and national celebration was that held by the Berlin school children on October 2, in honor of the sixty-eighth birthday of Field Marshal von Hindenburg. A colossal wooden statue of the great leader had recently been erected near the column of victory and is known as "the iron Hindenburg." Iron, silver and golden nails are driven into this for the benefit

Two National Demonstrations

of a fund raised for the East Prussian district ravaged by war. Five marks are paid for an iron nail and larger donations are given for silver and golden nails. Thousands of children gathered and all drove nails into the statue. In other cities likewise Hindenburg celebrations were held and the papers expressed the earnest desire of the nation that their popular hero might crown his work and for long years enjoy the fruits of a lasting peace.

Great Britain.—Professor C. H. Oldham writing in *Studies,* sets forth some interesting statistics in war finance. According to him, if the war lasts till March 31, 1916, public expenditure, ordinary and war, will be 1,132·6 millions sterling for one year; the present public revenue will bring in only 270·3 millions sterling, so that the deficit will be 862 millions sterling, a sum larger than the entire cost to England of the whole Napoleonic war which extended over twenty-two years. The entire cost to England of all wars from 1688 to 1882 was only 126 millions sterling short of the public expenditure for 1915-16. Professor Oldham then sets down some figures which make clear Great Britain's proportionate expenditure. The five great belligerent nations have 20,000,000 men in the field; it costs seven to eight shillings a day to support one soldier, a daily expenditure on men alone of £8,800,000. The four smaller belligerent nations have 500,000 men in the field: the maintenance of these brings the daily expenditure on men alone up to £9,200,000. At the time of this computation, the war had lasted 400 days, so that all told 3,680 millions sterling had been spent on men alone.

War Finance

Other expenses added, the war had up to that time cost Europe 7,000 millions sterling, a greater outlay than that made for all the wars fought by all the countries in the world from 1793-1881; they cost only 3,014 millions sterling. Moreover, in thirteen years the five belligerent powers have expended on their armies 2,723·5 millions sterling; on their navies 1,178·7, or not quite 4,000 millions sterling on both. The Kingdom's "credit and debit" follows: In England there is an aggregate property value of 17,130 millions sterling; in Scotland, of 1,960 millions sterling; in Ireland of 780 millions sterling, so that at present the aggregate value for the United Kingdom is over 20,000 millions sterling. In thirty-five years, 1860 to 1895, the aggregate wealth rose by 4,600 millions sterling; in the last eighteen years 1895-1913, it rose 8,064 millions sterling, an average yearly increase of 448 millions sterling; now, the aggregate annual income of the Kingdom is conservatively estimated at 2,400 millions sterling. This year the Chancellor has a budget deficit of 862 millions sterling; the foreign trade account, a further deficit of 350 or 400 millions, so that the entire deficit is over 1,200 millions sterling. These are astounding figures, but despite their size the writer of the article declares that the United Kingdom can stand the strain well enough.

Ireland.—Though the country is feeling the pinch of war in more ways than one, yet few inconveniences are more serious than the increase in prices. Thus raw wool has increased fifty per cent; flour, over ninety per cent; sugar seventy-five per cent; leaf tobacco from five per cent to fifty per cent; tinfoil, 100 per cent; tins, twenty per cent; cardboard packing cases, ten per cent; transcontinental freight, 275 per cent; cross-channel freight, twelve per cent; insurance, eight per cent; cost of labor, twelve per cent.

War Prices and Trade

A number of new industries have been established since the war began; in nearly every case they owe their origin to women who determined to "create" employment for girls thrown out of work. Three toy manufactories were set up and are now firmly established. One exports its goods to countries as far distant from Ireland as South Africa, Australia and India. It is amusing to note that one industry specializes in "Teddy Bears" and has already accomplished splendid results." *Studies,* from which these facts are quoted, remarks:

> that the majority of Irish industries have been kept fully occupied during the past twelve months; some have experienced an abnormal output; others have worked steadily, producing a moderate output, whilst a small number have found the demand for their manufactures decline. Several new industries have been, or are about to be, established, and they give promise of stability. Whilst it is practically certain that many Irish industries will experience a severe strain when conditions revert to the normal and the overpowering cost of war has to be met, few of them have been adversely affected during the first twelve months of this terrible conflict.

There is at present a great deal of criticism of the War Office for withholding contracts from Ireland. It is pointed out, however, that some of the criticism is unjust. In 1912-13 the annual value of local contracts, i.e., purchases made locally for military purposes, including provisions, forage, etc., was £360,000; the value of contracts placed in Ireland by the War Office, for manufactured goods, etc., was about £134,000. The total value of army contracts placed in Ireland since last August is about £2,110,000; this figure does not include the value of contracts placed locally (except for building works) for such things as provisions, forage, etc. Wherever suggestions concerning organization, made by the War Office, were followed, contracts were given. Thus, in two months a group of Dublin harness-makers turned out 15,000 articles of harness at a cost of £5,000. A representative of the Ministry of Munitions has secured for Dublin a "plant" capable of turning out 5,000 high explosive, eighteen-pound shells a week of 110 hours. Thus Dublin, continues *Studies,* is to have machinery capable of producing 260,000 shells in one year.

Mexico.—Opinions about the recognition of Carranza are freely expressed. Press despatches state that Cardinal Gibbons declares "the recognition of any of the

Recognition of Carranza; A Sad Letter

present military leaders, especially of Carranza," will not bring peace to Mexico. An ex-President of the stormy republic, Roque Gonzales Garza expresses himself in rather strained English, as follows:

If I were selfish, I should desire for the complete failure of Carranza that his government be recognized, certain as I am that he would prove absolutely incapable in less than a month, and knowing as I do the strong displeasure that will be felt by the revolutionists in Mexico upon recognition by the American Government of a party headed by a man who, next to Huerta, has been the most hated man in Mexico in these latter times. The situation in this case would be terrible, indeed, for the 100,000 men, at least, who compose the army of the Convention, added to all the civilians attached to it, who constitute the great mass of the people who are striving toward the advent of better times which will allow their evolution in all respects, would see their hopes entirely dissipated, and they would not be content to have contributed uselessly with their blood to end at last with a dictatorship much more hateful than that of Porfirio Diaz. I frankly confess that I, myself, am frightened at the prospect of the anarchy which would undoubtedly follow.

Apropos of the same subject the *Outlook* says:

. . . His (Carranza's) personal defects, his lack of any real military ability and his consequent dependence on the generals who at present support him, and his failure really to represent the Mexican people, all make it more than probable that, even if he becomes President and is recognized by foreign countries, his success will be followed only by a new revolution and a new struggle for supremacy between Carranza and one or more rivals.

To this the *New Republic* adds:

. . . The President has insisted throughout that he would not recognize a military dictatorship. The Government which was to receive the moral and financial support of this country must be authorized to take office by an honest election under constitutional forms. Carranza cannot claim any such title to political authority in Mexico, and he does not intend to seek it. He proposes to carry out the social and economic reforms, the need of which has, in his opinion, caused the Mexican revolution, upon his own authority as military dictator, and to postpone the organization of a constitutional government until these reforms are completed. If he becomes acknowledged ruler of Mexico he will certainly pay very little attention to American influence and advice. The President will hardly be able to obtain any assurance from him that Mexico will meet those legal obligations to the citizens of other countries which, if ignored, might provoke subsequent European intervention. Finally, he would have no assurance as to the reality and the permanence of Carranza's own authority. . . . His generals are notoriously insubordinate, and would in many cases prefer to continue their safe and profitable career of military exploitation rather than assist in the final restoration of order. The condition in that part of the country of which Carranza's troops have been in undisputed occupation for over a year is not such as to inspire confidence either in the reality of his authority or in his ability as a pacificator.

This last statement is strengthened by the fact that our State Department has once again warned Americans about the dangers to life in Mexico. Meantime the border-raids continue, unchecked by Carranza, a fact which is weakening the First Chief's prestige, indicating, as it does, malice or indifference or weakness. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons has given to the press this letter signed by two Mexican prelates at present resident in Chicago:

Your Eminence—The Most Reverend Archbishop of Mexico has been officially notified that the penniless religious communities of our unhappy country, especially Sisters and children, they being unable to obtain a living on account of lack of food and every source of money, endure an overwhelming situation that can be ended only by deplorable casualties. There are communities in which both Sisters and children eat but one cup of corn flour and water every morning and evening, and some wild grass they seek and pick up in the field.

The Most Reverend Archbishop, not finding any other way of assuaging such a situation but by an urgent request to the unexhausted charity of the American Catholics, has charged us with the honorable commission of entreating your Eminence in the forementioned request. If your Eminence thinks that a personal interview is necessary for getting full reports, we are willing to leave for Baltimore immediately.

What is true of the few Sisters left in Mexico is also true of the great mass of the people.

Spain.—The Moroccan question still faces the Government; three High Commissioners, Generals Alfan, Marina and Jordana have not been able to settle it. The financial and military difficulties of the situation are increasing day by day; this year's Moroccan estimates exceed by 15,000,000 pesetas those of last year's Budget. There are at present 70,000 Spanish troops in the colony, yet no substantial progress has been made in the subjugation and pacification of the natives. Every morning brings its list of wounded and dead in what seem to be useless military expeditions and empty victories. The wiser statesmen of almost every party realize that the country can reap little glory and no substantial benefit from such a policy. The Madrid Catholic paper *El Universo,* in a series of well-informed articles, suggests a remedy. If Spain wishes to retain Morocco, to civilize and develop it, it must proceed to the task with a policy of "pacific penetration." Pointing to the civilizing work done in the past by the French missionaries in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, etc., and to the wonders accomplished in Morocco itself and in the heart of Africa by Cardinal Lavigerie and his White Fathers, *El Universo* holds that schools must be built first for the colonists and settlers and gradually for the natives who will soon be won over to a peaceful and orderly life. Model farms and agricultural schools under the management of the Trappists and Carthusians would greatly further such a pacific and truly beneficial conquest. The Mohammedan respects the *marabout,* and the austere asceticism and self-denial of the religious will slowly react upon him. Every sound and practical statesman in Spain realizes that a change must soon take place in the Moroccan colonial policy, and many of them state that the program of the *El Universo* seems, in the premises, to be the correct one.

The Moroccan Question

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Immigrant and the Church

MUCH effort and more ink have been spent on the question of how to keep the Catholic immigrant faithful to the Church. Prelates and priests and laymen have endeavored to account for our leakage, to remedy it or to explain it away. And the problem becomes more pressing every day. That an overwhelmingly large percentage of those who came to these shores in recent years, are Catholics, 600,000 in every million is the latest estimate, statistics are there to prove beyond serious dispute. From various quarters there is an increasing demand for more money to provide more churches, more schools, more priests. These seem to be the primary and most urgent need. And it is added that thousands, nay millions would have been saved to the Church if in former times churches and priests had been more plentiful. What are the facts in the case?

One must have lived among immigrants and be intimately familiar with their former life, their prejudices and feelings and peculiar state of mind, to form a balanced judgment that will not be an undue stressing of isolated instances, nor run to any extremes not justified by observation. We must save to the Faith every Catholic coming to these shores; as a rallying cry the slogan is beautifully expressive of generous, boundless zeal. In daily life however, it takes on a somewhat different aspect. In the very first place we have to contend with the fact that a large number of those who come to us from Catholic countries are Catholics only by name. At home some of them had altogether forgotten their duties, and in the populous cities with large parishes, their irregular life was almost unheeded. In the country districts, however, where generally Faith is strong and vigorous, social ostracism was sure to overtake anyone neglecting Mass and the Sacraments. There a minority whose faith for various reasons was dead or dying, still held fast more or less to an external profession of Catholicism out of mere habit, and to avoid becoming the butt of their relatives' and neighbors' sharp criticisms. From overcrowded cities and too densely populated rural districts they emigrate. The change of country, of surroundings, of habits of life, the severing of family ties, mean a complete and almost violent rending in twain of their lives. It is so thorough an upsetting of their existence that they are as it were thrown out of their orbit. For us who by virtue of our education have become more or less cosmopolitan, and, having been made acquainted with the various ways of other nations, feel more readily at home among them, it is very difficult to realize how deeply this change affects simpler and less educated immigrants. They face the task of reconstructing their lives from the bottom up, and as if this were not enough, they must do it along new and unfamiliar lines.

In this strange environment they are scarcely known or not at all. Less restraint means greater liberty especially in religious matters. Then they see around them a number of sects holding contradictory tenets in religion, whilst the widest possible gulf separates them from Catholicism. Yet all these men and women are respected, honored and get along in the world. Very often they are the new immigrant's employers, and as far as he is called upon to judge, they are honest, straightforward, obliging. The halo which had hung around Catholicism as the exclusive fountainhead of all righteousness would seem to vanish. The immigrant does not so much analyze these various factors as he feels their combined weight. The kind of religion a man professes appears to make no difference in his life, while from all sides are heard exhortations to mutual tolerance and forbearance. The men in his new surroundings and the religion they profess, or do not profess, are all on the same footing among their fellows, and seemingly also before God.

Now when the immigrant's religious convictions are weakened already, perhaps to the vanishing point, he has very quickly taken the next step: he dispenses with religious duties altogether, and he has a vague feeling that he will make his way in the world as well as thousands of others around him. It is very unsound reasoning. Granted. That point is not my chief concern just now. I am only calling attention to a psychological process that is not uncommon with the immigrant. His wavering convictions receive another serious shock when he realizes that direct financial support is required by the Church from her members. Many immigrants have not formerly been used to the method of church sustenance which calls on everyone to contribute a share of his hard-earned money.

It is largely to better their economic condition that they came to this land of plenty. Now, what the immigrant earns, he has toiled for in the sweat of his brow, and he considers it particularly his to dispose of as he pleases. What in many cases he could never aspire to in the land of his birth, to be proprietor of a home, with prospects of rising even higher in the social scale, he sees within his grasp, and with all the eagerness of his famished soul he strives to become a property owner. It is impertinent on the part of the Church to lay a claim to ever so small a part of his dearly earned wages. To allow the claim is like robbing himself, and the irreligious papers he is perhaps fond of reading harp unceasingly upon this tender string. He concludes that if religion "has to be bought," he will have none of it or at least as little as possible.

That this class is not so numerous as to create cause for very serious alarm, is proved by the existence of the large number of well-equipped parishes called into being, supported and developed by Catholic immigrants. That deep-seated antagonism to this rule leads others astray, is none the less true, and but further confirms the contention that we can never hope to get or to keep each

and every Catholic immigrant as a faithful member of the Church.

Above all there is that altogether elusive factor that does not lend itself to compression into statistical tables, and yet it does account for a certain amount of leakage and fruitless labor on our part: the perversion of the will. The Lord did not save all of his chosen people: He offered them salvation but they obstinately refused His means of grace. Among Catholic immigrants this same dire consequence of original sin has equally free scope. And against obdurate perversity all our exhortations may prove as powerless as were those of the Saviour. In all such cases atheistic papers and immoral living do their work thoroughly and well. That some unfortunates deliberately choose to die outside the Church of their Baptism, even when the means of conversion are put at their disposal on their deathbed, many a priest can bear witness. I have purposely refrained from an invidious mentioning of any particular nationality, because the above causes, as trite and commonplace as they are fatal in their results, react to a greater or lesser degree on all.

Over against these who came to us practically lost to the Faith, there is the vast majority of immigrants whose convictions are unassailable, and who remain staunchly loyal to the Church whatever befall. Provided with school and church and priest, they will support them all, sometimes a little grudgingly, most often to the limit of their scant resources. When far away from church, they will travel miles to attend one, and leave no stone unturned to surround themselves and their family with Catholic influences. In the past, and even at present in very remote districts some of these have become indifferent, and their children, not they, join a Protestant congregation near at hand. The continued deprivation of all religious nutriment for lack of church and priest is the obvious cause. Theirs is a spiritual starvation unto death, a pitiful condition indeed, and they have perhaps the first and strongest claim on our sympathy and assistance.

We have thus far considered only the immigrant himself. If we go a little deeper into the question and ask how far the first and second generation of immigrant descent have remained attached to the Church, we shall find that they are to a large extent what the influence which shaped the life of their parents made them, plus the superadded evils resulting from mixed marriages and non-Catholic schools, and these are so serious that they demand an investigation of their own. Assume that one immigrant family has fallen away. Suppose there are five children, each of them marrying and having three children: in the second generation we are most likely to have twenty-five ought-to-be's. Suppose a thousand families in this case, and the result in the course of years is so unpleasant to contemplate that it makes us cast about instinctively for the most efficient and the most quick-working remedies.

To come back to our initial assumption: we must save every Catholic immigrant coming to these shores. The obvious answer is: we never can. But knowing the reasons, many of our failures need not be laid at the door of any one person but the immigrant himself, and our ill-success in some cases need not discourage us in any way. We must have more churches, more schools, more priests, and money must be more freely given to support them. These are essential to even the smallest measure of success. Yet we must also learn our limitations: money with all that it makes possible is by no means the standard by which to gage our accomplishments; the lack of it is not the sole explanation of our losses. Steadfastness in the Faith is primarily determined by two conflicting agencies: free will and Divine grace. If he is to remain attached to his religion amidst the greater dangers of his new surroundings, the foreign-born Catholic should be more thoroughly grounded in it before his arrival among us. And when he is in our midst, prayer and self-denial deserve to be emphasized as two indispensable conditions of success.

J. B. CULEMANS.

Woman Suffrage*

WHEN the basic issue in the discussion of woman suffrage is reached, it is clearly this: Shall the family maintain its place as the unit of civil society, or shall the State establish the individual as its unit, without regard to sex? There is no mistaking the ground of this dispute once the vast amount of superficial argument is swept away from the propaganda of "Votes for Women." The notable advocates of political, economic and sex equality set forth their doctrine with a boldness which leaves no possible doubt that the Christian family is flouted. Sex functions and appetites are assumed to be merely personal concerns, as a preference for beefsteak today and fried fish tomorrow. So the law of sex independence is set down without the slightest reference to, or regard for, the Decalogue.

Broadly speaking, the advocates of woman suffrage have had the sociological field all to themselves, as really competent opposition has been rare. Indeed, no truly scientific defense of the family can be put forth by those who deny the indissolubility of the marriage bond as the foundation of the State. For, if God is not the author of the family as a moral body having one head, not two, the matter is not clarified.

Only a slight barrier is set up by those who, for love of country or for love of home, oppose votes for women, as sentimental rather than scientific reasons guide their course. Nor is humanism a cure for Feminism, for the race comes first and God not at all. These defenders confuse rather than illumine the subject, making it appear an endless discussion with the truth past finding out. Of

*The first of a series of six articles.

course, from the Pragmatists, to whom racial experience is the one only mode of discovering the road to national well-being, there is no help, for the race must come to an end before men know what it is best to do, or how best to do it. No, to these various groups we may look for keenness, but not for wisdom, as they acknowledge no voice which speaks with authority but their own, and no bed-rock of truth upon which to discover that it is God's will that makes the family a moral body and so consequently the necessary unit of civil society.

Everybody sees that the family is hard pressed, some with horror, other some with trembling and with doubt. But those taking the offensive openly express satisfaction at seeing their philosophy of free-love, divorce, political equality, economic independence and sex freedom riding rough-shod over what they are pleased to view as the stupid conventions, the industrial, political and sex slavery which heretofore has kept woman from coming into her own. These morbid but sparkling minds look to see the superman born and bred when what is now well in the green shall be rotten ripe.

If the opposing forces were sharply divided, the whole Feminist movement were as an open book to the right-minded. As it is, a tangle of depraved opinion and sound thought seems in hopeless confusion. Nevertheless, the leaders of the two camps know what the fight is about: Shall God's word stand as to the creation of man and the relation of the sexes or shall modern Materialism set up a mode of human life not fit for the dogs? Shall we have marriages, or progressively, after trial marriages, no marriages; with women equally free with men to earn their own living, if they prefer, at the "trade of motherhood?"

Alas that a babel of voices clamoring for woman's rights should so bewilder the mind of the populace, and that so much progress should have been made towards the desolation that pseudo-science has in store for her! It was love of God and obedience to law that rescued woman from the fate of the heathen world and it is nothing else than Christianity that shall save her from neo-paganism.

No secondary principles will do in her defense. Neither regard for the race nor love of country is the first term in right reason. If it were, creation is before the Creator and Cæsar before God. Still less is love of home the basic reason for defense of the family as the unit of the State, else affection is set above reason. But the case is worse yet when the Ten Commandments are equal with human reason. Thus one may enter the thick of confusion by following a distinguished Englishman who graciously grants to one free man as much right to "disbelieve the Bible" as to another the right to "disbelieve the Origin of Species." Truly this is "fair-play" run mad! For God has lost His authority over His creation once a man has a right to disbelieve the Book of Genesis; or, to put it negatively, as much right to discredit God's own story of creation with mankind as its crowning glory, as he has to disbelieve an already scientifically discredited theory of man's origin.

We may indeed grant that a man has the power of maintaining a perverse attitude of mind, on any subject, but no man has a right to do so, for it is a violation of his own rational nature. It puts non-reason and reason at par. With God's authority on a level with Darwin's, both woman's rights and woman's wrongs would be past finding out.

But neither religion nor science will have it so; for science has no knowledge in conflict with the testimony of God. There is no warrant for the popular notion that complete sex independence is the highest stage of human evolution. But the positive conviction that God has told His children how man came into this world and what our rights and duties are as men and women within human society, which is more or less responsive to His love and more or less obedient to His law, has warrant not alone by faith, but by science also.

Every department of human life shows the necessary cooperation of men and women. If we take the whole sphere of human action and intellectually separate it into its four grand divisions, the civic, the economic, the social and the domestic, it may be seen that two of these departments naturally fall under the direction of men and the other two fall under the direction of women. While, if religion, good will among men, ceases to dominate the whole sphere, disorder is prevalent.

The history of all ages tells the same story. The home and social intercourse are organized and maintained by women, while politics and commerce naturally fall to the lot of men. No man ever made a home, that is the task of the woman, wife and mother. But who shall say that home is home without the husband and father? So it is with society. What woman ever achieved distinction and leadership with men as her rivals? Yet were men altogether absent, zest would be absent from the social environment and public opinion nil. Certainly the home and social intercourse are indispensable divisions of civilization. And although women lead, men have a secondary but a necessary part to perform. Women supply the comforts and graces, while men exhibit their power by supplying the material means. So with infinite beauty and strength are the characteristics of these *twain that are one,* made complementary in the building of human association.

In politics and commerce it is just the opposite. Men take to state-craft as a duck to the water, by right of natural fitness. Yet many a laurel worn by the great was plucked with the assistance of women. So with business enterprise, it is man's world, by all the signs of right reason. Yet the successes are won with the aid of women; and for the family. If, then, men and women insist upon changing the natural order, disorder will be the result.

Surely it should be simple enough that the halves of the one race have their natural tasks, designed by our

Creator, for the maintenance of civil society. If we ask the science of biology as to the natural fitness of men and women, the tale is plainly told, for structure denotes function. The man's part is the positive, the projective force in life; and the woman's the receptive, the conservative force. If we go to Divine authority, to the one authentic record of human history, it tells us that this was meant to be so: "God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them." The man to lead, the woman to help.

What then, shall the demand of "equal rights" stand upon but a rebellious attempt to undo God's plan and make up the duties of the race after their own vainglorious pattern? Martha Moore Avery.

The Catholic Press of Australia and New Zealand

WE have not yet been fortunate enough in these southern lands to enjoy the advocacy of a Catholic daily journal; but the principal cities have weekly newspapers thoroughly loyal to the Church and sturdy defenders of her interests, which in size, illustrations and other important particulars are much superior to similar publications of the Protestant denominations. Our oldest paper is the Sydney *Freeman's Journal,* founded in 1850 by Archdeacon McEncroe, who acted as its first editor. On October 15, 1914, it completed its sixty-fourth volume, and it claims to be the recognized Catholic and Irish organ of the Commonwealth. The *Catholic Press* is another excellent Sydney paper; its first issue appeared in 1895. The largest Catholic journal in Melbourne, the *Advocate,* owed its origin in 1868 to some zealous laymen and priests. The price of these three weeklies was at first 6d., but for some years they have been sold at 3d. a copy. The *Tribune,* a smaller and energetic Melbourne journal, is published at 1d. It issued its first number in 1900. The other Catholic newspapers are the following: in Launceston, Tasmania, the *Monitor* (1d.), an amalgamation in 1894 of the Hobart *Catholic Standard* and the Launceston *Morning Star;* in Perth, Western Australia, the *W. A. Record* (1874); in Adelaide, South Australia, the *Southern Cross* (1889); and in Brisbane, Queensland, the *Age* (1892), and the *Catholic Advocate.* The *New Zealand Tablet* was founded in 1873 by Bishop Moran, of Dunedin, N. Z. It is one of our best papers. The present Bishop of Auckland, N. Z., the Right Rev. Henry William Cleary, was its editor until his consecration in 1910. All our papers maintain a strenuous fight against the godless secular system of State primary instruction which is established by law in Australia and New Zealand.

The *Austral Light* is the chief monthly magazine. Large in size, illustrated, and well printed, it began its career in January, 1892, and during its early years it had but a struggling existence. However, in 1899, the Most Rev. Dr. Crass, Archbishop of Melbourne, and a number of the clergy took charge of it, and it became ecclesiastical property. Since then it has prospered, and its literary excellence was recognized by the late Canon Sheehan, and by the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., editor of the *Irish Monthly.* There are three other monthlies, namely, the *Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (1887); the *Annals of Our Lady,* and the *Garland of St. Joseph.*

A quarterly review, entitled the *Australian Catholic Record,* was founded in 1894 by Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, and published high class articles on subjects of ecclesiastical and general interest. A small religious quarterly, the *Madonna,* is issued by the *Australian Messenger* office and is devoted to promoting devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Its first number appeared in November, 1897. Annuals are published by a number of Catholic colleges and convent secondary schools.

In consequence of a resolution passed at the Second Australasian Catholic Congress, held in Melbourne in 1904, an Australian Catholic Truth Society was formed under the presidency of the Archbishop of Melbourne. Up to the present, this Society has printed over 200 pamphlets, a large volume of Archbishop Carr's "Lectures on the Church" and an admirable "Australian Prayer Book"; of the last mentioned 25,000 copies have been sold. In some of the principal cities of the United States the Australian Catholic Truth Society's short and clear publications are well liked and several of them have been reprinted. Several series of graduated readers have been printed for the classes in our primary parish schools, the pupils of which are efficiently taught by Christian Brothers, Marist Brothers, Brothers of the La Salle Institute, and zealous Sisters.

M. J. Watson, S.J.

The Propagation of the Faith

A GLORIOUS task devolves upon the Catholics of America. It is their mission, humanly speaking, to save from collapse or utter ruin numerous dioceses, vicariates or prefectures in the field afar. Always poor and needy, these distant missions are now absolutely crippled in men and money, owing to the war. In answering the appeal made to them the Catholics of America can repay a long standing debt of gratitude. In 1822 the infant Church of this country was the first beneficiary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The organization, then newly founded, collected during that year about $4,000. Two-thirds of this money was given to the missions of Louisiana and Kentucky. Since then the various missions in the United States have received more than $6,000,000. Their contribution hitherto has been a little over $3,000,000.

The yearly collection of the Society before the war amounted to about $1,300,000. This sum, when divided among the various missions, with their 6,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters, all dependent upon Christian charity for their support, afforded less than $30.00 a year to each worker. Private charity offered some $400,000 more for missionary purposes. The Association of the Holy Childhood too contributed its notable share. But the friends of the missions and their chief benefactors were found in the countries which furnished the missionaries. These countries are now almost all involved in the great European war and can no longer sustain their foreign missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has no permanent

fund from which to draw in critical times, so not one of the three hundred dioceses, vicariates or prefectures has been able to prepare for the days of famine which now threatens them.

All the Orders and Congregations in the Church are practically represented in the mission field. As an illustration of some of these, we may mention the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus. The Holy See has entrusted to it the Archdiocese of Calcutta in India, the Diocese of Point de Galle in Ceylon, a Prefecture Apostolic in the Belgian Congo and a national seminary in India. The White Fathers and the Fathers of Lyons, exclusively missionary institutions, have hundreds of their men in the very trying missions of Central Africa. They cultivated that part of the Lord's vineyard, even when the average life of a missionary in the African jungles was less than two years. If the good work is to continue, the vacant place of the missionary, falling a victim to his zeal, must be filled. Training schools are an absolute necessity; young recruits must some day take the places of the old warriors. These schools are not endowed and must appeal to the charity of the Catholic world. In a glorious country like ours, we are liable to forget that there are over 1,000,000,000 human beings who have not as yet received the Gospel message. The whole of Asia with its 900,000,000 inhabitants counts less than 3,000,000 Catholics. Africa has fewer than 1,000,000 Catholics in a population of over 150,000,000. In Oceanica about one-sixth of the 7,500,000 inhabitants are Catholics.

The missionary spirit is part and parcel of the Catholic Faith; the Church must, by all means at her disposal, work for the fulfilment of Christ's prayers for the sheep that are not of the fold. It is the mission of the one Church of Christ to carry the message of her Founder to all parts of the world. All members of the mystic body of Christ must be imbued with the spirit. As soldiers of the Cross they must be willing to follow their Commander, to hasten the time when there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd. All have been taught to pray "Thy kingdom come"; every Catholic must do his best for the realization of that prayer. All we are and all we have are gifts of Almighty God; as stewards, we shall have to render an account of the life and property entrusted to us for the one purpose that God may be glorified in all. We may learn a lesson from our non-Catholic brethren. The budget of their missions shows what results may be attained by a combined effort. The united offerings of the Protestants in the United States for foreign missions in 1907 amounted to $8,997,970. The Catholics, on their part, contributed in 1913 about $400,000 through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The saintly Pontiff Pius X, shortly before he died, said to the writer of this article: "It seems queer that Almighty God should send us, the priests of His Church, to convert the world, while the others have the money."

The grain of mustard seed planted on the foreign mission field has developed into an immense tree. Hundreds of thousands of converts are brought to the feet of the Redeemer every year. Relying on His Providence and the charity of the Catholic world, the Superiors of Missions continually extend the scope of their usefulness; younger laborers take over and perfect the work begun by their predecessors. Mission schools are just as necessary as parochial schools; orphanages and foundling asylums are more necessary than here, for to no other than the missionaries' hand can the dear little ones be entrusted. Hospitals and dispensaries are likewise a necessity, since no provision is made in missionary countries for the physical ills of mankind. Polygamy is one of the curses of the pagan world; homes must be provided for the plural wives after their conversion. The superiors of the missions heed the instructions of Christ's Vicar upon earth and realize the need of a native clergy, who must eventually carry on the work begun by their American or European brethren; colleges and seminaries must be founded. The burden of all these institutions must be borne by those whom God has more signally favored and whom He calls as laborers to his vineyard.

There is work for all on this field and no one is excused from contributing his share, be it by prayers, or alms or both. Most missionaries cannot, as formerly, appeal to their friends in Europe. The eyes of all are, therefore, turned to America; help must come from the neutral country. There are other neutral countries besides America, but unfortunately some of them have their armies mobilized, and others, like Spain and the Republics of South America, have not been sufficiently aroused to the needs of the hour.

The Catholic of America should hear the cry of his mother, the Church, and see to it that the work of centuries shall not be destroyed. We shall always have the poor with us, and the best way to relieve their distress is by systematic giving. The Society for the propagation of the Faith has the full approval of the Church. It endeavors to distribute the alms collected to each individual mission in proportion to its needs. The dues of its members are so small as to be within reach of the poorest family in this favored land. Sixty cents a year or five cents a month makes the donor a shareholder in the work of our missionaries. The gift would not in the least interfere with the duties of the Catholic toward his parish's needs. Charity begins at home, but to be Catholic it must have a broader field. The heathen of today is not more unworthy of the gift of faith than our forefathers in Europe were when the first missionaries were sent to them. Gratitude for what we have received without any merits on our part should prompt us to work with Christ for the conversion of the world. If each of the readers of AMERICA would organize a band of ten, their combined efforts would save all the missions of Africa. We Catholics know the value of the human soul, for which the Redeemer shed His Precious Blood. All may be instrumental in saving one or more. We address the Catholics of America in the words of St. Paul, when exhorting the Corinthians to contribute bountifully to relieve the poor of Jerusalem: "In this present time let your abundance supply their want, that their abundance also may supply your want, that there may be an equality. . . . Show ye to them the evidence of your charity."

D. I. LANSLOTS, O. S. B.
Prefect Apostolic of Northern Transvaal.

French Soldiers on Leave

DURING last autumn and winter there were very few French officers and soldiers who got even a few hours' leave. The strenuous duty demanded of them made it difficult to find room for absence, however short. Then, last spring, as the war dragged on, it was deemed advisable to give a short leave to men who had been almost incessantly on the line of fire and, since then, there has been a steady flow of *permissionaires,* as they are called, pouring into the towns and villages of France from the front of our armies. Pessimistic and nervous citizens, of whom there are many every where, prophesied that these men who came fresh from the hardships and horrors that war brings in its train would have a deteriorating influence on their families and friends; these gloomy forecasts were doomed to disappointment.

It will surprise no one to be told that the officers appeared full of courage and in excellent spirits; birth, breeding, and education count for much in times of extreme tension like those we are now living through and, whatever they might think, it was certain that our officers would show a brave face to the civilians, who are all the more nervous when they run no risks and incur no hardships.

But our officers had nothing to conceal; their attitude, their words, their open and spontaneous expression of absolute trust in the final issue of the struggle were the sincere expression of what they felt. They marveled at the timid fears of the civilians, laughed at the wild or foolish stories that circulate out of reach of the cannon, and impressed all those who came into touch with them by their steady and cheerful resolution.

Personal experience enables me to speak on the subject. It is a certain fact that the gigantic struggle in which we are engaged has transformed some of our fighting men and has singularly developed others. Those whom I had occasion to see more closely have been wonderfully matured by the war; they have the grave expression of men who have looked death in the face, men whom pain has touched and tried, of whom a tragic duty is demanded. There is nothing desponding about their attitude, no bitterness, no discouragement, but a deep sense of their responsibilities as leaders, and a confidence in their soldiers that is one of the most attractive features of military life in France. One of the officers in question has been, since the war began, stationed at a post that is continually attacked with more or less violence; the men under his command belong to the Department of Meurthe and Moselle, that has been held by the Germans since August, 1914. They have no news of their families, and for the last twelve months would have been totally deprived of the comforts that relatives at home send to the fighters at the front, if their commander had not supplied the want. He begged for vests, socks, comforters, from his family and friends, and was thus able to provide the isolated men with the required treasures. I may add that an ample supply of the same, sent to France from America, is waiting to be distributed by the same officer at the beginning of winter. These men would go anywhere with their captain; he is doubly their leader and their friend; by reason of circumstances he has partly taken the place of their people at home.

Among the officers on leave I noticed another trait, a keen appreciative view of the enemy's organization; there was no boasting, but no discouragement, in their estimate of what still has to be done. They look straight at the gigantic task, measure it with a clearness of judgment and a firmness of soul that will go far to secure the object in view. They blame the enemy's methods, but acknowledge the force of an organization that was being methodically built up while France and England lived, unheeding the peril ahead.

Our officers on leave gave, wherever they passed, an impression of clear-sightedness, resolution and tenacity, generally veiled by a reticence of speech, to which we have got accustomed, but which, at the outset of the war, seemed curiously un-French. Their presence in our midst made us feel proud and confident; it brought the war home to us under its noblest aspect, as a sacrifice of self to the highest duty. The soldiers on leave, in their faded, sometimes torn uniforms, presented a different aspect from their chiefs', but neither have they justified the gloomy forebodings of our pessimists. It was an amusing sight, in the August sunshine, to see them surrounded by their families. The bronzed *permissionaire* pushing his baby's perambulator or carrying his wife's market basket was a common object in the Paris suburbs; in the country they soon doffed their uniform and set to work to bring in the harvest with which women, old men and children were grappling feebly.

They expressed themselves in clumsy words, and, on the whole, had only seen what passed in their particular corner of the trench or of the field, but their spirit was excellent. *Il faut en finir.* "We must have done with them," was a common phrase; it expressed imperfectly their feeling that the present struggle is one of life and death for France. Their officers hold an important place in the soldiers' conversations. "My captain is like a father," "My lieutenant helped me when I was wounded," are phrases that we hear, not once, but dozens of times. There is much good fellowship between comrades, and on all sides an enormous respect for the soldier priests, who, in consequence of an iniquitous law, are forced to fight like the rest and who do so magnificently. They share the men's privations and their dangers and thus acquire an immense influence over them. A year's experience among our wounded soldiers, from every part of France, has made us realize the value of the soldier priests' example. They preach by their actions, not merely by their words; they are always ready to volunteer for perilous missions to help others, to take upon themselves extra work, in order to spare their comrades. Only the other day a soldier priest, who came to Paris on leave, gave First Communion to a wounded young soldier, whom he had baptized in the trenches near Arras on the eve of an attack. The boy had been brought up without any religion; he was drawn to the Church by the example of Abbé R——, a soldier priest, who, when the war broke out, was studying in Rome. It was good to see the earnestness of this neophyte and his reverence for the abbé, who, after the ceremony, exchanged his priestly vestments for his faded military *capote* and started to join his regiment at the front. On the whole, whether officers or soldiers, we may safely say that our *permissionaires* have brought into our midst a cheering and invigorating atmosphere, and that the pessimists, who thought otherwise, were in the wrong. The absence of empty boasting, the quiet acceptance of a gigantic task, the conviction that the struggle is one that demands absolute self-sacrifice, such are the characteristics that we noticed in officers and men. For most of them, patriotism was fired by a deep sense of religion that the perils of the hour have awakened or deepened among our fighting men.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Catholic Public Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the experience meeting held during a retreat I made recently, it was suggested that the retreatants should become supporters and readers of AMERICA, and that they should read the "Communications" column, for stimulating and keeping alive the zeal for Church and Country which the retreat developed. So I am getting my letter off concerning one of the ideas put before us by the director.

Why is it that we always style our local educational establishments "parochial schools," while the institutions supported through the tax-budget are called "public schools?" Why should not the Catholic school be called "public" as well as the other? The children of the Catholic school are given a secular education equal to that of the public school and when they come into competition, the Catholic school pupil generally excels the other. Moreover, in addition to the excellent secular education the Catholic school gives, the child is trained there in morals and religion. The money of Catholic tax-payers goes to support the public school and, in addition, Catholics make the personal sacrifice of contributing the money which maintains the Catholic school. This is done in order that the heart as well as the mind of the child may be properly educated. The object of the public school is to educate the boy so that he may be a useful citizen and to educate the girl so that she may be a good mother

to the future citizen. The boy of the Catholic school will also be a future citizen and the girl will be the mother of future citizens. Both enter life as well equipped in secular knowledge as the pupils of the public schools, but having had besides the great advantage of religious training, the Catholic pupil is morally equipped to be a better citizen and a better mother than the product of the State school and, consequently, better fitted to render efficient public service.

The children of both systems are destined for public service because they will become part of the State, but, as a result of superior opportunity, the Catholic school is rendering a greater service to the country than the State school, and its light should not be hidden from men by the appelation "parochial school," but it should rather be styled "Catholic public school."

The non-Catholic has a hazy notion that the parochial school is some sort of a hot-house of piety, where children are coddled, made to say their prayers, taught their catechism, trotted out dressed in white to Church processions, and, so on. But as for comparing in secular education with the public school, such a thing is not to be considered. The idea is preposterous!

The time has now come to show that the Catholic school is a public benefit, a public necessity and a real help to the nation. Therefore let us change the name "parochial school" to "Catholic public school."

Atlantic City. JOSEPH A. MCNAMEE.

Absent

To the Editor of AMERICA:

During the week of September 25 to October 2, the old soldiers, who comprise the remnant of the Grand Army of the Republic, celebrated their golden jubilee. The "comrades" gathered from far and near, in the city of Washington, to shake hands with those who fought shoulder to shoulder with them at Antietam or Gettysburg and to speak with love and reverence of the old commanders and of other well-beloved brethren who "have gone before." There was one comrade missing from the ranks of the veterans of the Thirteenth Wisconsin. He has been missing for nigh thirty years, and the survivors of his regiment spoke of him in subdued, awed accents. But he was not dead, only absent, at Molokai. His name is Brother Joseph Dutton.

After the war, during the four years of which Dutton had served with rank and distinction, he was retained in the Quartermaster's Department in a singular and difficult post. The keynote of his future was sounding faintly in his ears; it was foreshadowed in the corporal work of mercy in which he was engaged at the close of the strife, that of burying the dead. In this department it became his duty to collect the bodies of the scattered soldiers and to lay them in our national cemeteries. Later, when Dutton became a convert to the Catholic Church, he stood on the same threshold as his saintly prototypes, Ignatius and Francis, both of whom had been soldiers before they became saints. Forsaking all, family traditions, family-precedent, for the Duttons, strict New England Puritans, hoped one time that he would be a minister like his father, Dutton took unto himself humility, which is the foundation for the other three conditions which Ignatius of Loyola and Francis of Assisi enjoined upon their followers, and withdrew into a monastery. Then the news of Father Damien's need reached his ears. It was the trumpet call, summoning his soldier spirit once more to the battlefield, but a field more appalling than war. He is now about seventy-three years old, has by indefatigable labor built up the settlement, inducing the United States to assist in the name of science and humanity, and is still so alert and cheerful that the afflicted natives find in his ministrations an antidote for both discontent and unhappiness. Last "Fourth of July" a visitor with a moving-picture camera was permitted to take pictures of the celebration at Molokai. These pictures, about eight hundred feet of film, were later shown in public in Honolulu. After interesting groups of happy, laughing people had appeared in processions, watching horse races, etc., Brother Dutton was shown alone, reading a large volume, called "The History of the Civil War."

This is the man who has done the greatest and most fearless thing since Damien. Dutton went to a valley of abomination, where a cold guarding cliff shadows eternal exile, at a time when no one else would go near the pestitential hole; when doctors and officials were content to throw to the lepers the medicines, the garments and the food that the Government provided. Now that the United States has honored the gallant and venerable "old boys in blue," who were spared to see their golden jubilee, every Catholic man and boy in the United States should give a rousing cheer in his heart for Brother Joseph Dutton, the old soldier, absent, at Molokai.

Chicago, Ill. CECILIA MARY YOUNG.

Athletics versus Sport

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Robert E. Shortall, in writing on "Competitive Athletics," mistakes entirely my opposition to them. I have not the slightest objection to sports. I was on every team at Fordham. Play is, to my mind, almost the most important thing in the world for health. There is not nearly enough of it, though there are plenty of imitations. For me a healthy body is just as important as a healthy mind. My objection to competitive athletics is that they are not sport and are pursued at a great expense of time and effort with the excuse that they foster health, though all the authorities, that are available, declare they hurt health. The statistics of our Naval Academy are very striking in this regard. The athletes die younger and have more sick leave in after life than their brother cadets. Subsidiary reasons for competitive athletics which require excuses are that they help morality and mental efficiency. Fair discussion of these points show that, in the opinion of a majority of those who are close to students, they have rather the opposite effect and that the morality of the training period is only too often followed by excess when training is broken. It is not self-denial that athletics teach, but pride of bodily strength.

Mr. Shortall cites the thrill the crowd feels when a trained athlete wins. I think that probably this thrill is as nothing compared to what the crowd felt who saw the "New White Hope" "lick" Jack Johnson. That afternoon was the only time this year, when the war news, though there had been some important operations the night before, was forced off the front page of the New York evening papers. Thrills over bodily success are always to be suspected. Mr. Shortall suggests that such thrills "are in the blood and his whole being tells him they are right." I suppose that was the feeling of all those who were thrilled over the prize fight. I have not the slightest desire to interfere with sport. I am only insisting that college and university faculties must not make health an excuse for the over-attention to competitive athletics, which is ruining scholarship in this country, nor hold physicians responsible for it. A college degree is not even a certificate of satisfactory attendance. In the recent investigation of the Naval Academy the committee declared that athletes were favored in examinations. If it is so there, what about other colleges?

A healthy mind in a healthy body is the ideal state of man, but it is exactly because competitive athletics confessedly prevent proper development of mind and hurt health and body that they are not means to that ideal. German universities have had practically no competitive athletics and their students lack health neither of mind nor body. German efficiency, physical

and mental, has rightly become much more than an expressive phrase since the beginning of the present war. I think that for efficiency and health, here is a nation that might be set over against even our good Irish people. It is amusing to have Mr. Shortall compare Irish sports, indulged in occasionally by men who take an afternoon off for fun, with our competitive athletics, with their meticulous training, and professional coaches, and all the other refinements of college athleticism.

New York. JAMES J. WALSH, M. D.

Reply to "An Anglican's Position"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Moore, in his reply of September 18, still clings to the question of sincerity, and takes it for granted that if one's sincerity be true, the object of that sincerity must likewise be true. This is a common fallacy well known to every logician. Manning and Newman were sincere, yet this did not prevent them from forsaking the religion of their youth, when the truth dawned upon them that Anglicanism allowed its bishops and ministers to teach doctrines not only un-Catholic but positively heretical. Today, also, its accredited ministers permit, because powerless to prevent them, doctrines subversive of *all Christianity;* and these are not "individual heretics," as Mr. Moore claims, but its highest dignitaries. Surely such shameful conditions should shake to its very roots any one's belief in Anglicanism.

Mr. Moore next affirms Anglicanism, having a "true doctrine," is consequently a true branch of the Catholic Church. What is this "true doctrine"? Are there any ten fundamental tenets of Christianity in which *all* Anglicans agree? Secondly, I ask him when did Christ found a three-branched church, and how is it that we never heard of the second branch until A. D. 1054, and of the third until within recent years? No mention of these trunkless branches was ever made by Father or Council, a silence which Mr. Moore will kindly explain. Christ, however, did speak of His Church as One; now three branches without a trunk, can scarcely be called one, especially as they do not recognize one another, and teach diametrically opposite doctrines. Mr. Moore makes the astounding statement that England never, by word or act, cut itself off from Rome. She did so most effectively by the Act of Supremacy, by which Henry and Elizabeth claimed supreme headship over the Church, and "full power and authority in all matters spiritual." Secondly, by the fact that all bishops were forced, *as now,* to sue for their faculties from the king, who made it plain to them that the Crown was the source of their jurisdiction, "seeing that all authority of jurisdiction ecclesiastical and secular is derived from the royal power as from the supreme head and foundation." (*Wilkins' Concilia, iii,* 799). So that the Church has no spiritual authority whatever and the Crown, supported by Parliament and the Law Courts, decides what doctrines must be taught and who shall teach them. Thirdly, the fact that the very doctrines, upheld by Mr. Moore, were stigmatized as "dangerous deceits and blasphemous fables," "papistical and superstitious," while those who believed them were butchered to make an English holiday, proves conclusively that Anglicanism severed itself, root and branch, from the Catholic Church, which is the Body of Christ. In conclusion, I may add, any one who leaves the City of Confusion and enters the one Ark of Salvation for all, appointed by the Saviour, will not grieve the hearts of those left behind, because in the Catholic Church he will receive *true,* not *putative,* sacraments. There is no price to pay for secession, nor is there any sin of disloyalty, any dereliction of duty in forsaking the Church of one's birth, when it is discovered not to be the one true and only Church founded by the Redeemer. Christ's condition stands for all time. We must forsake all to follow Him.

Springhill, Ala. E. I. F.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his last letter on "An Anglican's Position," Mr. Jared Moore gives these reasons for his loyalty to the Protestant Episcopal Church, sentimental associations and fear of repudiating "the sacred gifts of God, the sacraments of Christ which have been administered to me through His priests." The issue is now clear, and Mr. Moore, no doubt, will give attention to these two questions: 1. Is sentiment a valid reason for remaining true to any form of religion? If so, may pagans remain such from sentiment? 2. Does Mr. Moore fear repudiation of two Sacraments or of seven? If of two only, is he not *repudiating* five? If of seven, what about the historic doctrine of the Anglican Church, which insists on two *ordinances* only and what too, about the large number of bishops, ministers and layfolk in his church who, even at this day, accept two ordinances only? Here we have a pretty dilemma: In the first supposition Mr. Moore would be doing the very thing he fears to do; in the second supposition his church has done the very thing he fears to do, and a large number of the clergy and people of that church are doing it today.

New York. GEORGE E. RUSK.

Was Burke's Wife a Catholic?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a courteous note, published in AMERICA of October 2, Mr. Thomas F. Marshal takes exception to the doubt expressed by me in AMERICA of September 4, as to whether the wife of Edmund Burke was a Catholic. Mr. Marshal says: "She was a Catholic, being a Catholic when she married Edmund Burke, but in conformity with the wish of her husband became a Protestant." He quotes, in support of this view, a few sentences from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal,* of "close on twenty years ago." Here the *Freeman* does not convince me. As Mr. Marshal does not mention the name of the Dublin biographer, I cannot judge of the critical value of the latter's words. Then there are just as weighty, nay weightier authorities against the writer in the *Freeman.* John Morley, James Prior, Thomas Macknight are "specialists" in Burke, his life and times. Morley, in speaking of Jane Mary Nugent, the future Mrs. Burke, writes: "She had been brought up, there is good reason to believe, as a Catholic, and she was probably a member of that communion at the time of her marriage." (*Encyclopedia Brit. 11th ed., vol iv*). "That there is good reason to believe" that Mrs. Burke had been brought up a Catholic, implies there were some reasons, or a reason, to believe she was not. James Prior, the standard biographer of Burke, says that the mother of Jane Mary Nugent was "a rigid Presbyterian, who not only stipulated for the free enjoyment of her own religion, but for the privilege of educating her daughter in the same tenets, which were, therefore, adopted by Mrs. Burke." (*James Prior, Memoirs of the Life and Character of Edmund Burke p.* 37). Prior states, however, "that either through utter ignorance or the most determined animosity," it was affirmed by Burke's enemies that his wife was a Catholic. Macknight's testimony is as follows:

> It was generally believed that Mrs. Burke was, like her father [Dr. Christopher Nugent] a Roman Catholic. This has positively been denied by relatives and others who have stated that she had been brought up a Presbyterian by her mother. Yet, Richard Shackleton, from whom Burke concealed nothing, and with whom he conversed unreservedly on religious matters, ought to have known the truth. He distinctly states that Mrs. Burke was of the Church of Rome before her marriage. Between such conflicting assertions it is not easy to decide." (*History of the Life and Times of Ed. Burke, vol. i, pp.* 102-103).

Macknight's last words sum up the question. There are strong reasons to make us believe that Jane Mary Nugent was

brought up a Catholic and was one still at the time of her marriage. Shackleton's words to this effect have great weight. But they are offset by others almost as cogent. Mr. Marshal will understand why, in such a clash of opinion, I chose the safer historical method, and stated Mrs. Burke's Catholic faith, not as a proved fact but only as a probability.

New York. JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Woman's place is the home" as a shibboleth for the "antis" has been shattered by the fact that nine millions are toiling outside the home, most of them not of their own free will, but by compulsion. Long hours of hard labor generally underpaid, frequently under unspeakabbly cruel conditions have dragged women from their pedestals out from the home to earn enough to feed themselves, their children and often their husbands. This, Mr. Murphy seems to admit, and he now sings in a minor key that he is not so much opposed to woman's suffrage as he is to the awful evils of Feminism, whatever these may be. Dreadful prophecies were entertained of female deterioration when women clamored for higher education; yet he would be blind, indeed, who did not see how the calamitous forebodings of those days have been falsified.

The bugaboo of Feminism will, I trust, soon be shattered like its companion shibboleth, "Woman's place is the home." Are women by the million to starve and drudge, to sink from degrading poverty to still greater depths of moral degradation, are their children to start in at the age of ten and twelve and work ten and eleven hours a day as in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, are these stunted and dwarfed mothers to bring puny anemic children into the world to die in early infancy, are we to continue to have harrowing stories of underpaid drudgery, ruined health, superhuman efforts to safeguard chastity because of long hours and low wages? Are we to have, as in Maryland, which refused to submit an equal suffrage amendment to the voters, a lowering of the age for child-labor from twelve to ten? Are we to have a repetition of the horrors described in the unspeakable revelations of the Rockefeller commission of Chicago? Are we to permit any sufferings, any slavery, any degradation to woman because, forsooth, if she got the vote we might have the evils of Feminism?

But will the vote ameliorate these conditions? These conditions exist owing to politics, greed and avarice. Where women have the vote conditions have improved. Every equal suffrage State has already enacted a law against child-labor under fourteen, and child-labor even its paid apologist are compelled to gloss over with lies. The cry for woman suffrage is the cry of the working, broken mother, the cry of the hungry, bloodless child. It a cry that comes out from mills and factories; it is a cry from our slums, where disease and crime, born of poverty, rot and fester together. Can any evils of Feminism be worse? Why then, at least, not try for some amelioration by giving women more power and influence?

Mr. Murphy has another remedy. Woman "is to aid the Gospel by adding the precious power of her splendid moral influence to it." He continues: "If women would only spend their best energies in pouring virtue into the masculine heart in time they will get the vote." How can women spend their best energies "in pouring virtue into the masculine heart," if they slave all day in mills, canneries, stores, basements and attics, eking out by unrelenting drudgery enough to keep body and soul together? These slaves are too tired at night to do aught but eat, sleep and often, alas, drink, and they rise exhausted in the morning to begin another day of horror. When they must work till hands are tired, feet swollen, eyes burning, brains dizzy, when they hear their children crying for food in stifling tenements, and see them shivering from cold in freezing attics, the only way they can "aid the Gospel by the precious power of their splendid moral influence" is to resist the allurement of the saloon, continue their killing labor and exercise angelic patience, not easy when the stomach is pinched by hunger.

Baltimore. BERTHA HOPKINS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Murphy, evidently, fears that the entrance of women into the political field will bring about some dreadful state of affairs, known as Feminism. If women are so weak-minded that they are going to vote away all law and order, and in their stead establish a reign of terror, then these same women, while unfranchised, are unfit to train the boys of our State to become good citizens. Does the ballot carry with it some sort of black magic by which every good woman is to be turned into some sort of a wicked fiend the moment she is entrusted with it? If woman's influence in politics is to be dreaded, why are the vicious interests arrayed against equal suffrage? Why do churchmen, of all denominations, stand up for equal suffrage in the Western States and in Australia and New Zealand? The testimony of hundreds of prominent men and women of the enfranchised States do not bear out Mr. Murphy's theory. The Most Reverend James J. Keane, now Archbishop of Dubuque, offers the following endorsement:

> From my large experience as Bishop of the Catholic Church in Wyoming, where we have had woman suffrage for nearly half a century, I am convinced that women vote as honestly, conscientiously and intelligently as do the men, to say the least. I also find that women are not active politicians nor office-seekers. As to the Catholic women in my diocese, I do not find that the right of suffrage has drawn them either out of their homes or out of the Church.

A woman laboring ten hours a day in a factory is too busy to think seriously of home and fireside. If her mind strays from her work very often she is apt to become entangled in the machinery. In spite of all the beautiful sentiments about home and mother, it will fall to the lot of a great number of women to work in mills for a portion of their lifetime, unless some unforeseen event in this amazing twentieth century revolutionizes conditions. Until that time comes, why not give the woman in industry the same protection that is accorded the workingman, the ballot? While on this topic I should like to quote these words of the Reverend John A. Ryan, author of "The Living Wage":

> Through the ballot women could protect themselves against many of the evils to which they are exposed by their new industrial tasks and surroundings. They could hasten the enactment of legislation for decent wages and for better conditions of employment generally.

Father Ryan is one of the best known authorities on industrial conditions in the United States. His knowledge of the subject is based upon thorough investigations, rather than upon pleasant sounding theories.

If the suffrage amendment should be defeated on November 2, 1915, the women of New York State will start planning a new campaign on the morning of November 3. The movement has too much vitality to die so easily. Men, of New York State, vote "Yes" on November 2, and we promise to help you all we can in your efforts to make our commonwealth a better place to live in. We are going to make mistakes because, after all, we are intensely human; but we shall try not to make the same mistakes twice; we shall continue to keep our homes in order, to cook the meals, to darn your socks, to get the children to school on time, and to spend a few moments now and then in the entertaining study of civics; and finally we most solemnly promise *not* to stay at the polls all day, every day in the year.

Utica, N. Y. MARY GERTRUDE LAWLOR.

AMERICA

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Radicalism

FOR years past our country has been accustomed to radicalism. Evidence of it has appeared in many places, but always from the same class of people, unwashed agitators, short-haired women not famous for good morals, and a few university professors who live by posing and babbling. Our student-body has been fairly free from the taint, partly because most of the boys are interested only in the frills of life, partly too because the extreme doctrines proposed appealed more to their sense of fun than to anything else. It comes as a distinct surprise therefore that a throng of students of one of our universities should make a noisy, unreasonable demonstration in favor of a professor deposed for the extremest radicalism. Circumstances appear to indicate that the agitation was not spontaneous but factitious. In that event there is little cause for concern: the emotions of the young are easily excited and as easily subdued. If, however, the movement arose from free conviction, then the aspect is different.

Students of today are supposed to be the leaders of tomorrow; to them, in their man's estate the country will look for guidance not only in time of peace and prosperity but also in the many crises that are sure to come upon a nation growing by leaps and bounds in population and trade, domestic and foreign. Guidance will be downward not upward, if radicalism is to be the norm of action. And radicalism will most probably be the standard in maturer years, if it is the habit of thought and action in young manhood.

True in the present instance, the youths who engaged in the demonstration, may not have understood the full significance of their revolt; no doubt the sap of life has not reached their heads. But it is a pity that some sane manly man conscious of his duty to them and to the country cannot put before them in a convincing way a philosophy of life that satisfies their intellects and holds promise of future safety for the individual and the commonwealth.

At the root of all this difficulty lies the false notion that radicalism is democracy. Nothing could be further from the truth; radicalism is destructive, defiant of law, a wretched egoism, Emersonian in concept, stupidity and blasphemy, making for as many gods as there are wayward wills; democracy on the other hand is constructive, productive of law, collective in aim and action and therefore unselfish. No society civil or religious, can be upbuilt on clashing wills; no society once upbuilt on united wills can continue to subsist, if those wills fly apart and become defiant of one another and of God, each will, a law unto itself. Under such circumstances an essential element of society is destroyed; a collapse of the commonwealth is the result; freedom disappears and tyranny takes its place, every man striving to make himself a god, no man content to work with his neighbor for the common good. Such is the logical result of the radicalism in favor of which university students held a demonstration. The demonstration will pass, probably nothing will come of it, but the state of soul which perhaps gave the movement life is unpleasant to contemplate. Maybe consolation lies in the fact that university training grips Americans lightly so that when the youths enter into the larger life of the world, where they will find themselves not tin gods but swirled atoms in a great sphere, they may through hard experience, attain to the poise of thoughtful men. That will be clear gain. In the meantime, however, are university chairs to remain stumbling blocks to youths and objects of scorn to all their elders, except the babblers who occupy the platform?

The Village "Movies"

MUCH has been written about the moral dangers inseparable from the film-halls in cities and towns, but in our villages, according to the *Woman's World* for October, these perils are graver. In large communities the censors and the police can exercise some control over the character of the pictures that are shown, but the managers of the only cinema theater, perhaps, that a village boasts, rents cheaply from a "junk exchange" the most vulgar and sensational reels there are, and the rural population, having nowhere else to go, flocks to these demoralizing "movies." By paying enough for them the managers could secure good films and that is what his patrons should force him to do. It is said, moreover, that both in town and country those who frequent in greatest numbers the moving-picture theaters are women and girls. With them, therefore, it chiefly rests to determine what sort of films shall be exhibited. For the conscientious managers, as everybody knows, protest with tears that: "They only give the public what it wants." By boycotting

the cinema hall until reels of the best quality are provided the women of a village could easily control the situation.

The chief patrons of the moving pictures in our cities could of course do the same, for it is computed that three-fourths of the 8,000,000 people who attend the country's 18,000 film halls are women. Indeed the supposedly romantic longings of girls in their teens are deliberately catered to by shrewd managers. Said a distributor of moving-pictures recently: "Give me a film with the word, 'girl,' 'sweetheart,' 'woman,' 'kiss,' 'marriage,' or 'sin,' and I'll make twenty-five per cent more than without it." Sensational moving-pictures, moreover, are reckoned strong factors today in the revolt of the young against the restraint of home. "The heroine of the movies had her way; then why shouldn't I?" the habitué of the film hall says to herself. Indeed it is difficult to understand how the constant frequenter of cheap moving-picture theaters can keep her moral standards pure and lofty. The movies' power of imitation and suggestion is very great. Yet intoxication is widely used as a comic motive, "slap-stick" humor, pistol-brandishing and the roughest kind of "horseplay" are commonplaces on the average "popular" screen, and worse still, "gross flirtations, unfaithfulness in marriage and ridicule of marriage relations are given as comic (*sic*) farce to audiences of all ages. An escapade too broad, too suggestive for drama is made into rollicking farce to be taken lightly, merrily. Every problem in marriage has been lampooned and ridiculed until, to many, it becomes a matter for jesting."

But it is the sex that is considered the more refined, modest and exacting of the two which makes up by far the greater portion of the spectators thronging our film halls. If these women and girls will keep paying to see moving-pictures that depict scenes like those enumerated above, the film producers will continue to spin out miles and miles of such reels. But if the "devout sex" were to insist upon being offered a more refined and decent entertainment than the screen, as a rule, now affords them, and if they simply kept away from the moving-picture theater until the desired change were made, managers of film halls would doubtless be quick to act. The experiment would be well worth trying.

Confession and "Economic Progress"

AN editorial in one of the October magazines heralds the advent of a new morality which is not based according to the writer on Revelation but on the "evolution of civilization" and on "economic progress." Of course this statement is absurd, for it is not a new morality, but immorality, which is substituted in certain quarters for Revelation, and it may be questioned whether there is any disposition on the part of the moral portion of our population to depart from the laws of conduct laid down by the Prophets and Jesus Christ. On this foundation, whether it be formally recognized or not, all successful effort to stem the tide of crime and lawlessness, is still based; for the evolution of civilization has far to go before it exhausts the ideals of the New Testament. One of the evidences of economic progress which the writer chronicles is described as follows: "Many personal vices that were once private sins have become social offenses, and are punished in the courts instead of in confessionals."

Passing over the implication that society at present is exercising through its courts so strong a restraining power over vice that it can afford to dispense with the notion of sin and the menace of an angry God, an implication that is known to be false by every one who has talked with the judges of our courts, one wonders where the writer got his impression that the confessional is passing from the American scheme of life. To say so is altogether to misread the times, and to show a surprising ignorance of the vigor of Catholic life today and its constantly increasing power on a steadily growing proportion of our population. The confessional, so far from being eliminated from American life, is every day playing a larger part in it. There never was a period in the history of the United States when Catholicism and with it the influence of the confessional on public life, were so powerful. More people go to confession today than ever before, confessionals are multiplying with very gratifying rapidity. To deny this is simply ridiculous; the fact is easily verifiable by any one who cares to investigate. To desire the contrary is to wish to do away with one of the strongest bulwarks against crime and disorder.

Sincere, well-informed sociologists have no inclination to minimize the beneficial effects of confession. Non-Catholics, who themselves are farthest from any disposition to avail themselves of its salutary restraints, are united in admitting that it does exercise a very marked influence on all those who practise it; and so, are far from advocating its elimination from the present scheme of life. Those who confess their sins often are not criminals; the Catholics who frequent our courts are precisely those who do not approach the Sacrament of Penance. To put the question, therefore, on its lowest basis, any social progress that would aim at doing away with the confessional would be guilty of an egregious, sinful blunder, one which all lovers of good order should deplore.

Who Invented the Gary Plan?

IT did not take "real Americans" long to discover that the inventor of the Gary Plan is not Mr. William Wirt of Gary, Indiana, but the "Bishop of Rome." Wagging venerable and empty heads, they prophesy woful ruin unto all the land. The ramparts are down, they shrill; the public schools, the last defense of our hard-won liberties, have been delivered into the hands of the minions of Rome. The mighty wings of our once puissant eagle are flapping feebly; soon they will flap no more, and with the expiring flap, finis will have been written to the last chapter of our history as a nation.

All this pother is the outcome of a problem peculiar to the New York public schools, and of an educational device in which the Catholic Church has not the slightest interest. Mr. Wirt, called from Gary, brought to the solution of the problem certain remedies which had been applied with success, it was said, in other communities. He advised a rearrangement of the school buildings and the school program; he would avoid what he calls "peak loads" by a skilful distribuion of the pupils throughout a somewhat lengthened *horarium*. Secondarily, not primarily, incidentally, not essentially, religious instruction, given outside the school buildings, and for which no credit is allowed, enter into his plan.

Now, it is really true that this practical bit of pedagogical work, whatever its merits, and these have not borne as yet the proof of time, was not suggested either by Pope Benedict XV, or by his Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State, or by the Prefect of the Propaganda, or even by that arch-schemer, the General of the Jesuits. Indeed, it may be doubted if these exalted personages have so much as heard of the Gary Plan; and we have Mr. Wirt's word for it, that he thought it out himself. In point of fact, Mr. Wirt's benign concessions do not satisfy the Catholic mind at all, for educationally speaking, the Gary Plan is not Catholic in the least. The Catholic Church does not accept as ideal an educational program which, however well meant, throws God out of the classroom, while graciously permitting the children to leave the school building several times a week in order to learn something about Him. This is precisely what the Gary Plan *permits*. Note the word: it does not enjoin, it does not even suggest; it merely *permits*.

No child, says Mr. Wirt, is compelled to go to this religious instruction. Those of denominations which do not co-operate will use the period *for play*, or *spend it in the gymnasium* or *library*. Religious instruction is not an asserted feature of the Gary Plan.

The Catholic Church, let it be repeated, is not responsible for the Gary Plan. She does not favor schools which offer as electives of equal value, games, gymnastic exercises and religion. The Gary Plan may be accepted as better by a degree and accidentally, than the present system of religious indifferentism; but were it presented as an ideal or even as an approved plan of education for Catholic children in this country, it would assuredly be condemned on the ground that "religious instruction is not an essential feature of the Gary Plan."

Columbia's Mother-Trainers

"PROFESSORS Patty Smith Hill, Naomi Nosworthy, Willysstine Goodell, Emma H. Gunther, Lydia Ray Balderston, Alice Dresser, Caroline E. Stackpole and Louise S. Atkinson" is the imposing array of names that make up the staff of Columbia University's recently inaugurated school for wives and mothers. Every domestic problem, we are informed, from the confection of a digestible pie to the correction of little Mildred's lively imagination will be fearlessly discussed and triumphantly solved. Of paramount, tantamount, nay, almost of catamount importance, however, is the announcement that "the mothers are to be instructed in all the new educational theories," so that "when the child comes home from school with a more or less garbled account of some new way of imbibing wisdom, the trained mother at once can pass upon the question of whether she wishes him to continue with it."

Could anything be simpler? Home comes Reginald with the story of the day's happenings at school. An ordinary, uneducated mother would perhaps be unable to gather from the boy's incoherent account of his experiences, whether his schoolma'am had been following that day the Gary Plan or the Ettinger System. Not so, however, with the fortunate possessor of the diploma granted by the Columbia mothers' college. From her little son's description of the day's doings she swiftly and unmistakably infers that this week he is being educated according to the Montessori Method, but that the instructor does not seem to have thoroughly grasped the ethical value of the sleeping contest. Consequently Reginald is more eager to study than a normal boy of his years should be, and is developing an unwholesome love for reading that lures him from his games.

If we may judge by the names of the new faculty's members, it is composed of a bevy of New England maiden ladies who have renounced forever the thought of marriage and of filling with numerous Protestant babies the empty cradles of the Puritans' descendants, thus preventing the Pope from seizing, as he threatens to do, not only the Sacred Codfish, but even Plymouth Rock itself. But resolutely banishing the vision, these professors of motherhood have with no little fortitude left their peaceful Massachusetts homes and are now devoting their lives to teaching the young matrons of New York to rear, let us hope, large families, and to cook such appetizing meals that fewer husbands from this time forth will be frequenting the divorce courts.

Professors and Spooks

THE journal of the proceedings of the American Society of Psychical Research has just appeared and in it there is an article by Dr. James H. Hyslop, to which the daily papers have given much space. It deals with certain so-called spiritistic phenomena and as a consequence, has attracted much attention. For all people are curious about life after death and allied subjects. Some have this curiosity satisfied by reason and faith; others, however, are without faith and hence so blinded now by passion, now by prejudice, intellectual or otherwise, that their reason cannot arrive at a satisfactory conclusion about anything supersensible. Many such, and some others too, take to Spiritism, a few in a vain effort to appease the hunger of their souls, the longing

for the Infinite, a few others for scientific purposes, so they say. For it must be understood that there are two aspects to Spiritism, the first doctrinal, the second experimental. The latter makes the stronger appeal, though the former is by no means neglected.

The professors who have been engaged in this experimental work recount remarkable stories: they have obtained "spook-photographs," they have seen balls of fire moving through the air, they have heard statues speak, they have embraced "spooks" and so on. How much truth there is in all this, it is hard to say; personal equations are many and complicated.

However, unless moral certitude is a figment of the imagination, and it is not, credence must be given some of the phenomena: they must, in other words, be accepted as objective facts. But how explain them? that is the question. Some by fraud of the kind Palladino practised in her tour of this country; some by natural laws hazily recognized, but inexplicable in the present state of science. Under this class would fall certain phenomena, most probably due to telepathy. But here the line must be drawn; there are other happenings which baffle the intellect, and it does not add to our comfort to find the acute St. Thomas discussing some of these self-same phenomena in his "Contra Gentes" and attributing them to the "black art," a plaything of the devil. Spiritists themselves readily admit obsession even in the sense taught by the Catholic Church. Moreover, "by their fruits you shall know them," is a good norm for evaluating the worth of any system. The fruit of Spiritism is a degradation of soul almost beyond description. Two citations out of the many collected by Raupert, a sometime Spiritist, will make this clear.

I. I stand appalled before the revelations of its awful and damning realities. . . . With but little inquiry I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living with their paramours, called affinities, other in promiscuous adultery; still others exchanged partners. . . . Their pledges, the integrity of their oaths are no more reliable than the shifting breezes. (Dr. B. F. Hatch, husband of the medium Cora Hatch)

II. Ten thousand unfortunate people are at present in lunatic asylums on account of having tampered with the supernatural. . . . I could quote many such instances where men of the highest ability have, so to speak, neglected all and followed the doctrines of Spiritism only to end their days in lunatic asylums. (Dr. L. S. Forbes Williams).

By their fruits you shall know them: the fruit is Sodom's apple; worse: it is a product that ripens only under a blast from hell. Who then performs those wonderful acts that transcend nature's power? The answer is clear.

Of course, some will smile at this, but then, Satan has always been an uncomfortable fact and an uncomfortable doctrine, if for no other reason because according to Voltaire, supported strenuously by Bayle:

Satan! c'est le Christianisme tout entier; pas de Satan, pas de Sauveur. So it is.

Folk who scorn this phase of evil would do well to ponder these words of M. Jules Bois in his "Satanism and Magic":

A number of persons, not specially distinguished from the rest of the world, are devoted in secret to the operations of black magic; communicate or seek to communicate with spirits of darkness, for the attainment of ambition, the accomplishment of revenge, the satisfaction of their passion, or some other form of ill doing.

The conclusion will be, that if such people, and there are such, investigate long enough they will surely discover "horns, cloven hoofs and a tail" and then anything and everything but the good thing, may happen even to professors.

LITERATURE

Pessimism and Mr. Hardy

MY difficulty at the start in criticizing Mr. Hardy is that I cannot take pessimism seriously. I cannot help feeling pessimism simply as a fifth-rate sort of thing, like Mormonism. I think it as negligible as a nightmare. I no more fear that Fate, in Mr. Hardy's sense, will cut off my thread, than I fear that the dreadful scissor-man will cut off my thumbs. Philosophically, the thing is an insane simplification which explains life by leaving it out; historically, it is a dingy by-product of provincial Puritanism. It is particularly pathetic in "The Dynasts," because there probably never was a subject more calculated to expose the insufficiency of mere black fatalism than the tottering and incalculable wrestle of such giants as Nelson and Napoleon. The whole thing was so full of a fury of free will, that not only was the issue doubtful then but it is doubtful still. Royalism and Republicanism still hold forts against each other through a set of romantic raids, and with that high insecurity that is impossible to the slave. A worse subject for a determinist poem cannot be conceived. It is like hearing an uneducated atheist in Trafalgar Square prove that water can only go downwards with the very fountains spouting against him. Of course in mere logic this philosophy can be connected with revolutionary events as with any events. None the less, the real truth is soundly suggested in the mere fact that when we so connect them, the events look very big and the philosophy looks very small.

But there is another and more appreciative way of putting the matter. Mr. Hardy is undoubtedly a great artist; one almost says a great painter. His landscapes live more than other men's characters. Hardy certainly has some sort of natural force behind him as a creator of the concrete. The sun does shine in his books: if it only gives his characters the sunstroke. The grass does grow in his books: if it grows in the streets. Now a creative artist of this kind always conveys some truth; into figures so solid he must put something of himself; such clay cannot be kneaded without blood. And he must put some truth about the world, too, and the age he lives in; though he may not know which truth it is. Now I should say that, though Hardy throws neither light nor darkness on the universe, he does throw light upon the world, and especially upon the age. The realities of our time which he unconsciously but most creatively reveals are, I think, two. First, that the English landlord system has long since changed from a crime to a public punishment. The second is, that the deepest special sentiment of the modern mind is a contempt for women.

To take the second first, as the most important, it has

been evident in hundreds of things for more than half a century; but above all in the general notion that a woman raises herself by being male. It was shown in the mid-Victorian revolutions in dress, and the imitations of the other sex which have gone from bad to worse. They began with trousers, which are at least convenient: they went on to stiff collars and ties, which are uncomfortable as well as hideous; and they have since sunk so low as votes. It was shown in the crushing out of the genuine feminine novel, like "Cranford," which had a magic entirely its own, and could find fairyland in a nutshell, and the substitution of swaggering manly novels written by women under swaggering manly names. We are often told that they used pseudonyms because the conventionalities forbade women to do such things; but that is one of the many suffragette fables, like the savage who carries his wife off in a bag. Jane Austen did not call herself "John Austen"; still less "John Oliver Hobbes." The only conceivable reason for calling yourself "John Oliver Hobbes" is revealed in the very sound of the words. It certainly is not persecuted woman peeping out in a disguise. It is the female worshiping the male, as in Ouida and the Brontë novels: a horrid sight. I do not mean that the individuals who used such names always had such sentiments: but I do mean that such sentiments were in the air. But the place where the peculiarly modern scorn of womanhood has most revealed its nakedness has been in the perpetual modern pleading for the legal and moral *irresponsibility* of woman. It seems to be assumed, for instance, that indefinitely "raising the age of consent" is a service to woman: whereas it is obviously, past a certain point, more of an insult to woman than spitting in her face. It must mean that a girl is so much more stupid than a boy that she could never resist him. But the thing has its fullest form in fiction, especially in the fiction of such men as Hardy. The Feminists are always saying that our fathers treated woman as a doll. I say they did not: but I say that Mr. Thomas Hardy does. He is always saying that his heroines are puppets: and a puppet is a doll. But though the heroines of Richardson and Fielding may have been pedantically described, they stood or fell by their own free will. And if I were a woman I should be better pleased even with "Pamela: or Virtue Rewarded" than with "Tess: or Feebleness Knocked About."

In theory, of course, the novelist would say that all human beings shared this feebleness and fatality. But that he does dimly but instinctively regard the woman as the type of it, can be seen by comparing his tone about Tess with his tone about her lover, Clare. He has more moral weakness to excuse him than Tess has: but any one who can smell a moral atmosphere knows that the author not only despises him, but is ashamed of him. But Mr. Hardy seems to think that from a poor, weak woman in a hole nothing but murder and adultery could reasonably be expected. A critic in dealing with Mr. Hardy's work recently said that the novelist does not defend Tess, for so charming a person stands in no need of a defense. Now considering the things that Tess did, however pathetically conditioned, this way of talking is frankly comic. My thoughts wander from poor Tess, with whom otherwise I should be sincerely sympathizing, to another young woman, called Alice Brown, who "assisted dear mama in cutting up a little lad," and who was comforted with the remark that "girls will be girls" and that "old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find." But the hole in the philosophy goes deeper. The root blunder is this: that if a respectable country girl like Tess did not *feel* responsible for what she had done, the character is falsely drawn; and if she did feel responsible, we are ignoring and shutting out her feelings when we treat her as irresponsible. That is the weakness of the whole Hardy position. It is all very well to talk about pitying all the sorrows of men; but half the sorrows of men arise from their knowledge that they are not puppets; and of that knowledge such a writer is admittedly ignorant. The critic quoted says that his author sympathizes with Tess. I say that Shakespeare sympathized more with the villain who poured poison in his brother's ear. For Shakespeare sympathizes with the repentance of Claudius, or even with his mere remorse. By their own confession these fatalists cannot stretch to the emotional octave. How can you completely sympathize with a sinner if you cannot sympathize with his sense of sin?

The second truth is this: posterity will not probably trouble its head about Mr. Hardy's picture of the universe, which is mostly black with spots; men have put that pessimism in much better poetry since the world began, and posterity will have pessimists of its own to play with. But posterity will value him for his vivid and extraordinary picture of England, the rural England of the nineteenth century; for it is the only rural picture that has ever been painted in such black paint. In this respect it stands with the "Songs of the Shropshire Lad." These two authors and men of genius will stand chiefly as the types of the tragedy of English agriculture. They are not peasants: they are pessimists because they are not peasants. Their village is a deserted village; in which, at the best, the village atheist lectures the village idiot and, at the worst, the two are the same. The desolation about them is not the desolation of a wicked Cosmos: it is the desolation of a wicked crime; which has marched on like Macbeth, from the dissolution of the monasteries to the enclosure of the commons. So that here again the real moral of Tess is not irresponsibility but responsibility; not the cloaking of the sins of the weak, but the stripping bare of the sins of the strong.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

REVIEWS

Un Commento a Giobbe di Giulio di Eclana. By ALBERTO VACCARI, S.J. Rome: The Biblical Institute.

It rarely happens that a patristic work is thrown out as unauthentic. Most scholars are satisfied with the critical value of the Migne edition. Few will look up the Berlin issue of the Greek, or the Vienna issue of the Latin Fathers. Fewer still will take the greater trouble of referring to Bardenhewer, or some other patristic authority. Yet the trouble is well worth while. For here is a work that Bardenhewer and his translator, Mgr. Shahan, have taken to be the writing of a disciple of St. Jerome; and it turns out to be an heretical work of the leading Pelagian of all time.

The author, Julian of Eclanum, was a bishop of Southern Italy during the early fifth century. He fell into the Pelagian heresy and became its most learned defender. So great was his power that he aroused the might of St. Augustine. The controversies between the two were the occasion of some of the most precious memorials we have of the teaching of the Bishop of Hippo and of the Church on grace and free will. And now all that is left of Julian are fragments that Augustine has preserved and the present commentary. This is why Father Vaccari has deserved great credit for the identification of the only extant complete work of this Pelagian heresiarch.

Only one manuscript of this work is known to exist; and that is an eleventh-century copy preserved in the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. In this manuscript, the commentary is assigned to Philip, a disciple of St. Jerome, and as such it appeared in the *Spicilegium Casinese*, in 1897. Yet it was not Philip's Commentary on Job, as might have been seen by a comparison with that very work as published, in 1527, by Sichard. The difference between the Monte Cassino *false* Philip

and the Sichard *genuine* Philip on Job escaped the attention of such patristic scholars as Bardenhewer, Lehman, and others. That difference is now pointedly remarked by Father Vaccari.

Not only are we assured that the Monte Cassino commentary is not the work of Philip, the disciple of St. Jerome, but the authorship is vindicated to the heretic and Pelagian Julian of Eclanum. To make good this contention, Father Vaccari compares the present work with the extant writings of Julian in the matter of language, syntax, style, doctrine, Pelagianism, erudition, use of Scripture, etc. The results of the comparative study are conclusive in favor of Julian's authorship.

W. F. D.

Henry Augustus Coit, First Rector of Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. By James Carter Knox, Master and Former Scholar of Saint Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00

"Part mystic, part monk, and part stoic" is the way the discerning author of this sketch of an old-fashioned schoolmaster sums up his subject's character. Dr. Coit was not a critical scholar, but constantly emphasized the cultural value of the classics, and at the mere suggestion of any divorce between art and ethics would be filled with a noble indignation. A thoroughly religious man, he had grasped the Catholic principle that the best way of promoting purity among boys was to dwell upon "the beauty and joy of the clean life." For guiding the young effectively in these delicate matters Dr. Coit seems to have realized the need of something like the confessional, though he was not very "High." The moral rather than the dogmatic side of religion was his passion. "Shall we give up the ideal we have had before us," he would cry, "or lower and shape it to suit a self-willed, faithless and superficial age? Ah, no, never, by the help of God, never! This place belongs to Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He is and shall be its true Light and King." But the first rector of St. Paul's was content to say with Queen Elizabeth regarding the Eucharist:

> Christ was the word that spoke it;
> He took the bread and broke it;
> And what His words did make it,
> That I believe and take it.

a doctrinal vagueness that appeared to please Henry Augustus Coit. It would be interesting to learn just what his creed was, for there seems to have been a good deal of the Catholic about him. The tendency in this country to keep religion separate from education is growing so strong, that it is very refreshing to read the biography of such a staunch defender of the contrary position as was Dr. Coit.

W. D.

Reticence in Literature. By Arthur Waugh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

In this volume of literary essays there is a buoyancy of tone which is more explicitly struck in the introduction, where the author exalts the quality of hopefulness in literature, and which throughout the book gracefully relieves his critical and analytical passages. This is especially evidenced in an essay like "The City of Bath," an exquisite cameo of an old English town "dreaming with her gray eyes of stone of the glories of an unforgettable past." In the essay which gives the book its title, however, there is a lack of depth and utterness in the thought. Reticence, or a certain mild dignity of expression, is too light an excellence to emphasize so gravely and at such length. And when the author proceeds to take Swinburne to task for lack of reticence and cites some vile, if withal most rhythmical, stanzas to point his criticism, a ferule seems to be used to chastise a murderer. In such passages Swinburne is the gross-hearted assassin of innocence.

The analytical essays dealing with the connection of Victorian poetry with the movements of that age are good and lend scope to much discerning criticism and delightful quotation. But is it true to say that a real verse-maker is merely part of a movement? Lampooners and the composers of factional songs may be so, but most poetic movements are born in the brains of critics, after the verses which are supposed to embody them are made in the world-old unreflecting way and the passions that fired them have gone cold. There are a half-dozen biographical essays on poets and fiction-writers in Mr. Waugh's work which display the same fine academic touch and breadth of sympathetic reading, "Richard Crashaw" is a brief but devoted portrait, and "Christina Rosetti" is a warm, beautiful appreciation. There is a little partisan spirit, however, in the essay on George Herbert. For in it the author sums up very effectually the appeal of the Anglican Church, an appeal full of the beauty of even-song and yew trees and the quiet music of the village chime, prayer-service with English art and English comfort for Englishmen! All this contrasts strongly with the One Faith which even its bitterest critics could never call insular, that with or without art has spoken steadily to the whole world its same unchanging message through nineteen centuries of life.

T. C.

Belgium. By R. C. K. Ensor. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

This is not a war production, intended to stir up a passing emotion, and presenting a surface view of country and people. The author studies the little country up to the year 1914, with a view to making his readers realize the national character and achievements of the Belgians. He observes rightly, judges correctly and treats his subject along broad lines. Praise and reproach are given in all fairness. With a careful hand he traces the characteristics of the country and outlines the special traits of the people. Flemings and Walloons would easily recognize their portrait. The summary of the rather complicated history of Belgium deserves special mention, for its just proportion and arrangement and its true insight into the glories and sufferings of the people. Since its independence Belgium has advanced more than any other country in political and social organization. The irritating language question, the politico-religious parties, the conservative plural suffrage, the proportionate system of representation are subjects of keen interest to a student in sociology. The main traits of the Belgian character are devotedness, sincerity and justice, and Mr. Ensor describes Belgium and the Belgians with a spirit of justice and sincerity.

J. J. O.

Through a Dartmoor Window. By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This book presents a number of tales and descriptions of the people and country of Dartmoor, England. Simple in subject-matter and style, it has all the charm which that quality gives. The author, in speaking of the dialect of her beloved people, says: "'Mazed' designates any form of harmless lunacy," and later adds: "I am 'moor-mazed.'" It is true that she seems passionately fond of all connected with Dartmoor. But it is the fondness of one who sees great beauty in it all and wishes to communicate to others the pleasure that arises from it. Each tale of the Dartmoor people, whether it be of the postman or barber, the housewife or children, is entertaining, and each description of the moor, its weather or its water, is vivid and beautiful. However, in such chapters as "Cut Glass and Crystal" or "The Good Tree," where the moor and its people fade from our view, interest is lessened. The book will probably make an appeal to only a limited class of people. Not all will find sufficient interest in a series of anecdotes. Miss Chase tells us in the introduction that, following the suggestion of "reviewers and others to have no plot," she has purposely omitted one. That is a matter of regret, for a good plot would have made the book more interesting. The illustrations of "Through

a Dartmoor Window," taken from photographs, add greatly to the book's attractiveness. P. A. C.

The Lutanist. By ALICE WILSON. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

A constitutional dislike for books of poetry that take their titles from the first poem in the book, simply because it was put first, makes the reviewer think favorably of "The Lutanist," for it has a meaning with regard to the contents of the volume of verse to which it is given. To lute, in its poetic sense, means to sound softly and sweetly. That is what the author has done in the fifty-seven selections presented to us. Hence no great reaches of emotion are found though it is there with its appeal to our gentler feelings. Nature, mythology and travel give the inspiration in the thirty-eight numbers of the first part. Despite carelessness here and there in the meter, the thoughtful lines move easily, now with a fine stateliness, now with a bird-like flicker of wings. The thought is good and sincere, the language choice, though showing a preference for the rare word, the imagery, as a rule, is pleasing, but the simile "as a sun long set and *rotting* in effulgence" is very unpoetical. "An Egyptian Tomb," "Hermit Thrush," "Three Prayers," "At Perugia," "Primavera" are the best poems in the book. H. McG.

Introduction to the History of Religions. By CRAWFORD HOWELL TOY. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.00.

It is by no means an easy task to write an "Introduction to the History of Religions," and, doubtless, no one realizes this more than Professor Toy himself. The chronicler of the cults of the days that are passed, as well as the investigator of the present, must be an historian, a philosopher and an ethnologist, nay more, must think and write objectively. The last qualification is, perhaps, the most essential, and, strange to say, one that is generally conspicuous by its absence. Professor Toy's book is objective and subjective. The author has done splendid work in collating facts which bear on religious and non-religious institutions of the past and the present, has avoided the pitfalls of Totemism, but, withal, is the victim of modern theories of religious progress, as, for example, when he arbitrarily asserts that monotheism is the fruit of the criticism of polytheism. It would be interesting and advantageous if a scholar of Professor Toy's attainments were to forget for a moment the vagaries of evolution and lift from the barbarian religions the common myth themes. He might surprise himself and the world. J. T. L.

Citrus Fruits. By J. ELIOT COIT, U. S. A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

For the benefit of the less informed we may say that "Citrus" is a term that has been introduced to designate all fruits of the orange family. The author of this book, a professor of the University of California, has been employed for years in studying and teaching all that belongs to the cultivation of such fruits; and his work regards chiefly orange growing in California, one of the chief industries of the State. Regarding the book itself we have only this to say, and we fancy that it leaves nothing unsaid. If anyone is thinking of entering the business, let him study Professor Coit's book from beginning to end; if anyone in the business is satisfied for the moment with his orchard, let him study this book to learn how to avert dangers that are threatening him; if one is dissatisfied with his orchard for any reason whatever, he will find in this book the proper remedy. It may perhaps be too much to expect one who seems to give himself up exclusively to the one subject of oranges to be exact in his knowledge of ecclesiastical terminology; but Professor Coit will probably thank us for telling him that Jesuits are not "monks." But how do the Jesuits manage to creep into a book about oranges? Those Jesuits, they are ubiquitous! H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

August's "best sellers," according to the *Bookman,* were these: ""Michael O'Halloran," Stratton-Porter; "K," Rinehart; "A Far Country," Churchill; "Jaffery," Locke; "Pollyanna Grows Up," Porter; "The Harbour," Poole, and "The Lovable Meddler." As for the last named book, (The Britton & Reilly Co., Chicago, $1.35), it is a novel by Leona Dalrymple, whose worthless story, "Diane of the Green Van," was one of last year's best sellers. Her new book, therefore, is also a "popular" favorite. It is a harmless enough story, however, about an amiable old Scotch doctor who undertakes to provide with bridegrooms several fair maidens. We have already reviewed the six other novels.

The London Catholic Truth Society has published in a large octavo volume of 300 pages, Father Bede Jarrett's "Meditations for Layfolk." The eloquent Dominican preacher, well known across the water, presents 150 considerations on very varied topics dealing with many sides of Catholic life in a thoughtful and deeply religious strain. It is a very successful effort to interpret all phases of the modern world from the point of view of Christian philosophy. The arrangement, with one meditation to every two pages as they lie open to the reader, is especially handy; print and paper are excellent, and the price (2/6) is marvellously low.——Father Roderick MacEachen, a priest of the Columbus diocese, has prepared for the little ones a "Child's Life of Christ" (Catholic Book Co., Wheeling, W. Va., $0.25) written in simple language and full of pictures.

"In connection with my work as counsel for the Catholic interests of the State of New York before the recent Constitutional Convention at Albany," writes Mr. William D. Guthrie, "I found very great misunderstanding among Protestants, and even among some Catholics as to the attitude of the Catholic Church in regard to the public schools, the religious education of children, and religious tolerance. When, therefore, I was asked to deliver an address at the dedication of the Glen Cove parochial school, I felt it my duty to deal with the subject somewhat comprehensively." This excellent address which expresses the convictions of a distinguished Catholic lawyer regarding "The Catholic School" is the leading article in the current *Catholic Mind.* Then follows Father Blakely's searching paper on "Religious Instruction and the Public School." A good translation of the Holy Father's recent decree granting priests the privilege of saying three Masses on All Souls' Day concludes the number. As the prayers to be said are here printed in Latin and in English, both clergy and laity will doubtless find this issue of the magazine very useful.

The latest volume of that busy book-maker, Christopher Hare is entitled "Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance" (Scribner's, $3.00). The authors whose lives he sketches and whose works he analyzes or quotes are Lorenzo dei Medici, Poliziano, Sannazzaro, Pontano, Flaminto, Molza, Bandello, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, Bembo, Machiavelli, and Castiglione. In his endeavor to provide a readable account of the Italian Renaissance the author does considerable whitewashing and by leaving out the shadows gives a false picture of the period. From this book the unsophisticated reader would scarcely infer that Lorenzo the Magnificent was really the corruptor of his people and that the writings of some of the authors named were no better than their lives. The age's passion for beauty was a pagan one. The

"THE MINIMUM OF DECENT LIVING"

Lest one be swept to the conclusion that New York has been taken over by the Socialists, let us hasten to quote the "theory" which led the Board to recommend an increase in wages. "This salary range," report the investigators, "is based on the theory that a sweeper enters the department with little or no family responsibility, and at a slightly lower salary than the average pay for similar labor in private employment. Thereafter his salary is increased with each year or two years of satisfactory service, up to the point at which his family obligations are greatest. At this point, his salary should approximate the minimum of decent living." It is, therefore, sufficiently plain, that the Board in desiring the recompense for labor to be such as will "approximate the minimum of decent living," has not undertaken to maintain its dependents in Sybaritic luxury. It has merely "approximated" a fundamental principle of social justice, which through continued neglect and customary violation, is looked upon even by many Catholics as revolutionary and, if not heretical, is, at least, offensive to pious ears.

ANNUAL EXPENDITURES

For the purpose of investigation, a family of five was chosen, contemplated in this schedule, will be confined to "a one-cent daily paper and a Sunday paper *almost* every week."

THE SHOP GIRL'S BUDGET

Speaking generally, the New York Board of Estimate has accomplished its difficult task with much success, and has set an example which may be followed with profit by other municipalities. The New York report differs from many others in the circumstance that its findings have brought about an actual increase in wages. Comparison with a few other budgets may serve to show how much happier, from a financial standpoint, is the lot of the New York street cleaner, than that of the ordinary shop girl. The first budget represents the weekly expenditure of a working girl whose weekly wage, after a year's service, was six dollars:

One-half of furnished room	$1.50
Seven breakfasts (bread and coffee)	.70
Seven dinners	1.40
Seven lunches	.70
Carfare	.60
Clothes (at $52 annually)	1.00
	$5.90

Upon recreation, reading matter, church dues, soap, stamps, all thought necessary for the street cleaner by the Board of Estimates, this girl will be able to expend the sum of one dime per week. This particular girl was engaged in an industry which gave employment for an average of forty weeks annually. If she saved her weekly surplus of ten cents, she would have four dollars with which to meet the slack season of twelve weeks.

POVERTY AND DELINQUENCY

A second budget was submitted by Dr. Woolston at a meeting of the New York Factory Investigation Committee last winter. Like the first, it refers to female workers not living with their families:

> Many of the women and girl employees studied, are adrift and entirely dependent on their own earnings. It is difficult to see how a girl manages to live properly for $6 or $7 a week, yet figures for New York City show that out of 15,000 female employees, 8,000 got less than $6.50, and this in the busy season last year. This typical weekly budget shows how near the ragged edge many live: Clothes, $1.50; room, $2; food, $2.50; carfare, 30 cents; incidentals, 20 cents; total, $6.50. There can be but the scantiest provision for laundry, medical care, insurance or recreation, upon such a slender margin. (In the majority of these cases, the girls, on the contrary, will soon find themselves in debt). Slack work or sickness inevitably means debt.

In the lives of women forced to accept these hard conditions, anything like suitable recreation or provision for the future, will be altogether absent, and it may be believed that this circumstance predisposes in some instances to moral deterioration. While it would be a grave error to find in economic conditions the sole or even the greatest contributory cause of moral delinquency, yet there can be no doubt that the connection between the two is sometimes very close. It is true that many girls who work for five dollars a week are tired, ragged and hungry, but saints, and that others with every whim and fancy satisfied, eagerly welcome the occasions of wrong-doing. But it is also well to remember that an aching head, an empty stomach and, perhaps, a hungry heart, together with a natural, wholesome desire for amusement and the prospect of being put out in the street for non-payment of rent, may sometimes form a combination of circumstances which make the first step in the wrong direction seem like the beginning of a life of ease and happiness. "These girls," writes Dr. Woolston, "must seek their social pleasures at the hands of some 'gentleman friend.' It need not be said how dangerous this situation is to a girl alone in our cities."

Lovers of children and lovers of mysticism, for the two loves are often blended, will read with thorough enjoyment "The Golden Scarecrow" (Doran, $1.25) Hugh Walpole's latest book. There is wealth of imagination and forcefulness of style in his descriptions of the nine little children, aged one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine years, respectively, who come before the reader's view in situations tragic and comic. The unexpressed, because inexpressible thoughts of children here find utterance. Each chapter is a separate story in itself; stories which seem almost "too old for children and too young for grown-ups," and will best meet the tastes of the old who are still young, of the young who are old before their time. A mystic "Friend," who is "not God," enters into each of the lives here depicted. Catholic readers will see a realization of this friend, who is always near, especially when deeds of loving-kindness are done, in the consoling presence of each child's Guardian Angel——"Closed Doors" (Houghton, $1.00) by Margaret Prescott Montague, is rather an opening of closed doors for most readers. It is a collection of studies of blind and deaf children in a State institution. The world of childhood is a strange land to the Olympian; it is stranger far when speech and sight and hearing are denied to the child. The author, however, has penetrated behind the barriers and translates for us the mysteries that are lurking there. She reveals feelingly, but not sentimentally, the wealth of fancy and imagery, the vague longings and mystic joys, the kindnesses and friendships of their lonely little lives. But through all the pathos and affliction, she does not let us forget that theirs, withal, is a happy life.

"You'll find that a priest in New York is everything from a policeman to a hospital nurse and he is always on his job. When nobody else listens, he listens; when nobody else helps, he holds out a hand." That is the encomium the Catholic clergy of the metropolis receive from the late F. Hopkinson Smith, in his last novel, "Felix O'Day" (Scribner's, $1.35). The story is quite Dickensian in flavor. Otto Kling, the curio-dealer, his little daughter Maizie, Kitty Cleary, the express woman, and Father Cruse, the pastor of St. Barnabas', are admirably drawn, and Maizie's birthday party is the best chapter of the book. The development of the familiar plot enables the author to describe faithfully the region about Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street as it was ten years ago. Father Cruse seems to wear his cassock

CONTRACTS FREE AND FAIR

Industrial reports, issued during the past year, record the unjust conditions which, in many fields of labor, have come to be accepted as inevitable. "Of course," testified a telephone operator, whose daily wage after fourteen years of satisfactory service, was $1.94, "we girls feel that we ought to have more money after all this time, but the way things are going now, I feel that I'm lucky to have a job at all, and I don't want to lose it by talking." This girl was willing to work under what she did not consider an equitable contract, simply because, unaided, she had no means of inducing the company to meet its employees on a mutally satisfactory basis.

The company will reply, no doubt, that the freedom to enter into a contract is a right of the individual, which the State itself is bound to defend. True, but no one has the right to be a party to an unjust contract, and the State is equally bound to provide that contracts be fair as well as free. An unequitable contract is a contradiction in terms. "There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man," wrote Leo XIII, "that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workingman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is a victim of force and injustice." Nor should it be forgotten, that if social and economic conditions, beyond the control of the individual, further the making of these alleged "contracts," it becomes the duty of the State to use all its power to change these conditions.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

Genius has been described by someone as a capacity for work. The definition cannot stand the test of logic, but it expresses a condition necessary for the success of genius or of talent of any order. These thoughts are called to mind by the recent celebration of the golden jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of Reverend Charles Coppens, S.J. Few lives have been so crowded with persistent and painstaking labor. The result is shown in the number and variety of excellent and thoroughly useful books produced by him. He has been a pioneer in many fields. His class manuals cover the widest range of subjects, all of which have been actually taught by him: rhetoric, oratory, logic and mental philosophy, moral philosophy, moral principles and medical practice, history of philosophy, and subjects of a religious nature. They are mainly the digest of his own preparation for the classroom. And the end, we may hope, is not yet; for though in his eightieth year, after sixty-two years spent in the Society of Jesus, Father Coppens still remains as active and alert as ever, bent solely upon realizing to the utmost the great ideal given him by the saintly founder of his Order, God's greater glory in all things.

In the latest bulletin of the New York Board of Health Dr. Louis I. Dublin speaks of the mortality of the children of the poor. Their lives, as he rightly says, are often blasted before they are born, due to the fact that the mothers must help earn a miserable income. "It is evident that the infants of these mothers show a much higher death-rate than do those of mothers engaged in housework only." Both during infancy and later such conditions play an important part in child mortality. The wife's place, especially while the duties of motherhood rest upon her, is clearly in the home and not in the workshop. Unnatural conditions which make this impossible, or self-imposed labors undertaken to accumulate greater earnings, are certain to produce disastrous effects in both the physical and moral order. The results in the latter cannot be statistically ascertained with any approach to actuality, but they are in all probability even more lamentable than the purely physical evils.

"Has the war produced a revival of the spirit of religion in England?" the London *Universe* asks. Admitting that such has been the case in France and Germany, it fails to see similar apparent evidence of a spiritual revival in England. The presence of danger, save for occasional Zeppelin raids, it believes, is still too remote. Despite this, the same paper elsewhere points out that the great European struggle has produced its effect. "Before the war people used to seek mysterious motives in the priority given to the Holy Father's name in the toast 'Pope and King.' All that suspicion is gone, and Catholic soldiers have, as it were, won their spurs in the confidence of the Englishmen." Up to the present about one hundred Victoria Crosses for conspicuous bravery in the war have been awarded, and of these at least twelve are worn by Catholic soldiers. Thus on their country's list of honor "Catholics are more than proportionately represented."

The Church here in America as well as in other countries is keenly alive to the needs of the workman. A new proof of this comes from Boston, where a zealous Lithuanian priest recently founded "St. Joseph's Lithuanian Roman Catholic Association of Labor." This young organization has twenty-five divisions in Massachusetts and other States, with a total membership of over 400 members. A tri-weekly paper is about to be started, and altogether the Association gives promise of a long and useful life. It is to be hoped that its influence will spread to all places where there are Lithuanian workmen. Meantime while this is being accomplished the greater Catholic associations would do well to reflect on the fact that an organization of workmen founded last spring is about to issue a tri-weekly paper. It is hard to know which to admire the more, the zeal and efficiency of the young association or the rhetoric of the older and more powerful organizations.

In an article contributed to the October *Catholic World* A. N. Nankilwell describes "The New Situation" created by the Kikuyu controversy, and Father Burke shows that the projected congress for the Protestant invasion of Latin America, a movement which has, for the present, been blocked by the protest of the Bishop of Panama, is likely to result in an American Kikuyu. For the *Living Church,* representing the "Catholic party" in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is protesting against their "historic" body conspiring with heresy to disturb the peace of the ancient Mother. John Barrett, the Director General of the Pan-American Union, advised the promoters of the congress "not to criticize the civilization of Latin America," and the editor of the *Catholic World* well observes that.

> Cordial relations with our Southern neighbors are of vital interest to our country. Every true citizen of the United States should be interested in maintaining them, if for no other reason than the welfare of our own land. But bigotry's spear knows no brother. Many of the representatives to this congress are only too eager to carry down there the firebrands of bitterness, dislike and contempt. They care nothing what the results to our country may be, in a time of crisis, for example, when we might stand in sore need of the help of those Southern nations.

The congress is sure to be held somewhere, of course, for Bishop Stuntz is too shrewd a financier to allow such a good opportunity for swelling mission funds, to slip by. But can this country afford just now to let him make the Latin-Americans less friendly to us?

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